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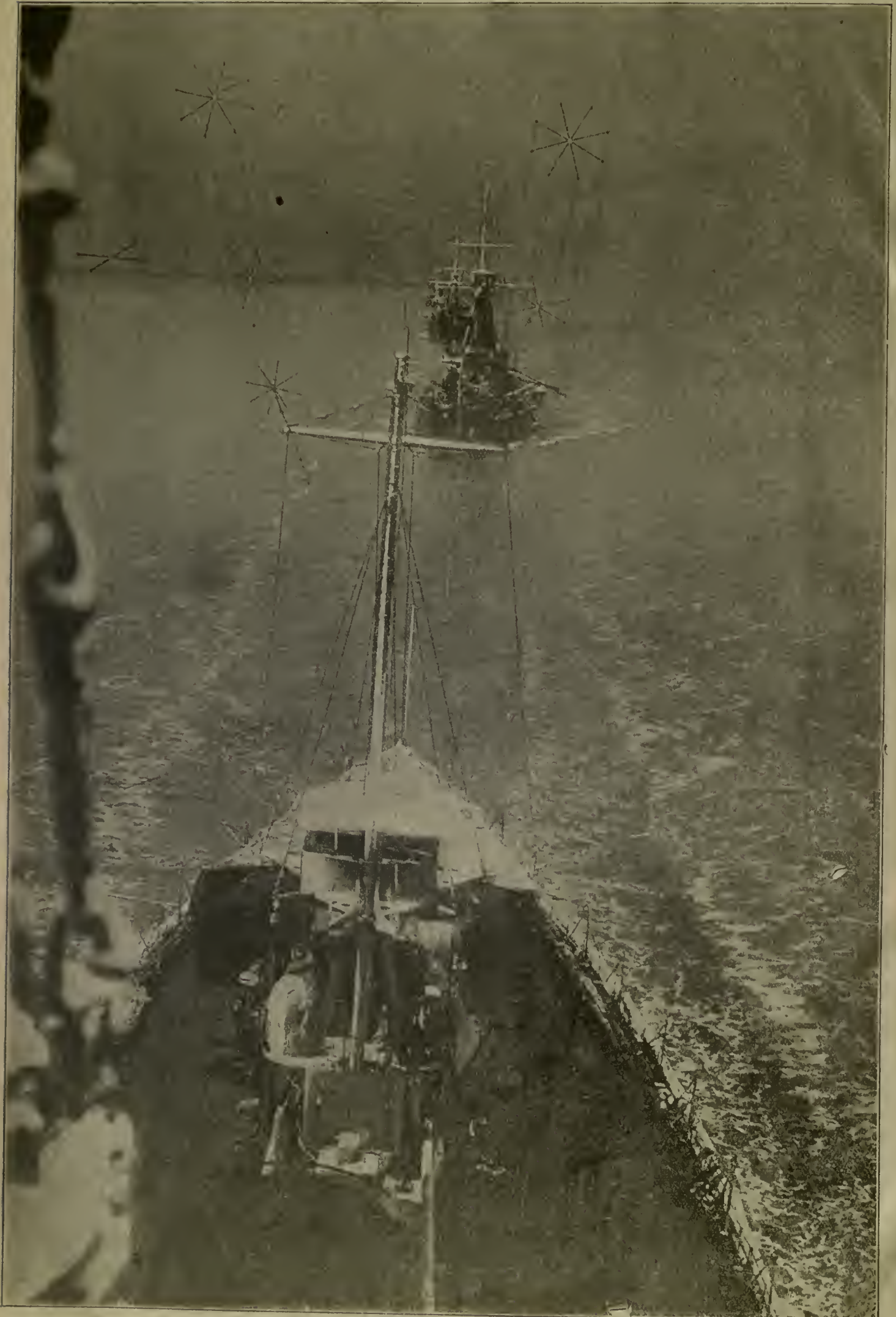
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The Wages of Sin

"The price is going up, William"

Winter in the North Sea



A British Naval Patrol

Official Photograph

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1918

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NO "STATUS QUO"

WE have yet another—the last in a long series—of the enemy's efforts to obtain that peace for which he is clearly increasingly anxious. The series began with a number of informal soundings during the summer of 1916, continued with the famous declaration of the following December, ran through a score of more or less official pronouncements leading up to the sounding of the British Government last September, and concludes, so far, with the German Emperor's speech of the other day, the discussions at Brest-Livotsk and the formal statement of the enemy's principles of peace.

In war the great object of all intellectual effort is to discover the plan of the enemy, which applies just as much to his political as to his military movements. To seize that plan at the moment it is enough to examine the merely obvious error contained in the enemy's declarations. That error—a calculated one—is the falsehood that Europe can return, by a negotiated peace, to her old self again. The enemy's claim is that he will revert to the state of affairs before the war; what old-fashioned diplomats call the *status quo ante bellum*. All that the enemy does, all that he suggests, officially at least, is moulded upon that model.

We can discover the enemy's motives, then, and so understanding his plan by seizing the outstanding fact that a demand, almost universal on his side and on our side, from the curiously devised minorities which for various reasons agree with Germany, is for a peace to be obtained *immediately*, and upon the basis of neither party claiming any overt advantage—that is for the *status quo*. The phrase invented by the Berlin financiers to describe this state of affairs was "no annexations and no indemnities." The phrase reported to be used by a member of exactly the same world, who happens to be resident in this country, was "since neither party can beat the other, let both make peace." The old conventional phrase, as we have said, is "*Revert to the status quo*."

Now the first thing to be grasped by any one who pretends to clear thinking is this: that such a claim, the phrases supporting it, and the idea it evokes, are utterly unreal. The talk turns round a thing which has ceased to be—it is not there any longer at all. It is no longer in existence. The *status quo*, the Europe which we knew before the war, has gone. We may, with victory, restore all its better qualities, and add to them; we may restore that European spirit and respect for nationality and for treaties and for the chivalry of war, which it is the very thesis of Prussia to deny. We may yet save the soul of Europe. But we cannot reconstruct a body that has passed and changed. To speak unnaturally, as though we could do so, as though that old body were still

there, is to talk nonsense. That is the great outstanding fact on which everything turns.

It is as though a man having stolen a picture and burnt it were to begin negotiations for its restoration. He could compensate and make reparation. He could be punished. The art which created the picture might be painfully restored, but the picture itself is gone. Before the war it was taken for granted (foolishly no doubt, but still taken for granted), that a neutral European State was inviolate to European belligerents; that no Power would, without even excuse or discussion, tear up a fundamental international treaty. It was part of the world in which we lived that certain things were never done in war by Europeans to Europeans. Civilians were never murdered or enslaved. An open town making no resistance was not subject to destruction. At sea no one for a moment questioned the immunity, even of the belligerent sailor unarmed—let alone of the neutral. The custom of capture and prize courts seemed to be in the very nature of European things. We Europeans reposed—up to 1914—upon a certain comity of nations. One exceedingly important factor in it—to many the most important factor—was the Russian Empire, the natural protector of the Slav States, and the chief opponent of the remaining but weakening Mahommedan Power which still held the gates of its commerce. Two great States in Central Europe were known as the separate and sometimes opposed German and Austro-Hungarian Empires. It was recognised that they both disdained the national claims of certain subject provinces, but time had rendered their attitude familiar and tolerated. There remained the small nations Scandinavian, Netherland and Balkan and in the West the greater nations, Spain and Italy, with the two strongest and most homogeneous national groups, the British and French. These two last had for centuries been rivals, but their rivalry had recently been appeased.

What now remains of all that system? The British and French States, indeed, stand as they stood. They preserve their traditions. Their national conscience is unimpaired. Their national strength has, if anything, increased. The new kingdom of Italy also maintains itself. But the old system as a whole has gone for ever. There now does actually exist, and would obviously continue to exist after a false peace without victory, a vast highly organised new State planted in the centre of Europe, which, whether it called itself "disarmed" or no, would be a Power capable of armament at any moment. This State (we must think of it now as one State, which virtually it already is, and will be if it remains undefeated) has effected two things—the memory, the example, the precedents and the spirit of which would equally remain.

It has destroyed what was once the Russian Empire, broken up its armies, wiped out and brought to nothingness the old fact and conception of a dominating great Slav Power ruled from Petrograd. This new Central European State now dominates Asia in the Near East and North, it has put Constantinople under its tutelage, it has occupied or drawn into its orbit all the nearer Slav lands and the Balkan States except Greece, it has overrun one province of Italy, a belt of Northern France, and virtually the whole of Belgium. It has impressed itself strongly upon the smaller Scandinavian nations—especially Sweden—and to a large extent upon the as yet unoccupied Netherlands, that is, upon Holland. Accept the nonsensical idea of the *status quo*—which is not there—accept this idea of "returning to 1914" and what you get in reality is a Britain, a France, and an Italy remaining perilously menaced in the West of Europe, and all the rest of Europe, including the great road to the East, a territory ruled for the most part directly, all of it indirectly, by the Russian Power. That great Central State so established has further developed, beyond any previous conception, its old tradition of neglecting European morals in war, of finding its advantage in sudden aggression, in a contempt for treaties and in the most extreme forms of terror and of force.

We have to recognise the plain physical fact that there is no such thing now left as the *status quo*. There is no such thing as going back to it, for it was killed long ago, and any one who proposes to do so is either incapable of perceiving the stark realities of this world or—as is certainly the case with the enemy's diplomats—is deliberately using a falsehood

A Political Survey

By Hilaire Belloc

IN the absence (at the moment of writing) of any important military movement, let us consider in a general survey the political situation: the political conditions under which the belligerent world enters the new year.

The year 1918 will probably be known in history as the date which determined a certain great rearrangement of European forces. It is probable that future historians will not only use the phrase "since the Great European War," but also the phrase "as from 1918" when they are describing the re-settlement of our civilisation. It will be a phrase corresponding to another phrase which will certainly be used, to wit, "before 1914."

What that settlement will be no mortal can tell; but that it will be broadly one of two kinds is certain.

It will either be the consequence of our defeat or of our victory; and according to the one or the other, one or other of two completely different European schemes will emerge.

The former contingency is called by various names: "A statement of war aims by the Allies"; "The ending of what is now a useless struggle"; "Peace without annexation or indemnities." The clearest of those phrases, the most direct and uncompromising, was used by Lord Lansdowne when he said that we—that is Europe and her ancient civilisation—now *cannot* reach certain aims which were our objects at the inception of the war. Each and all of these phrases are synonymous with an acceptance of defeat by the Western Allies; a surrender by them of the objects which they set out to defend when Germany challenged civilisation three and a half years ago: an admission by them that the treason to the Alliance in the East has rendered it incapable of success, and a consequent recognition as a permanent element among us of a new and mighty State—a Central Europe organised under Prussia and inheriting Prussian methods and tradition. This immensely strong novel thing, the outgrowth of what the expansion of Prussia had already shown throughout fifty years, will be the master factor—the determinant—in the future of Europe.

The alternative, which would follow upon what we call most briefly "victory" or, at greater length, "the putting out of action of the Prussian military machine," will see no such great Central European State established at all, but the exact contrary of it. It will see the belt of peoples who affirm their German race and feeling (a belt not more than about 500 miles at its longest from north to south, from the Baltic to the Alpine passes, not more than 450 miles at its widest from east to west) labouring under the sense of defeat, conscious that they challenged Europe and that Europe proved their master; organised under one or many Governments as may best suit them; disarmed; the authors of their aggression punished, and the mass of them reluctantly devoting a considerable part of their energies to the economic reparation of the evil they have done.

The Europe emerging from such a victory would make certain of free access to the Baltic and to the Black Sea, and would be composed not only of the large independent nations, England, France, Italy, Poland, the German States, the Magyar State, etc., but also of many smaller nations defined as nearly as possible by their national consciousness. There would be a Roumania much larger than the Roumania of 1914; a Southern Slav State somewhat larger; a Czech-Moravian State of Bohemia; and probably small, independent bodies to the north and east of Poland, of which Finland would certainly be one.

It is utterly impossible, and has been from the beginning of hostilities, to say whether the Allies can accomplish their purpose or not; whether the mastery of what is called "Middle Europe," that is, of the Prussian system, will establish itself or no. Those politicians who have boldly prophesied without ceasing on both sides that their system was certain of victory, have made themselves upon either side quite equally contemptible. The event only can determine. God is the arbiter of victory.

But while this is so, it behoves us to understand the materials out of which alone these two possible futures can be constructed. It is a point upon which we are heavily handicapped, and upon which the enemy—by which I mean the Germans organised under Prussia—have the great advantage of comprehension based both upon their central position and upon a special attention to the matter in their contemporary literature and academic study.

The Western nations, as a whole, stood indifferent to or ignorant of the East of Europe before this war; they were largely ignorant of their great Central rival and of the vast new State which it was designing. They were further sin-

gularly unfamiliar each with the problems of his neighbour.

How many educated Englishmen or Frenchmen before this war could have shown you upon the map, even roughly, the limits of the Polish nation? How many men could have told you even in the briefest fashion, either the history or the present distribution of Slav and Italian culture upon the Adriatic? How many educated Frenchmen or Italians had even a broad general view of the relations between Great Britain and her Dependencies? How many Englishmen could have drawn for you the line of demarcation between Teutonic and Latin speech in the Netherlands; the nature of the cleavage created by this; the fundamental religious problem also attaching to it? Even now, after three and a half years of so terrible a tutoring, one reads continually in the French and Italian papers articles which show that the writers have no conception of what is a national freedom for the English, the relation between tonnage and military action overseas. One sees continually articles in English papers, which show a corresponding ignorance of German influences in Scandinavia, of the Magyar attitude towards the alien rule of Hungary, and even the elementary question of Alsace Lorraine—though this last has been right in the forefront for a generation, and though there depends upon it the whole future of the enemy.

If only we could see Europe as it is; if only the picture of Europe as a whole had been put before young people in the schools and Universities, with what a different spirit should we now be entering our discussion with an enemy who *does* thoroughly understand his Europe, not in its psychology, indeed, but in its external relations and its geographical and racial facts!

East and West

The first great fact which we must grasp is the contrast between the East and the West. The ancient civilisations of the West had arrived by a long historical process at a political state of mind highly differentiated and national. The conception of human life in these societies was one determined everywhere by nationality. So true was this that even where the process of unification was quite modern, as in Italy, or largely artificial, as in Belgium, this "worship of nationality" was so strong that it bore everything before it. A man's first duty was to this idea of the nation. It was hardly questioned save by a very small minority of very unpopular men. It was acted upon—and this war has been the most tremendous proof of it—as even religious emotion has hardly caused men to act in the past. There had come to be something sacred about frontiers as there had been in antiquity something sacred about the walls of a city.

The effect of this great force was felt in a thousand ways. It weakened the cosmopolitan claims of religion; it strangely alienated even neighbouring peoples one from the other; it certainly overcame forces that should apparently have been stronger than itself. For instance, it completely mastered that tremendous quarrel between the possessors and the dispossessed, which makes our time (at any rate in the industrial parts of Europe) so different from anything in the past: For never in the past of Europe has there been, as there is to-day, a violent contrast between the few possessors and the mass dispossessed, but free proletarians. It was clearly seen, I say, that even this issue paled before the extreme claims of modern patriotism. The man who had nothing to lose and nothing to gain; whose individual and whose class interests were both in violent conflict with the governing minority of his fellow citizens, joined at once with that governing minority in defence of the State.

One might digress here to give a very interesting proof of this; a proof which, I think, must have been specially noted in this country. Those who were most sincerely opposed to the religion of patriotism, those who most earnestly pleaded for cosmopolitan ideals; those to whom suffering for the sake of a nation or imposing suffering upon a foreign enemy seemed a sort of nightmare, were almost always—though quite unconsciously—intensely national types; you could not match the long-worded Internationalist of Paris anywhere in England; you could not match the English Conscientious Objector anywhere in France.

We notice, then, in the West this intense national feeling, coupled with, and expressed by, clearly limited frontiers and homogeneous societies.

Now the East of Europe presented a totally different picture in this regard. There was here, it is true, quite as much as in the West, strong community feeling, but it was a community

feeling differently defined; largely by race, in many places still more by religion, also, but less, by language. The sympathies within each group, intense as they were, formed a complex which could never be quite resolved, and which would always leave unsatisfied minorities and over-lapping.

The curious may consult those maps (the best of them have been prepared by Germans) in which Europe east of the German language-line, east, that is, of Pomerania, Saxony, Bavaria and the Austrian Mark, is set down in various colours, now to show the differences of religion; now of language; now of race.

It is a most complicated pattern in which islands and colonies of the Slav and the German, the Catholic, the Orthodox and the Protestant, the Czech, the Polish, the Lithuanian, the Serbian, and even the Turkish and the Greek tongues make a bewildering show. Then you see a lonely Slavonian dot right near Berlin, an archipelago of German points on the Lower Volga; Roumanians infiltrating with Maygar and Saxon colonists in the Seven Towns; Turks cut off right up in the Northern Dobrudja, Greeks in a strange "diaspora," which covers all the littoral of the Levant from Constantinople to Alexandria. If you turn from these modern statements to the historical maps you get another impression of complexity which reinforces the first. You have, almost with every generation for the last four hundred years, a ceaseless change of political allegiance, frontiers and groupings, and one rises from such a study with the impression that the East still has in it living traditions of its nomadic past.

Geographically the main condition of this state of affairs North of the Danube, is the presence of the great Northern European Plain, though that, of course, is only one of a great number. The fact that the seas connected with that plain are closed seas, the Baltic and the Black Sea; the immense reserve of Asia stretching out eastward; the universal ease of water carriage; the absence of stone in most of these regions for building and for the metalling of roads—a hundred other material points could be cited. More important than these (for material causes never suffice to explain history) you have the racial temperament of the Slav and his neighbours; you have the recent memory of the conquering Turk and his religion; you have the influence of the Greek and the Latin Churches meeting in the pagan belt of Lithuania. And you have that odd and most productive accident whereby a wedge of wild pagan invasion thrust itself in between the Northern and the Southern Slavs a thousand years ago and separated them by the mass of the Magyars.

In this highly complex and to some extent fluctuating society of Eastern Europe there stood out at the moment when it was crystallising one great State, the State of Poland. It was not a State with exact frontiers like those of the West, but its people were homogeneous, and it had the immense advantage in such a welter of having permanently excluded both the Mahomedan and the Pagan, and of being *definitely Western in ideas*. Nothing is more striking than the contrast in such a town as Posen (Posna). The new Prussian building and furniture are barbarous, exterior to Europe; the old Polish character in decoration and all life is Western and civilised.

The story of the last 200 years is the story of the supercession of this normal unit, this Polish State, which is naturally the fly wheel or centre of the Eastern European system by three artificial groupings: three European arbitrary executive Powers dividing between them political authority over the Eastern Marches, and, in the process, attempting the murder of Poland. These three Powers were the Prussian, the Austrian and the Muscovite, represented by three reigning families (all German), whose various arrangements throughout the period were all based upon these two conceptions: First, that such a chaos of peoples, religions and tongues could only be ruled despotically; and, secondly, that the Polish people, the one really homogeneous, conscious and permanent element must be suppressed in order to allow these despotisms their free play.

The conclusion of all this is that we have in that belt of country which stretches from the Ægean to the Baltic, a battlefield between two political ideas. Either it will be dominated by something alien to any one part of it but common as a despot to the whole—that common Government would mean under modern circumstances the great Central European State informed by Prussia; or you would have a considerable number of States varying in importance, and, perhaps, in degree of autonomy with a great Polish State as the norm and chief of them all.

But there is much more behind the problem than this political arrangement. To the East of that belt of which we are speaking lies Russia—to use the old familiar term, perhaps no longer now an accurate one. The two outstanding features of what was once the Russian Empire east of the Lithuanian March are (1) immense natural resources, and (2) the absence both of internal capital and of internal human initiative

for the development of those resources. To these two main features very many must be added—that the outlet to the sea is through narrow gates in foreign hands or by ports distant and ice bound; that communications are still rare and population as a whole still sparse; that there is no avenue for trade (in the Central and Eastern part) to the North or South; that the great part of the products available are the products of the North (no tropical or sub-tropical Dependency), etc. But the immense potential resources coupled with the absence of capital and initiative are the two main things.

"Middle Europe"

It is, or should be, the clearest point in the whole European situation, that if the war results in the permanence of a Prussian "Middle Europe"—already in existence—which shall control the gates into this land, there will follow, to the advantage of that vast new State, one of the most formidable economic exploitations in history.

In other words, if Western Europe were to be content with the solution of its own local problems to its own advantage, Prussia and her modern Dependencies would yet be in the near future far stronger than ever she had been before, and this through her economic regimen of the Slavonic Plains and their resources.

There is here no need for garrisons, still less for annexation. Someone must find the ore, design communications and build them and develop this immense untilled field. Capital moves by the signing of paper; initiative consists in the presence of a few managers and foremen.

In the past the Western nations competed with the Germans and their Dependents in this task, and the whole was controlled by a powerful Central Government at St. Petersburg. The presence of that Government forbade economic power turning into political domination; it also largely moderated the foreign economic power itself, conserving for its subjects a major part of the benefits. That Government has disappeared. The machinery and the stocks (largely French property and masked under the form of loans) pass by repudiation (if repudiation be permitted—and one of the tests of our victory or defeat will be our power or impotence to prevent it—) nominally to the peoples on whose territories they stand; really to the new exploiting power of Prussia.

There must at this moment be a sort of feverish licking-of-the-lips in the great organised capitalist world of North Germany as it looks eastward upon this new field delivered up—largely by their compatriots—to their adventures.

This is the great economic and political fact of the moment. It is this which overshadows all the eager German demands for peace, and therefore it is this which none of the dupes of that demand notice or debate.

The next of the great political departments to be surveyed in the present European position can be dealt with much more briefly because it is and has long been fully familiar to English opinion; I mean the economic and political question defined within the old limits of the Turkish Empire as it stood before 1877. Even the Balkan problems—a symbol of that complexity of which I have spoken—have been studied here in some detail and have been in their largest lines for two generations, a commonplace of our foreign policy.

Here the issue is almost as simple as it is well known—conditions rare enough and welcome enough, Heaven knows, in Foreign Policy.

Peace with an unbeaten Prussia would necessarily mean the dependence of an existent Turkish Power seated at Constantinople upon that great Central European State which it is the object of the enemy to create.

It is obvious enough that such a situation would close the Black Sea at the will of the successful Power. In other words, it would consolidate that economic grip upon the future production of what was once the Russian Empire, which we have seen to be a consequence of such a peace. It is equally obvious and equally a commonplace that the Narrows of Constantinople and the Dardanelles are not only the door to traffic from the Black Sea; they are the "nodal point" of power and commerce moving from and to the East. The railways to restore Asia Minor, to recreate Syria and Mesopotamia, will start from the Bosphorus or (more probably) pass under it in a tunnel. But there is something more. A still standing Turkish Empire with Constantinople dependent upon Prussia as it would necessarily be, would be economically developed and for military purposes organised by its suzerain.

One hears a certain amount of discussion as to where the limits of restricted Turkish Power would lie in case of a negotiated peace: How far north of Bagdad the "new frontier" might lie, whether it be advisable or practicable to rescue Armenia; where in Syria or Palestine the line might be drawn. All these discussions are futile in the absence of victory, for no line could be permanently held. On the

further or defensive side of any line organised you would have in the north nothing—for Russia as an armed Power would have ceased to be. In the south any Western Power or Powers would be working, with very distant bases and with their communications maritime—and therefore costly, slow, and highly vulnerable. Against them you would have, with direct land communications (which time would indefinitely improve) a large population, great potential economic resources, the whole organised under the domination of Middle Europe, that is, of the Prussian system and capable of an indefinite accretion in wealth and arms. The issue would not be doubtful for long: and remember that it includes the Isthmus of Suez.

There seems to be floating through the minds of those who still think in terms of the old Europe, a map of the Near East in which provinces could be carved out from what was formerly a decadent Turkish Empire and held, as they were held in the past, by the material superiority of Western civilisation.

There seems to be a still rooted conception of Britain still in Egypt and now also in Mesopotamia; France, perhaps, in Syria, Heaven knows what in Palestine (a buffer State for Egypt perhaps) continuing a calm and orderly rule with nothing before them to fear. The conception is wildly unreal! Whatever nominal frontiers were drawn up by such a Treaty they would not be frontiers marching with what we have so long thought of as the moribund Turkish Power; they would be frontiers marching with an outlier of the Mid-European State. Who surrenders in this matter to the conception of a new artificial frontier is surrendering not only the Levant, but the Isthmus of Suez and the gate to the Asian seas.

It is here, as everywhere, in this enormous field. Rival forces are at work which will not tolerate each other and one of which must control the future.

The Adriatic

There remain two points of different interest, the Baltic and the Adriatic. Victory will open the Baltic and place upon it a Polish Port; will take guarantees for its remaining open and will prevent the alternative—a complete control by Mid-Europe of that sea and of its trade. But that alternative of a Prussian Baltic, weakening though it would be to the Western Powers, is not so serious as the corresponding effect to the south upon the Adriatic and the Ægean. A negotiated peace creates a Balkan Peninsula which is a part of Mid-Europe, a dependency of it, and a political and military way for it to the Mediterranean. It puts Mid-Europe upon the Adriatic and the Ægean for good. No paper can save that situation. An undefeated Prussia ordering and moderating its great Central State has irremediable access to the Balkan States: the Western Powers have nothing but long, round-about,

expensive, tedious, and perilous communications by sea. At the first threat of rupture—even if there were no open control already exercised—the shores and the ports from Istria all the way round to the Dardenelles would be theirs. Victory would make the Adriatic an Italian Sea, and would retain its place in the civilisation of Western Europe. It would leave the Mediterranean much what it is to-day; but with an added security—for Valona, and the islands at least of the Eastern Adriatic coast, would be under Italian control.

The opposite of victory—whatever you like to call it—(some call it a reasonable peace, others surrender, others treason, others common sense, and so forth) treaty negotiated in the present state of affairs, an instrument of whatever kind, even supposed to be final, which would leave Prussia as she still is, erect and strong, would also necessarily leave the ports of the Adriatic mid-European. Strategically that sea depends upon its eastern shore. The western one has no harbours and no security. The eastern is a mass of deep water channels, covered islands, hiding places of security for submarine work, and for large fleets as well.

Look at it how you will, every political problem you examine in this business, every inquiry you make into the effects of this or that geographical settlement turns upon the belt of debateable land in which there has been such vast movement up to quite the immediate past, which is, therefore, to this day so complicated a pattern of race, of religion and political affection: the belt which lies east of the line along which the German tongue ceases; from the neighbourhood of Dantzig round the Bohemian Plain, down the mid-Danube and so to Istria. If the upshot of the war be that these marches fall under the general influence of what the enemy is creating—a great Prussianised State in Central Europe—and become the outliers of such a State, there follow consequences linked one to the other which stretch from the domination of the Russian Plains upon one side to the domination of the Eastern Mediterranean upon the other. Whether that influence be called economic or military matters little. No concession upon the West diminishes the character of this issue, and the only alternative is a State of affairs in which the Prussian military power shall no longer exist for the congeries of people to the east and the south to lean upon and to look up to or to seek as a model and a guide. In that alternative one great State would be the natural counter-weight—the Polish State; and that is why the fate of Poland is necessarily the test of the whole affair. Such a conclusion would see the German nations lying within their own boundaries and the spirit which has driven them to this great crime against Europe exorcised.

If we do not see that end, the Western defence of Europe has been in vain. For within a generation that which threatens it to-day would be far stronger than it was in the moment of our gravest peril three years ago.

H. BELLOC

National Shipyards

By Right Honourable George Lambert, M.P.

Mr. George Lambert, M.P., was for ten years Civil Lord of the Admiralty and has been for some time past one of the severest critics of Government Naval policy. He therefore writes with high authority.

THE Germans are destroying our mercantile tonnage faster than we are building it; they are building submarines faster than we are destroying them. Such is the situation that confronts us in this year of grace 1918. Let us face the situation and resolutely set about righting it.

Lessons for the future must be drawn from the experience—dearly bought experience—of the past. Our magnificent mercantile marine, of vital moment in these days of agony, has been wasted, frittered, dissipated. Instead of conserving, we have squandered it. Why worry? Look at its magnificent array—built by private enterprise by the way—it seems inexhaustible. Wave a wand over the water and a ship appears. Gallipoli, Salonika, East Africa, Mesopotamia, Jerusalem, all needed or need vast quantities of shipping, mostly too, in the dangerous submarine zones. As a consequence the British Navy, that superb fighting machine, was scattered and dispersed for the protection of shipping. There has been no concentration. The Eastern Mediterranean has value, but the Apapa, to instance only one example, with its precious cargo and still more precious lives, was submarined within forty miles of Liverpool. Even the British Navy cannot be in two places at once.

To those cool, patient, far-sighted men who built the British Mercantile Service, the Empire owes a debt of undying gratitude. They have saved the British Empire. They

had no help from the Government; where the Government interfered it hampered. We want tonnage, we must have it. Britain wants it. The Allies want it. Without ships the great resources of America cannot be massed against the common foe. Germany, too, realises that in the destruction of shipping lies the hope of victory, or at least a compromised peace.

How should we set about replacing lost tonnage? The obvious course would have been to aid, help, assist those great private yards that have built what was the envy of the world—the British Mercantile marine. We are not, however, with Alice in Wonderland; we are waging war, so those great establishments were kept short of steel, short of material, short of men, and the Government in its wisdom decided to establish national shipyards. The fiat went forth from the seats of the mighty. Let there be national shipyards. And it was so. And the Government said that it was good. Was this policy the result of mature thought? Certainly not! What Government has time to think in time of war? An Advisory Committee of distinguished shipbuilders had been purposely formed for counsel in such affairs. They were practical men, had been engaging in shipbuilding, had emerged successful through the ordeal of a world's competition. But were they consulted? Again, certainly not! "The policy of establishing the national shipyards was decided by the War Cabinet. . . . The Advisory Committee was not consulted by the War Cabinet so far as I know before the decision." (Dr. Macnamara, House of Commons, December 19th, 1917). "Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice; but we had better get on.

Will the national shipyards increase the output of tonnage

in the coming critical months? That is the dominant consideration. The answer is obvious for the following reasons:

1. They can only be constructed and equipped now at absolutely abnormal cost. There is a positive dearth of labour and materials for the present private establishments.
2. They must compete with the existing yards for machinery, plant, tools, and requisites.
3. They must draw skilled labour from private yards, and already Government officials have been making overtures.
4. Labour can only be obtained for the national to the detriment of the private yards, a course of action which will react on, and retard the output of the whole industry.

The Government say the national yards shall not proceed until private yards are working at full pressure. It may be said, if it prove true, the national yards are not likely to proceed at all. The private yards could employ from twenty to fifty thousand men more than at present. Where then exists this great untapped reservoir of labour for the national yards? It simply does not exist. That condition, therefore, cannot be fulfilled. German prisoner labour can well be used for reclamation, road making, rough construction and similar semi-skilled work, but building ships is *tout autre chose*. It is hardly to be supposed that the Germans recruited their army from their shipyards.

At the new national yards, everything has to be created. Imagine a bare piece of land to be turned into a shipbuilding establishment! On the Clyde and on the Tyne there are buildings, there is plant, there are generations of accumulated skill and experience—skilled managers, skilled foremen, skilled workers. Surely if unskilled labour is to be profitably utilised, it must be directed by men competent in their trade, who can only be found where the present shipyards exist.

Time is national life. Ships bring food, and without food the nation cannot live. The Government should retrace its

steps, acknowledge the error and negative the policy. To err is a failing not common only to War Cabinets. It is better to admit mistakes than waste national energy. Saving face will not secure ships. Let the private yards be aided, encouraged, supplied with men, materials, if need be money, to accomplish their fullest possible output at the speediest possible moment. It is not a question of private profit. The private shipbuilding yards are controlled establishments and their profits regulated. What the nation wants is tonnage and that quickly. The line must be cleared for ships. If Government yards would output tonnage faster than private yards, let us have them by all means. Somehow our observation teaches us that Government concerns—to put it mildly—are not wholly concerned for efficiency. Most private businesses run as a Government business would be ruined in a year.

An illustrative incident happened at Portsmouth quite lately—last December 15th. At a war meeting the Junior M.P., a well-known Admiral, exclaimed: "We must have more men. How are we to get these men?" A voice from the crowded audience. "From the dockyard." Whereupon there was such vociferous applause that the Mayor had to intervene to stop it. Portsmouth is our largest national dockyard. Comment on this incident was superfluous. Only by those who desire to place our great shipping industry under Government control, can the policy of establishing these national yards be approved. To them I would commend the words of Lord Incheape at the last P. and O. meeting held on the 12th ultimo: "If it is the intention to turn the British mercantile marine into a State department, managed by officials tied up with red tape then . . . we shall make our bow and let the curtain fall on what has hitherto been the supremacy of British mercantile shipping on the Seven seas."

From such a consummation, let us pray to be saved.

The First Sea Lord

By Arthur Pollen

WHEN I returned to England at the end of last week after having spent nearly six months in the United States, learned that Admiral Sir John Jellicoe had left the Admiralty to receive a Peerage, and that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss had been appointed First Sea Lord. These events constitute what the *Daily Telegraph* quite accurately described as a "sensational" announcement. But judging from such public comments as I have had the opportunity of perusing, a great variety of sensations seems to have been excited. A good many people are plainly at a loss to understand the significance of what has occurred.

Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, save for his appointment as Second Sea Lord six months ago, and his more recent promotion to acting as Sir John Jellicoe's deputy, appears to be almost unknown to the press or to the general public. This may account for a certain lack of enthusiasm in the reception of the news of his promotion. Similarly the causes which made a drastic change in the Higher Command necessary, seem also to have been very little understood. One paper of very wide circulation I noted, published a portrait of the out-going First Sea Lord, and printed underneath it and in italics, a statement to the effect that this particular journal had "never joined in the anti-Jellicoe campaign." When people see no reason why a change should be made, and then hear that an officer entirely unknown to them has been entrusted with the most difficult and the most arduous post in the anti-German Alliance, they are not unnaturally filled with misgivings and suspect that the late holder of the post is the victim either of some personal intrigue or of a cowardly submission to press clamour, and so look upon his successor as a *pis-aller*—a choice where there is no choice. The facts of the position are diametrically opposite to what such people suppose.

My readers may remember that some time before Mr. Balfour reconstituted his Board about thirteen months ago, I pointed out in these columns that such a reconstitution was necessary, that the task of selection was extremely difficult, and that it was exceedingly unlikely, so obscure were the indications of competence in this grave matter—that Mr. Balfour could rest satisfied with his first, or even with second choice of advisers. I said this because the first choice was already known to him. To those who shared my doubts of a year ago, and have noted what has occurred between their expression and the present date, will have been more surprised that the second choice has been so long a-coming than that it has at last been made. It is unnecessary then to explain to them, as it would be ungracious now to explain to others, precisely why the first of the events of last week was inevitable. It is unfortunate that these transitions cannot occur

without inflicting pain. The British public is extraordinarily loyal to its favourites, and particularly to its naval favourites. A large section of the public, which for years before the war had taken real trouble to study naval affairs, was led to believe that the greatness of the British navy derived solely from the seamanship and statesmanship of Sir John Fisher and depended on the leadership of his chief pupil and successor. It was shocked when events at Gallipoli led to Lord Fisher's retirement. It is shocked now when the gallant and popular officer, who had the full confidence of the nation in his command of the Grand Fleet, has to make way for another. This mental distress is deeply to be regretted, but it cannot be avoided. Old estimates of personal worth and ability formed in times of peace are constantly upset by the rude realities of war, without those who have formed those estimates being able to realise exactly how the upset has occurred. For the moment it is best to leave this mystery unexplained. It is more to the purpose to set out why the "second choice" is a sound choice. It may be some consolation to such people to know that the officer who is now First Sea Lord is where he is because it is war, and nothing else, that has shown him to be what he is.

If, therefore, I am asked what the recent changes in the Board of Admiralty signify, my simplest answer is, to say that at last we have an officer appointed First Sea Lord, not because of his seniority in the Navy List, nor because he is blessed—or cursed—with a newspaper or popular reputation, but simply on merit shown in war. I was in Washington when Sir Edward Carson joined the War Cabinet, and an enterprising interviewer asked me why the Premier had put an ex-railway manager, presumably ignorant of the sea affair, at the head of the British Navy. I replied that he had done so for the almost incredible, but nevertheless valid reason, that Sir Eric Geddes had shown himself to be the right man for the place. Just as Mr. Lloyd George passed over all the popular politicians and chose the ablest man he knew for the most difficult position that a civilian can fill, so now Sir Eric himself has passed over all the advertised Admirals and appointed the proved man for the most difficult post a naval officer can fill. It is natural to ask in what the proof consists.

In the early stages of the war the evidence of Sir Rosslyn Wemyss' merits must either have been slender or was unperceived, for when Sir Sackville Carden fell ill, a day or two before the last and most disastrous attempt to force the Dardanelles, Rear-Admiral de Robeck was appointed to succeed him, and two officers senior to him were passed over by this preferment. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss was one of these. It is not an agreeable position for a Rear-Admiral to find himself suddenly and

unexpectedly subordinate to his junior. But it is in the day's work to accept these things with simple loyalty, and it would be no compliment to the present First Sea Lord to select that for congratulation which every naval officer must look upon as the most obvious and elementary of his duties. The fact is recalled to show that in March 1915, Whitehall did not yet know their man, and likely enough because he had not yet been given his opportunity. But it was not long in coming now. It is known that on him devolved the chief share in the naval part of the two evacuations of the peninsula, and that the naval part was the chief part. But his work at the bases previous to this and his subsequent work when he succeeded Sir John de Robeck in command of the Mediterranean, seem hardly to be known at all.

The abandonment of the Gallipoli adventure coincided, it may be remembered, with the beginning of the enemy's submarine activities on a large scale in the middle seas. The Mediterranean command was not limited to the Mediterranean, and it included the care of at least three lines of communications to different large army bases, and necessarily involved the closest co-operation with the French and Italian fleets. Few if any naval officers, therefore, have ever undertaken duties more difficult, more extensive and various, or more complicated than those which now fell upon the new C.-in-C. I see it has been stated, on the strength of his having commanded the vessel in which the King once visited his Eastern Dominions, that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss enjoys a reputation as a courtier. This is about as illuminating a remark as to say that because he wears a monocle he has a reputation as a dandy. But it is true that Admiral Wemyss is, in the best sense of that much hackneyed term, a man of the world. It was this fortunate circumstance combined with a perfect acquaintance with the French language that smoothed his diplomatic path with our gallant naval Allies. He illustrated in short, but in an unexpected sense, the dictum of Nelson, that the best of all negotiators was a British Admiral backed by a British fleet. The Paris Conference, decided, I understand, and the decision was in every sense gratifying, that an Allied Naval Council was to be established. In acting with such a council Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has his Mediterranean experience to guide him. He has to welcome a new ally, the United States, as an addition to those with whom he has dealt before. It is surely a happy augury that these complex relations will be handled at the British end by one whose knowledge of the world, whose tact and diplomatic accomplishment are unquestionable.

However, the essence of the Chief Command to-day is to get, first, out of the British Naval force and then out of our Allies, the maximum dynamic effect against the enemy's effort to cut our sea communications. As most competent observers have long since realised, the defeat of the submarine is far less a matter either of new inventions or of mere multiplication of known weapons or weapon bearing units than a matter of the best combination of forces already in existence. This combination can only result from a rightly organised staff. What ground is there for supposing that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss will do better than his predecessors in this matter? They are of the most solid possible description. They are, in point of fact, just these, that when faced with those extensive, varied, complicated and difficult tasks to which I have alluded above, Admiral Wemyss was able to deal with them, and deal with them successfully, precisely because, knowing exactly what he wished to do and being resolute to get it done, he also knew how to organise the men at his disposal, so that each separate task was clearly defined and plainly feasible. He profited, in other words, by the grinding experience of Gallipoli, and realised that only by a rightly constituted staff could the manifold work of war be properly done. The scale of this achievement was naturally enough known to few. But, by July of last year, the evidences of it were available at Whitehall, and Sir Eric Geddes had not long been there before he had appreciated their meaning. It will be remembered that it was almost his first act to bring Sir Rosslyn Wemyss into his councils. The change was announced in America in the second week in August. I may, perhaps, be pardoned for quoting from an interview with me in a Washington journal on the occasion.

"The really big stroke is the retirement of Sir Cecil Burney and his replacement by Rear-Admiral Rosslyn Wemyss. I have not a British Navy list by me, but, at a rough guess, I should say there are probably forty officers senior to Admiral Wemyss who have been passed over to permit this officer to take this position. Wemyss has long been regarded by the forward school as a 'white hope.' He was second in command during the Gallipoli campaign, where his promptness, energy and fighting spirit showed him not only a real leader, but a man possessed of that cool quick judgment which is of the essence of the matter in war.

"The cables say the new Second Sea Lord is to be relieved of certain departmental duties but do not tell us what the new duties are to be. . . . But it is not difficult to guess the character

of the change. The rearrangement of two months ago brought about an amalgamation between the War Staff and the Board of Admiralty. The First Sea Lord was still left as the chief administrative head of the whole active Navy and of the Staff as well. I expect what will happen is that the First Sea Lord's functions will now be cut in half, that he will remain the chief professional administrator and the Second Sea Lord will become the chief of the War Staff. It will represent the triumph of the younger school. When the great changes took place in May, those of us who had fought so hard for them for so long approved everything that had been done, but complained that the thing had stopped too soon. We also saw that the thing could not remain stopped where it was. It had to be pushed to its logical conclusion. . . . It looks as if Sir Eric Geddes had found an extremely ingenious and perfectly effective way out of the difficulty. If the appointment of Admiral Wemyss means what I hope it means, we may expect to see the vast potential power of the British Navy applied to winning the war in a fashion which has not yet been applied."

It looks as if I did not very greatly misjudge the situation in August. What would seem to have happened is something like this. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss was tried at the Admiralty in the task of which he had shown himself to be a master in the Mediterranean. It was a task that had not been successfully met elsewhere, because it had never been attempted elsewhere. If he made good with the same success at Whitehall there would be no need for a deputy First Sea Lord, but a clear case for making him First Sea Lord. In the event Admiral Wemyss did make good.

Significance of Sea Power

Surely the New Year could hardly open under happier auspices. The developments of the last few months have changed the position on land to the enemy's advantage in a most disconcerting and discouraging way. But as no one knows better than the enemy himself, it is at sea, and not on land that the war will finally be decided. The factors, that is to say, on which victory depends, are still those that derive from sea power. How well the enemy understood this a year ago was proved by his being compelled to drive the United States into belligerency rather than forego his only possible stroke at the sea supplies that kept the military alliance against him in munitions and stores, and the civil populations, on whose well being and contentment all military force is founded, supplied with the necessities of living and prosperity. A year ago, when the enemy's efforts to make peace after his many defeats on the Somme had failed, when President Wilson's last effort at an amicable arrangement had shown all the world that no settlement by negotiations was possible, it became at once clear that a ruthless submarine attack on our supply ships would immediately be made. Those who remembered the terms of the German surrender to America of the previous May expected nothing else. For, with curious and quite unnecessary candour, Berliu, for once, instead of making a promise and breaking it, entered into an underaking that was purely provisional and warned the world that the objectionable sinkings would be resumed the moment it suited Germany's convenience or necessity. In other words, from the day when Von Tirpitz first threatened the world with the submarine, in December 1914, until she drove America into war in February 1917, Germany was never under the faintest illusion about the sea war being the real war.

It is a vital matter that civilians in all countries should bear this fundamental truth in mind, especially at the moment when the disappearance of Russia has altered the whole balance of power on land. For the disappearance of Russia and the change in the military situation that results, do not in the least degree affect the validity of the axiom on which our enemy has acted consistently and from the first. For the military change amounts only to this, that until the American army redresses the balance on land, the Allied forces are possibly insufficient to obtain a definite military victory. But, meanwhile, the enemy forces are still less able to obtain a decision in their favour. The change in balance, then, restores a situation gravely weighted against the Central Powers to equality only. And it is, at best, temporary.

The problem of the day, then, is civil endurance; how shall we hold out till the enemy force is spent? It is largely a matter of confidence—of the certainty of ultimate and complete success. This confidence—if I am right in saying that ultimate success turns on the sea war—should now be better founded than it has ever been, for the reason that never before have we had a better assurance that a sea power would be rightly used. The reform of the Admiralty, initiated by the criticisms of last April and May, begun by Mr. Lloyd George in the end of the latter month, and now completed by Sir Eric Geddes, should form the turning point in the war.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

We Must Help Russia

By H. M. Hyndman

IF a poet were inclined to deal with a section of national events in the present war after the manner of Thomas Hardy in *The Dynasts*, he could find no more inspiring and terrible theme than the history of Russia and Russian movements since 1914. Western Europe has been completely bemused by the succession of transformation scenes and cinema films of upheaval which have been presented to its astonished observation. So rapidly have events moved in that great country, during the past three years and a half, that we can only recall with difficulty what has actually taken place.

First, it was assumed that Russia with her vast population would play the decisive part in the resistance to German aggression, and that no long time would elapse ere the Russian armies, which had helped to save the French and British forces from annihilation, might be heard of in the suburbs of Berlin. Their smashing defeat at the Masurian Lakes put an end to that little orgie of optimism. Later, however, the great advance of Brussiloff into Galicia, with the extraordinary number of prisoners taken, again raised hopes that Russia could play the part assigned to her at first. Once more, owing chiefly to the lack of munitions and supplies, the Russians were thrown back to a defensive line, and talk of treachery in high places was proved to have only too much foundation. Shortly afterwards Rasputinism flourished at the Czar's Court in all its infamy and M. Stürmer arranged with Herr von Jagow, his separate peace terms for Russia—terms which would have placed all the resources of that great Empire under Germany's control. Then came M. Miliukoff's crushing exposure of M. Stürmer's treachery in the Duma, the downfall of that pro-German politician, and the appointment of M. Protopopoff to carry on the same policy of corruption and surrender, with the full approval of the Rasputinists and the Court. But for the sudden attempt of the new administration to anticipate an expected revolution by a counter-revolution, the plot might have succeeded; for the revolutionary leaders were not prepared for action during the war. As it was, the weapons of the reactionaries broke in their hands, the very troops they relied on turned round upon the Government, and the pro-German Romanoffs and the upholders of a separate peace were swept away. It is well to remember that, had not the revolution occurred when it did, all Russia would already have been for months under German control and Russian resources at the disposal of Germany.

Awakened Democracy

How far away we seem to be now from that Revolution. How heartily, not only the English people, but the whole of Western Europe welcomed the overthrow of the Czar and his family. What great results were looked for in many quarters from emancipated Russia. If Russia of the Czar was ready to fight to the death against German aggression how much more determined would be the awakened and self-governing democracy of Russia, of the Republic, to organise all its forces against the enemy whose armies were entrenched on Russian soil, and were menacing the newly-acquired Russian freedom!

Revolutionary Russia, like revolutionary France, would rise as one man to expel the invader and reconquer the occupied territory. That was the general idea. Optimism again reigned supreme. The best-known Russian exiles were then most confident of the future. They feared only that England and her Allies would stop the supply of munitions, and thus prevent Republican Russia from showing her real strength.

Congratulatory deputations were then sent to Petrograd, some of whose members unfortunately completely misunderstood the position—which indeed was not surprising—and differed greatly among themselves. But the national enthusiasm was so great and the desire for common accord, to secure the full fruits of the revolution at home and on the frontier appeared so strong, that the Allied peoples continued to hope against hope, even when affairs in the provinces of Russia became almost chaotic, and matters in her towns looked threatening indeed. A complete forgetfulness of faction and permanent coalition of revolutionists of all sections might have saved the situation. A combination under the leadership of Kerensky, in fact, seemed likely to be successful for a time; and the Committees of Soldiers and Workmen, in spite of the efforts of the doctrinaire extremists within them, were not desirous of bringing about a conflict between the various groups. The Provisional Government could probably have carried on safely while the great Delegate Conference met at Moscow, and the country might have awaited with reason-

able calmness the meeting of the Constituent Assembly.

This would not have suited Germany at all. As events have shown, she understood the position much better than did the Allies. Lenin and his friends, after having been hurried through Germany from Switzerland to Russia by special train, accompanied with every personal attention, at once set to work to render anarchy almost inevitable. A political and economic programme, wholly unsuited to a country in the stage of development of Russia, was thrust on the people with fanatical zeal. Simultaneously, a wholesale propaganda of mutiny and disbandment was carried on in the army. Both were successful. Kerensky and his friends, civilian and military, looked on while their policy was wrecked and their party combination disintegrated. Democracy was ruined in the name of democracy.

The Bolsheviks

Then a sudden stroke put Lenin, Trotsky and the Bolshevik minority in control of Petrograd, on lines laid down, it is said, by the German Military Staff; a dictatorship of illegality was established in Petrograd itself as well as in Moscow, and two or three other centres; the Red Guards were trained and organised by German officers into an admirable force; the propaganda for peace in the army on the front was carried on more systematically than ever, aided by detachments of the Petrograd gendarmery of Bolshevik tendencies; the disintegration in the public services and the railroads, begun by the reactionaries under the Czar, was pushed even further—until finally the only real organisation left in the north was the political and military force at the disposal of Lenin and his friends. There was no longer an army to resist the Germans between the Riga front and Petrograd. Generals and officers who tried to maintain discipline were murdered or arrested. Peace with Germany was proclaimed as a necessity for Russia and the Bolshevik Self-Illusionists actually thought they could successfully appeal to their imaginary "German Democracy" to help them in a universal democratic reconstruction! Of course, the only people who have benefited by all this criminal folly are the Kaiser and his henchmen, Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

Yet, in the face of all this, the Unified French Socialist Party and some Pacifists here in England still declare that had the pro-German Socialist International Conference met at Stockholm, Russia would have remained true to her engagements with the Allies, and a new heaven and a new earth would have grown up out of the trenches, amid the soul-inspiring hoche of Kameraden Scheidemann, Südekum, David, Heine and Noske. Those who believe that nonsense deserve to be in Petrograd at the mercy of Lenin and his revolutionary sbirri. Plechanoff, Catherine Breshkovskaia, Tchernoff and others who have given themselves body and soul for more than a generation to the service of revolutionary Social-Democracy, could tell the world what sort of freedom men like Lenin and his new Militarist crew stand for. Read what even the Marxist Martoff, himself a Zimmerwaldian and a man in favour of what I should call a pro-German peace, writes about Bolshevik rule in Petrograd so lately as December 16th, 1917:

The new Government finds itself compelled to institute a reign of terror against a populace bitterly hostile to a military dictatorship. Hence arbitrary, violent persecution against every sort of even Socialist opposition, suppression of liberty of the press and freedom of public meeting. Many Socialists have been thrown into prison. Further, the foreign policy of Lenin, inspired by his anxiety to bring about the immediate peace promised to the soldiers, assumes a character contrary to the international conception of a democratic peace; and this rather than the militarists wish to take advantage of the position of a government not acknowledged by the majority of the people in order to secure the signature of an anti-democratic peace.

To form a Leninist majority, Lenin and Trotsky actually refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of the Constituent Assembly, the majority of which is composed of non-Maximalist Socialists. Many members of the Constituent Assembly have been arrested and the entire bourgeois "minority" as well. For these reasons Martoff and his section of Marxists, pacifists though they are, will have nothing to do with the Lenin autocracy.

This does not mean, however, that the Bolshevik minority will lose ground for some time yet. They have the enormous advantage of the support of German organisation, German propaganda and German money. They are able also to bribe their soldier contingents with enormous rates of daily pay. Their high-handed methods, too, give the impression

of stable determination, not only to one or two of the Allied Ambassadors, but to some of the people themselves, who, seeing their daily life disorganised and famine coming upon them, are beginning to feel "better Bolshevick dictatorship than the continuance of this period of anarchical incertitude." It is indeed a desperate situation, so far as the north of Russia is concerned.

Meanwhile, however, other parts of this huge aggregation of territories and peoples are in open revolt against the policy of a handful of fanatics and intriguers, who are using the means supplied by enemy foreigners to force a rule, for which the country is economically and socially wholly unprepared, upon a population of 180,000,000 souls. However honest they may be, their methods aid reaction in every direction and threaten to put Russia at the mercy of the Kaiser, his Junkers and his Capitalists for many a long year to come. Therefore, the Ukraine, the Caucasus, Siberia and Finland, which have declared themselves independent Republics, are against Bolshevick tyranny and doctrinaire incompetence. Men like Savinkoff, Axentieff, Kerensky, with their military friends, are striving at this moment—not to help reaction as Bolshevicks and Germans perfidiously proclaim—but to aid the Social Revolutionaries, who will constitute the majority of the Constituent Assembly (even now that the anarchist extreme left has gone over to the enemy), in organising the genuine democracy of Russia based upon the peasantry and the townsmen alike. The Social Revolutionaries are all democrats. They are also advocates of the land for the people. Anything short of a Democratic and Social Federated Republic would be a defeat for them. To attain this end they are ready to make any sacrifice—are making great sacrifices to-day. But the following points are essential to their success:—

1. Germany must be prevented from gaining the victory by a German peace; for if she does, she will use the organisation of North Russia and the resources of South and East Russia entirely for her own ends.
2. A new front must be formed, supported from points accessible to the Allies of Russia, in order to preserve the non-Bolshevick districts from such a disaster.
3. The Germans must be stopped from drilling the 2,000,000 German and Austrian prisoners now in Russia for service against the Allies.
4. The Allied Governments and the United States must give a definite statement, based upon the formula of Restitution, Reparation and Guarantees, and repudiating all Imperialist aims—a statement with which Russia may confront German and Bolshevick lies.
5. Russian troops and war vessels must be used to help the friends of the Allies against their enemies.

Leaves from a German Note Book

Peace Negotiations with Russia

IT would seem that the peace negotiations with Russia have not evoked great enthusiasm in Germany. The event is not minimised, but neither is it regarded as being in itself decisive. There is smoke in the flame; many insuperable difficulties are expected. The press warns the public not to build castles in the air. The Bolshevick leaders are even mistrusted in some quarters. Franz Mehring, a Socialist of European reputation, goes so far as to attack them openly in these terms: "Have Lenin and Trotsky, who were for years brave fighters on the side of the proletariat, suddenly lost their senses, or has their revolutionary energy and that of their supporters driven them into a situation where they are compelled to do much which they would not do were they free masters in making their decisions? They are heading straight for chaos." Nevertheless, the public hopes that perhaps the negotiations with Russia may bring peace in the West. This desire must be very strong, for even so moderate a journal as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is moved to use these veiled threats if the Allies should not fulfil Germany's expectations:

If the leaders of the Entente continue the war, in spite of fate, against the will of Russia and despite the readiness of the Central Powers for a general peace, they will only make a real understanding more and more difficult; for any accommodation which must be exacted from the Entente by force is bound to be a defeat, however moderate Germany may be. The statesmen of the Entente still have time to make the decision. May they decide in favour of that which the course of events will make a necessity for them before long.

Boastful talk of this kind is necessary in order to hearten the Germans to bear up still further. Their burden is indeed great. They lack coal, for the winter ration allows of warming only one room for each household. The schools are closed because of the coal shortage; the streets are dark and the public baths are unable to serve the public needs.

6. The Allies must forthwith proclaim to the world that their friends in Russia are their friends, and that the friends of their enemy, Germany, are their enemies.

In all the affairs of human life there is some risk. It is the duty of statesmen, as it is of organisers and men of business, to consider a position carefully from every point of view before decisive action is taken. But when the decision is arrived at, then the shutters should be pulled down on the other side of the intellect. Further reflection is not only useless but dangerous. Such a situation has arisen in Russia. Tremendous issues are at stake not only in regard to the relations between England and her Allies and Russia herself, but for the immediate future of the civilised world. Asia is involved as well as Europe.

Do what ever we may, the influence of Germany upon Russia, her Eastern neighbour must inevitably be great. Territorial propinquity and commercial advantage will tell in her favour as time goes on. But if at this critical juncture we stand aside and allow our enemies to dominate Russia, without an effort to help the rising anti-German Republics, then all hope of a counter-influence being effectively exerted by the Allied Powers in the future may disappear. Our present difficulties West and East will be greatly increased. The vast sums likewise which we have advanced to enable Russia to remain an independent country, working out her own destinies in friendly accord with nations that aspire neither to mercantile nor political domination, will have been entirely thrown away.

Under these circumstances, a prompt decision must be reached. This is not a matter only of to-day, threatening as the immediate outlook may be, nor of to-morrow, hopeful as we all are of final and decisive victory over the forces of militarist reaction and diplomatic treachery. It is the end of an old policy and the beginning of a new. To hesitate is far more dangerous than to act. For, certainly, if England and her Allies display again a pusillanimous ineptitude, continue to debate about pros and cons while events are settling the immediate issue against them, and persistently let I dare not wait upon I would—then the democratic Republicans and anti-Bolshevicks of Russia will be *compelled* in despair to make the best terms they can with the German invader and the enormous but undeveloped resources of that great nation will now and hereafter be under Teutonic control.

There is now good reason to hope that the terrible dangers already arising out of the present situation are understood and will be met with energy and determination. But at such a critical moment promptitude is essential and, unfortunately, that has not so far been characteristic of the Allied policy.

It is not that Germany has no coal. But she has no miners to dig it, nor sufficient trucks to distribute it. The whole of the railway system is disorganised; the rolling stock is being neglected; there is a serious shortage of lubricants; railway fares for the express services have been doubled while ordinary train services have been considerably reduced.

Yet the German suffers in patience. His beer is thinner and dearer than ever. In place of tobacco he is given hops and chicory roots to smoke. His fat and butter ration, small though it is already, is to be reduced on January 1st by one-fifth. He is fed on substitutes, of which, according to an official report, there are now over ten thousand in Germany. Even his daily bread has become nauseating.

A correspondent of the *Vorwärts* relates an experience which is worth recording. Recently he visited an eating house in the centre of Berlin where before the war he had been a regular customer. Asking what there was to eat he was informed by the waitress that they had cake, but when he saw the substance he would have none of it. Thereupon the waitress, anxious to please, vouchsafed the information that they also had scones, at one and threepence each. He ordered one. It was small in size and its colour was a dirty brown. He no sooner bit into it than he received a shock. It was all stringy within and had an abominable taste. It is significant that the *Vorwärts* should print this story in bold type. In all probability this particular experience is by no means unique. Four days later, on December 16th, the Socialist paper wrote: "The great masses are not only hungry: they are literally starving."

Fear of Air Raids

On top of all this comes the dread of air raids. The Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*, a paper with a large circulation among the masses, finds it necessary to cheer the people by attempting to demonstrate that German air-raids on England are right and proper, and English air-raids on Germany unspeakably

wicked. It is instructive to observe how this result is arrived at. The story opens with the first visit to London of German aeroplanes on June 13th, 1917, which were so effective that public feeling in England ran high. That was unjustifiable, seeing that English airmen had attacked Freiburg and Karlsruhe long before, and the victims of those raids had to be avenged. Besides London is a military centre; Karlsruhe and Freiburg are peaceful open towns.

The German reader, by being told half the story, is made to believe that the German air raids are merely retaliatory. Not a single word is said about the Zeppelin raids on England with their toll of innocent lives. The German reader's memory must be very short if he has already forgotten that Karlsruhe and Freiburg were visited by Allied airmen only after Germany had had recourse to the air weapon. It should also be added that practically every town in Germany is turning out munitions of war—Karlsruhe and Freiburg included. The efforts of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* are exceedingly instructive in respect to German propagandist methods. One-half of the truth is suppressed, and the German case is based on the other half. The shamelessness of it has long ceased to be a cause for wonder to the world.

German Peace Feelers

Despite these attempts at assuaging their fears, the German people is really interested in nothing but the possibility of peace. When Mr. Balfour's revelation of the German Peace feelers, which were sent to London last September, became known in Germany, a wave of excitement passed through the land. The "explanation" of the German Government, halting as it was, did not deceive the simplest. Why, moderate men asked, was nothing more heard of the matter? Here was Germany proclaiming to the world again and again that she was ready for peace, that the hand of fellowship she had stretched out was rejected with mocking and scorn, that if the bloody business continued it was all the fault of the Allies. Yet when an opportunity for negotiating really presented itself, the German Government was dumb. Moderate men cannot fathom the mystery, or at least, they pretend they cannot. A distinguished politician and journalist like Theodor Wolff, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt* is driven to this confession, and the only hope he can hold out to his countrymen is to wait until Mr. Lloyd George, "the Lion of Wales," and M. Clemenceau, "the Tiger of Paris," have both fallen and yielded up their places to men more inclined to peace. And the German people read and are comforted!

Capture of Jerusalem

The capture of Jerusalem was discounted in the German press long before the event. There was so marked a similarity in the arguments used that we are justified in assigning them to a common official source. Perhaps Major Endres gave the clearest enunciation of what the victory means:

From a military standpoint the taking of Jerusalem is of no great importance, but the political and moral effects are enormous. The taking of Jerusalem is a first step towards filling up the gaps in Great Britain's overland communications between Egypt and India. The projected extension of Great Britain's sphere of influence signifies a very great danger, not only for Turkey, but also for Germany. The realisation of Great Britain's plans would mean the final closing of south-western Asia against Central Europe, and a barrier against all economic expansion which did not possess the benediction of Great Britain. One of our most important tasks on the conclusion of peace will be to secure the integrity of Turkey, and thereby to open the door to the Orient.

A German Africa

If that is one of Germany's important tasks at the conclusion of peace, another is the attempt to obtain an extensive colonial empire stretching across Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, and effectively dividing the British spheres of influence in the north and the south of the Dark Continent. This proposed German Africa, of which many Germans still dream, would, of course, include the Belgian Congo, and there are not a few people in Germany who have the effrontery to argue that because Germany has conquered Belgium, she has not only a moral but also a legal right to the Congo! And then Germans ask innocently why the world does not love them.

Their universal unpopularity appears to be a source of annoyance, else why should they demand that the Swiss Government ought, out of consideration to German feelings, to censure the *Journal de Genève* for speaking of the "proved crimes and mocking lies of the Imperial German Government," and the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for referring to the

"robber nations which fell upon Belgium from the back, throttled the Serbs and Armenians, spoiled Roumania and torpedoed neutrals."

Vienna in War Time

A Swiss visitor who has just returned from Vienna records his impressions in the principal Zurich paper. There is only one topic of conversation in the Austrian capital—not the grave scarcity of food, or the inordinately high theatre prices, or the Italian victories, but only the prospect of peace. A novel peace demonstration is reported from Vienna. In order to show their appreciation of the Russian peace negotiations, the members of the Austrian Housewives Association, the largest women's society in the country, decided to leave a card at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on three consecutive days set apart for the purpose.

Owing to an inflation of the currency which surpasses all records, money has depreciated to an incredible extent, with the result that general prices have soared to an exceedingly high level. Provisions are unobtainable, except by the very rich; and as the city is full of refugees, principally from Galicia, living rooms are scarce and expensive. For apartments which in Zurich cost about £2 10s. per month, the charge in Vienna is £10! It can easily be imagined that in these circumstances the war is hardly popular. Nor is the army. At a recent session of the Austrian Delegations, a Socialist member asked the Minister of War a number of questions which require no comment:

The nation had lost all confidence in the conduct of the Army Command. Everybody believed that successes were only gained when the capacity of the Austrian troops was united to that of the Germans. It was the general opinion that there had been great and unnecessary sacrifices of life. Who was responsible for the complete failure of the first two invasions of Serbia? Why was Przemysl not evacuated at the right moment? Was there a great explosion at an Italian munition stores, whereby a large number of Austrian and Hungarian soldiers were killed? Who took the booty from Friuli and Venetia? Did the German Command claim it all? What about the two days' plundering of Udine?

Another speaker indicted the army authorities for acts of unspeakable cruelty. In Bosnia the troops were instructed to persecute the Slav elements of the population. At least ten thousand innocent people suffered unnecessarily. In Trebinje the prisons were filled with the most respected citizens who were threatened with death, although no charge had been formulated against them. The author of this terrorism, General Braun, was still on the active list. All that the Ministry of War could say in reply was that the Government deeply deplored these unhappy events.

Austria has to put up not only with German domination, but also with Hungarian hatred. Feeling in Hungary against the sister kingdom runs high, and recently it was reported that the Buda-Pesth Town Council passed a resolution in favour of the entire independence of Hungary. A Hungarian newspaper has accentuated that demand in words which are significant:

Our arch foe, old Austria, has now begun open and systematic warfare against us. In the air of Vienna, filled with the stench of decomposing Austria, fly, instead of birds, imprecations and calumnies. Every Czech vagabond, every Austrian ass, abuses Hungary. Now some Austrian owl has discovered that very few Hungarian soldiers have fallen in the war but that very many have been taken prisoners. If this were so, we could rejoice for the healthy and honourable Magyar blood, which is much more necessary for the world than Austrian; but the Hungarian losses have been disproportionately great, not only through the treachery of the Czechs, but also thanks to Austrian leadership. All this enforces the necessity of organising an independent Hungarian army led by Hungarian high officers, not by our Austrian foes. Our people must be taught that we can no longer live in community with Austria, which would only lead to our defeat and ruin.

This is an aspect of the German Alliance which is carefully hidden from the German people.

The manufacture on a large scale of a new substitute for rubber tyres is reported to have begun in Germany, and it is expected that the tyres will be in general use at the beginning of April. The works are under official control, and the distribution of the tyres will be regulated by a Central Office. The new invention is not merely a combined spring system, but a material which is the result of months of experiment, and will make the motor factories completely independent of foreign tyre material.

According to a Zurich message, the electrical works at Kolin, Bohemia, have been closed down through lack of coal, with disastrous results to the whole of the surrounding country. Fourteen towns and 35 village communities are without light. Eight sugar refineries, eleven large mills, 15 engineering works, the railways works, and numerous other industrial establishments are all obliged to stop work.

With a Field Ambulance

By Green Patch

ON a chilly, damp night last spring we had dined with the officers of a field ambulance in the little wooden hut that housed their mess. A heavy action had been in progress for several days, during which time the Germans had been forced out of a notable stronghold, and had retreated sullenly, harassed by the infantry and pounded incessantly by the guns. During dinner the arrival of several loads of patients drew most of the officers away to the dressing station.

The scene here was typical of a field ambulance main dressing station during a "show." Ambulance cars, drawing up in front of the door discharged their quota of patients. Assisted by orderlies, these silently straggled into the hut, standing for a moment confused and blinking in the strong acetylene light. Stretcher cases, carefully lowered from the racks, were carried in by the bearers, and laid in a neat line along one wall. Hot drinks, coffee, cocoa and soup were rapidly dispensed, and so were large beef sandwiches—to all who could take them. Dressings had to be examined and, if necessary, changed, anti-tetanus serum administered, records completed, and in general the men prepared for their trip to the casualty clearing station.

As the hot food and warmth began to thaw their stiffened bodies the wounded became more talkative, and little epics of the fight were bandied about in Tommy's trench language. There was no complaining—there practically never is; grouching is reserved for matters of real importance, as, for instance, when plum jam is too prevalent, or "bully" takes the place of the expected fresh meat, or, still more often, upon the distribution of fatigues. The men's equipment and the stretchers were wet through, and plastered with putty coloured clay, which is the winter livery of the line. Here and there a man, utterly exhausted, fell asleep on a bench or on the floor. One stretcher case guarded with his arm a German helmet. Many carried little odds and ends of the usual trashy nature, which are so much prized as souvenirs.

We boarded a returning ambulance, and proceeded slowly along a road thick with traffic. The mud was bad, and small pools disguised treacherous holes that were a constant menace to springs and axles. A run of two miles and the car drew up at an ambulance station, near a siding of a line of trench railway. Here a "hospital train" of small low trucks was being loaded by ambulance men with rations, stretchers, blankets, bales of dressings, a jar or two of rum, and even a case of oranges for the forward posts.

The gasoline engine, a squat little monstrosity, of the pit-head type, was clanking and snorting in its desire to be off, and being presently given its head by the driver, a philosophic wag in a tin hat, jolted its load of trucks into motion. The scenery was not remarkable—darkness and a thin rain blotting out the landscape.

The train, gathering way, shortly attained a speed of about 15 miles per hour. We passed a tramway control post and the driver's man established a "block" in the line behind us by the simple expedient of holding up a red lantern. A few minutes sufficed to reach tramway headquarters. This was a sand-bag hut, constructed (so true is the railway man's homing instinct) inside the remains of a French railway station, lying on the outskirts of the village of C——. The night was vocal with a medley of sounds, near at hand the clicking of the motor engine, the crash of the guns, the sharp scream of the shells gradually dying away into a purr, the distant rattle of machine guns (well called by the men "typewriters"). We turned from watching the flare and flicker of German star shells ahead to find the tramway officer speaking. "Good evening, I'm coming up to D—— with you, to see if everything is correct. The engine is on behind now, we push in from here."

We seated ourselves on the front truck, and were soon off. To the blasé person seeking a new sensation, I would unhesitatingly recommend a night ride on the head end of a trench train, as having its little thrills. Your truck, propelled by its clanking vis-a-tergo, dashes ahead in uncanny fashion, it being too dark to see much of the narrow track in front. Every curve gives a sensation of flying off into space, and there is always the chance of a hole in the track. In a few minutes we were passing through the remains of S—— Wood, a bit of ground that will remain to France for all time sacred with sacrifice. Twice we crossed a small stream.

The sounds of gun fire were increasing in volume, and flashes could be seen on all sides, and it was apparent that we were drawing near the centre of things. Suddenly the train entered a small cutting. Above us a couple of machine guns were raising a most infernal clatter—busily engaged in sowing an indirect barrage on the enemy's line. On emerging

again into the open, we found ourselves running across a shallow valley. Beyond this loomed an indistinct mass.

"That's the Ridge," said G.

We drew in at the foot of the slope, and saw in front our destination—a tunnel of roomy dimensions into which the track ran. On entering the place one perceived several dressing rooms and sleeping quarters, opening off the main shaft. A number of the field ambulance bearers, who were stationed here, on the command of a sergeant, began carrying in the stores we had brought up.

A Hospital Dug-Out

Having ascertained that the train would not leave for nearly an hour, G. and I procured a guide and set off to visit one of the regimental aid posts farther up the slope. The going was bad, owing to the torn nature of the country—the ground being a mass of shell holes, trenches, and wire, and after much floundering and a stiff climb of about a quarter of an hour, we arrived covered with mud and rather breathless. An opening on the face of the incline gave access to a long passage sloping downwards at an angle of about 20 degrees. A hundred yards of this, and we entered a low room, where we found the battalion medical officer and one from the field ambulance. In bunks men were sleeping, while several lightly wounded reclined on the floor. The atmosphere of the place was very substantial. It seemed largely composed of charcoal fumes from the brasier in the centre, but tobacco smoke, the odour of damp chalk, chloride of lime and well-worn clothes struggled nobly for the ascendancy.

We lit cigarettes and enquired about the clearing of patients, supplies of dressings, rations and so forth. Everything appeared to be going well. Mugs of tea were handed around. "You're being relieved shortly, Old Thing," said G., "what price a hot bath?" "You'll be asking me next if I care to go on leave," retorted the M.O. "Meanwhile, Bill and I are scratching along quite comfortably. One lump please, dear, and *no* cream."

We emerged into the fresh air, accompanied by several lightly wounded men who were able to walk and a squad of bearers carrying a stretcher case. The descent was a tedious proceeding. It is marvellous how it was accomplished at all by the bearers over that ground in the dark, but they finally got their patient safely down. As the party reached the level, a few Hun shells began to burst on the Ridge. At the train parties of bearers were carrying stretcher cases from the tunnel to the trucks. This took time, and it was some minutes before the walking wounded were helped to their places. Someone flashed an electric torch and an officer ordered him sharply to put it out. Finally the cars had their full load—25 patients. The motionless forms on their stretchers covered with blankets on the forward trucks, and the lightly wounded filling up all the extra space—an irregular patchwork of white bandages showing in the dark—the rest being almost invisible.

I asked the driver if shelling smashed his track very often. "Quite frequent, sir," he replied. "We sometimes get five or six breaks in the track in a night when things are quiet, and the Germans can hear the train coming up, or when there is a 'show' on. The shrapnel is all right, but it gets my wind up when he drops H.E. on the track, in front and behind and then starts on the train."

The engine was already humming, but something seemed wrong with its internal economy, as the regular beat gave place to a series of asthmatic coughs and finally ceased altogether. The driver was engaged with its levers when there was a shrill thin scream, and a whizz-bang passed over the train and burst a few yards to the left. The wounded observed it silently, and with little show of interest. A number of things followed, kicking up showers of sparks and mud. The driver, who was crouching over the engine, quickly got the train in motion, ("Oh, moments that seem long as years," murmured G.), and we drew slowly away, leaving the strafe in progress. I heard a man with his arm in a sling remark to a chum: "He certainly done his best to kiss us good-bye."

Gathering speed we raced through the cutting, under our friends the machine guns, which were still giving tongue. The rest of the journey was uneventful. One could only think what a useful method of clearing this was, compared to the slow and painful jolt of ambulance wagons over bad roads.

The train drew up at the huts of the field ambulance station, and orderlies came out to assist the wounded into the haven of warmth and light.

"All off, boys, first change for 'Blighty.'" called a sergeant.

German Rule of Native Races

By Bishop Frodsham

Bishop Frodsham, now Canon Residentiary in Gloucester, worked for seventeen years in Queensland, being Bishop of North Queensland for eleven of them. His knowledge of German methods in the Pacific Archipelago is, therefore, intimate and first hand. Contrast the opinions expressed here with the views put forward by Count Czernin at Brest-Litovsk last week: "The fact that the natives of the German colonies, despite the greatest difficulties and the slight prospects of success in the struggle against an enemy many times superior, and disposing of unlimited overseas reinforcements, have through thick and thin loyally adhered to their German friends, is proof of their attachment and their resolve under all circumstances to remain with Germany, a proof which in seriousness and in weight far exceeds every possible demonstration of wishes by voting."

PROFESSOR LOWELL, of Harvard University, has done well in emphasising the moral duty which has been laid upon the Allied Powers to deliver not only the smaller nations of Europe, but still more the undeveloped races of Africa and of the Pacific from the horror of German domination. American and English travellers are almost invariably misled by what they see of native peoples under German rule. They are impressed by the organisation. They compare the buildings, the sanitation, and the regulations with regard to native labour, with those under British or even American rule unfavourably to the latter. What they do not see is the cold inhuman policy of native exploitation that lies beneath the German colonising policy.

The Americans in the Philippines and the British in their spheres of influence make many mistakes and raise many troubles for themselves by treating natives as though they were black or brown replicas of democratic voters, but they regard themselves as trustees of the races which are yet in their minority. The Germans, on the other hand, regard the undeveloped races of mankind just as they would regard wild animals who are capable of domestication. Some they consider to be better shot, while others are worth preserving and propagating, so long as they behave themselves and serve the purposes of Germany. To put the matter baldly, the English and Americans look upon the undeveloped races of mankind as human beings who need looking after in their own interests, while the Germans regard them as human beings, perhaps, but as human beings of the slave variety. To hear a German talk on a hotel verandah in the tropics about the native races is what one would imagine an ancient Israhelite would say about his duty in caring for the children of Gibeon, who were allowed to exist just because they could split wood and draw water. Until this truth with regard to the Germans is recognised it will be impossible to get their colonising methods into proper focus.

Pacification by Bloodshed

The pacification of the South Sea Islanders by the Germans probably never involved anything like the volume of bloodshed which was the case in East and South-West Africa. The Berlin official reports enumerated the native losses in East Africa on one occasion at 120,000 men and women. This report, and Von Trotha's infamous proclamation that the Hereros, male and female, armed or unarmed, were to be shot at sight, are treasured in the Imperial archives as records of their successful colonising methods. The massacres of natives in all the South Sea Islands may not have reached more than a tithe of the figures in East Africa, and no Island proclamations like Von Trotha's have reached the outer world, but the fact remains that a fine manly race has been tamed by the Germans somehow or another. At first, after the process of pacification, they scurried away like frightened rabbits whenever they saw a white man. An Australian has recounted how he stood on a broad white road in the neighbourhood of Wilhelmshaven in Papua, which ran through comparatively well-populated country. There was not a native in sight. They preferred to slink along through the scrub to sharing a highway with a white man who might be a German. This fear has been removed. It did not pay the Germans, who required labour on their plantations, that the natives should fly like frightened animals or die like rotten sheep. The natives to-day are well cared for, but let them raise their voices as free men with rights and opinions, and they will be treated as the Belgians and Poles are treated under similar circumstances. These are not surmises. They are solid facts, as every man who has had personal knowledge of Ger-

man colonies knows well.

The methods by which the Germans maintain the subjugation of the native races in their colonies turn not only upon the force, but upon the native ownership of land. Here experience in the South Seas casts a valuable light upon darkest Africa. All over the Pacific the natives have been from the first inclined to sell their birthrights without in the least comprehending what the transaction actually meant. Similar ignorance must be credited to white men who did not realise at first the complicated character of land tenure among all the South Sea Islanders. Under the native laws of custom it is impossible for any individual to sell rights which belong not to him alone but by reversion to hundreds of others also.

Native Rights

This mutual misunderstanding led to extraordinary results. Men sold and bought land in Samoa alone to such an extent that it would have necessitated reclaiming the foreshore for twenty-five miles out to sea all round the island in order to satisfy the claims lodged by the white purchasers. No nationality of traders is altogether free from complicity in the pernicious policy of land-grabbing, but care should be taken to differentiate between the action of traders and the action of Governments. The American and British Governments have upheld native rights throughout the Pacific. The German Government, on the other hand, not only condoned but facilitated the transfer of land from native ownership. By this policy the Germans affected the whole future of the islands in a fashion destructive of native freedom. Wherever they could, they bore down native opposition with brutal force, and though their purposes were generally effected by such methods and peace restored thereby, it was upon terms which meant perpetual servitude to the subdued. This point should be understood very clearly by all who wish to estimate the German colonial question from a moral standpoint.

The British policy with regard to native land has entailed difficulties in the Pacific which did not arise in German colonies. In Fiji, for instance, the Fijians adopted a *dolce far niente* life, preferring the pleasures of landlordism to irksome work on sugar plantations. But the Fijians are free men because they have their feet firm on their own land; the Papuans, the Marshall and the Caroline Islanders, on the other hand, while under German domination, were not free. They had to work under any conditions the Germans considered most profitable to German capitalists, because needs must when hunger drives. The question is, are the Allies prepared to hand the South Sea Islanders in Papua, in the Marshall and the Caroline Islands, in the Bismarck Archipelago and in beautiful Samoa, back to the hopeless servitude of landless men—a servitude from which the Australians, the New Zealanders and the Japanese have delivered them? To this question only one answer seems possible when the facts are known.

The British and American policy of trusting the people may have failures, but it has successes impossible to German slave methods. A case in point has arisen in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, which are adjacent to the Marshalls. The inhabitants of these islands have been bewildered by the war. They are naturally warlike, but their martial activities have been sternly repressed by both the Germans and the British. That these two great white races, whose wisdom had caused wars to cease in the islands, should be "visiting each other's islands and driving home the spear" made the white men seem more human. The fact that the war was longer than their customary three days fights was not surprising, because the white men's "islands" were big and far apart. As months went by, it was gradually realised by the old men that the war was of an unknown kind which would not end with "a little shedding of blood." This fact caused them to be silent over their own vast exploits in tribal wars.

Then it was rumoured that the native races were being allowed to take their place with the British troops to fight against the hated Germans, and the islands under British protection volunteered to a man. When it was learned that their services could not be utilised, but that they could contribute to war relief funds, they were again profoundly surprised. The very idea that "Big Fellow Government" needed money and not men from the "boys" was the climax of their bewilderment. But when once they realised that their help was actually required, the effect was spontaneous.

The natives of Ocean Island asked leave to give all their

phosphate royalty to patriotic funds, and were with difficulty persuaded to limit their gift to £1,000, by the warning of possible future droughts. At a meeting of the labourers of the Pacific Phosphate Company, held at Ocean Island, by the request of the Gilbert and Ellice employees, it was suggested that each man should give 5s. from his deferred pay. The immediate answer was: "We want to give all our deferred pay" (amounting to about £15 a head). When the contribution was eventually raised to 10s. each, the limit permitted, great disappointment was expressed. These facts, condensed from the latest official report, receive greater importance when it is realised that the natives in this little colony are not only poor, but are faced by a serious drought, in which they will have to live from hand to mouth for a year or more. The action of the Ocean Islanders is a valuable piece of evidence as to the humane character of British rule in the South Seas, as distinguished from that of German. The evidence should warm the hearts of the Alliance fighters to their brown allies in the South Seas who, although they are not allowed to take up arms, are giving generous help to relieve white women and children who are suffering from the common enemy of mankind.

Deep down in the hearts of all honest democrats is the desire, not that this war should end quickly, but that it should put far away the danger of all war. This will be impossible so long as the German flag flies in the Pacific. Professor von Buchka, formerly Director of the Colonial Department of the German Foreign Office, made this point quite clear in a recent article in *Der Tag*, of Berlin. After discussing the relative values to Germany of Africa and the Pacific Islands, he argued that the extension of Colonial territory in Africa would not compensate Germany for the loss of her possessions in the South Seas. The latter, he writes, constituted by their geographical position and their excellent harbours the naval bases requisite for the emphatic representation of the German interests in the vast domain of the South Seas and for upholding the prestige of the German name. The permanent loss of all those bases, he adds, would necessarily entail the complete disappearance of the prestige already acquired, and put an end to the political influence in the South Seas founded on the prestige.

This German journal, *Der Tag*, does not circulate generally in England. The opinions expressed by Professor von Buchka are largely unknown in England. They may be unknown

also in America. They are well-known in Australia and New Zealand. How well-known may be judged from a recent debate in the New Zealand House of Representatives. On July 3rd last Mr. Massey, the Prime Minister, stated that there was no division of opinion throughout Australasia as to the grave danger of returning any of the Pacific Island colonies to Germany. To this warning Sir Joseph Ward added a striking metaphor: "Germany was a hound ready to put its fangs into all honest passers-by."

America and Australia may regard themselves as the joint wardens of the peace of the Pacific. The people are desirous that freedom of trade should be preserved because honest trade is an officer of peace. They are desirous that the natives should be treated as free men with rights and privileges that belong to all human beings by virtue of their humanity. They are prepared to be patient with slow native development because down at the bottom they believe in the fatherhood of God, and, to quote old Thomas Fuller, they think of the black man as being "God's image cut in ebony." They are prepared to admit Germany into the community of nations, but not until the Germans have changed their selfish colonising projects summed up in the motto "Deutschland uber alles," and have abandoned their mad methods of militarism. Until these are established facts it would be inhuman to hand back to their tender mercies the colonies of the Pacific or of Africa. Democracy cannot hope to stand upright in the justice court of History if the leaders refuse to realise facts which may be foreign to their own experience, or if the rank and file, in their desire for an early peace, disregard the rights of working men overseas, who may differ from workers in Europe and America chiefly in the pigment of the skin, but who are otherwise just as proper men.

As an Englishman who has lived for almost seventeen years in tropical and sub-tropical Australia, I agree with what President Lowell, of Harvard University, has said upon the immorality of handing back the nations of the so-called German colonies to their former tyrants, and particularly in declaring that "the World must subdue a military autocracy that goes forth conquering and to conquer, or the world will have no peace. Moreover, the oppression of one race by another must, as far as possible, be removed. For that reason we cannot consider the return to Germany of her former colonies that their people may be exploited as they have been in the past."

The Price of Citizenship

By Dr. Charles Mercier

THE social state is not peculiar to mankind. Many other animals, from the ant to the elephant, have adopted it. Even plants, and parts of plants, such as the flower of the daisy have adopted it, for of all aids in the struggle for life the social state is the most efficient. Many devices are employed by both animals and plants to secure their survival. Some, like the boa-constrictor, trust to their strength of muscle; some, like the lion and tiger, to offensive weapons wielded by great muscular strength; some, like the tortoise and the hedgehog, to defensive armour; some, like the mole and the earthworm, to burrowing out of danger; some, like the swift and many sea birds, to the inaccessibility of their haunts; some to poisonous fangs and stings, some to swiftness and agility; some to boundless prolificness. These and a thousand other devices aid in the survival of this and that organism, but of all devices in aid of survival, none except prolificness is so efficacious as the adoption of the social habit, and extreme prolificness is incompatible with a high grade of organisation.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is numbers that prevail. The chief terrors of tropical lands are not the ferocious beasts of prey nor the poisonous reptiles, but the armies of insects; and if mere numbers prevail, how much more numbers that are organised and render mutual assistance. A cloud of midges may be killed by a frost or dispersed by a storm, but it is scarcely possible to destroy a colony of termites or an army of foraging ants. Man, born destitute of weapons, both of offence and defence, neither swift nor strong in comparison with many of his foes, living neither in concealment nor in inaccessible places, increasing but slowly in numbers, possessing individually but the advantage of intelligence, an advantage of little avail if he lived solitary or in families alone, has taken the lead over all other organisms and established himself against all his foes and against the destructive forces of nature. This he has done by virtue of his adoption of the social habit.

It is to combination with his fellows that man owes his survival. It is by combination with his fellows that he has

become what he is. It is by his assumption of the social state that he has placed himself at the head of all living beings and achieved an astonishing degree of mastery over the forces and material of nature. But for his sociality man could have pursued no agriculture, made no roads, built no bridges, constructed no machines, woven no cloth, devised no arts or crafts. However intelligent—and his intelligence is very largely due to his social habit—he would have remained a savage, living from hand to mouth, and destitute of everything that makes life worth living to civilised man.

Accustomed as he has been from a past of immeasurable duration to live in societies, man cannot now adapt himself to solitary life. Condemned to solitude, he goes mad and soon dies. The social state is necessary to the survival of the individual: no individual is necessary to the survival of the society to which he belongs. The society therefore takes rank of every one of its individuals, and its safety and its welfare are paramount over the safety and welfare of each of its individual components. This is recognised in every body of social animals without exception. In many bodies of social animals, bees, for instance, those individuals that are no longer useful to the State are deliberately slaughtered.

Seeing the paramount importance of the social state, it is most necessary to discover how this state is maintained; and the solution of the problem is contained in two words—Renunciation and Duty.

In order that a society may continue, each of its members must renounce certain satisfactions, certain pleasures, certain activities. Each must so live as to allow his fellows their chance of living. Those activities that unrestricted would interfere with the life-worthiness of his fellows must be foregone. The prohibitions of the Decalogue must be observed. Whatever rein a man may give to his aversions and desires towards persons and things outside of his own society, he must so control his acts towards his fellows as not to interfere with the welfare of the society. Action antagonistic to the society as a whole must be checked and renounced, for if permitted it will end in the destruction of the society.

The life of the society is paramount over the welfare of any of its members, and over their lives also; and if any member of the society acts in a way injurious to it, the society must put a stop to that action or it will at length be destroyed. This is the principle that sanctions the killing or banishment or imprisonment of murderer, thief, and other malefactors. Society must put a stop to their depredations or it will perish; and the death of the society is the death or slavery of all its members.

It is not enough that the members of a social body should refrain from acts injurious to that body. They owe to their society not only passive renunciation, but active duty. In whatever action is necessary to the existence of the society every individual must take his share. If it is necessary for the existence of the society that a thing should be done, an imperious duty lies upon every member of that society to take his share in the doing of it. If the society is to continue, it is not only necessary that each individual should abstain from action injurious to it: it is necessary also that he should contribute his share of beneficial action. He must take his share in the protection of the society from malefactors. Hence the obligatory system of frank-pledge. Hence the obligation of every citizen to join in the hue and cry. Hence the obligation on every subject to help in the arrest of the malefactor when called upon in the King's name to do so. Hence the obligation of every citizen to contribute to the support of the police that they may do for him that duty that would otherwise fall upon himself. But his payment of the police does not absolve him from his primary duty. It is an aid to the more effectual performance of the duty, but it is no substitute. The obligation still remains.

The conflict between the individualist and the socialist is a conflict, first between those who would restrict the duty of the individual to acts that are necessary to the existence of society and those that are merely expedient for its welfare; and second between those who regard certain acts as necessary and those who regard these acts as merely expedient; but there has never been any doubt or dispute as to the duty of the individual to take his share in doing what is necessary for the continuance of his society. This duty is inherent in every member of the society, and cannot be renounced or shirked. Absolve the members of the society from this duty, and the society falls to pieces. It exists only on this condition, and every society has of necessity the inherent right to call upon each of its members to perform this duty, and has, moreover, the right to compel him if he shrinks from the performance. As to this, there never has been any doubt, and there never can be any doubt.

For the benefits that accrue to every member of a civilised society from his membership of it are immeasurable and incalculable. First of all and most of all, he has the protection of his fellows against aggression both from within and from without. He has the satisfaction of his vital need of social intercourse. He has security of life and of property. He has the use of roads and other means of communication and transport. He has the benefit of an organised system of labour, by which he obtains thousands of things that he could never make for himself. He has the benefit of an organised system of supply, by which, in exchange for his own labour and ability, he can satisfy all the wants within his means, and have the things delivered at his very door. He has an

elaborately constructed house, provided with supply of water and light. He has, in this country at least, insurance against starvation. However useless, however worthless, however obnoxious even, he may be, he can demand and will be provided with a roof to shelter him, food to nourish him, clothes to cover him, fire to warm him, and a bed to sleep on. He has the benefit of all the knowledge and skill slowly accumulated by many generations. He has all these incalculably valuable benefits and many many more, and is he to enjoy them without paying the price?

I say the price: I do not say the money price. The money that he gives for these things, money that he may or may not have earned by his own labour and skill, is only a part of the price and not the greater part. Beyond and behind the money price lies the imperative inescapable obligation to maintain the integrity of the wonderful fabric he enjoys. Part of the price, the most important part of the price is the obligation to defend the fabric if it is attacked, whether the attack comes from within or from without. No one disputes his obligation to defend it from internal foes, from the murderer, the thief, the rebel; but these are innocuous in comparison with the powerful foes that may attack the State from without, and if he is bound to defend it against internal enemies, how much more is he not bound to defend it against external enemies!

Shall a man enjoy the benefits conferred upon him by society and not pay the price? If he takes the goods and evades payment of the money part of the price, society scourges him with whips. If he enjoys the goods and evades payment of the more important part of the price, shall not society scourge him with scorpions? If it does not, it deserves the fate that must fall upon it.

If every citizen was thus dishonest; if everyone thus swindled the nation, what would become of it? It would be destroyed by the first breath of assault. It would succumb to a corporal's guard, and it would deserve to perish off the face of the earth as a nation of thieves and swindlers. But if the vast majority of the nation is honest, what is its proper course towards the few thieves and swindlers it may contain?

In time of peace it may deal with them mildly. It may say to them, You refuse to join the fighting forces? You refuse to take your share of the common obligation? You refuse to pay for the goods? Then you shall not enjoy them. If you refuse to pay the price, you shall not share in the benefit. Go. Leave the country to its honest members and betake yourself elsewhere. Go, with the brand of infamy upon you, and find a home where you can. You are no fit associate for honest men. This country is your country no longer.

This may suffice in peace, but in war time it is not enough. In war time he that is not with us is against us; and this we find to be literally true. The man who can fight and will not fight is not merely passively useless to his country: he is actively noxious. He not only consumes food and other things urgently needed by his honest fellow citizen, but experience shows that he will actively assist the enemy as far as he dares. He does his best to poison the minds of his fellow citizens. He puts in Parliament adroit questions calculated to dishearten his own country and to assist and comfort the enemy. He detains in guarding him men who ought to be fighting and he gives to his guards all the trouble he can. For such men tolerance is foolish and dangerous weakness.

The Memory of Beauty

By Algernon Blackwood

IT began almost imperceptibly—about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, to be exact—and Lennart, with his curiously sharpened faculties, noticed it at once. Before any one else, he thinks, was aware of it, this delicate change in his surroundings made itself known to these senses of his, said now to be unreliable, yet so intensely receptive and alert for all their unreliability. No one else, at any rate, gave the smallest sign that something had begun to happen. The throng of people moving about him remained uninformed apparently.

He turned to his companion, who was also nurse. "Hullo!" he said to her, "There's something up. What in the world is it?"

Obedient to her careful instructions, she made, as a hundred times before, some soothing reply, while her patient—"Jack," she called him—aware that she had not shared his own keen observation, was disappointed, and let the matter drop. He said no more. He went back into his shell, smiling quietly to himself, peaceful in mind, and only vaguely aware that something, he knew not exactly what, was wrong with him, and that his companion humoured him for his own good.

She did the humouring tenderly, and very sweetly, so that he liked it, his occasional disappointment in her rousing no shadow of resentment or impatience.

This was his first day in the open air, the first day for weeks that he had left a carefully-shaded room, where the blinds seemed always down, and looked round him upon a world spread in gracious light. Physically, he had recovered health and strength; nursing and good food, rest and sleep, had made him as fit as when he first went out with his draft months ago. Only he did not know that he had gone out, nor what had happened to him when he was out, nor why he was the object now of such ceaseless care, attention and loving tenderness. He remembered nothing; memory, temporarily, had been sponged clean as a new slate. That his nurse was also his sister was unrecognised by his mind. He had forgotten his own name, as well as hers. He had forgotten—everything.

The October day had been overcast, high, uniform clouds obscuring the sun, and moving westwards before a wind that had not come lower. No breeze now stirred the yellow foliage, as he sat with his companion upon a bench by Hampstead Heath.

and took the air that helped to make him whole. In spite of the clouds, however, the day was warm, and calm, as with a touch still of lingering summer. He watched the sea of roofs and spires in blue haze below him; he heard the muffled roar of countless distant streets.

"Big place, that," he mentioned, pointing with his stick. There was an assumed carelessness that did not altogether hide a certain shyness. "Some town—eh?"

"London, yes. It's huge, isn't it?"

"London. . . ." he repeated, turning to look at her quickly. He said no more. The word sounded strange; the way he said it—new. He looked away again. No, he decided she was not inventing just to humour him; that was the real name, right enough. She wasn't "pulling his leg." But the name amused him somehow; he rather liked it.

"Mary," he said, "now, that's a nice name too."

"And so is Jack," she answered, whereupon the shyness again descended over him, and he said no more. Besides, the change he had noticed a moment ago, was becoming more marked, he thought, and he wished to observe it closely. For in some odd way it thrilled him.

It began, so far as he could judge, somewhere in the air above him, very high indeed, while yet its effect did not stay there, but spread gently downwards, including everything about him. From the sky, at any rate, it first stole downwards; and it was his extreme sensitiveness which made him realise next that it came from a particular quarter of the sky: In the eastern heavens it had its origin. He was sure of this; and the thrill of wonder, faint but marvellously sweet, stirred through his expectant being. He waited and watched in silence for a long time. Since Mary showed no interest, he must enjoy it alone. Indeed, she had not even noticed it at all.

Yet none of these people about him had noticed it either. Some of them were walking a little faster than before, hurrying almost, but no one looked up to see what was happening; there were no signs of surprise anywhere. "Everybody must have forgotten!" he thought to himself, when his mind gave a sudden twitch. Forgotten! Forgotten what? He moved abruptly, and the girl's hand stole into his, though she said no word. He was aware that she was watching him closely but a trifle surreptitiously he fancied.

He did not speak, but his wonder deepened. This "something" from the eastern sky descended slowly, yet so slowly that the change from one minute to another was not measurable. It was soft as a dream and very subtle; it was full of mystery. Comfort, and a sense of peace stole over him, his sight was eased, he had mild thoughts of sleep. Like a whisper the imperceptible change came drifting through the air. It was exquisite. But it was the wonder that woke the thrill in him.

"Something is up, you know," he repeated, though more to himself than to his companion. "You can't mistake it. It's all over the place!" He drew a deeper breath, pointing again with his stick over the blue haze where tall chimneys and needle spires pierced. "By Jove," he added, "it's like a veil—gauze, I mean—or something—eh?" And the light drawing itself behind the veil, grew less, while his pulses quickened as he watched it fade.

Her gentle reply that it was time to go home to tea, and something else about the cooling air, again failed to satisfy him, but he was pleased that she slipped her arm into his and made a gesture uncommonly like a caress. She was so pretty, he thought, as he glanced down at her. Only it amazed him more and more that no thrill stirred her blood as it stirred his own, that there was no surprise, and that the stream of passing people hurrying homewards showed no single sign of having noticed what he noticed. For his heart swelled within him as he watched, and the change was so magical that it troubled his breath a little. Hard outlines everywhere melted softly against a pale blue sea that held tints of mother-of-pearl; there was a flush of gold, subdued to amber, a haze, a glow, a burning.

This strange thing stealing out of the east brought a wonder that he could not name, a wonder that was new and fresh and sweet as though experienced for the first time. For his mind qualified the beauty that possessed him, qualified it in this way, because—this puzzled him—it was not *quite* "experienced for the first time." It was old, old as himself; it was familiar.

"Good Lord!" he thought, "I've got that rummy feeling that I've been through all this before—somewhere," and his mind gave another sudden twitch, which, again, he did not recognise as a memory. A spot was touched, a string was twanged, now here, now there, while Beauty, playing softly on his soul, communicated to his being gradually her secret rhythm, old as the world, but young ever in each heart that answers to it. Below, behind, the thrill, these deeply buried strings began to vibrate.

"The dusk is falling, see," the girl said quietly, "It's time

we were going back."

"Dusk," he repeated, vaguely, "the dusk : : : falling" It was half a question. A new expression flashed into his eyes, then vanished instantly. Tears, he saw, were standing in her own. She had felt, had noticed, after all, then! The disappointment, and with it the shyness, left him; he was no more ashamed of the depth and strength of this feeling that thrilled through him so imperiously.

But it was after tea that the mysterious change took hold upon his being with a power that could build a throne anew, then set its rightful occupant thereon. By his special wish the lights were not turned on. Before the great windows, opened to the mild autumn air, he sat in his big over-coat and watched.

The change, meanwhile, had ripened. It lay now full-blown upon the earth and heavens. Towards the sky he turned his eyes. The change, whose first delicate advent he had noticed, sat now enthroned above the world. The tops of trees were level with his window-sill, and below lay the countless distant streets, not slumbering, he felt surely, but gazing upwards with him into this deep sea of blackness that had purple for its lining and wore ten thousand candles blazing in mid-air. *Those* lights were not turned out; and this time he wondered why he had thought they might be, ought to be, turned out. This question definitely occurred to him a moment, while he watched the great footsteps of the searchlights passing over space.

The amazing shafts of white moved liked angels lighting up one group of golden points upon another. They lit them and swerved on again. In sheer delight, he lay in his chair and watched them, these rushing footsteps, these lit groups of gold. They, the golden points, were motionless, steady; *they* did not move or change. And his eyes fastened upon one, then, that seemed to burn more brightly than the rest. Though differing from the others in size alone, he thought it more beautiful than all. Below it far, far down in the west, lay a streak of faded fire, as though a curtain with one edge upturned hung above distant furnaces. But this trail of the sunset his mind did not recognise. His eye returned to the point of light that seemed every minute increasingly familiar, and more than familiar—most kindly and well-loved. He yearned towards it, he trembled. Sitting forward in his chair, he leaned upon the window-sill, staring with an intensity as if he would rise through the purple dark and touch it. Then, suddenly, it—twinkled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, "I know that chap. It's—it's—Now, where the devil did I see it before? Where-ever was it. . . . ?"

He sank back, as a scene rose before his inner eye. It must have been, apparently, his "inner" eye, for both his outer eyes were tightly closed as if he slept. But he did not sleep; it was merely that he saw something that was even more familiar though not less wonderful, than these other sights.

Upon a dewy lawn at twilight two children played together, while a white-capped figure, from the window of a big house in the background, called loudly to them that it was time to come in doors and make themselves ready for bed. He saw two Lebanon cedars, the kitchen-garden wall beyond, the elms and haystacks further still, looming out of the summer dusk. He smelt pinks, sweet-william, roses. He ran full speed to catch his companion, a girl in a short tumbled frock, and knew that he was dressed as a soldier, with a wooden sword and a triangular paper hat that fell off, much to his annoyance, as he ran. But he caught his prisoner. Leading her by the hair towards the house, his G.H.Q., he saw the evening star "simply shining like anything" in the pale glow of the western sky. But in the hall, when reached, the butler's long wax taper, as he slowly lit the big candles, threw a gleam upon his prisoner's laughing face, and it was, he saw, his sister's face.

He opened his eyes again and saw the point of light against the purple curtain that hung above the world. It twinkled. The wonder and the thrill coursed through his heart again, but this time another thing had come to join them, and was rising to his brain. "By Jove, I know that chap!" he repeated. "It's old Venus, or I'm a dug-out!"

And when, a moment later, the door opened and his companion entered, saying something about its being time for bed, because the "night has come"—he looked into her face with a smile: "I'm quite ready, Mary," he said, "but where in the world have you been to all this time?"

With regret we have to announce that the Rev. R. Monteith, S.J., who contributed recently to LAND & WATER a most interesting scientific article on the flight of projectiles, was killed in attending devotedly to his duties in an advanced dressing station in France a few weeks ago. Father Monteith was a brilliant mathematician, and after entering the Priesthood was chiefly employed in teaching, where he was notably successful. He was the second son of the late Mr. Joseph Monteith, of Cranley, Carstairs, and the third brother to fall in the war. Three other brothers are still serving.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

An Essayist

THE term "Essay" is one which is employed of a numerous variety of things. They range from the school-boy's painfully accumulated thousand words on some absurd subject in which he does not take the slightest interest to Locke's horrible great treatise on the Human Understanding. Even when these things have been ruled out, and only indubitable and universally acknowledged essays remain, the critic is hard put to it to frame an inclusive and exclusive definition which will at once rope in Montaigne, Bacon, Cowley, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Lamb, Hazlit, Washington Irving, De Quincey, Stevenson, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Lucas, Dr. Johnson and Lord Macaulay, and rope them off from authors who, although they have composed short prose works, are deemed to have written rather articles, studies or sketches than essays. Somebody says an essay must be whimsical and wayward, and up leaps Lord Macaulay. Somebody else says it must not be didactic, and immediately one remembers a hundred examples, not excluding, some of Stevenson's, which are deliberately improving. Name any element as impossible and you will find it present; any element as indispensable and you will find it absent. One feels that there is something that all genuine essayists have in common, besides their unlikeness from each other. But for myself I am inclined to commit myself to only one positive generalisation and that is, that no essay on record is a billion words long.

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The succession of English essayists is an illustrious one, and although we have no great living writer to whom the essay is his only or principal form, the present age is fairly rich in them. Mr. Robert Lynd—whose *If the Germans Conquered England* (Maunsell, 3s. 6d. net.), follows his *Book of This and That*—is certainly excelled by no other living writer in the kind. Until a new essayist appears it is always difficult to imagine how a really new one can be possible. Every conceivable thing seems to have been done within the essayist's narrow limits. But the thing solves itself; the essay is a personal thing, and no two personalities, expressing themselves candidly and following their own bent, will produce exactly similar results. Mr. Lynd's essays are of several sorts. Some are predominantly political; some deal with general human characteristics or social institutions; some are mainly descriptive. But there is not one which a stranger could for one moment dream of assigning to any other writer. The large familiar elements, observation and reflection, humour and wit, common sense and idealism, fancy and imagination, eloquence and a nice choice of words, are all here, but mingled once more in novel proportions and united by a new and fresh personality. Nowhere does Mr. Lynd's unique gift come out more strikingly than in his political and moral sermons. Plenty of people have preached such; plenty of men have proclaimed this gospel of Liberalism and Nationality, of democracy and freedom, of courage, chivalry and generosity; and Mr. Lynd's own pages bristle with the names of men who have believed and preached very much what he believes and preaches himself. But it is pretty safe to say that not one of them has promulgated his doctrines with Mr. Lynd's high spirits. Mr. Shaw can buffoon and can ram home a moral doctrine with a comic illustration; but his power in this regard has flourished at the expense of his ability to appeal to the heart. Except for Mr. Chesterton, I cannot think of another writer who can be so thoroughly didactic as Mr. Lynd, whilst preserving his whimsical point of view; who can play the fool for our amusement, and, at the same time, send us away feeling that we have been in contact with the heart of goodness and that we simply must behave ourselves better. He at once communicates his profound reverence for humanity and his avowed doctrine that almost the whole of mankind can be grouped under the three types of the ass, the goat, and the goose. The reason is that he is honest with himself, that he is aware of his diviner impulses and at the same time aware, if I may say so, that there is a good deal of the ass, the goat and the goose in himself.

It is not easy to illustrate his greatest quality, namely, his power of argument. To show that properly one would have to quote bodily some such essay as that on "A Nationality," or that other one on "Coward Conscience," which concludes:

It there a single nation in the world that has a bad conscience at the present moment? If there is, let it hold up its hand; it is the hope of the human race.

and in the course of which, discussing the German's efforts

at self justification, he observes that "one gets a certain comfort from seeing a nation take off its hat to justice, even if it passes by on the other side." His humour too, is a matter rather of paragraphs than of phrases, though one finds very agreeable little accidents like "the coral insect—if it is an insect—I speak without prejudice—" and the comment on the present campaign for the Simple Life in the National Interest:

aged *bon vivants* will have to dye their hair and smuggle themselves into the army in order to get a decent plate of roast beef.

and the terse peroration of his study of myths, war myths and others:

Already the visionary army has melted into thin air. The Belgian child is slowly melting. Even Lord Haldane is melting. The myths of savages grow with a certain gigantic slowness, and they enjoy long lives like forest trees and tortoises, but the myths of civilised men last no longer than garden flowers, or grass, or cheese, or the daily paper.

His descriptive and humorously reflective genius it would be easier to illustrate.

One has seen many rhapsodies on London's beauties, but none at once so accurate and so fanciful as his beautiful essay "The Darkness;" one has seen many attacks, on London's ugliness, but none so convincing as the drab catalogue which fills the first two pages of "On Doing Nothing." But for a characteristic passage, I had rather, I think, come to his philosophic lament "Farewell to Treating."

England is a public-house-going nation. She drank beer under the sign of the Seven Stars, and rested the soles of her feet in the sawdust at the bar of the Salutation and Cat long before Columbus lost himself at sea, or Isaac Newton began to take note of falling apples. Is not the very word "public-house" an epitome of the history of a nation's pleasure? There have been periods in history when men have been compelled by law to go to church, but no law was ever needed to drive a man into an inn. He has found here a true house of peers, in which Oliver Cromwell's ideal that every Jack shall be a gentleman is realised as it has not yet been realised in politics. The public-houses in cities are not, I admit, so democratic as that. Their public bars and private bars and saloon bars and jug-and-bottle entrances wall off the classes from each other like animals in cages, and in some of them even a row of little shutters, at the height of a man's face, conceal the respectable tradesman from his carter, who may be roaring in the four-ale bar. None the less, the public house is, on the whole, a place of relaxation and friendliness. Men who have left their homes with sour faces here find no difficulty in beaming upon strangers. Such an atmosphere of generosity indeed dwells in the public-house like a guardian spirit that the law has had on more than one occasion to step in and forbid men to be excessively friendly with one another. And now comes the no-treating order, as another fetter upon this easy traditional charity. It is no longer possible to pay for another man's drink in a London public-house, whether he be your friend or whether, he be one of those homeless night birds with the sadness of defeat in their hollow eyes, for whom all is lost save beer.

When we have read essays like this it is easy to understand what it is that makes Mr. Lynd so powerful as a political debater. The two most essential qualities are to be found in the last twenty words.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

FOR JANUARY commences a new volume, and contains:—

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| Americans, Hail! | By Sir WILLIAM WATSON. |
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| The "Freedom of the Seas." | By JOHN LEYLAND. |

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

Books of the Week

A Fraudulent Standard. Being an exposure of the fraudulent character of our monetary standard with suggestions for the establishment of an invariable unit of value. By ARTHUR KITSON. P. S. King and Son, Westminster. 7s. 6d. net.

Madame Roland, a Biography. By MRS. POPE-HENNESSY (Una Birch). Nisbet and Co. 16s. net.

Stealthy Terror. By JOHN FERGUSON. John. Lane. 6s.
Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage for 1918. Edited by ARTHUR G. H. HESILRIGE. Dean and Son. 45s. net.

THE writings of Mr. Arthur Kitson on financial subjects, are well-known to readers of LAND & WATER. That his views are not orthodox it is unnecessary to state here; indeed, in the preface to his new volume, *A Fraudulent Standard*, he admits that he is a heretic. But these are times in which heresy may prevail, or to be more accurate, when thoughtful people are not prepared to accept things as they are, merely because they rejoice in the halo of orthodoxy. Religion, social ethics, economics are all undergoing a severe test; they are scrutinised and examined from top to bottom in a manner unknown before, and it would be nothing short of a miracle were finance to escape. It does not escape, for though Mr. Kitson writes for himself, there is behind him a great body of commercial opinion, and he would not have been invited (as he has been invited) to address the leaders of the commercial communities of such various important industrial centres as the cities of Birmingham, Bristol and Belfast unless it was realised that his opinions, right or wrong, were those of a trader of wide experience who had given very careful thought and study to his subject.

It is no part of the functions of LAND & WATER to commit itself to any particular views of any particular school of thought. Its columns are always thrown open equally to conventional and unconventional writers on the leading topics of the hour. To this new work from the pen of Mr. Kitson we draw very special attention in that he attacks courageously two of the greatest strongholds of British commercial life—the gold currency and the Bank Charter. Both he denounces as “fraudulent” in the sense that they do not fulfil the purposes for which they were created. “Gold money,” he declares, “is the Hun among commodities. It is the barbarian that has broken all its treaties and promises, and undertaken the conquest of the world by force and fraud.” And in another place he speaks of legal tender being “as much an invention—a mere contrivance for effecting certain ends—as the telephone or sewing machine.” This is the right spirit in which to attack conventions of all sorts and conditions, and whether one agrees or disagrees with the conclusions, one has to admit that they are advanced honestly, sincerely, and with force and conviction.

This slim volume of 227 pages (with an excellent index) is certain to be read carefully by the merchants and traders of the kingdom. It is uncompromising, with the result that it will end rapidly in some instances in the wastepaper basket, and in other instances will find the most honoured place among invaluable books of reference. From a literary point of view it is an advance on Mr. Kitson's previous writings; his weakness has hitherto been to branch off into side-issues; here he keeps himself strictly to the main subject, nor has he ridden his arguments too far, thus giving the enemy a chance to smite him on the flanks. Its publication is opportune for finance, national commercial and private, is greatly to the fore and the author has the rare power of being able to write on this most complicated of all complicated subjects simply and straightforwardly. We wish it the success it deserves. What that success may be we shall know better, say, five years hence. All we are aware of now is that new forces are at work, which may result in strange upheavals.

In reading a biography “we should be made to feel something of the years that held no vista of new chances, something of the joys and sorrows, something of what went to the slow building up of character . . . of all the preparation that went to the splendid action, the heroic leading, the good end.” So says Mrs. Pope-Hennessy (Una Birch) in the

introduction of her biography of *Madame Roland*, that notable woman of the French Revolution. But Mrs. Pope-Hennessy has not made these things visible; she has made the figure, certainly, but it is not alive. One distrusts, rather, certain conclusions which she bases on somewhat slight premises, notably as to how far Madame Roland actually inspired her husband and Buzot, and others. One feels at the end of the book that certain parts of it are not bad transcripts of history, for the author has been very careful with regard to her authorities for the most part, and to a certain extent is biassed by them; but the central character of the book is very often pushed on one side, with the result that although the story of the time is fairly clear, so far as it concerns the Girondin element of the Revolution, the object of the biography is not.

The author has brought out certain things very clearly indeed, and therein has done good service. She has shown how, after Varennes, the end of Louis and of his consort was utterly inevitable; however little the revolutionaries might like the idea, Louis had to die; she has brought out the strength and fitness for his time of the great Danton. She has, on the other hand, rather obscured Roland, or it might be better to say that she has belittled him for the sake of setting his wife forward. Yet, at the end one feels that Madame Roland's is an unsatisfying portrait. The bibliography at the end of the work is good, and one feels that Mrs. Pope-Hennessy has done her work conscientiously—perhaps too conscientiously, thus showing a politician rather than a woman, and defeating her own end by too close attention to detail.

* * * * *

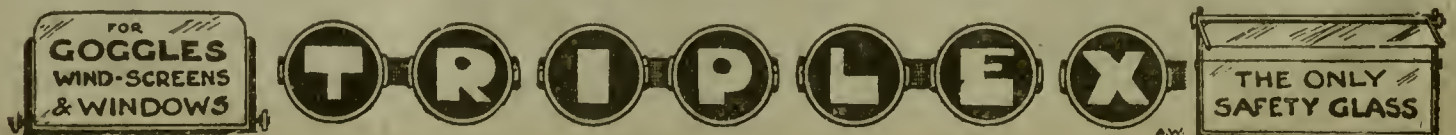
There is much in *Stealthy Terror*, by John Ferguson, to remind the reader of Erskine Childers' *Riddle of the Sands*, though this is no story of the sea, but a real spy story starting in Berlin and ending in the open country of east Kent. It is the story of a silly-looking little drawing for which, in Berlin, one man was killed, and another man—Abercromby, the hero of the story—underwent a series of adventures, of which the reading takes one on and on to the very last page, interested all the time. It is, apparently, a first novel, but the author has discovered a sense of humour, more especially when he conjectures that an Aberdonian Scot may borrow his book to read, but will never buy it. There are a few little asides like this which compel a smile; for the rest, the story needs no dressing, being sufficient in itself to hold all one's attention.

The pre-war slovenliness in high places in dealing with the German menace, the bewildering efficiency of the British secret service, the half-astute, half-childish way in which German plans were made and hidden—these are points that are well brought out. With no pretensions to literary style—in fact, with an absolute disregard for that quality, the author has told a rattling good story in such fashion that one who reads the first chapter is certain to read the rest, and that, as a rule, is all that one demands of a novel. And the “stealthy terror” of the title is well conveyed; there are enough thrills in the book to satisfy the most captious.

* * * * *

Those who delight in dabbling in pedigrees and family histories will find a fund of interesting facts in the preface to Debrett, 1918. It comes from the pen of the editor, Mr. Arthur Hesilrige. 1917 has been a record in the matter of honours; 18 new peerages were created and 32 new baronetcies; knightships number 277, while the companionships to the various Orders reach the phenomenal figure of 3,472. As regards the peerage, it is rather interesting to notice that during the last 25 years 200 new peers have been created, while 106 titles have become extinct. This does not point to any dwindling in public interest in the hereditary chamber, and it will be interesting to discover when the legislative powers of that body are revised whether titles and dignities will have their same attraction in the future as they obviously have up to now.

A most interesting paragraph in this preface deals with the honours conferred on members of the Royal Family at a time when the King assumed the dynastic name of Windsor. It appears that nearly every title had been formerly borne by a member of the Hanoverian House; Athlone was a subsidiary title of the late Duke of Clarence, while George II., when Duke of Cambridge, was also Marquis of Milford-haven; only Carisbrooke and Medina (and both from the Isle of Wight) are new peerage dignities.





C. R. W. Neerisson.
(An Official Artist at the front)

Reliefs at Dawn

The Italian Front



Monte Rosso



Val Stagna



Vidor Bridge over the Piave, between British and Austrian Trenches

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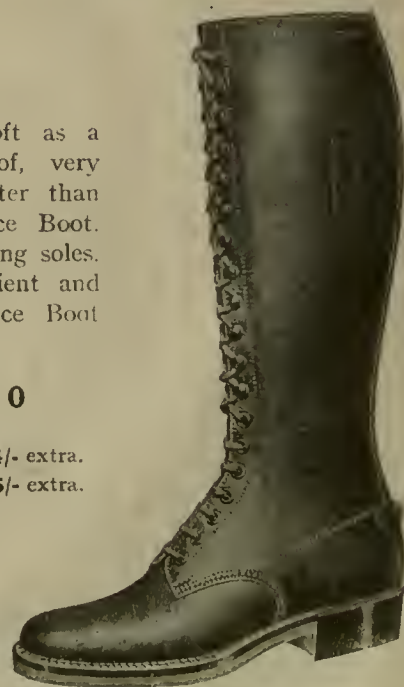
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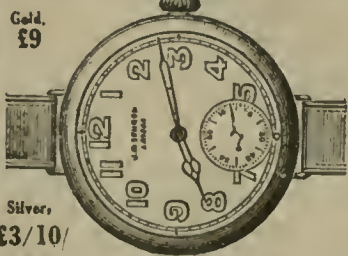
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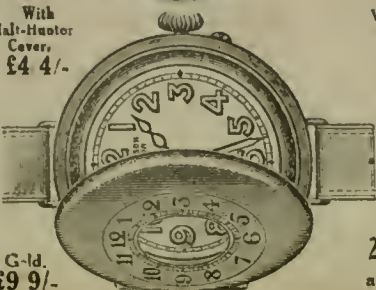
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1918

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Louis Raemaekers

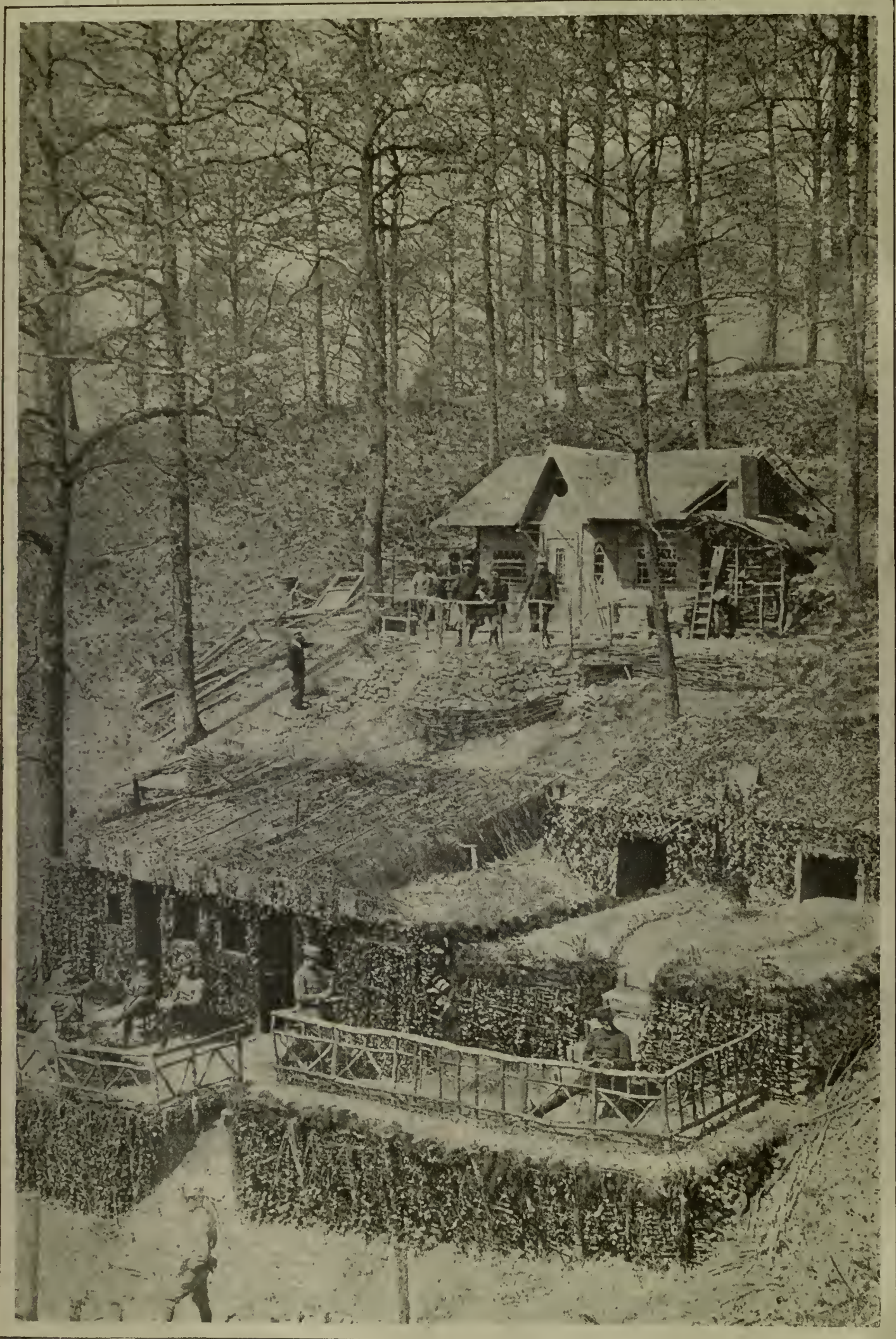
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"My Avowed and Unconditional Ally"

[In this cartoon Mr. Raemaekers calls attention to the Kaiser's blasphemy, which aroused the indignation of the civilised world]

Behind the French Lines



A Rest Camp in the Ravine of Naroliers

French Official Photograph

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1918

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WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

A WEEK ago we pointed out that the *status quo ante bellum*—the European position before the war—had ceased to exist. We gave detailed reasons for this statement, which no one has attempted to dispute. The war has brought into existence an entirely new position, political, economic, and international on the Continent of Europe. The hand that does not go back upon the dial in these days, and we have to accept facts as they are. The most important fact is that a new Central State of Europe has been brought into existence under the domination of Prussia, a Central State which, if it is permitted to exist when the war is over, can have only one object in view—the destruction of the British Empire. More than a year ago a striking article from the pen of Mr. Harold Cox was published in *LAND & WATER*, showing how railroad power was undermining sea-power, because the former was more secure, more direct, and more rapid. Let the State of Central Europe exist after the war, inevitably there will occur conflict within a few years, between Mid-Europe rail power and Britannic sea power. *Delenda est Mitteleuropa*. The future security of the British Empire is summarised in this phrase.

The Prime Minister has now delivered a notable utterance on the aims for which the Allies are fighting. It has been welcomed in all the countries of the Entente and it has caused the German press to foam at the mouth. This speech is closely analysed by Mr. Belloc in the following pages; he declares that "as a whole, it has put the main thesis of the Alliance justly, and what is very important, without too many particulars." Mr. Lloyd George no doubt took council with the leaders of the Allied nations before giving utterance to this detailed pronouncement, which may yet prove to be the foundation-stone of European peace for several generations. It is, however, too soon to perceive its full effect. Germany, at the first, professed to find in its sentences symptoms of weakness, and declared that the submarine offensive and the offensive on the Western Front has only to be continued a little time longer for Britain to cry out for terms. In this they once again mistake the character of the nation. There is no weakening among the peoples of the British Empire; they will continue fighting until freedom is assured, reparation obtained and punishment inflicted. At no period of the war has the nation been more united in its resolution to obtain a complete victory over Prussian militarism than now. Its education has been slow, but it is at last realising the price that would eventually have to be paid if the House of Hohenzollern and their Pan-German supporters were left in command

of Mid Europe. These Germans have no thought or sympathy for the men who fight their battles, except as the mere instruments of their will. A typical instance of this mental attitude is related in to-day's "Leaves from a German Note-Book," when at a recent meeting held in Frankfort, a Pan-German speaker, Count Bothmar, was urging the destruction of England and for the war to continue until it was accomplished, was interrupted by a group of wounded soldiers, to one who protested and who had lost an arm in the war, he replied "You simpleton; be quiet; you do not understand anything about it." According to the Pan-German doctrine, all Germans are simpletons, who do not hold to the Pan-German belief in world power.

This world power, Germany now realises, can never be attained if the Allies war-aims are carried to their logical conclusion. The *Cologne Gazette* has put the position in the clearest light: "If the war aims of the British Prime Minister should be fulfilled," it writes, "Germany would be driven back into the position of 1914, without Alsace-Lorraine and the German Colonies, but loaded with an immense war indemnity, with a dangerous Polish State on the frontier and, moreover, delivered to the discretion of the Allies for receiving goods." But it was Germany who sought the arbitrament of war in 1914, and by that arbitrament she will have to abide.

In Mr. Belloc's article there is a remarkable passage about Alsace-Lorraine. Though the facts may not be new, they are so lucidly stated that the condition of these two Provinces since they were torn from France a generation ago, assumes a new appearance. No attempt, however unsympathetic or even brutal it may have been, has been neglected by Germany to Germanise these provinces. Yet after forty-six years the spirit of the people is as intensely French as it was in 1871. Germany, even if she had deliberately tried, could not have given more conclusive proof of her failure to rule peoples with ideas not in common with hers, yet this is the nation which endeavours directly or indirectly to impose its yoke on Europe. With the fate of Alsace-Lorraine before them, even the Bolsheviks have shied from handing over to Prussia the rule of Russian Provinces.

We have maintained consistently in these columns that an independent Poland—independent in every sense—with Dantzic as its sea port, would be the surest possible guarantee of the future peace of Europe. As Mr. Belloc points out to-day: "Prussia reposes historically upon the attempted murder of Poland. An independent Poland, comprising all genuinely Polish elements, would, were it brought into being, be the death-blow of Prussian ambition, of the whole Prussian theory of aggression." Unfortunately, European history is too little known in this country; otherwise the Poland question would have been understood from the beginning of the war, whereas it is only in the later months that its full significance has emerged. Mr. Lloyd George did well to put the need of an independent Poland in the forefront of the aims of the Allies, but we shall have to be careful when the day arrives that this independence is assured by the boundaries assigned to the reconstituted Kingdom, boundaries which must at least include the port of Dantzic on the Baltic. Without this port, Poland's independence would be a farce.

The chief aim before the Allies at the present time is the defeat of the military forces of Prussia. Mr. Lloyd George has spoken of these times as being the most critical of the war. There is need for the strongest determination to bring the issue to a victorious end. Without victory the aims of the Allies must fall to the ground. We are passing once again through one of these periods of comparative calm which are more trying to the moral than active stress, and the enemy wastes no opportunity to induce the belief that our aims may possibly be better obtained by negotiation. Russia has, of course, been invaluable to German diplomats in this connection, and the Bolsheviks have served their purpose in permitting a semblance of peace to be proposed. But signs are not wanting that the Bolsheviks are nearing the end of their tether. America is silently but rapidly developing her power. There are, as we understand nowadays, difficulties in the way of making her full strength felt as quickly as possible, but these difficulties are one by one being overcome. Of her firm and fixed determination to be one of the deciding factors of victory there is no question.

The Prime Minister's Speech

By Hilaire Belloc

THE Prime Minister's speech upon the aims which the British Government and people have put before themselves in this war is a document of some importance; not because there is much that is new in it—that could hardly be the case—but because it defines and leaves upon record certain general principles which the mass of discussion recently provoked by the enemy had confused. Further, the speech not being an individual pronouncement, but clearly the recital of an instrument drawn up by many hands and long discussed down to its most minute phrasing is virtually a general declaration on the part of the Western Allies. The chief defect of the speech—and it is a grave one—is a failure to recognise the recent erection of that great Central State now standing in Europe, the destruction of which is our immediate, positive and concrete necessity, and the maintenance of which necessarily means the decline of this country. To that point—by far the most important political matter of our time—I shall return. It is also, perhaps, a defect in the speech that it did not emphasise the necessary dependence of the objects it mentioned upon either a military victory or at second best, an internal collapse within the Central Empires. To this it may be answered that the point was fairly obvious and did not need reiteration. With that answer most observers of the present European situation would differ. The immediate object for which men fight is victory, but if that object be not clearly presented, the strain of a war may seem to outweigh the value of victory. It is surely inconceivable—apart from the present existence of her great newly established State in Central Europe—that Prussia would yield any of the points summarised in the speech so long as her armies were intact, so long, that is, as she was a military power still innocent of military defeat.

The speech contained, apart from its general positive points, certain elements new to such pronouncements and of considerable value.

For instance, there was well brought out in it the fact that Prussia, while clamouring for precise terms from her enemies, has never put forward precise terms herself. That is a symptom of the whole debate upon which insistence has been laid over and over again in these columns. Those who have been working for the enemy, consciously and unconsciously, those who merely desire peace and are, therefore, doing the enemy's work indirectly, those who are his emissaries or moral allies, and those who are by every test most probably his paid agents, have clamoured for months that the civilisation of Europe should enter into a bargain with Prussia and begin by stating a number of specific terms. Upon no element in the intrigue for surrender have the supporters of that policy insisted more, and, from their point of view, they were quite right; for that party which first begins a parley is not only admitting its inferiority and probable submission to its enemy, but is also relaxing the strain of war which it may never be able to reimpose. Yet it was remarkable that while the enemy and his abettors, conscious and unconscious, were still clamouring for a statement of specific terms—which process of higgling would have masked the actual presence of a truce preparatory to a peace—the enemy never gave us even the vaguest idea of his own claims. The nearest thing to it was that which the Prime Minister himself alluded to, the speech of Count Czernin on Christmas Day. But that speech was a thousand miles away from any definite pronouncement. It should in this connection be noted that though the speech wisely avoided detailed and specific terms yet, in proportion as it approached such detail it at once provoked that divergence of view within the alliance which it is the object of the enemy to create.

Another point in the speech which deserves special attention is the very just declaration that the Prime Minister was speaking, not only for the Allied statesmen, or for the political machinery to which they are attached, but for *this* nation as a whole. Great bodies of men are not vocal, but their common determination is none the less appreciable, and there is no doubt at all that the determination of this country, of its civilians, and of its soldiers, to carry the war to a successful conclusion stands firm in its fourth year.

The modern world has not created any organs of strong national expression such as the older European societies once possessed. Perhaps it is too complex, perhaps it is too big for such organs to be possible. At any rate, they do not exist. No one can pretend that the modern Newspaper Trusts are representative of general opinion, still less that the moribund Parliamentary systems of Western Europe are so. We can only judge to-day of a nation's will by travel and by talking on the supreme national matter with men of every

class. The common experience, the general impression left upon any man who travels widely and talks to many people on many occasions, leaves no doubt upon the general intention of the British in this crisis of their fate. The Prime Minister was wise to associate the nation as a whole with his particular pronouncement.

Our Allies, both those organised in the field, and those unhappily still subject to the enemy, will turn with anxiety to the positive points in the speech, and upon the whole they will not be disappointed.

The matter of Alsace-Lorraine was put in very general terms, but those terms, though general, were not ambiguous. What happened in the case of the French Provinces 46 years ago is forgotten or confused by those who are, naturally enough, little interested in a question which was until quite recently foreign to their lives. It is worth recalling. This European district, very wealthy and densely populated, counting about two million souls, was forcibly taken, after a successful war, by the conqueror from the conquered. It was taken with such brutal disregard for the wishes of its own people that their protest was not only unanimous, but was carried on for a generation by all the channels of expression open to them, that it had to be ruled despotically, and most significant of all that the act provoked a vast emigration of those who preferred exile and grievous material loss to the foreign government imposed upon them by force. Not only was there no consultation of the people, but those who annexed them regarded the whole idea of consulting popular wishes with derision, and expressed their derision not only in this circumstance, but with regard to every experiment of self-government in Europe.

A period of time covering all the useful life of a man has elapsed since that crime was committed. During all those years every effort has been made by a State rapidly increasing in wealth and population, despotic in action and ruthless in method, to destroy the spirit which they found in these districts upon their annexation. An immensely powerful bureaucracy has stifled every free expression of opinion, education has been directed to the destruction of all old memories and the creation of a new tradition. A rigid system of passports and a universal system of espionage have checked every tendency to reunion with those who were the fellow citizens of the families thus seized. The place has been flooded with new colonists, and every single appointment from a village postmaster to a bishop and from a bishop to the head of a province has been an appointment despotically imposed from above and designed to further the interests of those who stole the land.

If after such a process the original thief shall mildly be told that his present work is the only test of his original crime, and that if he has succeeded in uprooting a European thing and killing it, he shall be forgiven, then it is no good talking about the immorality of annexation or the principle of self-government. To suggest such a thing, as too many honest people ignorant of the original conditions have suggested it, is a direct premium upon forcible theft of people and of land, and what is perhaps worse, of persecution, expatriation, and artificial colonising by the conquering power in order to consolidate the original crime. Before leaving this point we must remember that valuable as are the pronouncements of one ally with regard to the aims of another, the Alliance as a whole depends upon mutual loyalty. Each member of the Alliance is necessarily comparatively indifferent to national traditions and claims which are most vital to other members. The Sea is life and death to this Island, but this Island alone of the Alliance feels that. All North Italy, and especially the districts east of Milan, are aflame with the desire to recover what is Italian from a foreign rule, but to other members of the Alliance the matter was, until the war broke out, literary or academic; and even now they cannot feel what the Italian feels. So it is with Alsace-Lorraine. But it is just to say that after so prolonged a war the necessity of mutual comprehension is now fairly clear. Upon it the moral strength of the Alliance depends. If that mutual service fails the Alliance fails with it, and with the Alliance the future of England.

Next we may note the satisfactory and sensible declaration upon the political group now holding power in North-Western Russia. It is perfectly impossible to have any definite policy of adherence or even compromise here, because we have no responsible and permanent force to deal with. But even if we had, neither this country nor any member of the Alliance in defence of civilisation can support a programme of which the first principle is the neglect of all the aims for which the West met the Prussian challenge. England and France, the original

protagonists in defence of Europe, did not go to war for some international theory dear to international anarchists. They did not go to war for Karl Marx's book *Das Kapital*, still less for the private interests of a batch of adventurers drawn from all corners of the earth. They did not go to war to help a clique of men with no country in their attack on the religion of their hosts, nor did they go to war to support such men against the peasantry whom they detest and whose influence in the future government of the place they seek to eliminate. They went to war to defend the public law of Europe, which had been broken, and to save the national traditions of Europe from a threat morally intolerable but unfortunately physically strong. They went to war to preserve the future existence and power of their own states. If the townsfolk in one part of what was once the Russian Empire choose to accept such masters, that is no concern of ours.

An Independent Poland

The third point in the speech which is specially noticeable is the declaration that Poland must be independent. Here again the thing said implies more than the actual words used. An independent Poland "comprising all genuinely Polish elements" would, were it brought into being, be the death blow of Prussian ambition and of the whole Prussian theory of aggression. Prussia reposes historically upon the attempted murder of Poland, and Poland, remember, reaches the sea to the North at Dantzic, and comes within a startlingly short distance of Berlin towards the West. But the restoration of Poland though a moral necessity to the cause of the Allies and to the restoration of a decent Europe, that is, to the defeat of Prussia, is, as has been pointed out in these columns more than once, rather a test than an aim. If we win, of course we shall restore Poland. Not to do so would be an elementary folly. But *whether we can do so or not*, is the real point: it is the unfailing mark of victory or defeat. In other words, we cannot pretend to have achieved our ends in this war, to have arrived at a stable victory, or indeed at any victory at all, if we prove ourselves unable at its conclusion to re-erect a strong Poland which shall reach to the boundaries of the really German States and shall restrict German rule within those boundaries. If we cannot do that we are defeated and the effects of our defeat will be immediately apparent, no matter behind what fine phrases it may be hidden. It was very well pointed out the other day in a series of articles simultaneously printed I believe both in France and in England, that there is attached to this Polish matter another crucial one, the position of the Bohemian quadrilateral after the war. Bohemia is practically as well as morally the keystone of the arch of free peoples we propose to erect. But the many problems involved in this war are too numerous for a detailed analysis here.

It is satisfactory to find that these foreign questions which could not of their nature mean very much to the bulk of his immediate audience, formed so large a part of the Prime Minister's matter, for that matter was delivered, of course, not only to his immediate audience, but to all Europe.

In a point much more familiar to us the speech was equally satisfactory, though it was briefly dealt with: The point of reparation, especially as regards reparation for the violation of common European morals at sea. That is a matter of practical and vital importance to this country. If we allow indiscriminate murder at sea as practised by the German submarines to establish a precedent, not only the power, but the security and one might say the very existence as a State of Great Britain is at an end.

Here we cannot afford to use general terms. The people who ordered this thing and the people who did this thing must be punished if we obtain the victory. It must be made clear by example that Europe will not stand a further degradation of its standard, and that what may be acceptable to Prussian morals is intolerable to ours. Of course if we fail to obtain victory the matter need not be discussed at all. If we are beaten the enemy will give some promise or other not to do it again—and the security of the sea will have come to an end. With that ending the whole of our civilisation will rapidly decline. For there will be no power, however insignificant, with a real or a fancied grievance that will not be able to have recourse to such a weapon, just as in private life if you tolerate poison there is no one so feeble but he can terrorise a whole community.

The speech, then, as a whole, has put the main thesis of the Alliance justly, and, what is very important, without too many particulars. The change of attitude with regard to Constantinople was doubtless dictated by some international agreement. It seems rather gratuitous, but if victory be assumed it is not vital. The real point will be who shall be the overlord of the Turk if we leave him in Europe, much more than whether he is left in Europe or no. If we defeat Prussia—if whether by political action from within or by

military action from without—the Prussian military machine is put out of action, then the old Europe and Western civilisation will control the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. If peace is made with Prussia still unbeaten, then the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus will be controlled ultimately by Prussia. That is a certitude comparable to the certitudes of physical law.

But one must conclude one's survey (at the risk, I am afraid, of tedious reiteration) by insisting that no declaration of the present position of Europe is complete, or even real, unless it takes into account the solid fact that Central Europe has come into existence. That State is no longer a theory. It is not an ideal of the future. It is a block of matter which we have to deal with and whose continued cohesion or dissolution are synonymous with our own defeat or victory. It is only a matter of weeks before everyone will recognise this, and if we insist upon it, as we do in this journal, it is because to us facts of this sort seem equally important with opinions. It is inevitable that men should still think in terms of 1914 Europe though that Europe has ceased to be, but the sooner they learn to think in terms of Europe as it now is in this year 1918, the better.

When Napoleon proposed, partly through his memories of a Republican youth, partly from personal ambition, partly from mere sequence of fate, to create a united Continent in the spirit of the French Revolution which he incarnated, there existed for some years a state of the sort he proposed to create. We have half forgotten it because it was ephemeral, but it was there; and the real object of the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the English and the Russians, down to the guerilla bands in Tyrol who also armed and opposed it, was to destroy that State. Its various parts had different names, some were put forward as Allied Kingdoms, others were directly annexed to the French Empire, but from the boundaries of Poland to somewhat beyond the Pyrenees the thing was in being. It covered Italy, and the Germanies were a part of it as were the Netherlands. Prussia has not created a State of the same kind, it is true. Her ideals are the exact opposite of those which inspired the art, the songs and the whole civilisation of the French attempt under Napoleon. But in the point of success or failure the parallel is singularly exact. Prussia has not, indeed, mastered Europe. She is not of a calibre to do that. All the old and high civilisation opposed to her stands intact, nor has anyone in that civilisation a sympathy with her, such as very much of civilised Europe had with the French Revolution and with Napoleon. But she has created such a state of her own. There is now properly speaking, not an alliance, but an organism of which Berlin is the centre, of which the outliers reach already to Mesopotamia and Syria and the Marches of Muscovy. Integral and directly administered parts include Lithuania and all Poland, half Roumania and all the Serbian race. Bulgaria is its vassal. If the war leaves this State in being, there will be two peoples of the white race, the one in the West, upon the whole, inferior in resources, the other in the East, and the latter may prove the master, and will certainly be superior. Where Britain would come in such a scheme readers can determine for themselves.

That is the real and practical issue of the moment. Not that declarations of doctrine have not their value, for mankind is ruled by ideas, but here we have a real and existing thing, and on its survival or destruction depends the future of the world and of ourselves. It was not so even eighteen months ago. It is so to-day.

H. BELLOC

Important Notice

THE Price of *Land & Water* will be raised to 9d beginning with the first issue in February. This increase in price is necessitated, partly by the advanced cost of all materials, and partly by the variety of subjects which in these days demand the attention of a weekly journal.

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America's Sea Power

By Arthur Pollen

WHEN I started for America just over six months ago, I found that the general opinion here seemed to be that the people of the United States were not, and did not seem likely to become, over enthusiastic about the war, but that any lack of popular war fury would certainly be made up by the staggering efficiency with which the Government's war programmes and preparations would be carried through. Six months' study of the situation in America has convinced me that in both these respects opinion was largely wrong. Of the war spirit of the Americans there could be no possible doubt, from the first moment one found oneself in the country. And if the efficiency of the war preparations has been less than was hoped, it is largely because so overwhelming was the war enthusiasm, that a scale of national effort was attempted that it was beyond human capacity to realise. The fact of the matter is that America's keenness to wipe out her long neutrality by a swift and rapid stroke for victory was altogether limitless, and her power of national action very severely limited. What was perhaps hardly realised was this. In normal times the ratio of corporate or governmental activity to industrial activity is extraordinarily small. It had, therefore, been nobody's business to find out how far the ordinary course of trade and industry could be broken into, and their machinery turned to national objects, without making a great deal of that machinery break down altogether. This has been illustrated in the case of railways, mining and munitions. The case was still stronger when it came to such an industry as shipbuilding for, except for submarines and warships, the capacity of the shipyards of America before the war was of a very restricted kind. It was expanded and expanded rapidly under British and Allied orders for ships, in the course of 1915-16. When America came into the war, there were vessels to our order displacing over two million tons, actually, I believe, in course of construction. But it was just at this moment that the full gravity of the German submarine menace was realised. The unpleasant truth was dawning on the world that if the thing went on as it had begun, no matter how great or well-equipped the armies might be that America would raise, they could be of little value in the war without shipping to take them to Europe or to keep men supplied there. In other words, it became apparent that the first necessity of the situation was to multiply the shipbuilding capacity of the country to the utmost. American necessity and not American capacity dictated what was to be done. A programme for the launching and completion of four million tons, in addition to the two millions already under construction, was set out, and every effort made to make its realisation possible. Many, indeed, confidently asserted that the whole six million tons would be afloat and available before the end of 1918. But no such result seems probable now. Already the very high expectations formed as to the production of wooden ships are understood to have been ill founded. Nor, in spite of Mr. Hurley's recent statement, are those seemingly in the best position for anticipating events, at all confident as to the balance of the programme.

The truth probably is that those who first had shipbuilding in hand failed to grasp, not the elementary fact that the total production must ultimately turn upon the amount of labour, unskilled as well as skilled that was available, but the effects of the very exceptional demands that other necessary preparations for war would make upon the total labour available. Ordnance, munitions, aeroplanes and air-plane engines, clothing, equipment, the increased production of food, the greater demand for copper and iron ore, the vast increase of plants for converting ore into metal, and other plants for turning the raw material into fit material for industry, the construction and upkeep of camps for housing and training the million and a half men, the increased need of coal and oil, the new and extraordinary demands made on railway transportation just at a time when the railways were most in need of new rolling stock and rails—needs that could not be met because rolling stock, engines and rails had to be got ready for shipment to France and Russia—all these vast and extraordinary efforts between them produced a dislocation of labour and of the general industrial organisation which possibly might have been, but, in fact, seemingly was not, fully anticipated. In the net result, not only the shipbuilding programme, but all other programmes will unquestionably meet with delays.

But in singular contrast to this general truth stands the very remarkable work of the Navy Department at Washington. In the second week in December there was published, not only the annual report of the Secretary himself, Mr. Daniels, but those of the Chiefs of Bureau. They were one and all extraordinarily stimulating and highly satisfactory documents.

In the issue of LAND AND WATER of April 5th and April 12th last year, I published two articles, one written before the American declaration of war, but after the declaration had become certain, and the other immediately afterwards, in which I dealt with the military and naval forces then at America's disposal, and discussed the probable use to which they would be put. Already, as we all know, Admiral Sims had been despatched to and arrived in England to arrange for the naval forces of his country to take an immediate share in the fight against the submarines, and before the third April number of LAND AND WATER was issued, the first contingent of American destroyers was half way across the Atlantic. The swift promptness of this action, and the perfect readiness for action of every unit suited to the purpose are legitimately made the keynote of Mr. Daniels' opening paragraphs. It is legitimate because the same promptitude was shown in every other field of the Department's activity. No time was lost, for instance, in at once getting Congressional sanction for the expenditure necessary for the expansion the war would call for. So recently as the previous August the three years' programme under discussion for nearly eight months had gone without opposition through both Houses. This programme provided for laying down immediately four battleships, four battle-cruisers, four scout cruisers, nine fleet and fifty-eight coast defence submarines, fifty destroyers and torpedo boats and a few fuel ships, transports, tenders, etc. But a month before the declaration of war was made, a further vote of five hundred and sixteen million dollars was asked for and granted. And approximately, the same amount was voted in the beginning of June and again in the first week in October. With these appropriations behind them, Mr. Daniels and his Chiefs of Bureau set to work.

The Growth of the Navy

The number of ships actually in commission has risen from about three hundred to about a thousand. The personnel of the Navy proper consisted a year ago of 4,500 officers and 68,000 enlisted men. To-day the officers are over 15,000 and the enlisted men exceed 254,000. The number of naval stations grew from 130 to 363; the Navy Yard employees have doubled. So that, omitting the Marine Corps, over 30,000 strong, the Naval Establishment on shore and afloat embraces now over 300,000 men. Roughly, we may say that everything has been multiplied by three within nine months—everything that is to say, except the scale of expenditure, which has been multiplied by more than seven. But then the expenditure no doubt takes into account both payments on account for new construction and payments for each unit as it is delivered finished, and payment for large munition supplies. The fifty destroyers authorised in August 1916, were all contracted for very soon after the appropriations were finally passed. This programme has been very greatly added to since. Last October 225,000,000 dollars were voted for this class of ship only, and again every unit authorised was contracted for immediately. The reports are silent as to the dates on which the boats making up these two programmes are to be expected. But it was regarded as no secret when I was in Washington, that in this field at any rate, there would be no disappointment at all. Every builder was said to be ahead of his time, and confident of keeping ahead. I do not know what the contract price for destroyers now is, and consequently cannot say how many boats are included in the Congressional vote of 225,000,000 dollars. But something over £45,000,000 worth of destroyers ought to represent a very formidable force. We know that the destroyer building firms are much the most efficient of any concerns of their kind in America. We know that the greater cost of rapid construction has been taken into account in fixing prices, and that, as far as possible, every priority, both as to material and labour, has been accorded. It seems reasonable then, to assume that the most effective of all craft, offensive and defensive, in underwater war is likely to be supplied in very useful numbers, and of a peculiarly meritorious type in the coming months.

In the munitions specially necessary for anti-submarine war—and this includes ordnance for the arming of merchantmen, merchant auxiliaries and every other form of patrol boat—the Navy Department has been fortunate in placing its contracts and therefore in securing early deliveries. Generally speaking, so far as anti-submarine provisions go, the material within the Navy Department's activities has been admirably taken care of. More remarkable than this, which is after all a question of good business management, always a conspicuous mark of this branch of the National Government

has been the way the problem of the *personnel* has been met. The shortage of men was admitted to be serious on the pre-war programme of construction. But, as we have found in our own service, highly efficient seamen can be turned out with great rapidity where the candidate is not only willing but desperately anxious to qualify, when the right kind of effort is made to train him, and when every step in the training is made in the atmosphere and under the stimulus of real war. In America, where practically all of the seamen are not only short service men, but are sent almost untrained into ships to transmogrify in the ordinary routine of naval work, the thing was expected to be easier still, for the reason that the whole officer personnel was well broken to the task. As a simple matter of fact, the conversion of 170,000 landmen into seamen of pretty high quality, has been achieved with even greater success than could have been expected. This has been made possible, partly by the work on the main training stations, partly by turning the battle fleet into a gigantic training squadron. A year ago the training stations at Newport, Norfolk, Great Lakes and Yerba Buena, had a nominal capacity of 6,000 men. Within very few months they were expanded to take in 48,000. New stations have been set up at half a dozen other places with a capacity of 25,000, and reserve stations at half a dozen more to take in 13,000. If the aviation centres are included, 20,000 more have been provided for at new marine centres, submarine bases, universities, etc.

The normal course on shore before going to sea is four to five months, but few men have been so fortunate as to get the benefit of so long a preparation. For the 700 ships that used to be yachts, traders, liners, coasters and the like, and are now patrol boats, transports and so forth, have had to be manned somehow, so that in the majority of cases, not much more than the rudiments of drill and discipline, of gunnery and the simpler forms of ship's technique have been learned on shore. But notwithstanding the hurried character of the training, I learned from many quarters that there is no ground whatever for complaint against the newly enlisted personnel. At the only camp I was able to study in any detail, namely, that of Great Lakes, the explanation of this was not difficult to see. For military service, men are not taken in America under the age of twenty-one. The navy will take them three years younger. The navy has, I believe, under the draft act, a right to its quota of the compulsorily selected men. But it will never have to draw on this quota for the sufficient reason, that every recruiting station was, quite early swamped by volunteers. For some months after the war began, it was still an assumption in the East of America that the Middle West was largely indifferent to the war. The indifference could never have extended to the boys of eighteen and under. For at the great camp near Chicago, they had passed many thousands through by the middle of November. When I was there, 18,000 were in camp at the time, and from the first they had refused as many recruits as they had taken. In judging of the rapidity with which they had been turned into seamen, it is the essence of the matter to recognise the quality of the material to which a highly intensive system of training has been applied. At Great Lakes this quality leapt to the eye, nor could I help reflecting on the irony of things, when I remembered that here was a body of young men training for fighting, from which probably as many as fit as they had been excluded. We can apparently pool everything in war except the most important thing of all, our man-power! But to return to our subject.

Making 10,000 Officers

The main factor in this almost tropical production of seamen has been the work of the officers and warrant officers of the Atlantic fleet. My visit to the squadrons composing it was brief. But it sufficed to show the scale on which the process of training men was being undertaken. The ships were an extraordinary sight. I came on board the Flag-ship at 5 a.m. on a glorious June morning. It looked as if 500 men had been sleeping on the deck of every Dreadnought. Literally I believe the bulk of the ships carried double complement, and the whole of each working day seemed to be some continuous effort, wonderfully strenuous, still more wonderfully cheerful, to teach the newcomers the accomplishments of their older messmates. It was to the battleships that the men from the camps were sent, and from the battleships that the yacht, transport and patrol crews were chosen.

The imagination reels a little at contemplating what all this work must have meant to the comparatively small number of regular officers on whom the sole responsibility for it fell. For these, in addition to turning out 170,000 seamen, had also to do their share in creating more than 10,000 midshipmen, ensigns and lieutenants. A couple or more thousand of these were sent in batches of 600 or 700 at a time through the Naval College at Annapolis. These were all college

graduates, many of them accomplished yachtsmen, a large proportion of them men well started in their professions in civil life. The medical and physical tests were, however, severe, and the examination tests severer still. But here, as in the case of the enlisted man, the number of volunteers greatly exceeded the capacity of the Department to take and train. A thousand or more officers were got by promoting those of warrant rank, a process on which the United States navy will seemingly rely still more largely in the future.

Mr. Daniels' Achievement

The report of the Secretary is silent on the two points as to which public curiosity is undoubtedly greatest. According to the 1916 three-year programme, at least eight capital ships were to have been laid down at once. The report tells us that one battleship and three battle cruisers had not been laid down at the outbreak of war. We are not told, however, whether the construction of those that were laid down is still proceeding or whether the labour allocated to these ships has been freed for destroyers and so forth which are much more greatly required. Nor does the report tell us what, if any, changes have taken place in the Chief Command—by the addition of a General Staff or otherwise—to facilitate its functions of strategical guidance of the naval forces in war. But it does contain passages relating to both these matters that suggest sound policy has been or will be followed.

As to new capital ships Mr. Daniels will ask Congress to continue their authorisation with a proviso that they shall be proceeded with "as rapidly as the (shipbuilding) facilities of the country will permit." When the extra votes were passed in 1917, special powers were taken to vary the usual form of contract because "it was necessary to accelerate the progress of construction or to delay certain vessels to allow other vessels to be speeded up." It seems to be a fair inference to connect "the urgent demand for destroyers and merchant vessels" with the delaying of ships already under construction and to suppose that it is the less necessary vessels—namely, battleships and battle cruisers, whose construction has been suspended. If this is so, we have a very practical instance of national pride being put behind national duty. For, undoubtedly, the 1916 programme was pushed through Congress more on its capital ship than on its light craft features, and it was intended to be a first effort towards getting the largest and most powerful fleet in the world.

That this ambition is now relegated to a second place, and the work of defeating the submarines put first, is highly satisfactory and illustrates the extremely practical turn Mr. Daniels has given to the administration of his Department. The Report is, as I have said, silent as to the creation of a General Staff. But it is not silent on a development which must necessarily precede its creation. I mean the Secretary's full realisation that the war efficiency of his Department depends upon its being guided by the best naval thought. On page 72 occurs a passage, unfortunately too long to quote, in which he bears tribute to "the spirit of unwearied diligence and expert efficiency" of every one of his bureaux. He names the chiefs *seriatim*, and declares that the Republic has been fortunate in their capacity for "hearty co-operation and perfect team work." "These men," he adds, "and their associates and the other officers and civilians, whose rare devotion and ability have been equalled only by their patriotism, have made possible the recognised power of the Navy to-day. In the stress of war work it has been a delight to serve one's country in such comradeship as exists in the Navy Department. To it and to the well-known ability of these experts the chief measure of naval preparedness is due."

It is not every civilian chief of a professional service who is at once clear-headed enough to perceive and generous enough to acknowledge the absolute dependence of that service on the skilled efforts of professional colleagues. In Mr. Daniels' case the recognition is ample and acknowledgment noble—and neither has been limited to words. Never before has a better choice of American naval officers been placed in the bureaux; never have they been given a freer hand; never has such rapid effective action been taken on so wide a scale. In this, at least, Mr. Daniels has earned uncommonly well of his country. Before the war no Cabinet Minister at Washington was more criticised. Since the war no Cabinet Minister can point to a greater achievement. Whether he will go further—or I would prefer to say, the date when he goes further—and gives American sea power that organised intellectual command which a General Staff only can confer, must wait on circumstance. For the moment, the general strategy of the American Navy is necessarily that of America's Allies, so that the main staff problem is not American, but international. The point of Mr. Daniels' Report is that he very obviously appreciates the fundamental necessity of which a Staff is the ultimate expression.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The Bankruptcy of Russia

By H. M. Hyndman

MORE than sixty years ago Alexander Herzen wrote: "Cæsar knew the Gauls better than Europe does the Russians." Only a few days ago a most important and influential Russian Committee formally made a similar complaint to the British Government about English knowledge of Russia. But official and general ignorance is not surprising on the part of foreigners who attempt to grasp the complications of a vast population and an enormous territory which include many different climates and races. Even highly-educated Americans, who come over to this country knowing, of course, our language well, and understanding thoroughly a great part of our institutions and laws, have been heard to declare that, after several years of observation and study, they went away not much wiser than they came.

While, however, difficulties of language, temperament, habits, customs and religion, varying greatly in different localities, are very hard indeed to overcome in the matter of Russian politics, economics are not so troublesome to handle, provided the facts are known and the statistics are reasonably accurate. For economics, like mathematical formulæ and musical notation, have a world-wide significance understood by every civilised nation. In this department, therefore, if we throw aside the old obscurantist fetish of money and mercantilism, the truth about Russia becomes speedily apparent. Thus it is now clear that Western Europe greatly overrated Russian power in the war, because most, if not all, of the Allied statesmen, forgot that modern war is itself a function of industrial development. But Russia is only just emerging from the feudal period which continued in force there until 1861. Whereas Japan in the past forty years has, industrially and socially, almost accomplished a transformation which it took Western Europe 400 years to achieve, Russia has moved very much more slowly. So we immediately discovered that the Allies had to furnish the Russian armies with equipments, armaments and munitions of every description, largely purchased from America and even from Japan.

Machinery of War

The reason for this was that Russia, unlike England, the United States, or even France, had not at her command sufficient machinery which could be transformed from production for peace into production for war, even if enough supplies of raw material had been at hand. It was an awkward dilemma and, but for the loan of hundreds of millions sterling to our Ally, to purchase indispensable necessities of warfare, it is possible that German troops would have been cantoned in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev and Odessa quite early in the conflict; not because the Russian troops were otherwise than brave and patriotic, but because, as was shown along a great part of the Eastern front, the most courageous soldiers with old-fashioned weapons cannot effectively face the Germans, who possess the latest modern instruments of slaughter. The blowing up by the agency of traitors of the Government works at Ochta only made this Russian industrial inferiority the more apparent. M. Witte's State-fostered factory system broke down at once under the strain of war. This might have been expected, but it was none the less a very serious matter when it occurred.

The steady impoverishment and decay of Russian agriculture and the Russian peasantry is a ground of more permanent uneasiness. Russia is above all an agricultural country. More than nine-tenths of her population are cultivators of the soil. The proletariat of her cities, therefore, are in a small minority, and the revolutionary theories of their more advanced leaders are quite inapplicable to the economic conditions which prevail among the mass of the people. These look to the land as the main question for them; though their terribly sweated, overworked and underpaid cottage industries go on in most regions throughout the winter months. Even in the much talked of Black earth districts the condition of the peasantry is deplorable. The plain description of a peasant village and a peasant home in official reports is frightful to read.

Those educated men who have lived among the peasantry in order to be able to form a sound judgment of their home life, especially during the winter months, give a terrible account of the ordinary state of things. Overcrowded insanitary dwellings, frequently inhabited by animals as well as human beings, with all the horrors of existence thus engendered, the adult members of the family working under noisome conditions for 12 and 14 hours a day where home industries under small capitalism prevail—the lot of the peasant is inenviable indeed. Bad air, bad light, bad food, poor rai-

ment, miserable remuneration, and then, with the return of open weather, unceasing toil on the land which barely suffices to pay taxes and give enough to keep body and soul together. Such is the life of the majority of the Russian peasantry. Yet those are the people who are supposed to have ample agricultural produce to spare to meet the growing wants of Western Europe! This, of course, is not the truth. The Russian agricultural population is desperately poor. What is worse, it is getting steadily poorer, and, unless a complete change is brought about, and brought about soon, Russia, as a whole, apart from the more fortunate districts of Siberia, will be utterly ruined.

Steady Deterioration

As I have more than once recalled, Professor Issaieff, formerly the Chief Professor of Political Economy at the University of Petrograd, told me more than ten years ago that, even then, it would have required hundreds of millions, perhaps thousands of millions, of roubles to *put back* Russian agriculture where it had been twenty years before. From that time to this the same deterioration has been going on at an increased rate. The war has most certainly not made matters better, but rather worse owing to the removal of cattle and horses—which were already diminishing in numbers—for military purposes. Moreover, the very heavy fall in the rouble, the impossibility for the peasants to obtain the articles required for tillage, house repairs, etc., in return for their surplus produce, have intensified the prevailing misery; and,—what is very important at the present moment—have increased the antagonism between country and town. But the main point is the unchecked extension of the poverty of the great mass of the hard-working cultivators. What are the chief causes of this now generally admitted and deplorable impoverishment and the consequent steady reduction of the fertility of the soil? They are:

1. The heavy taxation of the peasantry, payable in money, and the necessity for paying the redemption fee for their overvalued plots of land in money also.
2. The ruthless manner in which this taxation is enforced.
3. The inevitable application of the peasants to usurers, Russian or Jewish, in order to meet these taxes or to purchase again (at much higher prices than they have been forced to sell their own crops of grain) food or seed to enable them to carry on at all.
4. The lack of good country roads which necessarily lowers the price of agricultural produce in the villages.
5. The tremendous drain of agricultural produce to Western Europe in order to pay interest on Government loans and interest and profits on private investments for which there is no commercial return.

Here is the main groundwork of the great Russian agrarian revolution now going on, beside which the political revolution and the overthrow of the Romanoffs is child's play. The peasants are demanding and taking more land. They are quite right. The impoverishment of their own soil calls peremptorily for an extension of their holdings. But no matter how much land they may seize and cultivate, it will merely postpone their economic and social bankruptcy; so long as over-taxation and other mischiefs grind them to the earth. Co-operation, of which we hear so much, and which is good enough in itself, cannot alone save them from ruin.

It is impossible, within the limits of an article, to deal adequately with the economic and social problems here involved. All Russian economists and honest Russian statesmen acknowledge the truth: that nothing short of an economic revolution can save their country. Thus it is universally admitted that the taxation of the peasantry was excessive in comparison with the means at their disposal for paying it, and that the rigid demands for money payments to the Government at fixed dates constituted a serious grievance, even if great consideration had been shown by the official tax-gatherers and local agents. But notoriously, no such consideration was shown. The taxes were collected with the utmost rigour. Peasants who were behindhand were harassed by the authorities in every possible way, being thrown into prison and even flogged for their remissness. They were, in fact, forced into the hands of the usurers by the action of the Government itself. And the usury to which they were subjected was of the kind familiar to students of the rural economy of the Middle Ages and the Roman Empire. It was a direct trading upon the urgent necessities of the borrower, not in any sense whatever a participation in profit.

Hence the rates of interest were enormous. Cases are

cited where the unlucky peasant who fell into the power of the hardest of hard taskmasters, the usurer, was compelled to return in labour—money he had none, and the shortness of his crop had caused his trouble—a hundred or even two hundred per cent. on the value of the money or seed corn advanced by the lender. Frequently the Jew is spoken of as the chief agent in these nefarious transactions. As Karl Marx said to me in 1881 when talking on this very question: "The Jew creeps into the pores of an agricultural society." But the Jew is not so bad as the native Russian at this business. The Russian usurer is generally a peasant who, having by some means enriched himself, lends at huge interest to his less fortunate fellows, and, by working with them, as he commonly does, screws the very last ounce of labour out of his debtors in return for his advances. Usury is undoubtedly one great curse of agricultural Russia. It is, as said, mainly due to the action of the Government; and, if the system in vogue prior to the revolution continues, not even the creation of good country roads would permanently relieve the agriculturists from the fearful disabilities under which they suffer. The situation was getting worse and worse. It can only be relieved by a complete change.

For, not only are the peasants cultivating their land under almost every conceivable economic disadvantage, but there is a huge syphon at work all the time, which drains away such wealth as exists in the country and renders the continuous impoverishment of infinitely the greatest national asset, the land, inevitable.

Russia is terribly indebted for loans and advances to Western Europe. She has to pay away interest and profit each year upon these loans and investments. Discussing the question before the war with a well-known authority on Russian affairs, who is not a Socialist, we agreed the total amount thus annually due and payable at £55,000,000. For this amount of wealth so exported from Russia, to meet her external liabilities, *there is no commercial return whatever*. And this annual charge is almost entirely paid in agricultural produce.

Thus, putting the total of Russian exports roughly at £160,000,000, calculated at the Russian ports and the Russian frontier, more than one-third of this export, consisting, chiefly of agricultural produce, is, from the economic standpoint, sent out of the country for nothing—this from a country that is getting poorer all the time. It is as if the richest top layers of the soil were stripped off year by year and transported to Western Europe. It is an unendurable tribute which Russia can no longer pay. This was in process of verification before the war. The payments of Russia to her creditors and investors necessarily appear in the comparison between exports and imports. They can be arrived at, as a whole, in no other

way. Well, these figures show that, in the four years prior to 1913, Russia had fallen behind in her payments to Western Europe to the extent of tens of millions sterling, which had been met by financial legerdemain.

Such a state of things cannot possibly go on. Russia's indebtedness to the West has been greatly increased by the war. But if she could not pay interest on the amounts previously due without utter and hopeless ruin, clearly, any addition to her burden cannot possibly be borne. It is of the very greatest importance that we should look all these facts in the face. The small farmer and petty bourgeoisie of France especially, should at once take account of the unsatisfactory nature of the Russian securities, with which they have been encumbered by the financiers, greatly to the profit of these latter. No doubt, according to the ordinary money cant of the day, it would be monstrous that Russia should not pay her foreign creditors interest on moneys honestly lent at moderate interest to construct her railways and otherwise to "develop" her vast territory. But when it is clearly shown that such a drain of her wealth to the West, not only spells ruin to her agriculture but cannot be allowed to continue by any patriotic Russian—how then?

We are in the habit of speaking of the enormous resources of Russia, of the vast mineral and forest wealth of Russia, of Russia as the granary of Europe and so on. It is high time that we should clear our minds of illusions. Russia is a country of immense possibilities. Siberia has actually increased in population far more rapidly than Canada. But Russia requires that her latent wealth should be systematically developed by national industry.

This will take time and effort. At present she is economically and financially in desperate case. Her peasantry refuse to part with their grain because they are unable to obtain in exchange for it, with the greatly depreciated rouble, the goods they require for their day to day life, which were formerly hawked around by German pedlars. Her town populations are at their wits' end because many of them are unable to get sufficient food and fuel, owing to the disorganisation of the railways. The return of the soldiers from the front threatens little short of destruction. Unless the Constituent Assembly, when it meets, at once takes the land question in hand, the peasants will settle it in their own way. Under such circumstances it behoves the statesmen, financiers and merchants of France and England to meet for serious and unprejudiced conference, in order that they may be able to co-operate with their respective Governments in a sound economic policy. But it is the duty of the French and English peoples, likewise, to take care that the real interests of the Russian peasants and townsfolk shall not be imperilled by capitalist exactions or Bolshevik anarchy.

A Franco-British Economic Alliance

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

WHAT could be of greater interest at the moment than to study, if only superficially, the mechanism which has preserved the French and British peoples from hunger, and from the misery which would have been inevitable without the ceaseless energy of the Ministers of the two countries? It is to this policy of brotherly union between France and Britain for collecting all over the world, and distributing between ourselves and our friends the things which are essential to our very life, that we owe the certitude of being able to fight till victory is ours. To this work, achieved in the sole interest of the community, we are, each and all, in duty bound to collaborate, by submitting loyally to the regulations and restrictions which the various controllers of foodstuffs and raw materials decree for our own good. And I am convinced that I am not unduly optimistic in stating that the results of the economic policy of the Allies constitute a victory which compensates for inevitable weakness in other domains, for the simple reason that free nations, unprepared for war, cannot realise in such a short space of time that military unity which has proved the best asset of the Central Empires.

M. Clémentel, the French Minister of Commerce, more than any, is responsible for this fortunate state of things. His success proves first the importance of a political axiom too long ignored by France. It is that continuity in office is essential if practical and lasting benefits are to be obtained therefrom.

In France the Third Republic inaugurated a system of temporary Ministries which is the condemnation of the French political system. Happily for us, however, we realised that we could not go on changing our Minister for Foreign Affairs

every six months, as we did our Prime Minister. Thus, when M. Delcassé came to the Quai d'Orsay on June 28th, 1898, he remained at the head of our diplomacy till German intrigues drove him from office on June 6th, 1905.

This question of continuity is especially important when one has to deal with the Anglo-Saxon races. They like or dislike a man personally; they trust or distrust him quite apart from his intelligence or from his political views. Fortunately for France, for England and, for humanity, two French Ministers of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé and M. Pichon, each a convinced partisan of the Entente Cordiale, remained in office for a long period of years. The same principle of continuity when applied to diplomatic agents abroad has done marvels. M. Paul Cambon, who for nearly twenty years has enjoyed the full confidence of two Kings of England and of successive British Governments, is a living proof of what the personal touch can do in bringing about and maintaining good relations between two free nations. The same might be said of the French Ambassador in Washington, M. Jusserand, who for so many years has been the link between the two great Republics.

To-day M. Clémentel provides another confirmation of the vital importance of this principle of continuity. He knows personally all his British colleagues, Liberals as well as Conservatives. They know him too; they appreciate his personal gifts, his charming manners, his common sense, his tenacity and his absolute loyalty. They consider him a good fellow, a real friend, in fact one of themselves. It matters little to them what M. Clémentel's views may be on the home politics of his own country. It is the man himself they have learnt to admire. In one word, English statesmen of all parties who have been in contact with M. Clémentel trust

him. Therein lies the whole secret of his success in England.

But it would be unjust to infer that M. Clémentel is only a delightful fellow who wins political victories through his agreeable looks and his straightforward disposition. His intellectual gifts are remarkable and typical of his race. He has all the qualities of the real Auvergnat; patience, tenacity, common sense, and ability for all things commercial.

Though he started life as a lawyer, and built up in the little town of Riom, where he was born, a very good practice as an *avocat* (a profession very similar to that of a solicitor), he only came into his own when he entered the circle of great commercial and colonial enterprises. On being elected Deputy for his native town, he arrived in Paris to conquer an eminent situation in parliamentary as well as in business life. His fortune once made, he gave his full time and energy to affairs of State, and became Minister of the Colonies in 1905 when still in the early forties. Since then his political career has been smooth and prosperous. Though he has held portfolios in various Cabinets, his real success dates from his entrance into the Briand Ministry (October, 1915). He was appointed Minister of Commerce and has retained that portfolio in the Cabinets of MM. Ribot, Painlevé and Clémenceau, having become as it were, the indispensable Minister of Commerce of France at war.

I shall not analyse here the work done by M. Clémentel on the French side of his administration. It is quite enough to say that he found the Ministry of Commerce an old-fashioned and sleepy place, which was usually given to beginners in a Ministerial career. If under former conditions this Ministry did nothing to hinder commerce, it certainly did little to help it. M. Clémentel's advent changed all that. He began by reorganising his Home Departments, and concentrating all his energy on the problems which arose out of the war. Very soon he came to the conclusion that France alone, just as England alone, could not face the economic responsibilities of the present and of the future. He saw that both nations would have to unite and to pool all their resources if they were to feed and clothe their populations now and after the war. Thereupon, M. Clémentel came to England and placed before the British Government his proposal for reorganising the economic life of the Allies, in accordance with this vital principle of unity. He put forward a practical scheme for tackling at once the grave problem of the wheat supply, and he was able to convince Mr. Runciman of the practicability of his suggestion.

It included the appointment of an Executive Committee by the Allies—France, England and Italy—to which each country should nominate one representative, and this triumvirate was to be responsible for buying all the wheat available all over the world, in order to allot it to the Allies in proportion to their requirements. This Wheat Executive was appointed in November, 1916, and its work has been an unqualified success. The Allies instead of competing against each other in all the markets of the world, have regulated the price of wheat and monopolised its production. Things have been made even easier since the United States have joined our ranks. Its representative has been added to the three original members of the Wheat Executive, and now the Allies and their friends know that they need fear no shortage of wheat, if only they can provide sufficient transport to carry it from all the great centres which are accessible to us.

Since then, other committees, inspired by the same princi-

ple have been created. They are the Meat and Fats Executive and the Sugar Executive, and others dealing with the remaining vital necessities are in course of formation. This alone would be enough to justify the gratitude of the Allies towards M. Clémentel, or mark him out as one of the statesmen who, since the war began, have deserved unstinted praise from us all.

But what M. Clémentel has done for essential foodstuffs might and ought to be done with regard to raw materials. Already we are organising on analogous lines the collecting and distributing of some kinds of raw material. But is it not equally our duty to foresee what will happen when the war is over, and to take all due precautions in view of the enormous demand that will be made on those raw materials which are indispensable for the reconstruction of our commerce, of our industries, and of all the territories which have been laid bare by the enemy?

Moreover, as it happens that by a stroke of good fortune, the Allies have in their possession the actual monopoly of a great number of raw products, why should we not for once think before everything of our own interest, and organise for the benefit of our own countries the different monopolies with which circumstances have provided us? Why should we not agree amongst ourselves to form special Executive Committees, on the pattern of the Wheat Executive, with the object of collecting, for instance, all the oil seeds which come from India and the Far East, and from the Western Coast of Africa, and distributing them among the Allied countries according to special agreements. Is it not our duty to think first of our own people? Then, when the Germans come ultimately to us to buy oil seeds, we should be in a position to reply that we are not trying to boycott them, but that we intend to put before everything our own trade and our own industries. They might be allowed to buy the *surplus we do not need for ourselves*, but nothing more. What is true of oil seeds is equally true of a long list of raw materials. It is no exaggeration to say that the Allies have now the practical control of all the principal raw materials, while the German Empires and their confederates own only a very small percentage, quite insufficient for the necessities of their industries. Might it not be well if Germany were now convinced that, unless she consents to the peace we must one day dictate, in order to ensure our own and the world's security, she will have no access to our raw material, except under conditions. Should we not be wielding a weapon as powerful as any possessed by army or navy if we were able to tell the Germans that their immediate consent to peace, *at our price*, would obtain for them out of the supply of raw material we need so badly for ourselves, a certain percentage which would grow smaller and smaller with every day, month or year that the war lasts?

Such a scheme is the natural and logical continuation of M. Clémentel's economic policy, and would, if adopted, prove as useful as any military triumph. Here and now I can only indicate it briefly. The time has not yet come to enter into the details of this eminently practical project. Let us hope that M. Clémentel, who has already won the complete approbation of the British Government, will be able to achieve this great object, and with the concordance of the United States. It might not only shorten the war, but provide us, after peace is signed, with the real means of forcing Germany and her friends to respect their treaties in future, or to starve.

Leaves from a German Note Book

A Nine Days' Wonder

FORCE alone will not secure for us the position in the world to which we believe we are entitled. The sword has no power to thrust aside the moral opposition which has grown up against us. If the world is to become reconciled to the greatness of our power, it will have to feel that behind our strength there is a World Conscience."

These words, remarkable on the lips of a German, were spoken at the opening Session of the Upper House of the Diet in Karlsruhe, by the President of that body, who happens to be a member of one of the German ruling families. No less a person than Prince Max of Baden, heir to the Grand Duchy of that name, gave utterance to these sentiments, and all Germany wondered. When professors and writers expressed views of this tenor, that was nothing out of the ordinary. But that a royal prince should boldly come forward and have his say—that for Germany is truly remarkable. The Liberal press took up the burden of his message, amplifying its salient points, agreeing with every sentiment. Prince Max, while abusing President Willson and Mr. Lloyd George in the orthodox German fashion, went on to say that Germans should be critical of themselves; there *was* a lack of freedom

in Germany, and it was all the fault of large circles of the German people who indolently submitted to authority, exercising no influence themselves on the destinies of the Fatherland; and during the war a heathen outlook had been adopted by many intellectual men in all countries, and a moratorium had been declared on the Sermon on the Mount.

The Socialists made the most of this declaration of faith. "Where is the statesman among the Allies?" asks one of them, "who has spoken in this strain of Democracy, Freedom and Humanity?" The question only shows the mentality of the man who propounded it. It is needless to mention President Wilson or Mr. Asquith. The Socialist writer in his joy seems to have forgotten the Kaiser's utterances about shining armour and mailed fists and sharp swords. He has forgotten, likewise—an important consideration—that Prince Max of Baden, however generous and noble his sentiments may be, is of no significance in Germany, whereas the Kaiser matters. Prince Max is only the President of the Baden House of Peers; the Kaiser is the actual ruler of Germany. And, finally, the writer has forgotten what the Pan-Germans say about the coming peace. It must be a peace dictated by the victors, a peace purchased by military success. The Pan-Germans of Hamburg deplore that the speech of Prince Max, with its "silly sentimentalities," should have appeared

about the same time as Mr. Lloyd George's oration. What must the world think of us, exclaims the leader-writer of the *Hamburgischer Correspondent*, when it hears the suggestion made that we must place force behind conscience. "German strength has made our existence possible," and on German strength, therefore, the Germans must continue to rely. In Count Reventlow's paper, a gentleman of the name of Max Lohan puts the matter more forcibly—on Christmas Day of all days:

"Away with the World Conscience! Down with the spirit of Universal brotherhood! We must be led by the consciousness of German strength, whose watchword is 'More Power! More German Power!' May a curse light on those who reject this watchword."

The Pan-German Party

What manner of men are these Pan-Germans? A glimpse into their mentality may be afforded by two illustrations. Early in 1914 a Pan-German wrote literally: "We do not hesitate blasphemously to declare, 'But now abideth Faith, Hope, Hate, these three; and the greatest of these is Hate.'" A Pan-German organ explained that to love your neighbour as yourself, means to love your German neighbour, and the doctrine also implies that if a stranger attacks or insults you, knock him down. A Protestant clergyman of Charlottenburg, Dr. Karl Auer, in a pamphlet he has just published, roundly attacks the Pan-Germans for their heathenism, upbraids them for worshipping Wotan, accuses them of replacing the name of the Saviour by Balder. The Party is composed of extreme reactionaries, of men like Tirpitz, who wants to smash England and expects the German people to go on fighting until his wish is realised; like the notorious Berlin cleric, Dr. Phillips by name, who publicly thanked God for the war; like the comical Herr von Oldenburg-Januschau, who the other day told a meeting of East Prussian junkers that if an equal franchise were introduced in Prussia, Germany would have lost the war.

These people are making frantic efforts to retain their hold on the ignorant country yokels; and their ramifications extend to the army. Here is an official notice put up in the convalescent home of the Reserve Battalion of the 10th Bavarian Infantry Regiment, in Ingoldstadt:

"Comrades! Everything is at stake! Information is of the utmost importance. To be ignorant in these times, when the Whole Future is being determined, is doubly shameful. Away then with ignorance and indifference!

"From to-day let all of you without exception read the following real German papers, which are obtainable free of charge in the orderly room: The *München-Augsburger Abendzeitung* and the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. Read them and pass them on to a friend."

Ingoldstadt, 6, 10, 17.

HABENICHT, Captain.

It should be stated that the two papers named are among the most violent in Germany. Nothing short of German world domination will content them. And these are recommended to the soldiers. The Pan-Germans, however, do not always meet with the success they expect. At a public meeting of the Patriotic Party—an offshoot of the Pan-German gang—which was held in Frankfurt about ten days ago, Count Bothmar addressed the audience in the best Pan-German style, preaching the destruction of England and war until all Germany's ambitions had been gratified. A group of disabled soldiers who were present interrupted the speaker by telling him to go into the trenches instead of making Pan-German speeches, and one of them raised his armless sleeve and asked, "How many more men are to be crippled and killed in order that the Pan-German war aims may be realised?" The Count could only say, "You simpleton! Be quiet! You don't understand anything about it!" Which shows that the Count is no great debater. But it also shows what the masses in Germany are feeling.

Party of Freedom and Fatherland

Their latest attempt to organise against the Pan-Germans is a new Society—"The People's League for Freedom and Fatherland." The league has three main planks in its platform—to strain every nerve until the enemy's desire to shatter Germany is frustrated; to reorganise the inner political conditions of the country forthwith; and to cultivate a clear popular foreign policy with a view to establishing perpetual peace, securing raw materials and placing the development of all nations on the basis of morality and law. A large number of workmen's, officials' and clerks' organisations have put their names to the manifesto of the League, which is also supported by a number of liberal-minded professors who command some respect in Germany, men like Brentano, Herkner, Oncken, Reinecke, and others. (It should be noted, however, that the Pan-Germans can also boast of a professorial following). The new League bands together all those who

are dissatisfied with the trend of events in Germany, who feel that victories are empty things if men hate the victors, who begin to realise that a foreign policy which has united practically the whole world against Germany must be wrong somewhere. This sentiment was cleverly expressed in a half column letter, published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of December 16th, and signed "Anton Erkelenz" (probably a pseudonym). The writer, in excellent Nietzschesque, sets forth Germany's present discontents. He wants the Germans to become a world people. But a people with the soul of slaves cannot become a world-people. The Germans must therefore change their character. "Were not the internal politics of Germany before the war a humiliating reflection of our character? And can foreign policy be sound when there is no basis at home? Who was to blame? Our pastors and masters, who lacked the sense of world politics because their outlook was limited by the village pump. We were exceedingly proud of our organising capacity. But organisation means submission, and submission is in itself no evidence of strength of character." What is wanted is perfect democracy and the breaking away from ancient traditions. The writer ends, in imitation of Nietzsche, by apostrophising his fellows: "O my brothers in factories and offices, you peasants and merchants and manufacturers, you women, all of you who will bear the responsibility of the new order of Society, I greet you. You have my confidence!"

But all this is far off as yet; at best it may be but the straw which shows which way the wind is blowing. In the meantime, the Germans have not yet changed their character, and are still content to remain within the meshes of militarism. What did their paper say about the truce with Russia? Approval was general—it was humane, it showed Germany's goodness of heart, her true desire for peace, but, of course—and here the cloven hoof appears—"our plenipotentiaries were filled with the sense of our military strength." Even the *Frankfurter Zeitung* could not deny itself the pleasure of dwelling on this fact. "The Germans and their Allies spoke as victors."

Crown Prince and Count Luxburg

Two interesting items of news must not be left unrecorded. The first refers to Count Luxburg, the second to the Crown Prince. As the aftermath of the Luxburg affair, some fifty of the largest Hamburg exporters who are interested in South American markets have lodged a complaint against the Count with the Imperial Chancellor, blaming him for having, by his conduct, spoiled their business in Argentina and Brazil, and demanding the Government to punish him!

The German Crown Prince appears to have developed artistic powers. Before the war he was famous for nothing, except, perhaps, the invention of a new kind of button. During the war his military talents have shone forth. He is, as everybody knows, the Commander-in-Chief of a group of German armies, and, as the semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* states, he has used his scanty leisure hours in sketching. A simple soldier's head might attract his eye, and a black and white drawing of singular merit perpetuates the prospect. The Prince also has a weakness for the various types of coloured prisoners, whom he has likewise honoured by his artistic attentions. These drawings are now being exhibited behind the lines, and it is intended to make a few of them available for publication in the illustrated papers. Possibly these artistic gifts of the Crown Prince may be hereditary—it will be remembered that his father, too, in his palmy days, painted pictures. It will, however, be interesting to await the judgment of competent critics when the Crown Prince's efforts are made available for the German people.

The *Vossische Zeitung* has recently published an article on German East Africa by Erich v. Salzmänn, who begins by speaking of the natural law, which leads the inhabitants of thickly populated countries to seek new countries over the seas, and by claiming for the Germans the same right as any other nation to expand. German East Africa, he says, is essentially German, and can never be an object of exchange, in the sense of the Vienna Congress, any more than there can be any question of a bargain over Alsace-Lorraine, which was German from remote times. General v. Lettow-Vorbeck's fame has spread to the darkest corners of the dark continent, where men now know that no power or cunning of the enemy can overthrow the German eagle, and, although it may have disappeared temporarily, the country is hallowed and will remain German in the eyes of the natives for all time.

The whole dark continent believes in the German cause. What the German colonial troops have done in East Africa is of incalculable value. We at home must beware of failing to recognise and appreciate the moral effect. The ethical value will be connected in future with the actual possession of the land in which it has had this effect. This country must remain German or Germany will have no further importance in Africa. German East Africa cannot be an object of exchange.

It is a moral duty to hold it, although it may have fallen temporarily into the hands of the enemy.

Shop Stewards

By Claude D. Farmer

WHAT may be termed the "problem of the Shop Steward" is a feature of industrial unrest which has lately figured largely in the public eye. The comprehensive strike which for a brief period during last summer paralysed the munitions industry afforded evidence of the power which this class of worker can wield.

The institution of the shop steward system, though of recent date in the history of the Trade Union movement, is not an outcome of war conditions. The practice of electing from among the people employed at a factory a chosen few who shall personally watch over the conditions of work incidental and peculiar to their own workshops has, in fact, been in force for several years. The leading officials of the Unions are naturally unable to attend to all the minor grievances and evils arising in each factory from which their members are recruited. Local or district officials are generally at a similar disadvantage in this respect, especially when the members of the Union are scattered among a large number of works. In cases therefore of localities in which there were many firms employing the same denomination of work-people, it was natural that Labour representatives should be appointed from among the men working for these firms. Officials so created complied with the principle which obtains as a general rule in Labour organisations, that the official must be, or must have been, a craftsman at the trade in which the Union interests itself.

The election of welfare guardians from among the work-people has its chief merit in the fact that only those who serve as manual workers in the factory or mill can be fully alive to the needs of their class. This truth is self-evident. The managing staffs of workshops are often unconsciously, sometimes even wilfully, blind to matters petty in themselves, but irksome to those whose lot it is to be daily constrained to work under such conditions. The shop steward has grown up, hitherto unconstitutionally, as a unit in the far-reaching organisation whereby the interests of the employers of the individual factory are represented to the governing body of the Trade Union in cases where satisfaction cannot be obtained in discussion with the employer. Only the Union-man comes directly within the sphere of interest of the shop stewards, but it follows that benefits gained for the organised workers must generally accrue also to the non-Union employee. This qualification does not, in fact, lessen the importance of this type of representation to working-class interests as a whole. Industrial Labour is now regarded in the broader aspect, at least, as an organised force, and with the unprecedented rate at which the membership of the Trades Unions—notably of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers—is increasing, the non-Union man becomes of less and less moment (except to himself).

So much, then, for the shop steward principle as an influence to the good in safeguarding the interests of the majority. Operated honestly and honourably, it must fulfil a considerable part in the steady trend of industrial democracy.

From the capitalist standpoint it must be admitted that little as was the authority possessed by the employer in his own works as late in history as 1914, the existence of the shop steward element, now officially recognised in industry, has practically wrested from him such shreds of despotism as he could display. For what is the effect upon the works manager's position of having in his employment men recognised by agreement as endowed with power to enforce such demands as their sense of right, and, in extreme cases, their personal whim may inspire? Simply this, that, short of a decision favourable to him by a court of arbitration, he is compelled to concede any claims made upon him. The alternative consequence is a strike, or, what amounts to the same thing as regards production, a lock-out. This state of affairs was, before the war, already arising by reason of the despotic power, if such it may be called, of the Trades Unions. It was only augmented and accelerated by the presence of shop stewards in several large works. For the shop steward and the Trade Union are not, in principle at least, opposing parties in Socialism: in object, they are one and the same, and it is only as a result of certain features of war legislation that they have appeared to be rival elements.

It may be urged that the employer was even more of an autocrat than was desirable in the eyes of the demagogue, and therefore, to say that his foothold in his own property has been cut from beneath his feet is all to the good. Be that as it may, it is now widely realised that after the war the old order in industry will not be tolerated by the people. And since Democracy is the battle-cry of the Allied cause, it would be perfidy were we to thwart at home and during

the work of reconstruction the realisation of that ideal which figures so prominently in the statements of our war aims. Discipline, or the obedience to an established order, there must be in industry as in every phase of public and private life. Just as the old limitations to industrial progress and prosperity, the result of so many of those fallacies with which Labour has become imbued, must be swept away, so there must be concessions on the part of Capital. The employer must acquire a broader sympathy with the just needs of working-men and women, thereby showing that order and efficiency in the business contribute to the prosperity of all concerned in it.

It is difficult, however, to be very sanguine as to the industrial future after the war. Capital and Labour are still, for the most part, at daggers drawn even though a superficial harmony has arisen out of the common call of patriotism. The restraints of the Munitions Act have served to foment hostility between the two sides: the repeal of the more irksome of the clauses has come late in the day. The Trades Unions have been deprived of all power of militant agitation. Where there have seemed to be flagrant instances of the exploitation of labour, the resulting strikes have been brought about by the workers themselves or through the medium of the shop stewards acting perforce independently of their official organisations. On the other hand, the issue of almost every labour dispute during the war has been a surrender on the part of the Government, as controllers of the munitions establishments, to the workers' demands. Such a procedure, however reprehensible in some respects, has at least kept the wheels of industry in steady motion, and has, moreover, been the only fair course possible in view of the incurred fall in the buying-power of money.

When the war is over and the much-vaunted schemes for reconstruction come to the test, this method of oiling the labour machine will not be economically possible. Of the financial dangers of such a practice, even under the conditions of the moment, one has grave fears: when the harvest of war has been reaped and the fruits of—let us hope—victory garnered, we shall not be able to sow the seeds of the new life at the cost of an unlimited and ever-increasing wage-bill. How then are we to ensure a reasonable stability in industry such as shall create a contented public and, at the same time, preserve the capital credit of the country without which economic progress is impossible?

The greater part of the schemes afoot deal with questions of securing to labour a more satisfying share in the fruits of commerce. It is now, in fact, acknowledged that the producer must receive, whether by a system of profit-sharing or by a form of wage-bonus, appreciable recompense for his part in advancing the output of the factory.

Such, briefly, is the implied motive of the Whitley report. The recommendations of this committee have been adopted by the War Cabinet as a basis for post-war reconstruction, and already, as described in the *Contemporary Review*, they have been instituted in the form of the Painters' and Decorators' Joint Council. A similar system of joint management by employers and workers' representatives is in force in the textile trades. It is early days to venture an opinion upon so new a principle as co-operation where before were mistrust and antagonism, but surely this scheme, complying as it does with one of labour's strongest aspirations—the desire to call its soul its own—can meet only with opposition in this quarter if at all, on points of detail.

For there is nothing more essential to any policy of reconstruction than the inclusion of the workman's opinion in the councils of the directors of industry. It must be admitted that questions of purely commercial policy such as tendering for contracts or considerations of extension of plant, to name but two instances, are *prima facie* matters which, for the present must be left to the judgment of the commercial or technical expert. With the spread of education, however, and above all when a sane grasp of economic truths has supplanted the false though seductive shibboleths of the worst type of trade agitator, the views of working-class representatives will carry weight in shaping the whole policy of commerce.

For the present it is with questions of employment and wages and with the conditions of factory life that the opinion of the workpeople must be consulted. To this end it seems probable that the present position of shop stewards will only be modified from that of maintaining an attitude often hostile to the employer to one in which their views, while still implying in the main a protection of their fellow-men, will come to be valued by a manager as those of an ally in promoting ultimately the welfare of the country at large.

Christmas on a "Happy" Ship

By Lewis R. Freeman

Mr. Lewis R. Freeman, the distinguished American journalist, whose writings are familiar to readers of LAND & WATER, is now with the British Grand Fleet.

THERE was a hint of Christmas in the long stacks of parcels mail on the station platform and the motley array of packages in the hands of the waiting sailors, but for the rest there was nothing to differentiate the "Fleetward"-bound train from the same train as one might have seen it on any other day of the year. There is only a certain small irreducible minimum of men which can be spared from a fighting ship at any time that it is liable to be sent into action, and the season sacred to the Prince of Peace is no exception.

To the average land-lubber nothing could appear nearer to the height of misfortune than the lot of the sailor who has to leave a nice, warm, comfortable hearthside in the south of England and return to his unceasing vigil in the storm-tossed northern seas at the one time of year set apart above all others for the family and the home, and I did my best to introduce a note of sympathy into my voice when I tried to condole with the ruddy-faced man-o'-war's man who had kindly volunteered to help me find my compartment.

"'Ard to be goin' back aboard on Crismus Day, you think, sir?" he asked with a grin. "P'haps it is jest a bit 'ard to leave the missus jest now, but—ther' ain't no qu'ues in Scarpa Flow, an' I've got a jolly good lot o' mates waitin' fer me on the ol' ——. She's a happy ship if ther' ever wuz an, an' Crismus at sea ain't 'arf so bad as you mite think, sir."

That there were several hundred similar-minded philosophers travelling by that train became evident at a point where they met and mingled for a space with some of the "lucky" ones who were gathering there to go home on a leave which had providentially coincided with the holiday season. Scan as closely as I would the men in the long blue lines, there was nothing to distinguish the "returning from" to the "going on" save the fact that the former were bulging with Christmas parcels.

Nor was there about any of the officers I met in the course of my northward journey any suggestion of an air of martyrdom on account of the fact that it was their lot to spend Christmas afloat instead of ashore. One of them was going to join a Destroyer Flotilla leader, and was too busy congratulating himself on the fact that he was to be second to a commander who had the reputation of having a "nose for trouble," and the faculty of always being "among those present" when anything of interest occurred in the North Sea to have time to lament the fact that he was missing—this time by only a couple of days—his eighth consecutive Christmas with his family. Another had equally high hopes of the life of adventure which awaited him on the light cruiser he had been ordered to report to, and a third entertained me for an hour with yarns of Ward Room pranks on a battleship to which he was returning after a special course in gunnery at a south-coast port. It was the latter who used the identical expression in describing his ship as had been employed by the sailor I have quoted above.

"She's a happy ship, is the old ——" he said with an affectionate smile, "and it's glad I am to be getting back to her again."

The only man I met on the whole journey who seemed in the least sorry for himself was a King's Messenger—he was carrying a turkey under one arm and a dispatch box under the other—who complained that his schedule would not take him back to London until Christmas afternoon.

On the battleship to which I reported about the only evidence of Yule-tide observable on my arrival was the huge accumulation of "home-bound" letters which the Ward Room officers were engaged in censoring. The day before Christmas was distinctly "routine," with just a suggestion of festivity beginning to become manifest toward evening. The loungers by the Ward Room fire smoked, chatted and read the paper for an hour after dinner was over, but showed no disposition to melt away to bed as in the usual order of things. About ten o'clock a violin, banjo and a one-stringed fiddle with a brass horn attached made their appearance, and upon these never entirely harmonising instruments their owners began inconsequentially to strum and scrape. As fragments of familiar airs became faintly recognisable, the loungers began to lay aside papers and cigars and to join in the choruses in that half-furtive manner so characteristic of the Briton in his first fore-running essays at "close harmony." Until he is assured of the vocal support of his neighbour, there is no sound in the world—from the roar of the lion to the roar of

the cannon—which the average Englishman dreads so much as that of his own voice raised in song.

Volume increased with confidence, and it was not many minutes before the choruses were booming at full blast. For a while it was the more popular numbers from the late London revues which had the call, but these soon gave way to rag-time, and that in turn to those old familiar songs which have warmed the hearts and bound closer the ties of comradeship of the good fellows of the Anglo-Saxon world since ships first began to set sail from the shores of England to people the ends of the earth. From "Clementine" and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" to "Swanee River," and "My Old Kentucky Home," there was not a song that I had not heard—and even boomed raucously away in the choruses of myself—a hundred times in all parts of America. Every one of them is in the old "College Song Book," not a one of them, but which every man of the million America is training for the Great Fight could have joined in without faking a word or a note.

A slight shifting of the gilt braid on the blue sleeves, a re-shuffling of the papers and magazines on the table, and the Ward Room of the — might have passed for that of any American battleship. The interposing of four poster and pennant peppered walls, the placing of the lounging figures in proper mufti, and you would have had a room in an American college "frat house" or club. The men, the songs, the vibrant spirit of good fellowship would have done for either of the settings.

Poignantly suggestive of the thirteenth of bygone college days was the change which came over the spirit of the scene when an exuberant young sub-lieutenant began doing stunts by trying to climb round a service chair without touching the deck. His inevitable fall upset the tilted chair of a visiting "snotty," who was playing his mandolin, and an instant later the two were rolling in a close embrace. Suddenly some one shouted "scrum!" and with an impetuous rush the singers ranged themselves into two rival "Rugby" teams, each trying to push the other against the wall.

Twitching at the stir of long dormant impulses, I restrained myself with an effort from mixing in the joyous melee, and maintained my dignity as a newly-arrived visitor by backing into a corner and erecting a sofa barricade against the swirling human tide.

"Shades of Stanford and old Encina Hall" (I found myself gasping, "it's a 'rough-house,' a real college 'rough-house.'")

While it lasted that "scrum" had all the fierce abandon of a Freshman-Sophomore "cane rush," but even at its very climax (when it had upset the electric heater and was threatening to engulf the coal stove) there was a differentiation. One sensed rather than saw the thread of control restraining it, and knew that every pushing laughing player of the game was subconsciously alert for a signal that would send him, tense and ready, to the performance of those complexly-simple duties training for which he had given the best part of his life.

"Rugger" gave place to "chair polo," and that highly diverting sport in turn to comparatively "formal" bouts of wrestling and feats of strength and agility. It was while a row of shirt-sleeved figures were at the height of a "bat" competition (which consisted of seeing which one could hang the longest by his toes from a steel beam of the ceiling) that the Fleet Surgeon edged gingerly in behind my barrier and remarked that it was "funny to think how that up-ended line of young fighting cocks might be tumbling from their roost to go to action stations at the next tick of the clock. And they'd fight just like they play," he went on, fingering a sprained wrist that was proffered for diagnosis. "We've not a single case of any kind in the hospital to-day, and the men are just as healthy in mind as they are in body. It's half the battle, let me tell you, to live on a happy ship."

Christmas morning broke cold and clear, with a roystering wind from the north furrowing the Flow with translucent ridges of white-capped jade and chrysoprase. All but the imperative routine duties of the ship were suspended and the men spent many hours decorating the moss deck for their mid-day feast. When all was ready the band, its various members masquerading as everything from Red Cross nurses and ballet girls to German naval prisoners and American cow-boys, came to lead the Captain and Ward Room officers on their ceremonial Christmas visiting round. From mess to mess we marched, the capering band leading the way and a policeman with a "sausage" club shepherding the stragglers at the rear. Every table was loaded not only with its Christmas dinner, but also with all the gifts received by those who sat there, as well as with any trinkets or souvenirs they had picked up in the course of their foreign cruises. Especially and intentionally conspicuous were numerous

home photographs, stuck up in or propped against the cakes and boxes of sweets. Most of the tables had "Merry Christmas" and various other seasonal mottoes printed with letters ingeniously built from cigarettes.

A running fire of greeting met us at every turn, and at each table cigarettes, sweets, or chunks of succulent plum pudding were pressed upon us. Acceptance for the most part was on the ancient "touch and remit" system. I noticed that the officers spoke to most of the men directly under them by name, and that the exchange of greetings was invariably of unfeigned cordiality on both sides. The tour completed the band escorted us aft where, with a hearty three cheers and a "tiger" for the Captain and Commander severally, and the Ward Room officers jointly, it left us and rollicked back to serenade the feasters forward.

Christmas chapel was a simple Church of England service without a sermon, followed by Holy Communion for those who desired to celebrate it. Luncheon, in order that the Ward Room servants could be free for feasting with their mates, was on the buffet plan, each officer serving himself from a side table.

Two or three of the men with whom I had spoken in the

course of the morning round, had used that now familiar expression about the good fortune of being on a "happy" ship, but the climax was capped that evening at dinner (at which the Ward Room entertained the Warrant Officers) when the Captain employed it in explaining the easy *bon camaraderie* characterising that interesting occasion. I had told him how many times I had heard the words in question since my arrival, and asked him point blank if I was to assume by implication that the other ships of the Fleet were only dismal prisons of steel in comparison.

"Perhaps the men would try to make you believe something to that effect," he laughed, "but so also would those of the '—,' and the '—', and the '—' regarding each other, the rest of the squadron and the whole of the Grand Fleet. As a matter of fact, if you had been on any one of them during the last twenty-four hours, you would probably have seen and heard and experienced just about what you have seen and heard and experienced here. You will not go far wrong if you say we are all "Happy Ships" up here. The "Happy Ship" is a tradition of the British Navy, and it's the one type of craft which does not become out-of-date with the march of science and the passage of the years."

The Skipper

By Francis Brett Young

AT Algiers, in the early spring of 1914, one lived a very pleasant life. Our days were spent in a Moorish garden of the Frais Vallon, a valley that has not been idly named, with a bucket well of sweet water that one pumped to feed the terraces where orange trees and lemons and medlars were growing. All the terraced walks were set with stone benches on which one could sit in the bright morning and watch the goats feeding, and their keepers asleep on the hillside beyond the valley. It was a world of the tender colour of ancient Moorish tiles: blue and white and yellow. Blue skies, and in the mouth of the valley a bluer sea; pale lamps of lemon and orange fruit and a prodigious growth of the yellow flowered weed that the French call *vinaigrette*.

White gleamed the square walls of our villa, and its cool courtyard was paved with the same cracked tiles that were so old and so cunningly coloured as to seem made for those very days and for no others. In the Frais Vallon itself there were diversions. A little way down the road there lived an old and very bitter Lorrainer with his three sons, fine, rugged, red-headed fellows. In the evening he would talk to us of the war that was going to be, and explain exactly why the French, with the worst of luck, didn't win the battle of Trafalgar. "He thinks of nothing but war," said the eldest boy smiling and shaking his head. Indeed, M. Schuh (that was his name), dealt in explosive violence, being a maker of fireworks. Well, by now he will have had enough of fireworks to last him for this life. I often wonder what has become of those splendid sons of his And then, if one were tired of M. Schuh and of his idol Déroulède, one might descend, at the hour of the *aperitif*, to the city of Algiers itself, in a little two-horse diligence which Manoel, the Spaniard, drove, cooing to his horses all the way down. Thus to the centre of the city where all nations meet on the terrace of the *Grand Café Tantonville*, whose orchestra is nearly as loud as the trams which go clanging past it.

A wonderful place, bright with the uniforms of Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique and with the flowing robes of certain Arabs, backsliders of Islam, who drank absinthe and posed before the eyes of European woman. That night, I remember, a Swedish gunboat had put in to port, and her crew moved clumsily, being a little fuddled with the wine of the Sahel, between the close-set tables. Tall and fair-haired, so curiously northern and remote, they gave me the fancy of a party of wondering Goths moving slowly through the markets of ancient Alexandria with its noisy Mediterranean crowd. They threaded their way between our tables and were gone, and behind, them in curious contrast came the skipper and his friend Antonio.

Here, at any rate, there was no chance of a misunderstanding. From his dusty bowler hat to his black boots he was English, and so, for that matter, was his companion. Antonio had been drinking. How much it would be difficult to say, though his loose mouth and rather haggard eyes warned one that it wasn't for the first time. The skipper wore the blue serge reach-me-downs that they sell at little shops in Bute Street, Cardiff. Antonio's suit was of a more ambitious cut. They had given him a waist which went a little to the winds in front, a defect in form that his solid gold watch-chain accentuated that evening for the last time. He was unshaven

and his collar was dirty. I suppose that a Cardiff collier is not a paradise for linen. The skipper's collar was dirty too. But that didn't matter in his case. The trouble with the other fellow was just that he was too damned pretentious. He talked French, bad French, expansively, to the waiter, who was Maltese. He ordered brandy, glass after glass of it. I counted eight. And the skipper, too, did his bit, drinking stolidly, always serious and contained and somehow resentful. He spoke very little. I couldn't catch his accent. Antonio did enough talking for both of them and to spare. A ragged Arab boy came past with a tray of flowers, Parma violets, tied up tightly in leaves of the wild arum which were unfolding in the hedgerows about that time. The skipper bought a bunch and gave the boy a franc.

"You fool!" Antonio scoffed.

"I can't be worried with their French money," said the skipper. He began to pull the bunch to pieces with square tipped, clumsy fingers that were grimed with coal dust. He found that he had been badly had; there were only four or five blooms cunningly expanded in the green. Antonio thought it an excellent joke. He slapped the skipper on the back and told him that in future he'd better trust to him.

"All you want is to talk French," he said. "You listen to me, and then they won't make a damned fool of you." I saw the skipper's neck go red. He laid a square hand on Antonio's shoulder and whispered to him sharply.

"English?" said Antonio, gaping. "English? Go to hell with your English!" The skipper smiled. I have never seen a more uncomfortable smile.

Then he cleared his throat, and before I could guess what was going to happen, he had turned towards us and was presenting the little bouquet of violets to my wife. He raised his hat. "You'll excuse me taking the liberty, Ma'am, but they are no use to me, and it is a treat to see an English lady among so many of these — these people."

The delicacy of the act was astounding, and it came so queerly from this grimy merchant seaman. We thanked him, and he hurried to explain to me that he had been driven to this form of introduction by fear for his companion's language. Antonio, struggling with the waiter in the toils of the French language, heard nothing, and the skipper hurriedly explained.

"Antonio . . . that's my friend here, or rather what I call him, because of his telegraphic address . . . has been at me for the last half-hour saying your lady was not an Englishwoman. If you don't mind my saying so, he said that no Englishwoman had ankles like that. I warned him. I told him that I could tell an English lady in a thousand, ankles or no ankles. But he wouldn't stop. Antonio can't carry it . . . that's the trouble. And so I had to apologise . . . and as far as I could see there was no other way but in taking the liberty which I did."

By this time Antonio had settled to another glass of brandy. He sat looking at us solemnly like a decrepit bird. "I shall have to introduce him to you if you'll allow me," said the skipper. "He'll all right, you know. All right . . . barring that. It's a first-class firm. Very well known in coaling circles Anthony Berrett and Co. Cables: "Antonio." That's what I call my friend here for short."

Antonio pulled himself together, began, rather too obviously,

to set off the gentility of his accent against his unshaven chin and his dirty collar. Still he didn't do it badly.

"I told my friend the Captain here, from the first, that your wife was English, sir. Delightful to meet an Englishman in these . . . these surroundings."

He waved his hand. There was no way, indeed, of getting free from his attentions. He produced a card-case, cards. In five minutes his intimacy had run to photographs of his wife and two children. Rather a handsome woman in a florid way: I suppose ten years ago Antonio had been something of a catch in Newport or Cardiff, or wherever it was; and the children were charming. My wife kept her end up as well as she could, and while she did so the skipper pulled round his chair to face me, so that I became particularly conscious of the tight blue serge, wrinkled horizontally over his thighs, his soiled collar, and over it his simple ruddy face and his very puzzled eyes. He spoke in a low voice. "You muss excuse me, sir; and particularly your lady. But in a way of speakin' you're a godsend if ever there was one."

He produced a cigarette case of imitation morocco from his pocket, fumbled with a visiting card. He handed it to me. It ran: CAPTAIN JAMES A. WILLIAMS, S.S. *Gower Hall*.

"Captain Williams!" I said.

"That's my present name," he replied. "But you never know. I've been master of this ship for five years. But you never know. One of these days she'll put her nose into a cargo of iron ore out of Bilbao or get piled up on Lundy, and then there won't be much Captain about it. It's like tempting providence to print that word. Only these cards—" he became more and more confidential—"was a Christmas present from my wife's sister. She's all for the Captain and that. Williams is my name, James Williams. Leave the Captain out of it. I say you're a godsend, meaning that if it wasn't for you being here I should have the devil's own job with Antonio. It's had enough to have been shipmates with him from Cardiff to Algiers. Ten days of it. But to get the beggar loose in this place at night is more than I'm up to."

Over my shoulder I heard Antonio asking the waiter for *alouettes*. He meant matches.

Antonio broke in: "Now sir, what about a little drink? Come on, Skipper, come on. You're frightened of it!"

Another round of brandy; and the skipper, gulping it down with the most obvious distaste, smiled that curious protesting smile of his. A moment later Antonio began to pick a quarrel with an American captain whom he was anxious to instruct in a fine point of navigation. The Grand Café Tantonville was no place for us. As we turned to go the skipper pressed my hand fervently. "Very much obliged to you, sir, and to your lady. You see I'm in for it to-night."

II.

He *was* in for it. How thoroughly I never imagined till next day when I met him wandering along the great boulevard above the harbour wall not far from that particular café which sea captains frequent. Its name I forget; but if you are an Englishman and wear a blue serge suit the waiters will call you "captain" and bring you beef as a matter of course. There, in the peculiarly hard light which the white causeway and the whiter fronts of the colonnade reflect, the skipper looked a rather meaner figure than before. He was still unshaven, and the beard had grown: his collar was a little dirtier, his trousers more obviously acquainted with the engine-room. I never saw a man more stolidly down in the mouth. "Well, where's Antonio?" I asked.

"Antonio. . . ." He swore steadily and without heat for longer than I should have imagined possible. It had begun with a quarrel, the one which I had seen blowing up in the Tantonville. Then to the Casino: a place that was a mixture of musical hall and gambling den. There Antonio had won money: that was the worst of it for the skipper had been looking forward to a process of natural exhaustion which was thus miraculously stayed. Still the skipper stuck to him. He followed Antonio scattering twenty-five franc notes in the alleys and escorted by an appreciative crowd, through an arched door in the middle of a dancing house.

"You know those dances," said the skipper wearily; "the kind you can see in any port between Marseilles to Honolulu. Nothing in 'em."

Outside, in the clear night air Antonio had escaped him, the devil knew how, and half the rest of that night he had spent walking the straight and hilly ways of the Arab city.

"About four o'clock this morning," said the skipper, "I got down to the ship and went below. I hadn't been asleep more than a couple of hours when in comes Antonio wanting money. Money. . . . Well, I told Mr. Antonio what I thought of him: him a man with a position and a family. 'Calm yourself, old chap,' he says, just like that. 'I've got to have it. I've had the bad luck to lose my watch

as well as your revolver.

The skipper glared at me as if it were I who had stolen it.

"One thing I know," he said, "and that is that if I have to lose the ship I'll never take a *gentleman* on board again. You'll excuse my saying so: but you know how I feel. That's what comes of being the master of a ship. You think you're going to be God Almighty and then the owners come and plant a thing like this on you. Back I go to Cardiff and the first thing they'll ask me is what have you done with Antonio. Unless I put him in irons at every port I shall have lost him. It's my luck. - It's always been the same. Now listen. My wife's a Catholic. . . . a Roman Catholic. I don't think any the worse of her for it. She's a good woman when she's away from her sister. Voyage after voyage she hears of me taking coal to Italy, and nothing will satisfy the woman but to come with me and see Rome. Now she's a bad sailor, and inclined to be stout. A fine time I had with her, I can tell you. It's an awful thing to see a woman of that size sick. When we came to Civita Vecchia she goes and slips on a gangway . . . weak, you know with the sickness, and breaks her leg. And that's all *she* ever saw of Rome. That's what happens. I wish I'd never seen this ship. A man's happiest when he's a mate. I assure you there's nothing in it but trouble——nothing but trouble."

By this time we had wandered a good way to the east, and I noticed that his eyes were constantly turning towards the forest of masts which rose above the docks. At last he stopped me, tapping me on the arm.

"There she is?" he said.

"Where?"

"The red funnel with a white band and two red stars."

I looked in the direction which he gave me and picked out with difficulty a funnel of this description springing bolt upright from one of the most villainous little craft I have ever seen. She was very small, resembling some undersized and stunted mongrel; her smoke stack was caked with spray and soot, her decks were foul with coal; her ensign, tattered and drooping, hung miserably astern.

"There she is," said the skipper again.

I looked at him. It was an extraordinary transformation, or, if you will, transfiguration. All his distress and grumbling discontent were suddenly gone. His tanned, square face became somehow almost beautiful. The change would have been ridiculous if it hadn't really been the symbol of a rapt and lovely ecstacy. It's an amazing thing how emotion of that kind communicates itself. In that moment I felt that I would have done anything in the world for the master of the *Gower Hall*.

"She's a fine little packet," he said, gripping my arm. "The best sea-boat I ever sailed in. It isn't fair for you to look at her now when she's discharging a cargo of coal. You want to see her when I've got 'em to work on the white deck paint. White deck paint on a collier, eh? You want to see her spinning along at eight or nine knots. My chief'll get her up to ten all-out. One of these days you must come aboard. My steward's a Jap. Say what you like about the Japs, but they do know how to cook. If only I had this Antonio off my mind. . . ."

We walked up again to the restaurant of which I have spoken where they gave us an uncomprising steak with the idea, no doubt, of reminding the captain of Cardiff.

"This is the first food," he smiled, "that I've tasted for twenty-four hours. I want you to consider yourself my guest for all your sympathy," he said, and when I protested, thinking of the little house in Cardiff and of those ambitious visiting cards: "You know, the owners always allow us so much for entertaining in a business way."

We parted and that day I saw no more of him or of Antonio. He was bound, I knew, for Bougie, the next port along the coast, where he was due to pick up a cargo of some metal. . . . I think it was copper, and I gave the matter no more thought till, lounging upon the sea wall about the time of sunset, I happened to see a misshapen little steamboat putting out to sea. It was a wonderful evening, a dull red going down behind the serene skyline on which the church of Notre-Dame d'Afrique stands, and all the bay the colour of deep jade and very calm. I recognised the starred smoke-stack of the *Gower Hall*, butting out stubbornly, with something of the skipper's own stunted energy, into the paler sea in which the light of Cape Matifou would soon blink out. "A funny business," I thought, "just as some damned little coasting tramp comes in and lies alongside a stranger at a foreign quay, we human creatures bump one another and get taken up for an hour or two quite intimately into the woof of each other's lives. And that's the end of it. I shall never see Antonio or Captain James Williams or the *Gower Hall* again, and yet in some corner of our brains, even though we don't suspect it, we shall always remember one another. I, at any rate, shall always remember how Mrs. Williams broke her leg on the way to see the Pope. A funny business."

Shadows and the Rocks

By William T. Palmer

SOME glorious courses among the rocks have been discovered by some trick of evening shadow. The Croch on Sgumain in the Coolen was not known to the craft until a sharp-eyed professor nosed a tiny dot of sunshine against the shadowed slabs. The crag itself is curious, and curiously situated. It is perched on a shoulder of rock, a solitary boulder, and only approachable across a stretch of slabs more or less technically difficult.

In Cumberland the famous Tapes Needle was disclosed in practically identical manner, though the climb had to wait longer for its conqueror. Nowadays, tramping down the stony track below Sprinkling Tarn, every eye turns mechanically towards the Tapes hedge as it appears gradually over the lessening buttress of Great End. Old landmarks are settled anew, the grey sconces at the foot of climbers' gullies, the perched blocks above, the sharp ribs and edges, and then in the maze of fretted stone, the sharp tip of the Needle becomes a certainty, and eye and mind travel no further until a bend of the path throws that wilderness of rock into new confusion, and view of the Needle is lost. From Wasdale Head, in the deep trough west of the mountains, the Needle flames like a candle on those rare evenings when the rocks are wet and the sun shines clear from the horizon. A keen eye can usually identify the lower of broken rocks in the evening light. It is a patch of lighter hue amidst the tangled shadows of gullies and arches.

In the Alps, many famous routes were located by sunset shadow—a crescent of snow blue in a region of pitiless silver has drawn the eye of the mountaineer. Possibly beneath such a point existed the shallow groove, the deep cleft, through which lay the route to the summit. In the far-off Rockies of Canada, a steep, even dangerous first approach to the top of Mount Robson was discovered by its shadow, and in the Himalayan sunset many a telescope has been levelled from Darjeeling and other stations among "The Hills" at that wrinkle which slants up the highest snows of Mount Everest, which avoids that series of deadly pinnacles, and seems to give a fair path to the summit. Years ago, how one dreaded to hear that some band of German quasi-professors should intrigue a permission, forbidden to Briton by the Government of India, and be the first to set foot on that virgin peak. The Abode of Snow, which stands for so much in some of the theologies of our Eastern peoples.

Shadow routes do not always lead to success. The way is apt to start fair and either to lead away from the desired objective, or to end tamely against some holdless face of rock. The deep cleft of Ossian's Cave above Glencoe is a case in point. The shadow is good and strong, but even the scramble into the "Cave" (which is merely a rock-archway crowning a gully set at a high angle) is no joke. Experts only can pass directly beyond by a couple of narrow cracks in the overhanging wall. A fabulous length of Alpine rope is run out before the leader reaches the first safe and commodious ledge, from which he can assist and supervise his second's ascent. On Lliwedd in wild Snowdonia, a line of fire marks at many a sunset a splendid arete, but the course is just a medley of buttresses and slabs foreshortened, superimposed, tricked out by the flood of light, and is not coherent at all. One remembers, from experience, a gully which the sunset "set on end," and the hopeless, miserable scramble which was necessary before one was persuaded of the illusion. The upright pillars of mountains were, by cold daylight, scarce visible at all: rotten rocks, earthy ledges, mossy, lichened slabs, abomination of vegetation, of dripping springs were encountered where one had seen clear rock and sound going indeed.

No one believes in either the moon's high lights or her shadows, else one would be groping on the hill-side opposite my tent to-day. Up there last night I saw a mighty abyss and some splendid towers of rock, but the hillside has fallen back to its proper mildness, and a few nodules of broken stone among which the sheep are placidly grazing is all that remains of that series of great rock problems. I am not fond of moonlight rambles among the hills and the rocks. Get down to the valley road in decent time, and do not wander from the direct route even in that morose, alluring place Harta Corrie of Skye. The difficulties, even seen from a distance, are distorted, rendered fantastic, by moonlight—one needs no further pattern for a rock-climber's nightmare than, say, the west front of the Pillar Rock in Cumberland as seen from the black throat of the Great Doup beneath.

It would need a question of life or death to make one venture on the sheer crags, even by known courses there, by moonlight, but one admits a scramble or two in starlight, even

in complete darkness. Mr. Rooke Corbett, of the Rucksack (and many another) club claims that it is easier to get up and down a cliff at night by conventional climbing methods on courses of moderate difficulty than it is under the same conditions to outflank the crag. While not so enthusiastic, one would admit that it is easier to descend, with an average party of novices, such a short piece as the Broad Stand or the North Climb down to Mickledore ridge than to pass the caern of Scafell and to find and negotiate the steep scree-walk of Lord's Rake on the western edge of the cliff. But, anyway, the problem must be led by a seasoned climber. The novice and the tourist is better advised to shirk all cliffs at night, although it may involve turning up at the Woolpack in Eskdale instead of at the Royal Oak at Rosthwaite in Borrowdale. At such times geographical considerations may well play second fiddle to safety. But few old climbers will admit that descending a cliff at night is worth the trouble and danger involved. Probably they are right. There is a limit to shadow-ways.

Storm Shadows

The shadow of storm plays its pranks among the rocks, but hardly to the help or safety of climbers. But one has found, in the fierce glare before a thunderstorm, the key to a new and satisfactory course. It was on a ridge of the Coolin, and the light playing round from the north-east touched into notice a crevice by which a difficult cave-pitch was surmounted neatly and safely. Up we went rapidly, pulled out of the gully, and on to the great slab which makes the upper peak. Then we found that the advantage of our course was to us of dubious value. Had not this variation tempted us, the cave would have been our shelter, or the base for a safe, if damp retreat. The clouds hurled themselves against the upper rocks and in a few minutes the air round us was full of spray. For an hour we balanced on insignificant ledges, in the centre of something not unlike a cloud burst, for sheets of water slid down the slabs, and at times one felt that but little more fluid would wash us down to the foot of the rocks. A drenching is a small matter to the climber, but to be made a watercourse while negotiating a steep open slab was a new, chilling and uncomfortable experience. It made little difference to us that the floods were out in the glen.

When the clouds are sweeping over the hills, one finds that they make shadow at certain points. There is that feather of mist which so often marks Twll Du (the Devil's Kitchen) above Llyn Idwal in North Wales. That is a sinister rift: a strong stream dashes itself into vapour on the rocks beneath and the two bodies combine to a definite smudge. But one would not climb to such a place anticipating the sport of the rocks. There are sheer walls, there is a gloomy, romantic gulf, but what holds there are, are rotten, unsafe affairs and the direct ascent of the Devil's Kitchen wall is a tribute to good nerves, good climbing technique, and a wonderful eye for the best of bad rock.

The vagaries of mist are too well known to mountain rambles to need any description. One has heard of a party of rock-climbers shortening a holiday on the crags of Bnchaille Etive Mhor, in order to spend three days on some alluring crags near Ardlui, which they had located, through the mist-wreaths, as the train was whirling them up Glen Falloch. Even moonlight cannot compare with mist for distortion. I am writing these lines in sight of a fifteen-foot wall of rock which, on my first visit, turned me aside. How it towered, grey, gaunt, grim, with plumes and crossbelts of white puffs! Nowhere did there seem to be a vulnerable point. Nowadays one laughs at such an apparition. One has proved again and again the maxim that no rock course can be termed impossible until one's hands have gripped its holds. Was it not Mummery who said, or quoted, that no one knew a rock until he had rubbed his face against it. And rubbing one's face against the rock is the only way one knows of proving the advantage of a shadow-course, or of finding that such a course is a mere break of sun or cloud.

The *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* glorifies the German victory over Russia in this strain:

"There is a possibility of hostilities being resumed if the Russian demands are too extensive. But this is not likely to happen, for when a national army such as that of Russia has admitted its defeat and its inability to continue fighting it will hardly resume the fight in order to gain a better military reputation in the eyes of the world. Moreover, there is no question of it ever again being in a position to recover the territory it has lost." The italics are ours.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Sir Arthur Helps

PROBABLY most modern people, confuse Sir Arthur Helps with Smile's *Self Help*; and certainly both were edifying and neither could harm a fly. For the benefit of such I may explain that *Self-Help* was a book, and Sir Arthur Helps was a man. He was a man with an ample forehead, an ample nose, and an ample beard: all properties commoner in his day than in ours. He was famous for his *Friends in Council* and as editor of the Queen's Highland journal. He knew a great many dignitaries; he ended his life as Clerk to the Privy Council; and he died forty years ago. *The Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps* (John Lane, 12s. 6d. net) has been published, therefore, after a very long interval. But no; it is not full of horrible revelations.

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No age is entirely populated by persons of one type, and it is as stupid to make generalisations about the Victorians as about "the Elizabethans." The fact remains that you have only to mention those two terms to be struck by a difference of atmosphere. We feel at once that there is something about the majority of great Victorians which is not present in the majority of great Elizabethans. Dozens of eminent Victorians wrote letters, here printed, to Sir Arthur Helps. Their letters and his are not merely morally blameless: as a rule, they show real nobility of character, loftiness of aim, anxiety to be just, tolerant, sympathetic. But they almost all of them write as though from the pulpit, or as persons enjoying a little relaxation out of the pulpit. There is something of the weary Titan about them; they don't complain, but the task of maintaining the Cause of Nobility is a little wearing. Their genuine goodness one cannot but admire, but one could wish that they were sometimes a little less eager to make it absolutely clear that they mean well to the whole human race, and that they must not be misunderstood when they joke, and a little less self-consciously determined that their every utterance should be characteristic of them. There is a tinge of smugness and self-satisfaction about it all; and this is all the more apparent in those of them, like Helps himself, who were not only incapable of realising the comic side of themselves, but who scarcely ever seem to have suspected their own limitations.

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Helps knew that he meant to be fair, philanthropic and progressive; it never seems to have occurred to him, in spite of his habit of putting other people's points of view, that he may sometimes have been wrong or blind. "As all who knew him are aware," says his son, "he had a hatred of war, a dislike of competitive examinations, and was ever oppressed by a sense of the evils of crowding unhealthy dwellings and insanitation in large cities." The mere list is funny; it is like saying that a man believed in God and drank two whiskies a day. Helps realised that war and chattel-slavery were great evils; but it was scarcely difficult to do that. Faced with the brutalities and the slavery of contemporary industrialism, he had no such general horror, but merely a few hobbies. Mr. Chesterton has talked of the Victorian Compromise; this man was simply it. He would be the moderate man, advising employers to be kind, workmen not to ask for too much, governors to be prudent, mobs to be reasonable, everybody to keep his temper, refrain from invective and console himself for his afflictions—poverty included—by meditation and the cultivation of the arts. Confronted with economic and social chaos, all he could suggest was that competitive examinations were bad, and that foul drains were a breeding-ground of sedition. He meant very well indeed when he advised the employer, faced with the Chartist, not to abuse or assault him, but to reason with him. If he "begins with his 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' tell him that here there is neither time nor space for such things." One can imagine how blandness like that would work! The mixture of this sort of thing with a mild humanism is what his friends called Helpsonianism; and he obviously relished the name. "This person, who is now writing," he says, in a letter to the Viceroy of India, "has, amongst his many other faults, a little love of teasing and making fun." Dear dear; how very naughty!

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Still he was an amiable and benevolent soul, and they all liked him. Many, perhaps most, of their letters acknowledge presentation copies of his books. He wrote, besides *Friends in Council*, a life of the Prince Consort, a history of the Spanish Conquest of America, several novels (including one in favour of emigration—decidedly a novel with a purpose—

but he was quite capable of a romantic drama about competitive examinations), some plays, and numerous political books and pamphlets. He seems to have spread free copies about so freely that his publisher must almost always have been certain of a second edition. It is amusing to study the replies of his friends. I like best of all Tennyson's, upon receiving a play in verse called *Oulita*:

MY DEAR HELPS,—Thanks for *Oulita*. I have not yet read it but I have cut it open, which looks as if I meant to read it.

That is a model. If one only acknowledges one's friends books in this way, one can express one's thanks and avoid the lies; for no-one could expect a second letter containing additional remarks. Carlyle, on receiving *The Spanish Conquest in America*, was less terse:

DEAR HELPS,—Many kind thanks for this kind gift of your last Volume. It is very pretty reading, like its predecessors, when I dip into it. By and bye, if it please Heaven, I design to give that Work an Examination much worthier of its qualities than I could yet bestow on it—or anything that has appeared in its time; wretched sinner, swallowed in the Prussian quagmires (fetid as the Stygian), and swimming for life (too literally that!) as I have long been.

Most of Carlyle's letters here are like that, in the familiar posing prose; he might at least have got off the stilts when not writing for publication; and in any other age but that his friends would have told him—the fastidious reader may be given a choice of terms—either to stow it or to cheese it.

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It may by now be evident that the present reviewer was a little bored by this volume, is not drawn by the magnetic charms of Sir Arthur's works, and respects rather than loves Sir Arthur himself. Evident or not it is true. But the dullest book of memoirs is just worth reading, and this is one of them. There are few, if any, important or amusing additions to history. One would not expect such in the letter of one who—when his circle was scandalised by the publication of Greville's *Memoirs*—wrote:

I cannot help praising myself. There will be no papers found after my death—no diaries—containing disagreeable stories about people and telling all that I have seen and heard of strange things. I resolved from the first that there should be an instance of a man who saw and heard much that was deeply interesting, but private, and who could hold his tongue and restrain his pen, for ever.

The spirit of this was akin to his preference for harmless generalities in discussion; we do not go to Brer Rabbit for information. But, as always, there are entertaining scraps. We learn that the second Duke of Wellington thought that we were in honour bound to return Gibraltar to Spain. We are told that when Dickens had his conversation with Queen Victoria (Helps appears to have been the tertium quid), the novelist told his sovereign what President Lincoln dreamt the night before his murder. Dickens, we know, shared some of the tastes of his own Fat Boy, but if this is the sort of small-talk that monarchs are entertained with, it is no wonder that their heads lie uneasy. We find Lord Morley, at a lamentably early age, proudly stating that "like Buffon, I insist on shaving and fine linen before sitting down to composition"; which accounts for a good deal. We have a little light on "the old Germany of Beethoven, of Bach, Goethe, of Lessing, of Luther and of Arminius" (*vide Press*) in Help's own description of his experiences at a Ratisbon song-festival in 1849:

The singing was excellent. . . . But there was also speechifying. Now I could make out some of it, and indeed I ought to have done so, for every tenth word (literally) was "Germany," or "German," or "Fatherland"; the orator divided his subject into three or four sections, and at the end of each, he thus wound up, "If then you think with me that Fatherland, etc."

There are also a few anecdotes. A friend of Sheridan's met him and consoled with him on the death of his father. "I am very much obliged to you," said the young man, "but you are mistaken, I saw him myself this morning, and he said that he was alive, and well—but really he is such a damned liar there's no knowing." Sidney Smith, describing a Scotchman who in earlier days had been a humble kind of sculptor, said: "He used to do tombs and Scotch cherubs upon them, with high-cheek bones." And when a Duke of Marlborough was in London he received a telegram informing him that one of the emus had laid an egg, and "in the absence of your Grace we have taken the largest goose to hatch it." Finally there is a long letter from Proude, from South Africa, which, in its heartiness, naturalness and vividness, is like a breath of fresh air amid the worthy priggeries and senile pleasantries of this astonishingly dull collection.

Books of the Week

- Through the Russian Revolution.** By CLAUDE ANET. With 34 illustrations. Hutchinson. 6s. net.
- Soldiers of Labour.** By BART KENNEDY. With ten illustrations by Joseph Simpson. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.
- A Lap Full of Seed.** By MAX PLOWMAN. B. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.
- Work-a-Day Warriors.** Written and illustrated by LIEUTENANT JOSEPH LEE. John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
- Umpteen Yarns.** By GEORGE GOODCHILD. Jarrolds. 1s. 3d. net.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Claude Anet only went through the earlier phases of the Russian Revolution, his book, *Through the Russian Revolution*, is an incredible story of half a dozen revolts. Mr. Anet, as correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* travelled with Kerensky, with General Korniloff, and with M. Albert Thomas in that tour of hopefulness that preceded the military breakdown of Russia. He has given a striking picture of the memorable first of May in Petrograd, when what seemed to be all Russia marched in procession to commemorate the coming of liberty; he has given yet more striking pictures of things as they were on the battle fronts of the south, where Roumania was ground between the upper millstone of her enemies and the nether millstone of undisciplined Russians. The book is a chaotic tragedy, dealing with the main figures of the months that shaped the Russia of to-day—though “shaped” is hardly a fit word to use in connection with such a bundle of loose ends as is this Russia that Mr. Anet shows.

The book is made up of Mr. Anet's impressions, which he recorded in the form of a diary, of which traces appear unaltered in these pages. In spite of having had his camera taken away on one occasion, when Revolutionary soldiers threatened to bayonet him, the author has managed to save some vividly interesting photographs for this book, portraits of Kerensky and Korniloff being among them, as well as views from which may be gained some idea of what that First of May meant to Petrograd. The tragedy of the book lies in present happenings; in spite of the wild disorder of which this author tells, there was, at the time of which he writes, a hope that Russia might compose her internal troubles and take her place again in the fight for liberty; the German agents had not then accomplished their work, and Russia promised to become “free Russia” in reality. But it is a book worth reading, and the portraits contained in its pages form a unique collection of the leading figures of last summer.

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Full tribute is paid to the men behind the lines in *Soldiers of Labour*, by Bart Kennedy, a shilling volume devoted to descriptions of the various industries contributing their energy to the war. “Dock-wolloping” might seem an unpromising subject for a writer, but out of the monotonous business of loading and unloading ships the author has managed to make a story in which the need for skill as well as strength on the part of the men is fully shown; the sailor, the iron-worker, and the miner, all have places in this record, as have the young men who have gone out to the firing line from British industries, but the author has reserved for special mention the agricultural workers and their tasks. “Man must fight for his seeds in the battleground of the soil. If he were to fail, his portion would be death,” is the text on which the author bases his chapters on food production—and there are plenty of object-lessons on this matter available at the present time. Mr. Joseph Simpson has contributed ten illustrations to this little book, which is a tribute to the workers out of uniform who are, equally with the troops in the firing line, doing their part toward victory.

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In a recent essay, Mr. John Drinkwater has given a very good definition of poetry, but, after all, the final definition of what constitutes poetry as apart from mere verse, lies with the individual reader. Max Plowman's work in *A Lap Full of Seed* is a case in point; most of the poems in the first part of the book leave the reader cold and very critical, for they reek of very young Oxford—plenty of form and very little life; but when one comes to the second part of the work, there is “The Goddess of War,” already much quoted, and deservedly so, for it is a fine sonnet; there is “When It's Over,” which grips by its very simplicity:—

“Young soldier, what will you be
When you're next a-bed?”
“God knows what, but it doesn't matter,
For whenever I think I always remember,
The Belgians massacred that September,
And England's pledge—and the rest seems chatter.
What if I am dead?”

This is just a verse out of the pages—all too few—in which the author has left forms and trivial emotions, and got down to realities. Not that the earlier part of the work lacks beauty, for it is eminently graceful—but it lacks the strength of real feeling, as if Max Plowman were merely doing exercises. Apparently the war awakened him to feeling.

More simply, almost ruggedly, in *Work-a-day Warriors*, Lieutenant Joseph Lee has expressed the thoughts of the men in the fighting line. Especially are to be noted “Back to London,” with its tale of how familiar things rouse the deep feeling that nothing in trench life could stir, and “War, some reflections by Corporal Richard Crew of the Canadians.” The corporal is made to talk in dialect, and his thoughts are set down jerkily, unevenly—just as he might have spoken them. Here and throughout this slim book there is life, the weariness and humour, grim realism and fanciful description, and the horror and sadness of the trenches. Among the verses are set black and white line drawings which prove that the author is artist as well, and one has only to read a dozen of his pages to understand that he is a poet in touch with life and its realities.

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Mr. George Goodchild, editor rather than author of *Umpteen Yarns*, has made a collection of those little stories which men tell to raise a laugh—such of them, that is, as would pass a censor of public morals—and, although in this collection there are, unavoidably, a number of chestnuts, yet there are many good things as well, and many new stories. Quotation is virtually impossible; if one made a start, there would be no possible ending. “Most of it,” says Mr. Goodchild, “is native humour of a kind noticeably absent in the armies of our Allies and of the enemy. The French have no such collection of anecdotes—they cannot see the humour of war. Where the poilu would cry “Vive la France!” Tommy would probably sing ‘Another little shell wouldn't do us any harm.’ . . . Real humour is exceedingly difficult to manufacture, and that is where the British soldier scores. His innate optimism, mixed with his external discontent, gives place to situations which at times are screamingly funny, and more so when the chief character concerned is at the moment sublimely innocent of the joke; only his after broad grin reveals the fact that he sees the humorous side.” That he does see it is evident from this collection, which contains specimens of every shade and class of soldiers' humour. There are scores of good yarns, and the book has only one defect—there is not enough of it.

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Only a Painter

By Charles Marriott

SOMEBODY asked Rossetti if he were Mr. Rossetti the pre-Raphaelite, and he said: "I am not an 'ite of any sort; I am only a painter." This did not mean that Rossetti disclaimed sympathy with the Brotherhood, but only that he objected to being labelled out of his trade. There was a touch of pathos in the reply, because Rossetti was never master of the painter's trade as he was of the writer's; but it showed that he took the right view of it as a dignified occupation.

With even more justice on the technical side, because with less imagination than Rossetti he is more a master of his job, Mr. Augustus John might make the same reply. More nonsense has been talked about him than about most artists, and most of it misses the point of his real distinction. He is not, to judge from his work, a man of great intellect or deep insight or unusually strong imagination; though he has more of all three than most living painters; but from the painter's point of view they are as irrelevant as they would be from the carpenter's or blacksmith's point of view. Whenever I hear people talking about the truth or poetry or imagination of this or that painter, I am reminded of Dean Ramsay's story of the aristocratic but plain spoken old Scots-woman to whom somebody recommended a cook as "a very decent body." She said: "Damn her decency! Can she cook collops?"

Not that you get any nearer to defining Mr. John by making a false distinction between "painter" and "artist." It is quite common, particularly among artists, to hear it said: "Oh, so-and-so may not be much of a painter—or writer or singer or actor—but he is a true artist"; meaning that the subject has good taste or "nice" ideas; or "So-and-so is a first-rate painter but he isn't an artist"; meaning that he paints matter-of-fact subjects in a matter-of-fact way. This use of the word "artist" is a modern vulgarism with a lot of bad aesthetics behind it. The only respectable meaning of the word is the old one of master-craftsman—in any trade from cooking or hair-dressing to painting or poetry—and the only real distinction between artist and painter is that between a generic and a specific title.

Nothing has done more to confuse the general public and, incidentally, to obscure the real importance of such a painter as Mr. John, than the false distinction. In practice it works out in a very odd and interesting way. It is commonly said that the ordinary person, particularly the ordinary Englishman or Englishwoman, may like pictures, but has little appreciation of painting. The truth is that the ordinary person, particularly the ordinary Englishman or Englishwoman, very often has a keen appreciation of painting—of craftsmanship in general, indeed—but does not apply it to pictures because he or she has been taught to regard crafts-

manship and art as different things. A good rough-and-ready proof is the discrepancy between the furniture and decorations and the pictures in the ordinary home. Almost invariably the furniture and decorations are much better artistically than the pictures; the reason being that the former represent the personal taste and judgment of the owner while the latter have been taken on trust from the dealer or at the instigation of newspapers. Like the man who talked—or was it wrote?—prose without knowing it, the ordinary person makes use of real artistic taste and judgment in choosing wall-papers, carpets and curtains, and "makes up his mind" in choosing pictures in the same way

as he will often "make up his voice" in reading poetry—under the delusion that literature is something different from good writing. If he could only be brought to understand that, granting its fuller capacity for expression, a picture is good or bad artistically in exactly the same way as a carved cabinet or painted screen is good or bad artistically and that painting pictures is only a more subtle form of house-painting, the future of art in this country would be assured. The amount of harm that has been done to art and literature and architecture—and through them to life—by regarding them as something distinct from painting and writing and building is simply incalculable.

The importance of Mr. John is that being so specifically a painter and at the same time so obviously an artist, he helps to abolish the false distinction between painting and art. At his exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery, almost anybody can see that his pictures, with all their merits of design and execution, are examples of the same human exercise that is to be seen in its elementary forms on gipsy caravans, canal barges and ice-cream barrows. Only a great painter could bear this comparison or illustrate its truth. A great deal of what is



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The Fat Artilleryman

called "art" is concealment of origin as contemptible, though probably unconscious, as concealment of ancestry in the human sense of the word; and the artist who disowns his kinship with the house-painter is as truly a snob as the man who is ashamed of his grandfather. It would be extremely interesting to know when and why the snobbish views of art first came into being. Off-hand one is inclined to put it down to the Renaissance; to the conscious and deliberate revival by cultured people of what had been done hitherto as all in the day's work; to preoccupation with ideas and theories instead of with craftsmanship. The earlier painters do not seem to have bothered about ideas; they painted what they were told to paint, and the same man who produced the masterpiece that we house in the National Gallery sent in his bill for gilding angels' wings or freshening up the flames of Hell. I have beside me a Portuguese book on the Royal

Palace of Cintra, containing an early sixteenth century statement of expenditure in which the painters are lumped together with the men who "carted wood from Lisbon" or "furnished unbewn stones for the rabbit-warren." Nor



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Kathleen Dillon

were these painters merely artisans, for some of their names are included in histories of the arts in Portugal.

Without the privilege of his acquaintance, it is impossible to say how Mr. John regards the business of art, but from the look of his work I am confident that he would be well content with Rossetti to call himself "only a painter," differing only in skill from the man who paints a garden fence. It does not need an artistic education to feel this continuity of painting. Most of us can remember our childish disappointment at the results of painting on canvas or paper as compared with the glory of the colours in the pan or tube. We were told to admire the colouring in this or that picture, but in our hearts of hearts we preferred the colours, neat or as they were spread frankly upon our toys. The instinct was perfectly sound artistically, though, of course, it needed development, and one great advantage of the work of Mr. John is that it vindicates this childish appreciation of paint by showing that it is compatible with an imaginative interpretation of Nature, scholarly design, and the highest degree of skill in execution. Many pictures deny its compatibility; and in order to appreciate the qualities of the artist we have to renounce our instinctive enjoyment of paint, just as in order to appreciate much of what is called "literature" we have to regard it as something different not merely in degree, but in kind from the nursery rhyme and the racy conversation of the man with the coster's barrow. The writer or painter who makes us feel this is a great writer or painter, whatever the subject he writes about or paints. His ideas are as God pleases, but he knows his job. The lesson that we learn from him is much more than a technical lesson; it is a lesson in the singleness, the wholeness, of human faculty, in its full range from the bodily appetite to the spiritual aspiration; and the man who cannot enjoy art and literature in the same way as he enjoys his dinner, but has to shut off his appetites and rise to the occasion, has never learnt what they mean. Dinner is for bodily nourishment, and art is for spiritual refreshment, but to make those the conscious aim is not to elevate but to degrade enjoyment, as it degrades love to aim at offspring in loving a woman. "There's a Divinity," Nature has her own way of securing results, and by way of practical warning against distraction there is the first chapter of *Tristram Shandy*.

As a matter of practical convenience, having regard to the limitations of human faculty, painting does wisely concern itself with natural appearances; but they are not

essential to the art; and if a painter could communicate with us directly by arrangements of abstract forms and colours, as the musician does with sounds, there is no reason whatever why he should not do so.

On the whole it is an advantage to art that Mr. John does not attempt such experiments. They are interesting and promising in themselves—particularly the new attempts to intensify the reality of space, volume and energy—but while they enlarge the scope of painting they are apt to hinder its actual exercise. Prospecting and intensive cultivation are not generally done at the same time or by the same person. By keeping to the same sort of subject-matter as the nineteenth century painters, but treating it in a more scrupulously painter-like way, Mr. John becomes a useful link between the old and the new. By practice and not by theory he emancipates the art; bringing it once more into line with the humble efforts of cave and van dwellers and at the same time leaving the way open to the most abstract application of which the human mind is capable. As may be seen at the Alpine Club Gallery, his art is remarkably free from opinions and at the same time remarkably full and sensitive in its reaction to life. It is the "testament" of a painter in his character of painter, leaving his opinions as a man to be taken for granted. Such portraits as "Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilverston," "Madame Réjane," "Robin," "Kathleen Dillon," "Arthur Symons," and "The Fat Artilleryman" are enough to indicate the range of the reaction in response to human personality. The examples reproduced here are particularly well contrasted. They represent the Artist, the Soldier and the Poet; and it would be difficult to find in any one of them a trace of partiality beyond the natural interest of the painter in suitable material for his brush. Yet each of them is a real interpretation of personality, and not a mere impression of external appearance. They are as far from sentimental idealisation as from caricature. Even in the remarkable study of Mr. Arthur Symons there is no assumption of psychological insight outside the painter's craft. It is as if he said: "This is what I feel, as a painter, about this man"; and what he feels convinces us of its truth. In the same disinterested—though far from uninterested—way the very spirit of the British Army to-day is summed up in "The Fat Artilleryman." Nothing written helps us better to understand what our fighting men have done, and how they have done it; but it leaves the subject a credible human being, as you might meet him in the Tube. But taking all this into account, and the response to the

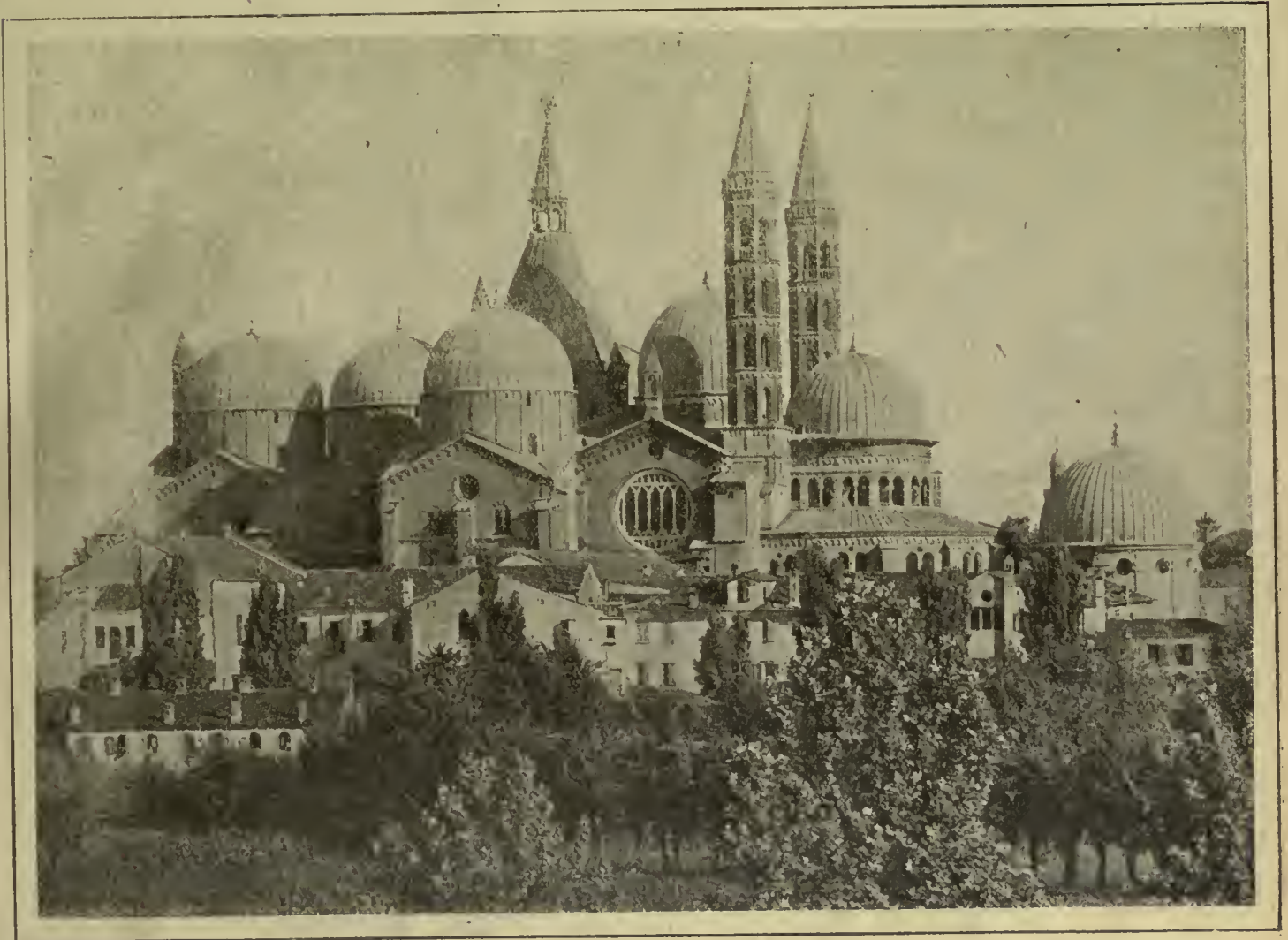


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Arthur Symons.

spirit of place in landscape and to basic humanity in "The Tinkers," Mr. John has no higher claim to our gratitude and admiration than his constant and consistent appearance as "only a painter."

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General View of Venice

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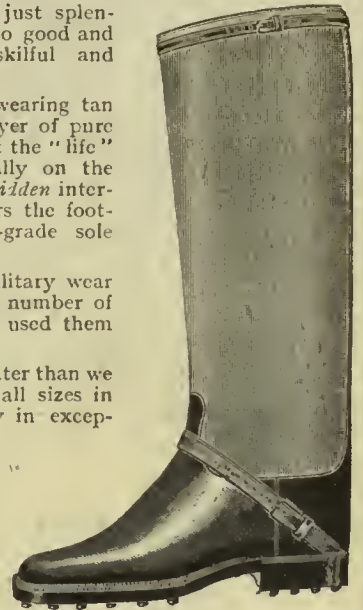
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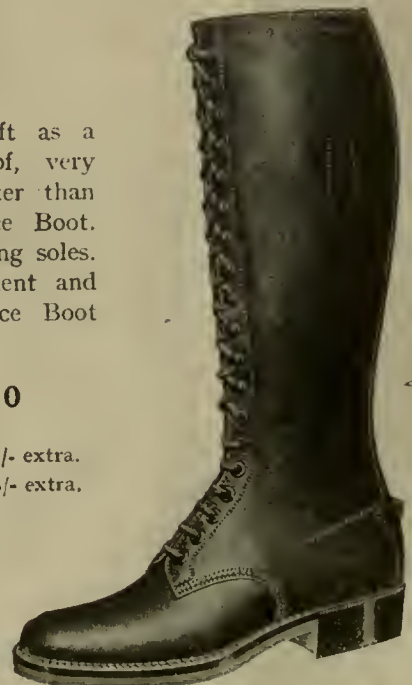
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1918

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"I must break in here before that comes down"

British Entry into Jerusalem



General Allenby and his Staff enter the Holy City on foot

Official Photograph

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1918

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REGIMENTED INDUSTRIES

IT will hardly be denied to-day by anyone worth listening to that the strongest, the most unconquerable organisation of human beings is the battalion of a British regiment imbued with the highest traditions of the British Army. From the beginning of the war until the most recent engagements of which we have any official record, it has been proved again and again that when a group of men of British blood, drawn from different ranks of life and of varying ages, is dominated by the regimental spirit and controlled by a firm and sympathetic discipline, they win achievements which under any other circumstances would be deemed little short of miraculous and which are in themselves of such power that they can and do turn the course of history. This fact is worthy of some slight investigation. We believe it would be found to be traceable not only to the fighting instinct which indubitably lurks in British blood and to that genius for discipline which is a characteristic of our race, but also to the Christian spirit which sets duty to others above duty to self and is satisfied that it should be so, and which has found its most concise expression in the single sentence, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

To-day we publish an article by "Jason," describing the Industrial Council which has been inaugurated by the pottery industry—a council on which every section of those whose livelihood depends on pottery is represented. The objects which the Council have to keep in view are defined, and they include everything which in any way affects the prosperity of the industry as a whole or the welfare of those engaged in the industry as individuals no matter what their particular position may be. It seems to us that here is a rightly regimented industry. "Regimented" is a word—an ugly word we admit—of which we have heard a very great deal in the last two or three years in connection with industrial reform and development after the war. Behind it there has always lain the connotation that the user has at the back of his mind the ideal of the drill-sergeant. Every worker is to fall into line, to discharge his duties in an efficient but more or less mechanical manner, to march and to fight whenever he is so ordered to, and the day's work over, to be dismissed, when he is free to amuse himself the best way he can, may be by drunkenness or disorderly behaviour, so long as his conduct is outside the drill-sergeant's purview. But that is not the proper sense of "regimented," if the word be used in the British spirit. The tastes and amusements of the man outside the barrack-yard are as much the interests of his officers as his conduct within it. It is recognised nowadays that a man's daily existence is not divided into watertight compartments, but that his life as a whole is the fitting concern of the regiment, if the regiment is to fulfil its duty on active service.

When we examine the conditions that underlie the building up of a first-class regiment, we find that while there is a clean-cut division of ranks, there is beneath it an undercurrent of human sympathy which holds all together; that there is an absence of class distinctions; that "service" is the keynote of the whole, and that when the hour of trial comes and the fiery ordeal has to be faced, it makes no difference whether the individual be C.O. or drummer-boy, he puts self behind him and thinks only of the regiment. There is no reason whatever why the same mode of conduct should not be introduced into industrial life. This newly-instituted Council of the Pottery Industry is proof of it.

The rules which the Council have drawn up are framed on right lines. The industry is to be governed by conditions equitable to all alike. Security of earnings is to be maintained; health is to be protected; initiative and originality of thought are to be encouraged, and whoever may add by invention or improvement of methods to the well-being of the industry, no matter his position, is to be adequately rewarded. Due attention is to be given to education, and careful statistics are to be kept, without encroachment on the proper privacy of firms or individuals. The more closely the objects of the Council are examined, the more nearly do they appear to approach the ideal. That every employer and every man or woman employed will accept them willingly seems to us to make too large a demand on human nature, but that the majority will do so we have no doubt, for they make so strong an appeal to the unselfish side of British character, which is unquestionably one of our most powerful national assets and would probably be found to be the very foundation stone of the British Empire.

Since Cromwell's day the English people has always stood in dread of organised effort. His New Model Army proved the power that even a band of slow-trained Midland yokels possessed under proper discipline and leadership. That fear is inherent; and directly industry generally organises itself in the way that the pottery industry is now doing, this antipathy is bound to declare itself, covertly and overtly. "Jason" anticipates it by pointing out that these rules contain a clause which will protect the consumer and prevent his exploitation by regimented industry. The gibe that the Briton lacks the power of organisation is remote from truth; but it is a fact that one section of the people has always, in its own interests, discouraged another section from exercising this power, the favourite point of attack being what is called class prejudice. There ought to be as little room for class prejudice in the industries of peace as in the regiments of war. Only stupidity or malevolence maintains them; reason laughs them down, and if it were possible for all engaged in various industries to meet on that common platform of humanity, which is advantage ground which the British army occupies to-day, and from which it will advance in due time to victory, then we may be certain that the nation would be as invincible in peace as in war.

The progress of the Pottery Council will be carefully watched. If it succeeds, as we trust it may succeed, it will introduce a new era into national life and go a long way towards redeeming the worst evils of the Industrial Revolution. There are many other industries which sorely need to be regimented in the same spirit; the outstanding one is agriculture. It is riddled by petty jealousy; it is riven by needless animosities, and even at this hour when its vital importance is widely recognised, it is so weak through lack of co-ordination and self-discipline that it is forced to submit to rules and regulations which would be impossible were it only in a position to make its full national and political power felt. One has only to read the article by Sir Herbert Matthews in this issue to realise the truth of it. Co-operation must be introduced; district must work with district, farmer with farmer, and not each against the other as happens at present. We are very well aware that many who know intimately the British agricultural community declare this to be an impossibility; and that this industry which provided the oldest story in the world of mortal jealousy, has hardly changed in this respect from that primal hour. Be that as it may, man, though he be husbandman or herdman, does advance, and we are convinced that agriculture will never occupy the position it should do in this country until it is regimented like the Pottery Industry.

The New State in Europe

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE has arisen during the past year a great New State in Europe. It already exists in practice. If the enemy's armies remain undefeated it will soon be defined in public law and will be apparent to all. It may be called the State of Central Europe.

It is essentially federate in nature, though parts of the federation are subjects rather than partners. It is composed, therefore, of distinct communities, some of which have long been, others, of which may soon be, distinct nations. These will possess, no doubt, autonomous institutions and even local dynasties. None the less this New State is *one*. It is the creation of one Power which makes it possible (now that Russia has gone) and which is the centre and principle of unity of the whole.

The New State thus created before our eyes is the work of Prussia.

Its centre and principal of unity is Prussia. Its capital is Berlin. It is vast. It extends from somewhat west of the Rhine to far east of the Vistula; from the Baltic to the Alps and the Balkans. It has for direct dependents (or members) the Slavonic and other communities lying for hundreds of miles to the east of the Germans. It has for indirect dependents or members, almost equally bound to it, the Bulgarians and the Turks. It is already upon the Adriatic. If it is maintained it will control the eastern shores of the North Sea, nearly all the littoral of the Black Sea, the northern shores of the Aegean and the whole of the Baltic. Through it will be exploited the undeveloped wealth of the Russian Plains, of Syria and of Mesopotamia. It will be the dominant factor in the Politics and in the economic structure of the old world.

Upon whether this New State thus remains strong, organised, informed by Prussia as its principle of unity, and really existent among us depends the future of Western civilisation. In particular there depends upon this issue the fate of these islands, and of their system overseas.

Those who live far from Europe and are necessarily unfamiliar with our problems may be excused from grasping what has happened. It is a very recent experience. The New State was an impossibility so long as the Russian autocracy still stood; and from the first signs of that autocracy's catastrophe to the present moment is less than a year. No wonder that observers outside Europe are still blind to it, and still talk in terms of 1914. What is more remarkable is that the politicians of Western Europe have not yet (apparently) grasped its existence. None the less it is there, and on its continuance or dissolution depend all our coming years. It has become the supreme issue of the war.

Prussia's Ideal

Prussia, the confederation she had organised upon her own model (called, since 1871, the "German Empire,") and men of German speech in sympathy with that model to the south, in the Austrian mark, envisaged the creation of such a Central State when war was suddenly forced upon Europe in 1914. They had long envisaged it. They did not perhaps imagine how soon their ideal would be realised. It is realised to-day. It is before us now for all to observe, and if it is confirmed by a peace which leaves Prussia undefeated, all that for which the Western nations have fought, including their own dignity, security and power is at an end.

I propose in this and the following articles to describe the extent and nature of this New Central State; its composition in geographical limits, language and religion; its economic potential; what are its possible weaknesses, and what are certainly its present elements of strength. I shall attempt this description without reference to the moral ideas supporting us in the great struggle, without denunciation of the tyranny or falsehood or bad faith on the part of Prussia which were necessary to the success of this her plan.

To make the necessity of victory unquestionable, it should be sufficient for the peril to be understood. And to understand a thing it is enough merely to analyse the nature of the thing and to present it—just as one may analyse and present the nature of a strategical situation threatening defeat, without proceeding to dilate upon the horrors of defeat; or just as it is possible to analyse with detachment and to describe the action of a poison without wasting words upon the agony it will cause, or the fear of death which it promises. The matter we have to examine is something now really existent. Our first duty is to recognise it and to understand it. That done it will be clear enough that either it survives and we go under, or that we dissolve it and preserve our civilisation. We must first see the *thing* clearly and know that it is there.

Then and then only can we deal with it. To continue the repetition of abstract formulae upon national rights, self-government, and the rest is as futile in the presence of such a phenomenon as would be a panegyric upon quiet living when a dam had already broken in the hills above us and the flood was approaching our houses. Russia has broken and the Central State is consequently upon us. Like all other historical phenomena its appreciation by those whom it threatens must come somewhat tardily and may come too late. Hence the advantage of studying it in time and of appreciating, as soon as possible after its first appearance, that it has come.

Though this great new State now in process of creation under the direction of Prussia will be described in detail and its real existence at this moment taken for granted in these articles, this does not mean for a moment that the writer presumes its successful continuance. Such a presumption would be a presumption of defeat; and the superiority of Western civilisation over the Germanies is such that the balance is in favour of victory, no matter how numerous the new resources which the enemy successively discover, if only we avoid a premature surrender.

If the military machine of Prussia be put out of action the whole structure of this great new Central State automatically collapses, and its place will be taken by numerous independent nations acting upon the normal European model which ensures diversity and therefore freedom and life. But the point to grasp is that the thing of which we speak is already in being and that its maintenance and dissolution—though that dissolution may arrive at any moment, though the life of the thing spoken of may therefore prove in history exceedingly brief—has become the prime matter of the war. It will be maintained if we make peace with an undefeated Germany. If we wear Germany down it will be dissolved.

Western Boundaries

Let us first of all grasp what the complex of Central Europe is. On its Western side Central Europe consists *wholly* of that nationally German belt which, whether within the modern German Empire or exterior to it in the Austrian mark, is now for international purposes politically one. We must take for our Western limit, therefore, the undisputed boundary which marks upon the West the German peoples properly so called, that is, *the German-speaking population attached to the German nationality and now supporting the successes of the Prussianised German Empire*. That is the best definition of the "German Belt." The German language is not an exact test, for it has many forms, fades into Frisian and Dutch in one sector; is mixed with Slavonic additions in another. It is spoken—in certain dialects—by men who have no political attachment to German nationality, whether because they are by tradition opposed to it—as are the villages of Alsace—or whether because (like the Swiss-German cantons) while in sympathy with the race they prefer political independence.

The Western frontier of the Central European State is, then, the western limit of true German nationality.

Such a western frontier is easily determined, it follows the Rhine from its issue out of Switzerland for a distance of about 100 miles to near Karlsruhe. It runs thence a little east of north to the valley of the Saar, strikes the Moselle at the present frontier of Luxembourg and is thence almost exactly coterminous with the political frontier of the modern German Empire until that frontier reaches the North Sea.

Attempts to colonise by force and policy beyond this mark can be debated; so can vague sympathies of race outside it, so can districts within this mark which, until quite modern times, had no strong German leanings, but rather looked towards the Netherlands or other local patriotisms. But the line thus established is nearer to an exact political frontier than perhaps anything else in Continental Europe.

Upon the east no such definite boundary can be established. There we deal with those vast flat districts, often a waste of marsh and forest, nearly always debatable in history between various races, speeches and religions, which might be somewhat rhetorically (but none the less accurately) described as the Marches of Muscovy. We must, at any rate, include for our purpose all the Valley of the Vistula, all the Baltic seaboard up to the Gulf of Finland; the Marshes of the Priepet; all the basin of the Danube, the Dniester, and the Meinel, and the lower course of the Dvina. A very rough mark is longitude 30 East of Greenwich.

Between these two boundaries, minute and detailed upon the west, exceedingly vague upon the east, lies this great body



The New State in Europe

of Central Europe. Whether it shall offer virtual unification under enemy influence, or form in the future a body of competing and independent nations, is the present great debate of the world. From north to south the boundaries are, upon the north, of course, the Baltic, save for one debatable but very narrow belt near the Kiel Canal, for which conflicting arguments will claim Danish or German allegiance.*

Upon the south the frontiers are, up to the Adriatic, very nearly those of the Austrian and German Empires as they were before the war, excluding certain Italian-speaking and feeling districts, such as the Trentino and a portion of the Austrian coast, while through the Balkans a vaguer division would run, always excluding historic Greece, which could hardly be regarded as ever likely to fall into the direct system of a Central European State, though it would, of course, like many outlying nations, be within its orbit should such a State be established. But the Narrows between Asia and Europe (which command the Black Sea and are also the doorway to the East) certainly fall within our definition, as does the whole of the Black Sea Coast, at least to Odessa.

It will be observed that in such a division there has been excluded the Swiss-German cantons in spite of their strong German feeling. It is right to make this distinction because the national tradition of the Swiss outweighs any such racial attachment, and because no Central European policy would be so foolish as to challenge the Swiss tradition, useful as a neutral force, useless to them in any other capacity. Nor is any mention made of the Netherlands or of the Scandinavian peoples, because with a Central European State established, these outliers would necessarily fall under the orders and influence of that State, while its authors would have no advantage in attempting a more direct rule.

So defined, the great new State of which we speak consists essentially of two political factors. First, upon the west, the various German-speaking peoples united for the moment at least in a common object and drilled by Prussia; secondly, upon the east, an extraordinary mosaic of race, language and religion; Slavonic and Turanian and Jewish; Orthodox, Catholic and Protestant; showing isolated districts of German speech among Slavs, Magyars, Roumanians or Letts; other isolated districts of Slav or others amid German surroundings; distinctions social and not geographical, as between the German land-owners of the Baltic coast and their serfs; religious but not racial, as between the Roumanian Orthodox and the Roumanian Uniates; passionate divergences of race not definable geographically, as between the Jews and the Poles; and, adding to the whole confusion, differences closely intertwining of culture, of tradition and of expectations for the future.

How are we to arrive at any general view of something so apparently chaotic? We shall be principally helped to such a general view—as will appear later in this series of articles—by a general historical outline which explains the map in its various forms. But before reaching this there are certain terms of graphical presentations which, combined, will give us our first elements in the matter, and for this I must ask my reader to look at the annexed map.

Geography of the New State

In the first place, we see first in this map the geographical area with which we have to deal. It is, roughly speaking, 1,000 miles from east to west, and 600 to 700 miles from north to south, the latter dimension increasing as we go eastward from less than 400 miles as the crow flies upon the west to about 900 miles upon the east.

We can also see in this map the prime distinction between the compact German-speaking body, attached to German nationality, and the vast confused region which lies to the east of that body. The former is the master in the New State, the latter the servant. The former, under Prussia, controls, informs and will exploit the latter; and the first step in the understanding of this is to seize the *distribution of population*.

This element in the understanding of any politico-geographical matter affecting human affairs—density of population—is very ill done in most modern study. It is ill done mainly because ordinary maps teach us to think in mere *areas*—without visualising the presence and activity of those human beings which compose the nation. It is also ill-done partly because it is novel in conception, partly because modern conditions make it very difficult to do, partly because it is justly suspect. Industrialism has created the enormous towns of our time, yet we know that those towns do not "pull their weight" in the body politic, because they have no corporate unity or tradition. Again, industrialism has crowded whole districts with an uprooted population, partly vagabond, always mixed and unfortunate, which number for

number cannot be weighed against the more sparsely inhabited countryside. Again, two districts equally thickly inhabited will depend for their effect in national history upon many factors other than numbers. Nevertheless, some way of presenting the density of population to the eye is essential before we can understand the meaning of a mere geographical area and is the first thing to be attempted.

In the case of this body of "Central Europe," that scheme, though very complicated, has a certain principle of unity which we can retain in our further study. If we mark off the districts with more than 100 souls to the square kilometre (say, a family to ten acres—which means a dense modern population taking town and country together); if we eliminate, for the sake of clearness, many separate "islands" of dense population, marking only the great towns of over half a million inhabitants, we obtain the fairly obvious "L" of dense population apparent on the map. There is one long belt of dense population running from west to east and corresponding to the higher courses of the northern rivers. There is another short one running from north to south and corresponding exactly to the opportunities of mining communication and agriculture afforded by the Rhine valley.

Mastery and Density

Now when we consider on this sketch Map (1) the total area of Central Europe. (2) The boundaries of the German national group; and (3) The map of population, we are at once aware of the following phenomenon: *The weight of numbers lies to the west and belongs to the German-speaking belt which under Prussia proposes to be the master of the whole.* In other words, here, as in so many other cases of historical development, especially when that development has been false and productive of ill, agglomeration of population tells. We shall see later on in these articles the curious point that the district from which has sprung and wherein still principally resides the Prussian spirit that informs the whole, is a district ill-populated, for its size the least populated of all.

The reader will also note, when he compares upon the sketch map the boundaries of the German area and the political boundaries of the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires, the way in which the preponderance of population lies, not only mainly within the German belt, but also almost entirely within the old political boundaries of the two Central Empires. In other words, the mass of the population which will dominate the new State is German to begin with, and a still greater proportion of it has been hitherto included within the political boundaries of the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires, and has therefore been trained to obedience within those systems; it has inherited their methods of government and is docile to their expansion.

We have here an element very favourable to the development of the new State should the dominating position of Prussia remain undisturbed. There will be a natural tendency for the more densely populated areas to approach, to occupy, and to develop the less densely populated; a process which takes place in every development of a hinterland. For there is a certain sense, economic and even political, in which countries to the east of the Central Empires may be regarded as the hinterlands of those Powers. They themselves certainly regard this eastern belt in that light. In the German Universities the thing is taken for granted. So it is in the political scheme of Berlin.

Our first conclusion, then, with regard to this new great State now arising in Europe and challenging the West, is that so far as mere distribution of population is concerned, the weight of the German group which proposes to master the rest under the tuition of Prussia is naturally preponderant and should, left to itself, naturally control the whole.

Here, as in other matters which will be touched upon in these articles, we see in what lies the reason of the Prussian ambition, and why it has seemed to the statesmen of Prussia an almost fatal necessity of the future in their favour, while we in the West were hardly thinking of the matter at all, but were still talking in terms of political arrangements which before the war were unstable and in the course of the war have disappeared. Here, as in other aspects of the same theme, we can understand why all talk of an independent this or an independent that in the Eastern countries beyond the German belt, all talk of "self-determination" or "government by consent of the governed," means nothing in practice unless the military power of Prussia be overset. Leave it remaining even with its prestige alone; leave it undefeated even if it consents to a peace with nominal autonomy for sundry groups to the east of the Germans, and those groups will inevitably fall under the general hegemony of the Prussianised German. They will be provinces within his authority and they will permanently constitute together with the master-State over them that new State of Central Europe, the existence and menace of which is the theme of these articles. So much

* A German *dialect* will be found well north of that line, but German allegiance is disputed.

for the most obvious and elementary points: area, distribution of population, and relation of the whole to the German position in the west.

Our second step must be to explain how this distribution of population arose; that is, the economic exploitation so fully developed within Germany and Bohemia and the *potential* economic exploitation which awaits German capital and enterprise in the new lands to the east.

We must next consider how the complex of religions in these regions affects the problem. Next, we must turn to the historical causes which have produced this state of affairs before the war and tempted the Prussian reigning house to the adventure in which it has, for the moment, succeeded. Each aspect of the enquiry will show us, I think, more and more clearly, that either that adventure is to be destroyed by the force of the older civilisation in arms, or that it will, if it be established, permanently be the master of that old civilisation.

This war has frequently been called a war of life and death for nations. The term has seemed exaggerated to those who naturally (and all cultivated men must have great sympathy with them) re-act against the vulgarity of certain sections of the Press and politicians. None the less the phrase

though violent is ultimately true. The struggle is indeed a struggle of life and death, in the sense that the vigorous impression of deserved superiority which the older Western civilisation gave to all Europe, the culture which it supported, the diversity which it nourished, will never stand against a great and upon the whole homogeneous power erected upon such a scale in the midst of Europe. Though less than us it would master us and put us into a position of inferiority. Though incapable of building as we have built, or thinking as we have thought, it would be capable of reducing us to a permanent jealous and insecure defensive wherein all that we care for and that makes us ourselves would gradually disappear. No instrument theoretically forbidding so great a political organisation to exercise armed power is of the least value. If that organism already exists, is allowed to continue in existence, to confirm itself, and to define itself further, to take root, and to acquire a solid historical substance, it would give the tone to all Europe, and what that tone is we know. The intense local patriotisms which were the life of all Europe will have no place in such a scheme: the tradition of the past will be cut and the greater will be governed by the less. Which last is in morals almost the definition of decay.

(To be continued).

Capture of Mount Tomba

OF military movement during the week there has been none save a step upon the part of the Austrians north of Mount Tomba, which has a certain local importance, though it is of no great moment in the war as a whole.

It will be remembered that the French a few weeks ago seized the trenches on the crest of the Mount Tomba from the Austrians by one of those rapid co-ordinated pieces of work of which the model was ranged in the October of 1916 in front of Verdun, when Douaumont and its strip of territory were retaken.

In this comparatively small action on Mount Tomba, 1,400 prisoners fell into French hands at a trifling cost, and the essential object (which was reached) was the Austrian trench system overlooking the crest of the hill. We have just had the sequel to that which was proved to be an Austrian retirement of about a mile down the northern slopes and their consequent abandonment of observation over the plain. It is possible, or probable, that this move indicates an abandonment for the moment, and perhaps throughout the winter season—of any attempt to force the Italian line at this point. For many weeks past—indeed, for nearly two months—the crest of Mount Tomba in the hands of the enemy has been their principal mark of success. The snow was very late in falling. A great concentration of guns and munitions was therefore rendered possible in these hills, and a successful advance towards the plain. The only part of the last rampart which the enemy reached, however, the only point from which he could overlook the cities and plain of Venetia, was the crest of Mount Tomba. The Allies had been thrown back on to the southern slopes and the enemy's observation posts on a clear day commanded everything below them up to the Adriatic itself.

This advantage they would appear to have relinquished in the course of the last few days under the pressure of the French occupation of the summit.

A Correction

I note from several letters that have reached me, the necessity for correcting a false impression given about a month ago by a misprint in these columns. This misprint consisted in the word "upon" appearing in place of the word "over," which last, as the context should have shown, was the right word. I said then (as I repeat now) that the enemy had through the events in Russia a superiority in men and material for the moment *over* the West. That is, the number of pieces at his disposal probably, and the number of men at his disposal certainly—the organised forces and the recruiting field behind them—is larger than the corresponding strength of the Western European Powers. To these will ultimately be added the effort of America. But for the moment the difference exists and, that is why, in a word, we are on the defensive. To say that the enemy had a present superiority in numbers, upon what is familiarly called "the Western Front," that is, the line from Alsace to Nieuport, would be nonsense. The West in one sense means the Western Powers as a whole; the West in the other sense means the Anglo-French line between the Adriatic and the North Sea. And so far as that line is concerned, the enemy has not a superiority in men or in guns for the moment. He has probably no more than 157 divisions in France and Belgium, and whatever he has altogether between the Stelvio Pass and the mouth of the Piave does not make up for the big margin between his present strength in

France and Belgium, and that of his opponents. But what he has got is, short of novel events in Russia, on which one cannot prophesy, but which do not seem likely, a great reservoir of men to draw upon for use ultimately against the three Western Allies.

In this connection there is a point which ought to have been fairly clear, and which it is remarkable to find as confused as it is in much contemporary writing: The advantage to the enemy of this Eastern man-power being released need not and probably will not take the form of many divisions being transferred bodily from East to West. The form it will probably take is the very great extension of what has already begun, to wit, the use of the Eastern front as a rest camp and the perpetual filling of gaps on the West with that proportion of the Eastern forces which are of young and good material. The ultimate effect in mere numbers is exactly the same whether you replace losses by such recruitment (which could not have taken place had Russia still been fighting) or whether you move units as a whole. The choice between one and the other system is entirely a matter of system, not of ultimate numerical strength; it is a choice between keeping your cistern full from a tap and keeping it full from a bucket. The result in mere man-power is the same in either case.

So much for the numerical position. The situation of Northern Russia, which you may call at will a collapse or a treason or an anarchy or a defeat (in military terminology the last term is certainly the accurate one) the elimination of South Russia—whether you call it a betrayal or a secession or what you will—has provided the enemy with anything from three-quarters of a million to a million men for ultimate use upon the West, which he would not have had if the Russian State were still standing and were still fighting. Meanwhile, of course, the enemy's annual recruitment of about 500,000 men yearly in the German Empire and more than 300,000 in the Austro-Hungarian continues—Class 1920 has been called up in both those countries. And, the annual recruitment of Bulgaria certainly, less certainly of the Turkish Empire, is more than equivalent to the recruiting power we possess for replacement against it in the Eastern fields of the war.

But the numerical calculation thus established (and it is exceedingly simple and should be obvious to everyone) is only one factor in a very complex problem. There are four others which posterity will be able to analyse at leisure and which we either cannot or must not analyse at all sufficiently for any practical judgment.

Those four remaining factors are: (1) The rate at which America can supply men and material, including the power to maintain tonnage for the same; (2) The progress of the submarine campaign against our communications and civilian supply, coupled with the rate of building against it; (3) The technical advantages of the Western Allies compared with those of the Central Empires during the next few months—that is, the rate at which they may devise and train upon either side; and (4) most important of all: The internal conditions of the enemy's territory as connected not only with the material efficiency of his armies, but civilian moral and all the rest of it.

The first three cannot be discussed. Upon the 4th, which may be discussed, we have data quite insufficient for a conclusive judgment. Of its nature this judgment would depend upon something imponderable. Even if we knew everything about the enemy's material condition and its probable exasperation in the next few months, we should still

have to rely upon very imperfect guesswork to estimate the effect this would have upon his power of resistance. Such things are only calculable where they concern the absolute necessities of an armed force, and where those stocks of necessities are near exhaustion. The situation of the enemy does not lend itself to any such calculation. He is not short of coal or of iron or of material for explosives. What he is short of is the means of conducting the general life of the State. We also are short of it, but not in the same degree as he is. We do not know the degree of perfection of his organisation, but no matter how high that degree, it is clear that his present

situation is imposing a strain far greater than anything yet suffered among the Western Allies. On whether that strain will reach a breaking point or not mainly depend the fortunes of the coming season. It is wiser to scale down the advantages in our favour upon the enemy's side, moral and material, and to believe that the enemy can hold, so far as mere supply is concerned, throughout the open season of 1918. We may well believe that before the end of it his state will be desperate, but we have no warranty to conclude that it will bring about a break in his whole organism before next winter. Russia has changed all.

H. BELLOC

The Admiralty Changes

By Arthur Pollen

WHEN the historian of the Great War is able in some dispassionate future to appraise this nation's successive steps in its struggle for efficiency, he will surely regard those announced during the last three weeks as amongst the most significant and the most curious. They are significant because they are a measure of our previous inefficiency; curious as measuring the time necessary before the results of common knowledge can be expressed in common action.

A very cursory rereading of the comments on naval affairs, written by the better qualified writers during the last three years, would remind those who have maintained their interest in this vital matter that the various governments that have controlled our destiny since the beginning of the war have never lacked remembrancers to warn them that war cannot be carried on scientifically except through an organisation scientifically calculated to achieve its purpose. Not, of course, that the necessity of a Naval Staff was pointed out for the first time after war had begun. It was, indeed, the first reform urged by Lord Beresford when he was almost the only reformer, and it was the most urgently pressed by those who supported and succeeded him. There were innocent and hopeful souls who thought that Mr. Churchill's Memorandum of January 1st, 1912, realised the advance which progressive thinkers had desiderated. They did not realise the fatal omission from Mr. Churchill's professed policy; they did not appreciate his incapacity to carry out even the policy that he announced.

The theory of a staff organisation is not really very difficult to understand. Historically, the staff derives from the organisation put at the disposal of the commander-in-chief in the field for securing the unified action of all the scattered and diverse units of his force, so that by synchronous movements and a universally understood system of wording and obeying orders, all could combine for the achievement of a common object. It supplied the means of co-ordinating information which alone made co-operation possible. It was at once a mental extension and the physical executive of the supreme commander. In origin then the staff is a necessary element to command. And it inevitably grew until it covered all the problems, executive as well as intellectual, that war propounds.

A right conception of naval war shows at a glance the main functions of a staff necessary to prepare for it in peace and to deal with it when it comes. Sea power is brought into being for one purpose only—to destroy the sea power of the enemy. Its single objective then is to fight. It may be thwarted of its purpose, because the enemy has it in his power to withdraw his forces from the sea and to place them where sea power cannot reach them. The navy that is denied battle must then proceed to seize—so far as is possible—all the advantages that victorious battle would have given, and to inflict upon the enemy all the disadvantages which, by defeat, he would have incurred. The advantages gained by victory are freedom to use the sea, the ability to invade directly or indirectly, immunity from the threat of invasion. The disadvantage of defeat is a siege which the victorious fleet can inflict by blockade. But it is an error to suppose that the justification of a blockade is the gradual sapping of the enemy's civil endurance and military strength effected by the stringency it creates. The real military justification of a blockade is that the disadvantages of this stringency will compel the enemy to fight. There is in theory—and all the facts of history support it—no possible alternative to fighting being the primary purpose for which navies exist.

It follows that, if the General Staff is the mental extension of the chief command, fighting must be the only concern of the most important section of staff organisation. "War," said an American general, "is fighting, and fighting is killing." At sea it means the employment of weapons, chiefly in ships, for the destruction of the enemy's weapon-carrying ships and

other defences of his sea forces. Sea war then is primarily an affair of the choice and use of weapons. For practical purposes there are three naval weapons: the gun, the torpedo and the mine. The guns in practical use in the British Fleet alone are very various. There are anti-submarine patrol boats armed with twelve pounders and even smaller weapons; and battleships and battle cruisers armed with 15-inch guns and, if rumour is to be trusted, with larger weapons still. Torpedoes vary as do guns, but to a less degree. And there are several types of mines and depth charges. In selecting the armament for any particular ship and in detailing any particular ship for any particular operation, two intellectual functions must be exercised. There is the choice of the weapon and prescribing the method of its use. And, inseparable from these two is the third—the design of the ship that is to carry the weapon. What is true of guns is true of torpedoes, mines and depth charges. It is hardly necessary to add that in all war the science of the use of weapons is twofold. It has an offensive and a defensive side to it. You must master your weapon for the purpose of attacking the enemy; you must master the defensive means the enemy's use of the weapon imposes upon you. According, therefore, as circumstances make the use of one or other kind of weapon likely to be predominant by your own forces or by the enemy's, so will the staff grade the offensive or defensive aspect of its preparations.

The general theory behind the British pre-war conception of sea power, was that so long as we possessed a battle fleet excelling in numbers the combined fleets of all our probable enemies, and composed of units each individually more powerful than those any enemy was known to be preparing, we should not only be perfectly safe from naval defeat, but would in all probability not even have to fight for safety, for the excellent reason that no enemy not absolutely desperate would provoke a contest in which the odds would be hopelessly against him. Our theory of war, therefore, was generally that the enemy's main forces would have to keep to their harbours, leaving us free to carry on the transport of troops and to employ our own and Allied and Neutral merchant ships in supply, practically as if no enemy naval force existed. If we test this theory by the two principles laid down above—namely, that fleets exist only to fight and that in preparing for this, regard must be had to the special weapon each side will rely upon, we shall, I think, notice a very curious contradiction in our conduct. For our theory being that with a battle fleet as big as ours, neither the enemy's main fleet—nor any of his merchant men—could ever put to sea except upon some desperate adventure, when it would obviously be our object to destroy him, we should have placed our main reliance on our longest range weapon to effect his destruction. For, *ex hypothesi*, the enemy would generally be fugitive. Our first care then should have been to have brought our battleships' gunnery to the highest perfection, and hence to have exhausted our capacity for analysis so as to anticipate every condition of action, and then to have entrusted to the best scientific talent we possessed the production of whatever optical, mechanical or electrical devices that were required for overcoming the difficulties which right anticipation showed would arise in battle. Only so could we have hoped to give a logical expression to the offensive theory on which battleships are designed. And, conversely, assuming our policy of driving the enemy within his harbours by fear or defeat to have succeeded, we should have rendered the naval gun in his hands a weapon of which we need not be afraid—for it was always clear that with the advance in the speed of ships and in rapidity of communication brought about by steam and wireless, the neutralisation of a battle fleet must be followed by an absolute command of the sea in the sense in which old writers used it.

We should then have looked into the possibilities of the other naval weapons, new comers in the field of war, weapons that

have really duplicated naval war by making an under-surface as well as a surface war possible, and asked ourselves where the study of the use of these weapons led us in our preparations for hostilities. We should have asked ourselves what is left to an enemy doomed to defeat or impotence in the war of surface ships? Will under-water war help him to redress the balance of sea power? The elements were all well known, and had long been familiar. The textbooks on torpedoes, submarines and mines that existed before the fateful fourth of August will no doubt all need extensive rewriting. But there will be no need to restate any fundamental theory of the employment of these weapons.

Admiral Aube's Doctrine

For over thirty years it has been a commonplace amongst naval writers that the new element introduced into naval war by the torpedo was a form of attack—assumed to be necessarily fatal in each instance, when brought home—almost impossible to avoid, because made by an agent enjoying the magic gift of invisibility. That a maritime nation could be defeated in war by bringing its sea supplies to naught, and that torpedo attack might achieve this nullification, despite all that surface ships could do, were the main contentions set out by Admiral Aube in his famous pamphlets of 1885 and 1886. The submarine added no new principle to Aube's theory. It only substituted the literally invisible submarine for the virtually invisible swift torpedo boat. But, while no new principle was added, a means so far more effective was substituted that naval thinkers and writers at once perceived that the logical development of the submarine would convert Aube's *guerre de course* from a dream to a working theory. What then, our postulates as to sea war on the surface being as we have seen, were the obvious deductions to which a study of under-water craft and under-water weapons would have led us? We should surely have realised that here was the only hope of an enemy hopelessly disadvantaged in the war of battleships and cruisers. And equally that here was a field in which we stood to gain least by the offensive, for the excellent reason that we should have no targets to attack. And, consequently, just as the perfection of long range gunnery in action conditions would have been our dominant pre-occupation if we would develop offensive in normal sea war to the full, so too it should, in the abnormal war beneath the sea, have been our main purpose to have preoccupied ourselves with the defensive. But, as all the world knows, we let gunnery take care of itself, setting our main fleet to a purely defensive rôle. And we leapt into the van in developing the submarine and long range torpedo, forcing the pace which our enemy was bound to follow, and then neglected to prepare even the most elementary of counter measures to meet the weapons we had forged against ourselves.

No organisation preparing a navy for war which had included a section for the study of the technique of weapons could possibly have fallen into two blunders so glaring and disastrous as these two have proved. And it was because the Churchill War Staff of 1912 set an enormous number of officers and clerks to work on plans of war without reference to the means by which those plans were to be put into effect—for the staff was altogether severed from the study of weapons, that is the study of fighting, that is the whole purpose for which fleets exist!—that we drifted into the great and hazardous confusion of hostilities wholly unprovided with the first essential to success.

We went on in this muddled and happy-go-lucky way, learning nothing from the ominous failures to make hits at the Falkland Islands and the Dogger Bank affair, blind to the appalling lessons of Gallipoli, until Jutland made it clear even to the least observant that modern long range gunnery, as exemplified by the two fleets in action that day, was almost altogether impotent. Then another year passed, and we found that just as forty battleships and battle cruisers could not, in a sea action lasting from a quarter to four till eight at night, make hits enough to disable more than one of their twenty opponents, so too our other sea forces were altogether unable to protect our merchant shipping from the submarines. Yet that the attack would be exactly what it was, there had been, if possible, even less doubt, than that the gunnery of the fleet would fail when it came to battle. For the German threat of ruthless under-water attack on the largest scale which Germany could prepare, was specifically given within ten days of our hearing that von Spee's squadron had been destroyed, and had been repeated again and again in the intervening months. Even to those, then, who had not the intelligence to realise that our enemy would inevitably adopt the Aube theory of war because it was the only form of war open to him, the enemy's actions, no less than his perfectly frank warnings, should have brought enlightenment. Why were all warnings as to the inefficiency of our gunnery and the virtual non-existence of an anti-submarine organisa-

tion consistently ignored? The answer is obvious. There was no staff department to point out to the chief command what were the right methods of using the gun, or what followed from the enemy employing the right method—for his purpose—of using the torpedo.

The system of Admiralty administration under which we had suffered since 1904—the system of autocracy—was necessarily responsible for these misfortunes. The vice of autocracy is that its actions cannot be impartially or authoritatively reviewed. In the sphere of civil government it breeds injustice and inefficiency. In the Navy it bred inefficiency because it did injustice to the truth. In civil affairs the humaner peoples have preferred democracy to autocracy, because they rightly put justice to the individual as the first care of the State, and because justice cannot prevail where a government's actions cannot be reviewed. You cannot administer a service like the Navy democratically, that is by allowing the individuals composing it to elect their officers. But you can secure that justice to the truth—and incidentally to the individuals that advocate it—shall prevail by seeing that the trained intellects of the service are employed impersonally and impartially to examine every main departure in policy.

Command and Supply

Fourteen months ago the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet became First Sea Lord and brought with him various officers recently under his command. But he made no change in Admiralty organisation. Its two main defects remained. Command and Supply or, as the official phrase has it, Operations and Maintenance, were still muddled together. And there was no Staff. Five months of this regime revealed total failure. Last May came the first reconstruction. In July Sir Eric Geddes became First Lord, and we have just seen the reconstruction completed. The first step was a real effort to separate Command and Supply, but it was the only advance made. For not only was the organisation wrong, but it had been worked by the dynasty that had governed us since 1904, whose inadequacy for the task was proved, not only by failure in the field, but by their contentment with a system that, even if energetically worked, would have made success difficult. Critics welcomed Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss because they hoped the new organisation would be worked in a new spirit. They also hoped for the completion of the reorganisation and for new men to operate it. What has just been accomplished is that the reforms of last May have been carried to their logical conclusion.

I said at the outset of this paper that historically the general staff derived from the organisation through which the Commander-in-Chief in the field could employ the numerous and various units that composed his forces, and that its growth into an impersonal brain force, to cover the whole field of war, was an after development. It is the first of these stages of staff development that seems to be realised in the changes announced last week. I mean by this, that the First Lord has not attempted the construction of a complete staff on scientific lines; method and technic are not provided for. It is an organisation created to deal with the immediate difficulties of the day and to deal with them immediately. And so far as it goes, both in the division and subdivision of functions and in the choice of officers to preside over the various branches, the work seems to be exceedingly well done. This is not to say that there are not both inclusions and exclusions which in the first case surprise, and in the other disappoint. But this after all is inevitable and, while we may be sure that the First Lord's new scheme of work is intended to be the foundation of a permanent fabric, we can be equally sure that such a fabric will call for a continual change in personnel as the needs of the situation and the aptitudes of different officers are revealed.

To a great extent no doubt the most vital problems of all—those that arise in settling the use of weapons—while not specifically provided for in the new arrangement by new

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staff departments, are nevertheless not altogether neglected. The First Lord has probably supposed that his nine new Directors—a group of men it is no exaggeration to call brilliant—working under the Deputy First Lord and the Deputy and Assistant Chiefs of the Naval Staff, together with their several expert assistants in each department—all of them fresh from sea experience and mostly of forty years of age or less—must from their own personal knowledge and from their many facilities for communicating with those actively engaged in operations, have at their disposal all the technical knowledge and all the technical developments that the war has brought about, and that therefore their plans and advice will be perfectly in accord with the possibilities of the ships and weapons they recommend to be employed for putting these plans into effect. But it is doubtful if in any department of naval technique it is wise to rely upon such a general immanence of this vitally important form of wisdom. We must not forget that at Gallipoli the naval guns were set to perform a quite impossible task on the advice, as Mr. Churchill told us, of the gunnery advisers at the Admiralty, "the best that the world possesses." The failure of the most ambitious of all Mr. Churchill's war plans was perhaps the revenge of fate for the most thoughtless of all his blunders as an administrator. Only eighteen months before he had

banished from the Admiralty organisation the office of Inspector of Target Practice—the only element in the whole organisation, which the genius of a previous holder of the Inspectorship had developed into a highly perfect example of what a staff department should be. It was the depository of the active fleet's experience, judgment and wants as to the gunnery methods. The British Fleet had fired more rounds at battle practice targets under the supervision of abler and keener gunnery officers than any fleet in the world. No body of men could have been more sensitive to their failures, nor better aware that it was caused by the inadequacy of their equipment. None could better indicate the lines on which progress should be made. But the Admiralty did not know how to use the only staff element it possessed. The fatal taint of administrative infallibility made the mere existence of a critic, even if his advice was not followed, intolerable to the lesser bureaucrats that served the autocrat. And Mr. Churchill was persuaded to abolish the office so as to silence criticism. The Gallipoli failure followed inevitably.

Is it not probable, is it not at any rate possible that the creation of branches, equivalent to the old Inspectorship, to elucidate the methods of using weapons, might not, even at this late date, give us prompt results which would be reflected in the fighting power of the fleets? ARTHUR POLLEN.

Leaves from a German Note Book

The Cult of the Theatre

THE theatres in Berlin—and in Vienna—are sold out every night. Prices have been raised to what the Germans themselves call scandalous heights. And yet it is as difficult to obtain a seat as an ounce of butter. The Berlin correspondent of the *Vienna Zeit*, furnishes the explanation for this curious fact. In the first place, the demand for enjoyment is as strong in Berlin as the demand for food. The soldiers from the front coming home on leave desire to be amused; the people at home, thoroughly tired of the "melancholy business" of holding out, are equally insistent on pleasure. In the second place, social life in Berlin is quite dead. The shortage of meat, cakes, beer and other drinks, makes it impossible to entertain with any hope of attracting one's friends, and invitations to drop in after supper have proved unpopular. Dancing in cold rooms is out of the question, and so social life in Berlin concentrates on the theatre.

The fare is certainly abundant, though revue is apparently unknown. So is the specifically war play. A glance at the weekly programme of the Berlin theatres shows plenty of variety, suitable for all tastes. During the first week of the year, for instance, the Berlin citizens might hear at the Opera "The Barber of Seville" on Monday, "The Meistersinger" on Tuesday, and "The Marriage of Figaro" on the Monday following. There were several classical plays, including "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a host of modern comedies, for the most part problem plays, by well-known authors.

It is felt that these joys should also be brought within the reach of the less well-to-do, who cannot afford the pleasures of the theatre. A new organisation has therefore come into being, under the style of "Happy Evenings," for the purpose of providing musical and dramatic entertainment for the masses of Berlin. Herman Sudermann and Ludwig Fulda are among the patrons of the society, and their appeal for funds is interesting reading for the light it sheds on the conditions of life in the German capital. "To bring a little gladness into the existence of those who are oppressed by the cares of subsistence, darkness, cold and the dearth of clothes is the aim of the "Happy Evenings" Society. . . . A few hours each evening spent amidst warmth and light and laughter may generate the new strength necessary for bearing want and deprivation."

Polygamy

The Germans appear to be greatly annoyed at the accusations levelled against them in the press of the world that a suggestion to encourage polygamy had been favourably, if not officially, received in the Fatherland. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, which may be described as a moderate and respectable daily, does not deny that the cult of polygamy is not unknown in Germany, but it declares that it is limited to a few fanatics who are of no significance. In making this admission it mentions no less than six organisations, founded for the purpose of improving and increasing the German race—(1) The "Eden" settlement, (2) The Mid-day Union, (3) The Hammer Community, (4) The German League

for Regeneration, (5) The New Order of Templars, and (6) The Ariana Society for the propagation of Free Love.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* is at pains to minimise the influence of these bodies, and in so doing reaches the height of impertinence by asserting that the man who is to blame for these ills is the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain! Chamberlain an Englishman! Whatever his origin may have been, there is little either of the Briton or the British outlook about him. He himself claims to be a German of the purest type, and is devoted to the highest German ideals, ideals exemplified in the stripping bare of Belgium, the sinking of hospital ships and the poisoning of wells. Yet this man is dubbed English when it suits the German book.

Yet another instance is very instructive of German mentality. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, commenting on Mr. Lloyd George's reference to the German colonies, calls attention to the demand of the English Premier that the fate of the natives should be determined by their own choice. The South German journal is aghast at the proposal. "Presumably Mr. Lloyd George means," it argues, "that the natives of the German colonies should express their views while yet British troops are in occupation." That would never do. Yet while Mr. Lloyd George, even according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* only "presumably" desires this, the German Government actually claims a similar right in Courland and Lithuania!

Call to Repentance

Far-sighted Germans appear to realise the hopelessness of this attitude, and they are striving to recall their fellow countrymen to their senses. Among such people pride of place belongs to Rudolf Eucken, professor, philosopher, theologian, one of the few men of independent spirit in Germany. In a Christmas message to the readers of a Hamburg paper, he pleads for an understanding of the enemy. And yet even Eucken speaks with condescension. The war has shown "that our opponents are more capable than we were at first inclined to think. It was a common thing among us to speak of the English as a nation of shopkeepers. But a nation of shopkeepers would never have been able to put forth such political and military energy as the English have done and continue to do."

In the same way Maximilian Harden, unmuzzled once more, urges reconciliation with America. On this he insists in his lectures as well as in his weekly organ, which is now allowed to appear again. Of President Wilson, Harden writes, "Never did the German people hear an impure word from his mouth." The way to end the war lies by way of Washington, Harden told an audience in Berlin three days after last Christmas, and he concluded by appealing to the people of Goethe and Dürer to contribute its share in constructing the Temple of Righteousness. The pity of it is, however, that few people take Harden seriously, entertaining as he is.

The man who is in reality all-powerful is Hindenburg, and he breathes a very different spirit. "Do not let us talk so much about peace," he told a deputation of journalists on December 22nd. "Only victory leads to peace. That was the case in the East. It will be the same elsewhere. Victory and peace are certain, and they will come all the sooner if

only we present a united front at home. Military victory is assured; no one can possibly snatch it from us." That is the appeal that goes home; Eucken and Harden are but voices crying in the wilderness.

"The Bolsheviks of Neukölln"

The latest public sensation in Germany is the action of the municipal authorities of Neukölln, a prevaillingly working-class district in Greater Berlin. There are many munition works, large and small, in Neukölln, and in order to keep their workpeople in good humour, the larger works buy up provisions and sell them at nominal rates to their employees, thereby supplementing the scanty rations allowed by the authorities. In order to obtain these additional supplies the larger concerns, such as the General Electric Company of Berlin, regardless of the maximum prices fixed by law, pay whatever is demanded if only they can obtain the provisions.

What is the result? That the municipalities coming on the market to purchase eatables for their citizens, are forced to outbid the wealthy companies, so they, too, exceed the maximum prices for corn and flour, potatoes and vegetables, milk and cheese, meat and sausages. Competition thus becomes fierce; prices are sent up to dizzy heights, and the law is broken. This has been going on for some considerable time, and at length the corporation of Neukölln, finding its finances seriously affected and its conscience a little uneasy, prepared for presentation to the Food Controller, a long memorandum on these abuses. This action won the applause of many people, including Maximilian Harden, who named the city fathers "the Bolsheviks of Neukölln."

It was also intended to bring the document to the notice of the Party Leaders of the Imperial Parliament and of various official bodies besides. But no sooner had the Food Controller seen the nature of the memorandum than he prohibited its publication on pain of severe penalties. Nevertheless, the Socialist *Ward* got hold of it and gave to the world what

it described as a "document bearing testimony to the shame of our age." Instead of pouring oil on the troubled waters, the German Food Controller, who is a Junker to his finger tips, now threatens to take action against corporations which have transgressed the maximum prices laws, and if need be, to clap all their members into prison. Yet the Germans tolerate such a Food Controller! Little wonder indeed that, incredible as it may sound, there are still outlying parts in Germany where the Junkers pay no taxes. Such a privilege is theirs, for example, in the town of Rostock.

An Entertaining Story

To illustrate the straits to which Germans are put in regard to food, the following story which appeared in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, of January 2nd, may be given. It is only necessary to add by way of explanation that many town-dwellers a few months ago would go to the countryside in order to bring home what food they could obtain. The practice became so extensive that it threatened to develop into a public danger. The police stepped in and forbade all such excursions, and now whenever they discover a culprit, they not only punish him severely, but in addition seize his supplies. So much by way of introduction. The story comes from Wiedenbrück, a country place in Saxony:

It has been observed of late that ladies, slender as pines, come by an early train into the country from the neighbouring industrial centres, and that when they depart by the last train in the evening they have become wondrous stout, more especially in the bust. The irregular shape of two such busts aroused the suspicions of a constable, who entered into conversation with the owners. But the agitation of the ladies and their contradictory statements only confirmed the officer's suspicions, and he arrested them. At the police station the ladies were searched, and it was discovered that one owed her apparent stoutness to seven pounds of meat and a quantity of butter concealed under her clothing, while the other had on a blouse which was so made that fifty eggs could be safely carried within it.

The Husbandmen—II

By Centurion*

IT was one of those late autumn days when the "wind-falls" of the orchard are gathered into the cider-press, and the farmyard is filled with the aroma of the pomace; when the last sheaf of corn has been harvested upon the staddles and the final speke has been driven into the thatch; when the "lands" are ploughed and cleaned of couch under the teeth of the drag, and the earth is dressed for the sowing of the winter wheat. A red sun shone through the autumnal mists of the morning, dyeing them to a flagrant glow; in the far distance the fan-shaped elms stood out in a sharp black silhouette upon the grey screen of vapour. The fall of the leaf was far advanced, but tufts of Old Man's Beard still hung on the hedgerows like fleece; a few leaves of briar decorated the intricate pattern of twisted elder, pallid ash, and spiked hawthorn. The one touch of bright colour came from the hawthorn berries, which glowed with the dark crimson hue of blood upon the hedge-tops.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. An old man was turning the handle of a swede-cutter in a gabled barn whose high roof was supported by oak rafters and tie-beams festooned with cobwebs. The open doorway of the barn commanded a view of the fields which sloped upwards from the edge of the farmyard. One of those fields was marked by deep furrows and salient ridges of newly-turned earth, all cut with a straightness of line that marked the work of a skilled ploughman. A man was advancing down the middle of one of the "lands" with a cradle-shaped box slung against his waist in front of him; he dipped his right hand into the box, and describing with each step he took a semicircular movement with his hand he scattered the seed in front of him. With just those gestures, bygone men had sown these same fields for a thousand years before him. There was a slow, even rhythm about the movement of his hands and feet as though he were measuring out paces on the land.

The old man at the swede-cutter paused a moment to watch his progress. "It be loike ancient toimes, sowing wi' hand," he said, reflectively. "This casualty weather hev made the ground too hard for the drills. And them tractors—I don't hold wi' em. They be no good on wet heavy soil—they kneads it like dough. They be all very well for the light, brashy soil up Faringdon way. But give me that boy Dan'ell and his two horses, hev, thatcher?"

The thatcher who was mounted on a ladder against a rick just outside the barn-door looked down.

"True, old Jarge. It be the zame wi' thatching. I don't hold wi' these new 'tin sheds. If ye wants to keep a rick warm, there's nothing like a good thatch and the work of a man's hands. Here, William Tuck, hand me up some of those 'elms. . . . Aye, but I forgot that wooden leg o' yours. It be a clever piece of carpentry, but it can't climb a ladder, I'll warrant."

He descended the ladder and gathered up some fabrics of combed straw, each piece a foot wide and three feet in length, and carried them up the ladder in a forked stick known as a "shuttle." Arrived at the top, he proceeded to lay them flat against the sloping roof of the rick. For some seconds nothing was heard but the tap of his mallet as he drove in his "spekes" of cleft hazel at regular intervals into the rick. He was laying the "yelms" like the tiles of a roof, each one overlapping the other.

The old man watched him. "Eli Riddick do know his job and mun make dree pound a week at it in these times. Thatchers be so scarce. But maister never ought to hev left thuck rick unthatched all this time. 'Twas tempting Providence—and the justices. I heerd on a varmer as was fined twenty pound for 't t'other day."

Meanwhile, the object of his original meditations, his son Daniel, a stout "boy" of fifty-five, was ploughing the field next to that in which the sower pursued the even tenor of his way. He had placed a stick in the middle of the far end of the field, and returning to the near end had hooked in his team to the plough. He had "set" his plough somewhat as a carpenter sets his plane, having by an adjustment of screws and bolts got a distance of nine inches horizontally between the right wheel and the coulter, and another distance of four inches vertically between the coulter and the bottom of the wheel. He then shifted a bolt in the iron head-draught of the plough to correct the "pull" of the old horse. This done, he took a handle of the plough in each hand, together with the reins, and, with the light touch that was neither a push nor a pressure, he guided the plough straight ahead with his eye on the distant observation-post. The turn-furrow of the plough threw up a ripple of brown earth, which, as it turned over, showed an iridescent gleam where the pressure of the steel had polished it. As the nodding horses and the ploughman diminished towards their objective they were followed by a retinue of rooks and starlings, who swooped

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down upon the creeping things disinterred from their home in the earth by the action of the plough.

"The boy do plough a straight furrow to'ard and vrom'ard," said the old man. "Though aw never did win prizes as I've a done. I mind I won a silver cup against dirty-dree ploughmen in the year vinvy-five."

No one heeded these thrice-told tales of his former prowess, and he relapsed into an old man's silent reveries. He turned the handle of the swede-cutter with slow revolutions, his shoulders bowed, his chest narrowed, and his right foot advanced before his left. His breath came short with each turn of the wheel, so that he stood like one of the fates spinning each moment of his own existence. There was something marmoreal in the concentration of his pose, as though man and machine were one. A shambling, ill-constructed youth named Jacob Fox was engaged in feeding the hopper with its supply of purple roots, which he did at irregular intervals, first trimming them with a knife, so that the receptacle was sometimes full and sometimes empty; the ancient man, unmindful of these gaps, continued to turn blindly like an old woman who drops her stitches.

William Tuck, who sat on a milk-stool splitting hazel-sticks with a bill-hook, rose up and looked down at the heap of hairpin-shaped "spekes" he had prepared for the thatcher. He stretched his dorsal muscles and emitted a low whistle.

"Extra fatigues I calls it," he commented. "I wish I was a soldier again. I can't abide the vittles ye folk gets at home. This war bread be like the prodigal son's—it be full of the husks that the swine did eat."

"Aye," said the old man, meditatively, roused from his mechanical trance. "There'll be a mort of pig-killing this year, I do think. There ain't no offals for 'em. And where 'ull us get our bacon arterwards?"

"True, old Jarge. The Germans 'ull have a sight more o' pig-meat than us, I 'm thinking."

"And how do ye figure that out, William Tuck?"

"They'll eat one another."

At this Jacob Fox turned a horrified look upon the speaker. The latter noted it with mischievous satisfaction, and proceeded to enlarge upon his theme.

"Yes, they hev a corpse factory where they boils all the dead corpses down into dripping to make lardy-cakes. But they always keeps the spare-rib for the officers."

"That be an ungodly thing to do," said the old man., "I've heard that eatin' live frogs is good for the consumption but to eat mortal man—come, now, William Tuck, thee cassn't belave such things... Though I do remember a miss'nary from the cannonball islands as did say something of the kind. Be the Germans black men, William Tuck?"

"Aye, when they're dead. In hot weather. Sometimes they turns green."

"Aw well, dog eats dog. You must a seen a mort o' dead corpses, William Tuck."

"Aye, that I have. Hunderds. Thousands. Stuck my entrenching tool into 'em, same as I might this bill-hook into Jacob Fox here."

"Let him bide, the poor natural. Cassn't thee see he's all of a twitter?... It do mind me o' when I wur a digging up on Longbarrow Down for a party of gentlefolk with glasses on their noses, what were studying heathen larning. They were all round us with their tails up, same as if we were digging out an old vixen and they a waiting for a kill. I strikes a sarsen stone with my pick, and lo and behold! there was a skellington a sitting up a-waiting the Day of Judgment. And he had a lot o' flint tools with him to help him cut his way out when aw 'cers the Last Trump. It did seem an unchristian thing to disturb the poor soul. I used ter double lock my door for a month of nights after that, thinking he was outside asking for a lodging. I never would do any more digging for those ould 'newsy' folk—a-poking their noses into other people's sepulchers. There be lots of 'em up there, Romans an Britons and other heathen folk—all a-waiting. I do often think what a lot of 'em be waiting like that out in France—poor souls. Do they give 'em Christian burial, William Tuck?"

"Zumtimes. They has 'em all registered like parish clerk—if they can find 'em."

"I once peeped over Church-yard wall and saw parson a-burying," interrupted Jacob Fox, as though anxious to show that he, too, had assisted on such ceremonial occasions. "Aw wore a white surplus and 'aw said:

'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,

If God won't have ye the devil must!'"

"True, most true, and well spoken," said old Jarge. "But I do think ye've got it a bit mixed up in that mazy poll o' yourn, Jacob Fox. Not but what it bain't a very pious sentiment.... Death and the powers of darkness do seem to be abroad in the land. And signs and portents. I do mind me as the very night avore Abigail Hunt got news of

the death of her youngest lad in the war I was a-zitting up and I suddenly 'eers a bat tapping at the window. And I looks up, and behold! there was a winding-sheet in the candle. And I knowed as zumone was took."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the toilers of the fields. The head of Levi Godbehere, a gaunt, sinewy man, appeared in the doorway. He was a silent man soured by domestic strife, and he placed his seed-lip down on the ground without a word. He was immediately followed by the thatcher, who was reputed to be a "warm" man with a Post Office Savings Book, and was respected accordingly as a great authority on high finance. Each proceeded to pull out of his capacious pocket a large spotted handkerchief, which, when unfolded, disclosed thick slices of bread and cheese. The thatcher's rations were further distinguished by the presence of a piece of fat bacon. Each of the others in turn produced his mid-day meal and they all sat down, slowly masticating their food like a cow chewing the cud.

This ritualistic silence was broken by the entrance of Daniel Newth, who proceeded to remove two large incrustations of loamy brown soil from his boots. They remained on the floor bearing an exact imprint of his hob-nailed soles.

"Well, neighbours," he said, sociably, "toime to hev' a bite and sup. Let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we tightens our belts. If this war goes on we shall all be turned out to grass. There won't be nothing else to eat. We starves the beasts and they'll end by starvin' us. There's mighty little oil-cake for the cattle, and no barley-meal for the pigs, and next to no maize for the poultry. There'll be as girt a slaughter of beasts as there is of men, and what then? Hey, neighbours?"

"A solemn thought, Dan'l. A solemn thought, 'tis," ruminated the old man. "There's Blackacre Field as hev' been under roots these seven year, and is now given over to whate, and what 'ull the cattle do for winter vittles then? Die they must like burnt offerings—'tis a sacrifice, sure it is. It do mind me o' the old times, when I saw only meat once a week. But there'll be a powerful lot of bread, there will. Varmer be ploughing up pasture. There's 'little Scotland' field as was laid down in '79—the year o' the great blight when corn fell to vorty-dree shillin' a quarter, and the cattle rotted in the fields. A terrible year that was! It rained vorty days and vorty nights and the corn sprouted in the shocks, and cows and sheep got the vluke in the liver and wasted away, like a maid in a decline. And half the farmers in the parish was sold up. 'Once bit, twice shy,' says t'others, and they turned all their arable into pasture. And now they've got to plough it up again. Well, 'tis an ill wind as blows no one any good. It'll be a tidy time for ploughmen. There's Dan'l as gets twenty-nine shillin' a week. I've a-ploughed a hacre a day in my toime with two horses and only got twelve shillin' for it. And Oi could drive as straight a furrow as any man in the parish."

"Aye, that you could, veyther," said Daniel Newth, propitiatingly. "We do all know as you could."

"Yes, and sow too. I do mind as how afore these seed-drills comed in I've a-zowed eleven acres of rye, which is eleven sacks, in a day. Rye takes some zowing short steps, and a full handful from the seed-lip for each step.... Ye've an easy job ploughing this year, Dan'l, after the roots. Those roots have been hoed clane of clarklock and clytes and couch, and ye've no skim-ploughing to do. Them lands are as clane as my hand."

"Well, there'll be a good time coming for Eli Ruddick," said the ploughman. "He'll be thatching day in, day out, next year. Ye'll be buying housen zoon, Eli. Ye must have saved a tidy bit. What do 'ee put it in, if I may so ax?"

"I lends it to government," said Eli Ruddick, shortly.

"Well, it be better than laying yer talents up in a napkin," said the old man reflectively. "But what I zays is, 'Spend it as quick as yer can.' 'Tis the end of the world coming, sure it is, when all earthly things 'ull pass away. Or lend it to the Lord. I did put an extra penny in the plate last Sunday."

"A good investment, old Jarge," said Levi Godbehere, gloomily breaking his long silence. "A good investment it be. Ye gets a hundred per cent. on it. I do mind that hymn they sings in church when the sidesmen comes round with the plate all looking t'other way, and pretending not to see the trouser-buttons what some folks drops in. How do it go?"

'Whatever, Lord, we gives to Thee
Repaid a hundredfold 'ull be.'

"Well, us brought nothing into this world, and us can take nothing out. Though I suppose the Almighty 'ull allow William Tuck to keep his wooden leg.... How be getting on wi' that leg o' yourn, William Tuck?" said the old man, for whom the soldier's wooden limb had an inexhaustible fascination.

"It be a useful tool to hev! A very useful tool. Oi can plant taters wi' un.... Them doctors can do most wonderful

things. They'll graft and prune ye like a rose-bush. I know'd a chap as had half his face blown away, and one eye gone to kingdom come—a terrible sight he wur. The birds could ha' flown in an' out of his face like an old ruin. And they builded 'un a new face wi' a glass eye so as his own mother would 'nt a know'd 'un. They could cut up Jacob Fox here like butcher's meat and put 'un together again, if they had a mind. And make quite a pretty man of 'un too."

"How much do 'ee think they'd charge a body for doing it, Mr. Tuck?" said Jacob, who had been sadly ill-favoured by Nature.

"Jacob Fox," said the old man, reproachfully, "doan't ye brivet about that headpiece o' yourn so. It's a gift of God, and ye mun make the best of it. We do all know ye be a wonderful ugly man, the ugliest man in the parish, bain't he, neighbours?"

"Aye, that he be," they all echoed, studying his homely features with critical attention. "You be a wonderful plain-featured man, Jacob Fox."

"Well, oi do mind a man as once took quite a fancy to me features once upon a time," said Jacob, desperately. "It wur a fair-day, and I was a-gwine round the booths. A wonderful fair it wur. There was zwings and roundabouts and peep-shows. And a gentleman selling di'monds at a penny apiece. And giants and dwarfs and a living skellington. And..."

"Cut the cackle and come to the hosses, Jacob Fox. Ye do take a terrible time to spit it out."

"I be coming to 'em. . . . Oi was a-looking under the flap of a tent when a man wi' a lot of shiny buttons on his westcoat catches oi by the back of me neck. 'Ye young varmint,' he says, 'I'll have the law of ye for trespass, seeing as ye ain't paid for admission.' I wur all a-tremble, and I went down on my knees, my teeth was a-chattering, thinking oi'd be hung in 'vizes jail for a malefactor. And a looks at oi and zays all of a sudden, 'I'll let ye off if ye'll bide here for a day wi' me, and do as I tells 'ee. But if ye doan't, yer life's forfeit to the Crown.' So I bided, being in his mercy, and 'a took oi into a painted van and puts a horse-collar on me neck and paints me face and dresses oi up in a horse's hide and makes oi go down on all fours like Nebuchadnezzar."

"Balaam's ass, ye mane," said William Tuck, maliciously.

"And then he puts me in a sort of horse-box in a booth and all the folk crowded in to see 'The Horse-Faced Man, Caught Wild in Patygonia.' Some of 'em comed up and offered me bunches of hay, but I could'n stomach it. And the man wi' the shiny buttons says, 'Stand back, gentlemen, he's very vicious. He's off his feed, gentlemen, being only just got over a bad attack of glanders' Lordy, neighbours, the way that man did talk made me feel as if I must hev been born a colt in my mother's womb."

"Drat ye, Jacob, and I paid nixpence to see ye—and never knowed it were a cheat till now."

"He told oi not to say a word about it, and I was afeard. And at the end of the day he giv oi a new half-crown, and says aw'd make my fortune if oi'd trapse the country with 'un. Aw said 'I've taken a fancy to ye,' and he axed if me mother had ever been chased by a horse avore I was born."

"I can't call it to mind, Jacob Fox," said the old man. "But I do know as she wur in a sore travail wi' ye."

"Ye've a wonderful soothing way wi' horses, Jacob, there's no denying it," said Daniel Newth. "I never zeed such a chap for coaxing 'em into a halter."

"Well, neighbours," said Jacob, tremulously, "it do seem to oi as dumb animals be more human than men. Meaning no offence, friends and neighbours all."

"How do 'ee figure that out, Jacob Fox?" said the old man, magisterially. "It be a heathen thing to say."

"Because ye never see animals a-slaughtering and making war on their own kind. Except rooks."

"That be a deep saying, sonnies," said Daniel Newth, reflectively. "A deep saying it be. The lad do think deep thoughts at times."

"Howsomever, killing do seem to be a law of nature," said the old man. "The hounds kill the vox, the vox kills the vovls, and the vovls kills the worms. . . . William Tuck, have ye ever slain a German Hun wi' your own hands; smiting 'un under the fifth rib, so to speak?"

"Aye, that I hev. I've a spit 'one with my bayonet, right in his umards. Aw did give a kind of grunt."

"It do seem a fearful death. But I'd sooner be bay-nitted than hung. I mind when I was a little 'un I went to Hang Fair, at Zaulsbury, to see a woman hanged as had poisoned her lawful husband. And my veyther held oi up over the heads of the crowd to see her zwinging. I mind well as 'er had clean white stockings on, and 'er kicked off one shoe wi' t'other. It did give me quite a turn. Still, it were a sinful thing to kill a husband. Being an offence against Holy Matrimony."

"True, most true, Jarge," said Levi Godbehere darkly: "Marrying be like dying—ye can't escape it, and ye never

knows what 'ull come after it."

"Aye, But ye can only die once," said the old man, significantly.

"True. I takes yer maning, Jarge. Ye've ha' buried dree wives, as we do all know. Ye oughter have dree gold stripes for it, like the chaps that have been wounded. There was a fellow in Winterbourne Parish, Abraham Love was his name, what buried four wives. Buried four wives, aw did. Aw had a beautiful headstone stuck up in churchyard for his virst, and when t'others died, he had their names all carved like a nobleman, one under t'other. When he'd buried the fourth, aw died hisself and there warn't much room for a subscription left. So they just put 'Also Abraham Love, husband of the above. At Rest.' A very proper subscription 'twas."

"A very proper one. I never could understand how King Solomon could a put up wi' all those hunderds of wives, all at once. I figure he must hev' had a girt dorm-it-ory for 'em, same as they hev' for old folks in the workhouse."

"I do like to hear about King Solomon," said Jacob Fox, emboldened by the success of his last observation. "Aw wur main fond of animals."

"What be the lad got into that head of his'n now? What do 'ee mane, boy?"

"Well, neighbours, it says as he kept dree hunderd concubines. I expect as aw liked stroking 'em. Though aw must hev' had very horny hands. I saw two on 'em in thuck travelling menagerie as come to Marlbro' last year. They had prickly quills all over like hedgehogs."

"Ye stun-poll, ye do mane porcupines. They bain't concubines. Concubines be venches."

A loud sally of laughter greeted Jacob Fox's excursion into Biblical history, and blushing to the roots of his yellow thatch-like hair he retreated into the shadows of the barn.

"Matrimony be destiny, depend on't," said the thatcher as the laughter subsided. "There was Liz Rummung as hung her shift inside-out on a gooseberry-bush at Midsummer-eve and sat up to see the form and features of her fated husband, as maids do at such times. And about eleven by the clock, she hears footsteps in the garden. She peeps through the butterfly window and zees zumone in the dark a-tearing her shift from off the gooseberry-bush. She tip-toed out all of a-tremble, and lo, and behold, it was one of the short-horn cows out of the pasture."

"There bain't much sense in that," said the old man.

"Bain't there, though, Jarge!" retorted the thatcher. "Inside of twelve months she married the cowman."

"Well, it mid have been the finger of fate," the old man conceded. "I do belave in witches and soothsayers. Ye finds 'em in the Bible. 'Tis allowed to larn things to come from searching the Scriptures. There's this attacking of Jerusalem. It be very like the Second Coming. I heerd from parish clerk as can read the newspapers as soon as look at 'em—a clever man that, sonnies—as this godly man of war, Lord Allanby, is to be greeted wi' loud hosannas as he enters the Holy City riding on an ass. A man from God, sure he be. And there is some as do say that we Englishmen be the Lost Tribes, and Chosen People, so to speak."

"Sure, 'tis strange things be happening," said the thatcher. "There's lads as hev' never been outside this parish all their lives as be now in the land of the Pharaohs, a-making love to princesses, and in ancient Babylon a-worshipping strange gods; and in Africa a-riding on camels and larning all manner o' new sins."

"Well, I do hold as it be the end of the world, neighbours," said the old man. "There be wars and rumours of wars, nation rising against nation. There be fire and brimstone. There be engines o' torment in the heavens above and in the deeps beneath. My son Dan'l here wur a-reading Luke the Twenty-virst to me t'other night, and it be all there as plain as the palm of your hand. Famine and pestilence and fearful sights. And Jerusalem encompassed with armies."

"True, most true," said Levi Godbehere, darkly. "I mind them holy words. It do say 'tis to be as in the days of Noe—folks eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. And so they be. There's more banns called in this parish this last year than I can iver call to mind. 'Tis the separation allowances, maybe. But 'tis a sign and portent, all the same."

"'Tis a thing to turn a man's thoughts heavenwards," said the old man conclusively. "A deep and fearful time it be. But ye can see by the sun 'tis past noon, neighbours." And he arose and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

The thatcher took up his shuttle, the sower slung his seed-lip against his chest, William Tuck took down his bill-hook from the nail on the wall. The ploughman hooked in his team again. Each went his appointed way. And nothing was to be heard in the barn save the clank of the swede-cutter and the patter of the orange-coloured slices as they fell into the bushel-measure below.

Present Position of the Farmer

By Sir Herbert Matthews

THE present position of the farmer is most aptly described by the old saying—"like a toad under a harrow," but as possibly some are unacquainted with the peculiarities of a set of harrows, and therefore will fail to realise the extremity of helplessness to which this amphibian is reduced, it may be said that the farmer has no more control over his actions than a boy who is being tossed in a blanket.

To begin with, we are on safe ground in assuming that the vast majority of farmers know their job; very few of them can learn anything about it even from their friends in Fleet Street. Numbers of them have spent many years on the same farm, and know it as they know the back of their hand. They know that what may be done on one farm cannot be done under like circumstances on another; that what may be advantageous in one field will mean ruination in another, and having learned this by long experience, until knowledge of the right moment for the many cultural operations has become instinctive, he is suddenly called upon to scrap all custom, to do that which bitter financial experience for a generation proved to be economically wrong, to take up new ideas, to launch out into new systems of cropping, to feed his stock on new lines, or not to feed them up to the condition of ripeness for slaughter which he knows to be the best, but to sell them just when he wants to obtain every load of manure he can make. All these things are now being pressed upon him by officials; a class he has hitherto looked upon as ignorant persons, who must be humoured but, from the nature of things, know nothing of the practical side of agriculture.

The farmer cannot possibly know all the facts that are known in Whitehall, and cannot therefore understand the reason for much of the advice showered upon him. He has not been told enough. If he were taken more into the confidence of Whitehall his efforts would be even greater than they have been. Evidence of this is shown by the different spirit which has manifested itself since Mr. Prothero and the Prime Minister spoke to them last October: Thus the farmer lives in an inverted world, and to add insult to injury he is expected to swallow and digest a heavy breakfast every morning, consisting of fresh budgets of Departmental Orders and Regulations which issue forth ceaselessly day by day from various Government Offices.

Let us glance back for a moment to August 1914. Apart from actual war news the papers then devoted more space to agricultural matters than at any previous time. The farmer suddenly became a prominent item in the national economy. He was told how important he was, and how patriotic he would be if he grew more food. He was urged to get his harvest in well and quickly, as though that needed any spur. Then the Government took most of his horses away. There was no word then—not indeed until February, 1917, when the submarine was recognised at its full value—of giving the farmer that practical encouragement in the form of a guarantee against loss which he asked for. He must be patriotic as long as he could pay his way, and if he lost money over patriotism, well, it would be remembered to his credit.

Other munition makers were given profitable contracts, guarantees of all sorts, percentages on wages, their men were not to be recruited: everything done to encourage and facilitate production: but any suggestion that similar methods were desirable in connection with food-production was termed unpatriotic. Meanwhile, the farmer's men were leaving him wholesale, for, to their honour be it said, no class in the country answered the nation's call more promptly or in larger numbers, than the agricultural labourer. Next his supply of implements stopped, and even the most urgent repairs were greatly delayed, for the implement works were all turned into munition works. The larger farmers tried to replace horse-power by motors, but the output was limited, and before the manufacturer was in a position to supply the demand petrol ran short, and permits for petrol became necessary, though permits when obtained did not ensure a supply.

Railway transit, whether for farmers' requirements or for sending away produce, became a nightmare; traffic was (and still is) delayed sometimes for weeks, or even months, while delivery by road must be regulated by the horses, petrol and men available for such work. The highly-paid work in munition areas and military camps next drew away further contingents of his depleted staff, many of the older and more skilled men going where they could get higher wages. Then his hay and straw was taken at fixed prices, and below their market value, while threshing engines and hay presses were commandeered. As a result much of his stock had to be fed on very inferior hay.

Profiteers exploited him, and though prices for his produce

were fixed sometimes below the cost of production, he had to pay for his requirements whatever dealers liked to charge. Sometimes the commodities supplied were, and are, almost worthless, for adulteration has become rampant: sometimes the supply has been altogether cut off—for example, nitrate of soda. During part of 1916, and most of 1917, an immense amount of time has been wasted through employers and labourers having to attend at recruiting tribunals, every hour of such time being urgently wanted on the land; and in addition to all these worries, individual farmers and land-owners have voluntarily devoted a large portion of their time to public national work, at their own expense. These trials of the agriculturist are not put forward in order to appeal for sympathy, or to voice complaints, but as a mere statement of facts which should not be forgotten.

An Instant Response

To revert to 1914. When urged to grow more food the farmer responded by increasing the acreage of wheat by 434,000 acres, or 20 per cent. above the average of the previous ten years; this in spite of his loss of men and horses; but he was favoured by fair weather conditions. This gain in acreage has been since reduced, owing entirely to lack of labour and implements, and to most unfavourable climatic conditions, but the aggregate output of home-grown food was quite up to the average in 1917, while potatoes showed an abnormal increase. So far as present conditions allow a forecast the output in 1918 promises to be very considerably above the average.

The contradictory methods of recruiting, first exempting certain classes, then trying to drag them into the net; the conflicting advice to increase live stock, and then to reduce the numbers; the urging of a certain policy, and then the issue of an Order which compels an opposite course—these are the things that have confused farmers, and rendered them peculiarly susceptible to the attacks made upon them in certain quarters. Not that those who have been responsible for advice or for such Orders are always to blame. The advice was probably sound when it was given, but changing circumstances compel a change in policy. Unfortunately, farming operations cannot be changed as quickly.

Farmers have to plan months, sometimes years, ahead, and having set a course it is impossible to alter it without waste of time and labour; often it cannot be altered at all. The present shortage of milk is due to the Milk Order of January 1917, and to the refusal of the Food Controller to declare months earlier than he did, his policy in regard to milk for the winter of 1917-18. The meat shortage of to-day is due to his action of last July, when he fixed the price of beef on a descending scale, as every farmer knew would be the case, and as the Food Controller was told plainly and often enough. The recent Order prohibiting the slaughter of lamb until June will not result in a greater weight of meat, but in a decrease of arable crops. Had the farmer been told six months ago that such an Order would be made he would have planned his whole scheme on different lines, and have produced the lambs in February instead of December. The unnecessary consumption and waste of bread is due to the artificially low price, which is costing the taxpayer rather more than three-quarters of a million per day. How can the average consumer believe that there is a shortage of bread when it is as cheap as ninepence for a 4 lb. loaf?

The fundamental mistake which the Government made was to make the Ministry of Food the controlling Department. Surely it must be obvious that the first necessity is to produce the food. Control is a secondary object, and can be settled afterwards. To cook a hare, first catch your hare. To control food presupposes food to control. Therefore, the final word on all matters of policy should rest with the Board of Agriculture. As matters are—the unscientific methods and actions of the Ministry of Food decides not only distribution but production of food. Sometimes indeed, the control is so retrospective that food which might have materialised has not been produced.

The cause for this state of things cannot be wholly laid upon Departmental Officials, who are a hardworking and conscientious lot of people; it cannot at all be laid upon the farmer, who has done the best that was possible under the circumstances. It is mainly due to the politicians, who opposed giving encouragement and security to producers, as recommended by Lord Milner's Committee in 1915, and who keep the public in the dark, by such means as the artificial price of bread, etc.; and it is partly due to misunderstandings between officials and farmers.

The First Industrial Council

By Jason

ONE of our oldest industries has taken the lead in forming an Industrial Council. We all know the Five Towns, even those of us who have never seen a potbank at Burslem or Stoke, from Mr. Arnold Bennett's vivid pictures. Two centuries ago they were, as they are to-day, the centre of the pottery manufacture. At that time the earthenware was made from the finer clay of Staffordshire—yellow or red marl which was glazed with galena, a crushed raw lead ore brought from Derbyshire, but that clay has now disappeared. To-day the industry draws its raw material from all parts of the world; china clay from Cornwall, ball clay from Dorset, flints from Normandy and lately from Norfolk, felspar from Derbyshire and from Norway, and bones from South America.

Why, it may be asked, is Staffordshire still the home of the pottery industry if it has lost this essential advantage? The answer is partly custom; partly the presence of coal, because cheap fuel is an important element in the manufacture of pottery; partly the skill of its workmen, descendants of independent copyholders, for there is evidence that the enterprise and initiative of the early potters were connected with this free status; partly the history of Josiah Wedgwood. We are apt to think of Wedgwood in connection chiefly with new designs and new wares, such as black Egyptian and jasper. But readers of Commander Josiah Wedgwood's book on *Staffordshire Pottery* will be more impressed with another side of his career, the push and pertinacity that he showed in driving through the House of Commons the Bill for making the Trent and Mersey Canal. For in the early days of the Industrial Revolution it was canal transport that determined very largely where an industry was to find its home, and in those critical days the Staffordshire potters had at their head a man of great enterprise and perseverance who provided just the driving force that was needed. The cutting of the canal reduced freights by 80 per cent., and for that immense boon the five towns are indebted to the great Josiah, who was a skilful potter and a considerable artist, but above all things, as his great-great-grandson has put it, a man "with a restless passion for experiment and novelty, coupled with an almost American love for the extension of business—particularly profitable business."

Pottery is no longer, as it once was, an art as simple as cooking. The early master-potters made their pots in sheds behind their dwelling-houses, alongside the cow-shed. "They dug their own clay," as we learn from Commander Wedgwood's book, "often in front of their own front doors. The Wedgwoods at least owned and dug their own coal wherewith to fire the oven. It was a peasant industry, carried on by the family among the pigs and fowls; and when they were not making show pieces for presentation, they made butter pots, in which farmers might market their butter at Uttoxeter." These days of a picturesque simplicity are long past, and the potteries present a very different aspect now. The industry includes a number of different processes. A large firm will carry out all these processes, but there are a number of firms that specialise in different processes.

In 1914 there were some 648 factories under the special regulations in force for the industry, of which just under 500 were in the Potteries' district. The industry has been loosely organised in the past. There has been one employers' organisation for collective bargaining, the North Staffordshire Pottery Manufacturers' Association and several associations for fixing prices, representing the manufacturers of general earthenware, sanitary earthenware, tile, china, jet and Rockingham (the familiar black teapot and brown jug). Organisation is much less developed on the side of labour. Of the workpeople, some 70,000 in all, only about a third are to be found in a Trade Union. The chief union is the National Society of Pottery Operatives, which has absorbed several sectional unions. This union has grown rapidly during the war and now has a membership of 15,000. The Packers and Crate-makers belong to the National Union of General Labour, and there is a Union of United Ovenmen, about 1,000 strong.

Organisation of the Council

It is appropriate that one of the two leading names in the history of the new Council should be a Wedgwood. Major Frank Wedgwood, brother of the free lance in the House of Commons, and great-great-grandson of the great Josiah, has acted as Chairman of the conferences in which the project has been shaped, and the line of social reorganisation with which he has been associated may prove in the event to be as

important as the technical developments for which his ancestor was responsible.

With his name must be coupled in this connection that of a well-known Trade Union leader, Mr. S. Clowes, J.P., of the National Society of Pottery Workers. These two would, however, be the last to claim any special merit. The Council is a perfectly spontaneous development, which had its origin in a series of private and informal conferences held last spring to discuss the industrial outlook in general. All the leading names in the industry have been represented in the discussions, although it is not invidious to say that it was fortunate that the bearers of the best-known names should be admirably fitted to preside over them. These private conferences had resulted in a decision to hold an official conference, representative of all the principal organisations in the industry, before the Whitley Committee issued its report, to discuss a plan for organising an Industrial Council.

These plans are now matured and they provide for a Council, with not more than thirty members on each side. The Council may appoint an independent chairman. If the chairman is a manufacturer, the vice-chairman is to be a workman and vice-versa. The Council will meet at least quarterly and appoint an Executive Committee, and Standing Committees representative of the different needs of the industry. It may appoint special committees and co-opt outsiders for special purposes, a very necessary provision in view of the scope of the Council's duties. The expenses will be met by a levy on Manufacturers' Associations and Trades Unions. A two-thirds majority will be required to carry a resolution. The Association of General Earthenware Manufacturers select eleven representatives and the other associations of employers—smaller numbers, Yorkshire and Scotland contributing one member each. On the workmen's side, the provisional arrangement is that the National Society of Pottery Workers will elect 14 members, the United Ovenmen six, the National Union of Clerks (the Pottery section), the Ceramic Printers, the Packers and Crate makers, two members each. There are to be women representatives. It is interesting to note that the Commercial Travellers have asked for inclusion on the workers' side and their association will contribute two representatives. It is interesting also to note that the difficulty caused by the fact that unions are spread over different industries, can be got over by some such scheme of representation, as this for the packers and crate-makers, who belong to the National Union of General Labourers, will be represented on the Council, through the union by delegates belonging to the trade.

Objects of the Association

The objects of the association are set out as follows: "The advancement of the Pottery Industry and of all connected with it by the association in its government of all engaged in the industry. It will be open to the Council to take any action that falls within the scope of its general object." Its chief work will, however, fall under these heads:

- (a) The consideration of means whereby all manufacturers and operatives shall be brought within their respective associations.
- (b) Regular consideration of wages, piecework prices, and conditions with a view to establishing and maintaining equitable conditions throughout the industry.
- (c) To assist the respective associations in the maintenance of such selling prices as will afford a reasonable remuneration to both employers and employed.
- (d) The consideration and settlement of all disputes between different parties in the industry which it may not have been possible to settle by the existing machinery, and the establishment of machinery for dealing with disputes where adequate machinery does not exist.
- (e) The regularisation of production and employment as a means of insuring to the workpeople the greatest possible security of earnings.
- (f) Improvement in conditions with a view to removing all danger to health in the industry.
- (g) The study of processes, the encouragement of research and the full utilisation of their results.
- (h) The provision of facilities for the full consideration and utilisation of inventions and improvements designed by workpeople and for the adequate safeguarding of the rights of the designers of such improvements.
- (i) Education in all its branches for the industry.
- (j) The collection of full statistics on wages, making and selling prices, and average percentages of profits on turnover and on materials, markets, costs, etc., and the study and

promotion of scientific and practical systems of costing to this end.

All statistics shall, where necessary, be verified by chartered accountants, who shall make a statutory declaration as to secrecy prior to any investigation, and no particulars of individual firms or operatives shall be disclosed to anyone.

(k) Enquiries into problems of the industry, and where desirable the publication of reports.

(l) Representation of the needs and opinions of the industry to Government authorities, central and local, and to the community generally."

This declaration speaks for itself and it shows what a wide interpretation the Council wisely puts on its duties. It should have a great effect in raising and standardising wages, which at present vary considerably and are as a rule poor; in strengthening the unions, in providing for a security of tenure, in improving the prospects of the industry as a whole. Employers and workmen have both been educated during the war by working together on the advisory committee on military exemptions. Readiness to co-operate has received a great stimulus from this experience. Each side has learnt that there are purposes for which the help of the other side is desirable. But perhaps there is no feature of the scheme more important than the provision (j) for the collection of full statistics on selling prices and average percentages of profits, for here, of course, the consumer will find his protection against the danger of a combination of employer and workman to exploit him. It has already been argued in these pages that the setting up of representative government in industry must be accompanied by some definite safeguards of this kind, and this degree of public control over industry will be necessary under any system.

The Shadow of Disease

Not the least important of the duties of the Council is comprised in section (i). Pottery has had a sombre history in respect of disease. We have all heard of "potter's asthma," locally called "potter's rot." The potter's special tendency to lung disease was recognised two centuries ago, and our own generation has been painfully familiar with stories of lead poisoning. Twenty years ago it was the custom among sensitive people to buy for their own use the leadless glaze, "sponged and painted" ware which had been made originally for the natives of West Africa. The figures published by the Chief Inspector of Factories show a notable improvement as the result of agitation and also of the publicity given to the whole subject by the inquiry carried out by Professor Thorpe of the Government Laboratory, and Dr. Thomas Oliver, the well-known doctor. Professor Thorpe and Dr. Oliver were appointed in 1898 to inquire into the causes of those diseases and the possibility of taking measures against them. Their work was done with great thoroughness, and all the leading manufactories on the Continent were visited. The publication of their report and the subsequent arbitration, at which Lord James of Hereford acted as umpire, are a landmark in the history of this melancholy subject.

The two experts made a number of pretty drastic recommendations, proposing to forbid the use of lead in any form in all except a few branches of the industry, and to stipulate in those branches for the use of a fritted double silicate, a compound that would greatly diminish the risk and evil of lead poisoning. They also proposed to exclude women and young persons from the dipping and ware-cleaning departments. These proposals seemed too drastic to many of the manufacturers, and to an industry with old-established customs and a conservative mind, they were revolutionary. After negotiations between the trade and the Home Office, the whole question was referred to arbitration. The Home Office adopted a series of amended rules to give effect to Lord James of Hereford's decision, which represented a compromise between the hopes of the doctors and the fears of the trade. Those rules have been in force for sixteen years and the results are seen in the diminution of disease. The Annual Report for the year 1914 showed all the reported cases of plumbism, which from an average of 116 in the years 1899-1910, had fallen to 62 in 1913 and to 27 in the following year. In the middle nineties the figure had been somewhere about 350. But, the industry cannot be satisfied until it has removed this employment from the category of dangerous trades.

There are various ways in which the Industrial Council will be able to help in improving the industry in this respect. At present inspectors are appointed in the works to see that the Home Office rules are applied; they are supplementary policemen to the Government Inspector. Their difficulties, of course, arise partly from the conservatism and carelessness of workpeople who are reluctant to take the trouble to protect themselves by wearing washable head-coverings, and using other precautionary devices. These inspectors are not always very competent or active in discharging their duties. It would obviously be better to entrust this task to the Shop

Committee, which will have greater power in dealing alike with recalcitrant workmen and with recalcitrant employers. In general, it will be the duty of the Industrial Council to see that the standard of the good firms is applied throughout the industry, and that we shall not have in future inspectors reporting. "In many earthenware biscuit warehouses the means for avoiding dust in the brushing process is still unsatisfactory."

But surely the industry will do more than this, and will prepare for the large reform that civilisation demands, the abolition of the use of lead. Dr. Oliver tells us the Egyptian potters used a glaze composed of silicate of soda without lead and that there was no trace of lead or tin in the enamelled bricks in the ruins of Babylon. Lead was frequently used in Assyrian and Persian pottery, but they were not superior either in durability or colour. The common argument used to be that our potters used lead because they worked on a body made of bone that needed it, whereas Continental potters have a different body—felspar, which does not need it. But this argument no longer holds, for Dr. Mellor and Mr. Bernard Moore have recently devised a body which has all the properties of the foreign body and yet is made from English material. As a matter of fact, the use of leadless glaze is growing steadily. Many of the big potteries use it mainly or exclusively in their works; the names of Wedgwood, Copeland, Minton, occur to the mind in this connection. The last Inspectors' Report showed that of 111 coarse ware potteries, raw lead is used only in 18, and that out of 465 other potteries (including all the general fine household earthenware and china manufactories of the country) 106 are now confining themselves to substantially non-poisonous glaze. This is the moment for prohibiting the use of lead, and removing this slur and danger from a noble and ancient art.

Some General Suggestions

As the creation of these Councils is now under discussion in several industries, a few suggestions and cautions may be desirable. The task of conducting industry successfully on these lines will tax all the resources of our industrial statesmanship, and it will tax the ability of the Trades Unions in a special degree. If they can seize the chance to break down the spirit of jealousy between this craft union and that, between this type of union and that, and gradually to reorganise and combine their forces in new formations, corresponding to the new circumstances of industry, the Trade Union movement will grow immensely in power. If this is to be effected, several questions that have hitherto been shirked in the Trade Union world will have to be faced. The crisis over the shop stewards was a result of turning a blind eye to the realities of the workshop and the mill, and allowing a dangerous separation to grow up between leaders and rank and file. That movement is in itself a symptom of life and energy and if properly handled it will add to the sincerity and strength of representative government in the Trade Union world. And all its power will be needed, for the Industrial Councils will not inaugurate a perpetual peace between employers and employed or achieve a final reconciliation between their interests. Some people are talking with hope, others with fear of a grand alliance between employers and employed, threatening the State and the consumer with a new and dangerous tyranny. This assumes that the State is helpless and that employers and employed have no divergent interests. Both assumptions are mistaken. The organisation of industry, with representative forms, will make some degree of State control—of the kind outlined in previous articles—essential for the protection of society. And though there will be co-operation on these councils, there will also be conflict. The workman who thinks that the Trades Union leaders often get the worst of it in dealings with officials and employers will look on this prospect with some anxiety, and it is in the interest of the nation as it is in the interest of the workman that the Trades Unionist should be able to hold his own in debate and deliberation.

In this connection the Trades Union might well take a leaf out of the employers' book. The employers do not choose the secretaries of their organisations exclusively from their own ranks. One of the most successful officials to be found in the service of these associations was previously a leading statistician in the Board of Trade. The Trades Unions would be well advised to look beyond their own boundaries and to appoint among their officials men with the kind of experience and education that are needed, say, for the Civil Service. Skill and quickness in handling documents, in analysing and in presenting a case, in appreciating the precise meaning of which a statement is capable, are acquired by a special training, and if a Trades Union is to provide its own secretary and staff, it will need those specialised qualities just as much as a Government Department needs them.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Rabelais

IT is observed by Rabelais himself that those who have read "the pleasant titles of some books of our invention," such as *Pease and Bacon with a Commentary*, "are too ready to judge that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies"; but "the subject thereof is not so foolish as by the title at the first sight it should appear to be." Were one not faced with incitements to speculation about meaning on every page, this would be sufficient excuse for the commentators and explorers. But these gentlemen would do well to remember a later remark of the author's about "a certain gulligut friar and true bacon-picker" who tried to get incredible allegories out of Ovid:

If you give no credit thereto, why do not you the same in these jovial new chronicles of mine? Albeit when I did dictate them, I thought upon no more than you, who possibly were drinking the whilst as I was. For in the composing of this lordly book, I never lost nor bestowed any more, nor any other time than what was appointed to serve me for taking of my bodily refection, that is, whilst I was eating and drinking. And, indeed, that is the fittest and most proper hour wherein to write these high matters and deep sciences; as Homer knew very well, the paragon of all philologues, and Ennius, the father of the Latin poets, as Horace calls him, although a certain sneaking jobbernal alleged that his verses smelled more of the wine than oil.

An accusation which Rabelais calls "an honour and a praise."

Our ancestors tended to regard Rabelais as purely a buffoon. Their imaginary portraits of him were much like their portraits of Falstaff. Modern research has recovered a good many details of his industrious life, and shown how vast is the learning and how purposeful much of the satire of his great book. It has even been decided that the only portrait with the slightest claim to authenticity is one which gives him weary eyes, sunken cheeks, a wispy beard, and a forehead like a ploughed field. Some of the results of the immense mass of modern French investigation are tabulated in Mr. W. F. Smith's *Rabelais in His Writings*, just published by the Cambridge University Press (6s. net), and Mr. Smith makes a good many conjectures of his own. Among his arguments some are not exactly conclusive. It is not very satisfying to be told that Rabelais was not, as used to be supposed, born in 1483; he was always exact about facts and we can (we are told) deduce with certainty from his own writings that he was born in 1494, "about 1494 or 1495," or else in 1489. It is not much use to know that his statements of facts were accurate when you don't know which were his statements of facts. But his history has been very much amplified; we know where he went and when he wrote much better than we did; and the nature of his reading and references is being gradually cleared up. In one regard, at least, the tendency of modern students is significant. When research on him began the inclination was to read great affairs into his every chapter. It is now certain that the war between Grandgousier and Picrochole represents nothing more than a law-suit between Rabelais' father (who is no longer alleged to have been an innkeeper as the robust old tradition had it), and a neighbouring landlord over riparian rights. But the point to remember (in the light of the introduction to *Gargantua*, if our own sense doesn't guide us) is that the raw material of Rabelais ceases to be important after he has used it. He may have amused himself as much as he liked by using real characters, incidents, and events in his narrative, but the fairy-tale he made out of them is the thing that matters. The war between those two kings was not written merely in order to record this insignificant law-suit; when Friar John of the Funnels, "by his prowess and valour discomfited all those of the army that entered into the close of the abbey, unto the number of thirteen thousand, six hundred, twenty and two, besides the women and little children, which is always to be understood," Rabelais had forgotten all about the fishing rights of Rabelais père and was merely thinking of his own amusement and perhaps of the grinning faces of his hospital patients, for whose amusement the first two books are alleged to have been written.

The scholars must not, in fact, begin to make him smell more of the oil than of the wine. They have demonstrated that he was not a drunkard—though anyone with half an eye could see that; but they now tend to suggest rather that he was a teetotaler. They prove that he was an eminent physician, a successful lecturer, a trusted diplomatist, an erudite theologian, a great Humanist, a Church Reformer, a

linguist, a lawyer, a traveller, an expert in architecture and the military art, and Lord knows what else; and they almost lose sight of the fact that, whatever else he was, he was a jolly old dog. Here, for instance, is Mr. Smith, who has patience, judgment, learning, and who certainly would not be spending his life upon such an author if he did not relish him. Yet his book is completely humourless, lacking in high spirits or even relish, and unilluminated even by the quotations from the text which might give balance to it. One cannot help thinking that if the spirit of Rabelais himself, looking down from the clouds over the lid of a tankard of nectar, should descry these books on the work which he dedicated with a "Ho! Ye, most illustrious drinkers," he would be tempted to add a few more items to that long catalogue of imaginary pedantry with which he filled his Library of St. Victor, and which includes *Quaestio subtilissima, utrum chimæra in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones*, and *Marmotretus de baboonis et apis, cum Commento Dorbellis*.

In fact, after I had read Mr. Smith's book—closely reasoned, carefully arranged, clearly expressed, as it is—I had to go back to Rabelais and read a few remembered passages in order to remind myself that neither reform nor autobiographical history were his prime interest. I read of that storm during which Panurge, as white as chalk, chattered, "Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous." I read the debate on Marrying or not Marrying, and the Discourse of the Drinkers, the finest reproduction of the chatter of a crowd enjoying themselves which exists anywhere in literature. I read the great formal address wherewith Master Janotus de Bragnardo besought Gargantua to return to the people of Paris the bells of Our Lady's Church which he had carried off on the neck of his mare, and which opens:

Hem, hem, gud-day, sire, gud-day. Et vobis, my masters. It were but reason that you should restore to us our bells; for we have great need of them. Hem, hem, aihfuhash. We have oftentimes heretofore refused good money for them of those of London in Cahors, yea, and those of Bordeaux in Brie, who would have bought them for the substantive quality of the elementary complexion, which is intrinsecated on the terrestreity of their quidditative nature, to extraneize the blasting mists and whirlwinds upon our vines; indeed not ours, but these round about us.

And I read that most perfect chapture of all "of the qualities and conditions of Panurge," who "was of a middle stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat of an aquiline nose, made like the handle of a razor," who was "naturally subject to a kind of disease which at that time they called lack of money," and who "was a wicked lewd rogue, a cozenor, drinker, roister, rover, and a very dissolute and debauched fellow, if there were any in Paris; otherwise, and in all matters else, the best and most virtuous man in the world." And, having thus read I felt sure again that although it is interesting to know that the idea of Panurge came out of an Italian macaronic romance, and probably out of fifty-seven other places as well, it really does not greatly matter: any more than that "fair great book" which Panurge wrote, but which "is not printed yet that I know of."

Still, it is ridiculous not to be thankful for the book one will use. This is especially so when, in England, Rabelaisian literature is so scarce. No English biographer has thought it worth while to write a really big book on him; and beyond Professor Saintsbury (who had a magnificent chapter on him in his recent *History of the French Novel*) and two industrious Cambridge dons, scarcely any living English critic has attempted to do him justice. He is not even widely read; except by schoolboys who get hold of nasty paper-covered editions of him because he was in the habit of plastering his pages with unpleasant, and, in print, unusual words. He cannot be excused—as some have attempted to excuse him—from the charge of a verbal coarseness unparalleled in any other great modern writer. But his gigantic humour, his inexhaustibly happy language, his knowledge of mankind, his wisdom and the generosity of his spirit, have made him the secular Bible of a succession of English writers (amongst whom, a little surprisingly, was Charles Kingsley), and there are many men living who would find him equally companionable if only they would once try him. They need not even bother about reading him in the original. For the seventeenth century translation by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie (concluded, not quite so superbly, by Peter Motteux) is one of the great translations of the world, unequalled by any other translation in our language, a miracle in its constant re-creation of what cannot be literally rendered from the French into our own tongue.

A German View of Sea-Law

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

"THE most monstrous thing," said Mr. Asquith on December 20th, in the House of Commons, "which the Germans have done in the whole war is the declaration of a new submarine warfare, by far the most lawless and wanton act of violation of the letter and the spirit of all international convention and usage that any country has ever perpetrated in all its history."

That Germany's submarine warfare against the merchant ships of neutral as well as Allied nations is a "violation of the letter and the spirit of all international convention and usage," can be proved on the authority of a well-known German expert on the Law of Nations. I refer, to Legal Assessor Dr. Hans Wehberg, of Düsseldorf, whose book of 450 compact pages, *Das Seekriegsrecht* (The Rights of Warfare at Sea), finished by him during the first months of the war, and published in 1915 by Kohlhammer of Berlin, Stuttgart and Leipzig, is a running comment on, and a thorough condemnation of, Germany's lawless acts.

Dr. Wehberg is one of the few German publicists to whom truth is dearer than national ambition. Referring to the German Government's protest issued in October, 1914, against Great Britain's detention of German reservists on board overtaken ships, Dr. Wehberg says on page 313:

I regret sincerely, that I cannot on that important question share the point of view of my Government. But much as I should like to stand up for the interests of my country, I cannot sacrifice the scientific character of my book, nor give up the great idea of international law, which reigns over all countries.

Further, mentioning a statement made on March 17th, 1915, in the House of Commons by Mr. Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, that some British merchant ships had then been armed as food carriers exclusively for defence which some German critics, among them Captain Persius in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, had reproved as a "backward step to former piracy," Dr. Wehberg saw no ground "to doubt the correctness of Mr. Churchill's statement." The opinion of that German expert, who, as we shall see, stated that merchant ships of a belligerent country have the right to defend themselves against attack, incurred for him the wrath of the German authorities. They boycotted his book, they drove him out of the position he held as one of the editors of the German magazine for international law, and it was stated in the Dutch Press, that finally they had called him up, although he was quite unfit for military service. In any case Dr. Hans Wehberg has effectively been silenced and is no more heard in Germany. But his book *Das Seekriegsrecht*, of which I possess a treasured copy, remains a witness of German lawlessness. The number of the page from which I am going to quote his opinion, will be given between brackets.

German authorities and publicists have justified the U-boat warfare against merchantmen on the ground of the British blockade, which they declared to be illegal. This is denied by Dr. Wehberg, who finds it to be "one of the chief objects of naval war, to strike at the economical life of the enemy nation, in order to force them to make peace." (3 and 4) which can only be done by "grasping the enemy in his life nerve." While it suffices, in his opinion, "in war on land to occupy the enemy's territory, in order to make him yield," the case is different in war at sea, for then "the object is only attainable by striking at the enemy's industrial and commercial life," and to do this, "the goods of all inhabitants of the enemy country must be captured at sea." (192).

It is not necessary to quote his opinion further in justification of the British blockade, which is applied fully in accordance with Dr. Wehberg's description of a legal blockade. The German submarine blockade can in no way be squared with it. To be legal, says Dr. Wehberg (150), a blockade must be carried out and maintained by a sufficient number of warships, which blockade all entrance to the enemy harbours "as much as possible." Without a sufficient number of warships present, the blockade "exists only on paper," and would merely "degenerate in damaging neutral trade." This is not justified.

"All nations nowadays have accepted the principle of effectiveness. The paper blockade endangers neutral shipping in an endless manner. . . . The nations are to-day convinced, that a war necessity cannot more justify a fictitious blockade, because the harm it causes to the enemy is not great enough, in comparison with the harm done to neutral trade. If through absence of the necessary warships a large portion of the enemy merchant ships, which run through the blockade, cannot be captured, the mere prohibition acts nevertheless as a preventive and keeps many vessels away from the

blockaded ports. And in spite of that damage caused to neutral shipping, a profound blow is not at the same time given to the enemy." This is exactly the effect of Germany's fictitious submarine blockade.

Use of Mines

The use of mines for that purpose is also illegal in the opinion of Dr. Wehberg, who emphatically declares, that "it is prohibited to establish a blockade merely by laying mines." For, "the protection of international trade demands, to apply blockade by acts directed by the human will. The placing of mines is only allowed to destroy enemy warships and their bases, but not to impede the enemy's sea trade. It would be getting round the ineffective blockade, if a mine-blockade stopped the mercantile marine." (73). Nevertheless, Germany has, throughout the war, used mines to destroy Allied and neutral merchant shipping.

Nor has she heeded the proposal made in 1907 at the Hague Conference by the German delegation, that "by using automatic mines, all possible precautions must be taken to safeguard peaceful shipping." It was agreed at The Hague, that only such mines should be used, which become harmless "one hour" after they break loose. To that precaution, belligerents "are bound," says Dr. Wehberg (79). But to that rule Germany has never adhered in this war. Nor to the rule regarding torpedoes, which "must become harmless, after failing to strike their object." (77). The German Government has, in the case of the *Tubantia*, admitted, that this Dutch steamer was destroyed by a German torpedo, launched some days before at a British warship.

More brutally lawless is the sinking of merchant ships without warning and, worse still "without leaving a trace behind." Dr. Wehberg underlines the word "duty" in the following statement: "A warship, which meets an enemy merchant ship, has the duty to call upon it to stop, in order to make sure whether it is liable to capture and willing to surrender." (258). And it is in his opinion, "according to the ancient common law," that "a warship must, before attacking an enemy merchant ship, call it to stop." (257). He further quotes this from the German Prize Law: "All measures must be applied in a manner, the observance of which, also against the enemy, enhances the honour of the German Empire, and with such respect towards neutrals, as the Law of Nations and German interests demand." (259). This is an admission, that the ruthless submarine warfare has lowered the honour of the German Empire. History will not forget that fact.

Although Dr. Wehberg admits the right to sink an enemy merchant ship, if it cannot be brought into harbour, he nevertheless treats it as exceptional, while insisting that care must be taken for the lives of the crew, and the papers of the destroyed ship must be secured, "to serve as evidence before the Prize Court." The German submarine commanders never take that trouble, and how can they take it, in executing their order to sink ships at sight? Dr. Wehberg wrote in his book, seventy pages about the procedure of the Prize Court, of which Germany has made a farce. He never contemplated that his country would use submarines as commerce destroyers. He always kept in view the recognised principle, that cruisers have the task to capture, or to detain and search, merchant ships at sea. He found the objection against their sinking "chiefly based on the critical position of the crew and passengers, who had to be taken on board the cruiser and were then in constant danger to lose their lives by war operations." The German submarines leave those crews not only adrift in the roughest sea, but even fire on them while they try to escape in their lifeboat.

Implicitly Dr. Wehberg condemns the execution of Captain Fryatt as a juridical murder, when he says: "An enemy merchant ship has the right to defend itself against attack, and has even the right to resist search. Should large merchant ships, worth millions (of marks) without more ado allow themselves to be captured by smaller vessels, simply because the latter agree to the destruction of so-called warships?" (284). And he emphatically declares, that "the act of resistance has no influence on the fate of the crew of the enemy merchant ship." They must be treated as prisoners of war.

The shelling of open coast places and attacks on hospital ships are also condemned by Dr. Wehberg. But his book is chiefly valuable as proving the complete illegality of Germany's new submarine warfare, stamping it as "the most monstrous thing" of all her many atrocious acts.

Books of the Week

The Night Club. By Herbert Jenkins. Author of *Bindle*. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd. 5s. net.

The Don and Some Others. By ÆSCULAPIUS. W. and R. Chambers. 3s. 6d. net.

We of Italy. By MRS. K. R. STEEGE. J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.

Rebels and Reformers. By A. AND D. PONSONBY. George Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.

The Keeper's Book. Illustrated War Edition. By P. JEFFERY MACKIE. McCorquodale and Co., Glasgow. 12s. 6d.

BINDLE was so great a success that his witty author has been seduced into attempting that most dangerous of literary experiments—a sequel. In *The Night Club*, Bindle and his friends reappear, but it cannot be written down an unqualified success; it is too much like a jar of pickled eggs, some are splendid, but others do not please. This defect is in part due to the author's excellences. Given a good idea, no writer can work out a better story; take the following three chapters: "The Prime Minister decides to advertise," "The Barabba Club," and "A Dramatic Engagement." Each of them is a "night" one delights to hear about and never forgets, and the tale is told with a mastery of technique which merits the highest praise. But when ideas are lacking, and the author has to put in a chapter of padding, it is deplorable. We are given jokes and cynicism that were generally and hopefully believed to have been buried long ago in the coffin of the last red-nosed low comedian of the mid-Victorian music-hall. It is evidently a dangerous thing for a publisher to do his own publishing, thereby escaping the pitiless criticism of the professional "taster." We are certain there are pages in *The Night Club* which no common or garden author would ever have been allowed to print, while there are others (they are the more numerous) which any author would have been proud to have written for they are good literature and display a shrewd and kindly knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature.

* * * * *

Anonymity seems to be a peculiar delight to writers on naval matters, though perhaps necessity has something to do with the matter. A certain Æsculapius, author of *The Doc, and Some Others*, is very obviously a member of the personnel of the Grand Fleet, for he writes with the sure touch of experience, and fully equals *Bartimaeus* in the vigour of his descriptions and the dramatic strength of his narratives. This book is a collection of short stories of varying types, both humorous and dramatic—it is a patchwork of life, as a matter of fact, and each story is a blend of humour and pathos. Probably the best story of the lot is that which tells how Mackellar left the mess, in accordance with the expressed wish of other members of that mess, at the battle of Jutland, but it is difficult to pick out a "best" where all are good. "Æsculapius" has rendered the spirit of the Navy very well indeed; without undue use of technicalities he has shown the men of the Grand Fleet and the mechanism with which they do their work—the story of a submarine cruise, for instance, is enlightening with regard to submarine warfare and the way in which men take the risks of under-sea life. The great point about the book is that its author shows that the officers of the British Navy, and the rank and file as well, are not a peculiar breed of men apart from all the world, as some writers have made them, but are of just such material as makes the world of landmen; through necessity a little more centred on their work, perhaps, but just as mixed in the matter of type, as companionable, as eccentric, as the men of a battalion, or the men of a business house. This obvious truth with regard to the whole is made clear through a few individuals and incidents, so well depicted that the book is to be commended without reserve.

* * * * *

We of Italy, by Mrs. K. R. Steege, consists mainly of letters written by Italian soldiers to their friends, and thus is descriptive of the work in the field and the circumstances under which that work is carried out. It has been often and very truly said that the soldier knows less of the plans of battles than any other person, and here in these pages is full evidence of the fact, for the descriptions of actions given by these men

show that tactics were not nearly so much in their thoughts as were personal experience, and that, for the most part, they had little idea of the real nature of the work which they were doing so valiantly.

Here and there are touches of unconscious humour—conscious humour is rare, for, as has been noted by all who have had the opportunity of making comparisons, both French and Italian troops take their work very seriously, and it remains for the British soldier to make a joke of his work. One man writes: "In those instants, my dear parents, I saw and remembered everything. I saw thee, Mamma, at work in thy usual seat, and thee, Papa, going about the shop as usual, and a sob closed my throat." This was while waiting for the signal for attack—a British Tommy would probably have wished for a glass of bitter, or whistled the latest music-hall tune he could remember, under similar circumstances, for the Latin tendency to sentiment is entirely absent from his composition. Quite apart from these things, however, the author has made such a selection of letters as gives a picture of the work done by the Italian armies, and brings out the tremendous difficulties of the battles among the heights—before the tragedy of last October.

There is one section given up to description of the way in which the King of Italy has identified himself with his people in the war, in which he is shown as worthy of admiration as is Albert of Belgium, and, since this book will do much to give understanding of the way in which Italy regards the war, the section is all too short, for the example of the House of Savoy is a matter for the fullest possible recognition.

* * * * *

The lives of a dozen of the great figures of history, none of whom are British, are sketched in *Rebels and Reformers*, by A. and D. Ponsonby. The object has been to produce a work which shall induce young people to take an interest in history, and regard it as recreative rather than as a difficult study of dates and names, and for that purpose the authors have set down sketches of Savonarola, William the Silent, Tycho Brahe, Cervantes, Grotius, Voltaire, Mazzini, Thoreau, and others.

Although simply written, these sketches omit no essential acts in the lives that they portray, and it might be said that this is a book for those of all ages who have managed to preserve young minds, more especially since history, as taught hitherto, has in this country very largely neglected the great men of other countries—except for one or two figures—and thus at least half of these names are very little known to old as well as young. Thoreau, Tycho Brahe, and Giordano Bruno, for example, are unknown names to the majority of British folk, or at the best are vague figures who did something in some past time, and thus such sketches as these are welcome, since they will tempt readers to search for fuller biographies of men who have influenced the world. The authors have been wise in introducing personages to whom the term "rebel" may be applied in the sense in which they have used it, implying such moral courage and independence of action as set itself against evil tendencies of the times which these men influenced. A book like this breaks new ground for many readers, and thus has a very definite value.

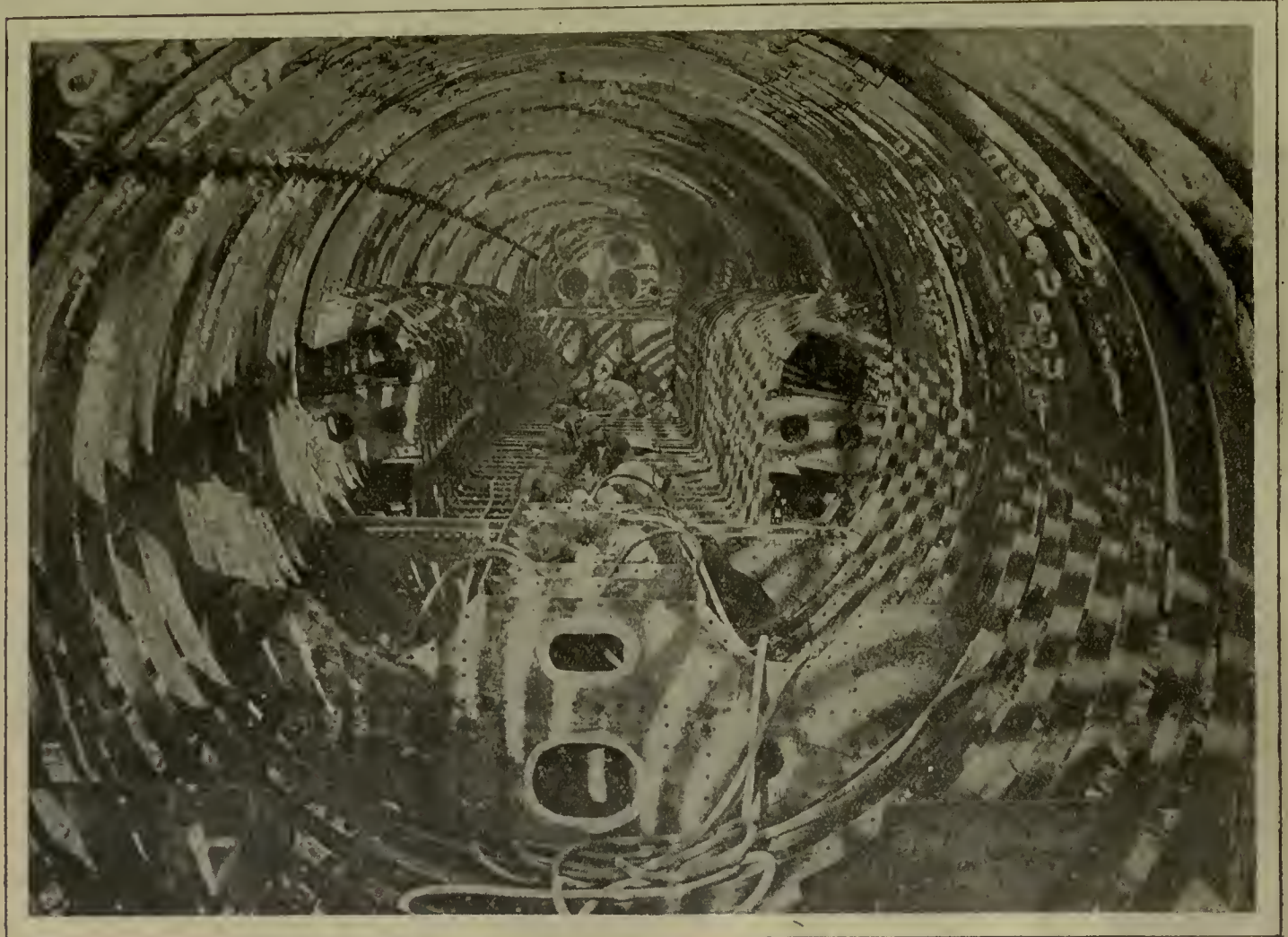
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A war edition of Mr. P. J. Mackie's well-known *Keeper's Book* has just been brought out. This "guide to the duties of a gamekeeper" was originally published fourteen years ago, and in the intervening period it has come to be recognised as a standard work. It contains a multitude of useful facts and information, presented in a very agreeable manner, and their value is considerably enhanced by an admirable index. There is a delightful chapter on tiger-shooting, the battue on a big scale, though English gamekeepers do not, as a rule, have to arrange for elephant beaters, or to place stops to turn "stripes."

This new War Edition contains a dedication to the boys of Britain, in effect an appreciation by the author of the admirable work that has been done by the Boy Scouts movement. There is also a preface dealing with the future of the country after the war, which, in its nature, is controversial, but provides another useful sign of that strong determination to protect the industries and agriculture of this country in a more efficient way than has ever happened before. But the outstanding merit of the volume lies in its practical treatment of the field life and sport of these islands.



Modern Shipbuilding



Official Photograph

Interior of a Submarine in Course of Construction



Official Photograph

Laying down the Decks of a Cargo Ship

Secrets of the Desert



From "Desert Campaigns," by W. T. Massey

The Camel Patrol: Strange Signals



From "Desert Campaigns," by W. T. Massey

London Bacteriologists in a Field Hospital Examining Contents of a Test Tube

In these two pictures Mr. James McBey, official artist in Palestine, has depicted the watch for the enemy, human and microbial, which the British Force in the East untiringly maintains



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

A Chance in Furs

It is not often that such money-saving chances are given as those offered with a special sale of most inexpensive furs. Nobody can afford to miss it. The firm responsible have made a feature of those attractive fur "dog collars"—a cosy fur neck band encircling the neck and most warm as well as becoming. One of these collars in natural musquash is actually being sold for fifteen shillings during the sale.

A guinea is all that is asked for a cross-over tie of natural undyed fur wallaby, a most enticing fur. It will be a well-advised woman, too, who secures one of the cheapest sets of the sale—a cross-over natural undyed musquash tie for 18s. 6d., the small pillow muff to match costing a guinea only.

Several of the fashionable cape collars too, are being sold at much reduced prices, and most attractive affairs they are, the becoming cape effect over the shoulders tapering inwards at the neck, and then branching upwards to delightfully frame the face. From the point of design alone these cape collars are amongst the best proposition in fur neckwear ever made, and it is good news to hear sale time reduces their price considerably, though this was never unduly high. A fur cape collar of natural undyed wallaby—the new Australian fur—is but 40s., a large barrel muff to match being the same price. This wallaby is of a soft greyish brown tone and particularly charming.

All these furs are being sold at such moderate prices that ready money must be asked for them. They will, however, be sent on approval, the money being refunded if they are returned to the firm within four days.

Delightful Day Dresses

The fact that the price of wool is mounting with each day that passes makes some charming ready-to-wear frocks in wool-rape all the more noticeable. They are naturally enough being sold off very rapidly, it being increasingly difficult to get anything of their character at all, especially at their exceptionally moderate price, 75s. being all that is asked for them.

Too much stress can hardly be laid on the value of these frocks as prices go to-day. Not only do they look well, but they wear particularly well, wool-rape being that welcome kind of fabric that never creases in the way others do.

The great firm responsible are offering two different styles of wool rape frocks, one frock having an attractive Rani satin collar, cuffs, and waistbelt, the other frock being made with very much of a coat effect, and having attractive detail of narrow velvet ribbon about it. A useful booklet giving pictures of the designs and patterns of the wool rapes is well worth applying for—a fact that will be more and more hammered home as the months of the New Year pass.

Gloves for the Country

In the country, naturally enough, one needs a totally different kind of glove from that usually used in town, and a famous firm realising this are featuring during their winter sale a number of gloves particularly suitable for the country at a special sale price.

From every point of view this is a chance to be pursued and not by any manner of means to be lightly set aside. Gloves are going to be one of the dress problems of the year. Not only is their supply uncertain, but their cost is bound to rise as leather of all kinds gets scarcer and dearer; in fact, it is quite on the cards that before 1918 is out no gloves will be available at anything like a possible price at all. The sales then are like a beacon of light directing the way everyone should go, a light which will fade away once their sway is ended. While they last good gloves can still be bought and very reasonably too, and the wise woman is securing a supply with all speed while yet there is time.

The useful country gloves in mind are in practical shades of tan and grey, and of the two-buttoned variety. They are being cleared at 4s. 11d. a pair, and great bargains can be

found amongst them by anyone with the eyes to see. That they are strong and hard-wearing gloves goes without saying, a chance such as this proving past all shade of question that the winter sales do not merely justify their existence this year, but are in very truth treasure trove.

The Acme Polishing Cloth

At times when a chamois leather for some reason or another is unavailable, the Acme polishing cloth is a useful ally to have at hand. For without doubt it brightens anything exceedingly well, being a great aid to anybody laudably trying to keep silver, brass or anything else of the kind the shining attractive articles they ought to be.

For uniform buttons, too, the Acme polishing cloth is just the thing that is wanted, the final rub up with it doing wonders. Perhaps, however, the primary point in its favour at a time when almost everything we want is untowardly dear is its exceptionally low price. Acme cloths cost 4½d., 6½d. or 8½d., according to size, under none of which categories are they expensive affairs.

Without claiming to outclass a chamois leather, or even entirely rival it, these cloths on the question of price emphatically beat them hollow. Chamois leathers are now not only very expensive, but likely to grow still dearer as time goes on. To be able to buy a reliable polishing cloth in their stead as cheap as this, is nothing short of a boon.

Another way in which Acme polishing cloths excel is the ease with which they can be washed. They wash out, in fact, quite as readily as a duster, being as soft afterwards as they were before—another point in which chamois leather cannot always compare favourably.

How to Clean Knives

No matter how plain or simple the food is, the meal can be an attractive one if all to do with the table is as it should be. Clean table linen, bright silver, and last, but by no means least polished knives. A table equipped with bright shining knives looks a different thing at once, yet in the old order of things and with old methods to get them up to this standard was irksome labour indeed. Besides, knife cleaning was not always a tidy job, the powder was apt to fly about, and boards were none too easy to put away.

Most folk now are agreed that the fine art of life is simplification, and the Beesway knife cleaner is simplicity itself. It is a little machine which can be clamped on to a table or dresser, so is always ready for use, while never for one moment in the way. With its help a dozen knives or so can be bright and shining in the neighbourhood of five minutes—absolutely ready for use. All that is needed is to put a knife inside, turn the handle, and hey presto! the deed is done.

Another good point is that the Beesway does not wear out knives in the way many knife cleaning contrivances do. It saves them instead. It is so small, compact and easy to work that a child can use it, while so convinced are the makers of its reliability that each little machine is accompanied by a year's guarantee. Anybody using it then is bound to look upon it as a household ally, registering a debt of gratitude to such a labour saver as this proves to be. Of polished oak with bright nickel or oxidised fittings it is a nice-looking little article to boot, and though during war-time of necessity its price of 8s. 11d. is more than it would otherwise be, it is well worth it.

PASSE-PARTOUT

Service caps for women are the latest form of headgear made necessary by the times in which we live and Henry Heath, of 105-109, Oxford Street, has admirably risen to the occasion. His service cap is the most ideal kind of headgear the khaki-clad girl can wear, motor drivers in particular finding it specially useful. A pull-on cap, it fits so closely to the head that the most tempestuous gust of wind cannot dislodge it from its place. It is light, serviceable, and though practicability is its watchword, manages to be becoming at the same time. A khaki whipcord cap set into a stitched fold of material at the back, and with a small bow in front—much after the manner of a V.A.D. cap—or trimmed with a leather buttoned tab, is a guinea, and a finished article it is. Then there is a less expensive cap of khaki serge, made upon precisely the same lines—quite a good hardwearing cap this, even if not quite up to the mark of the first example. Its price is 15s. 6d. During the windy months to come, any amount of war workers will feel grateful that such caps have been made.

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Germany's War Aims

The Pan-German Ruffian: "Now the World sees me as I am."



Von Bernstorff.



Boy-Ed.



Von Papen.

The Rogues Gallery

The Secret Agents of the Kaiser

FROM the first day of the War there was one man in America who realised that before long the United States would have to fight, and fight for its life, against the common foe of civilisation. This man was John R. Rathom, the Editor of the *Providence Journal*. Born in Melbourne of English parents, and educated at Harrow, Mr. Rathom had lived a life full of adventure, in China and in the Soudan, as a correspondent during the Spanish-American War, and the South African War—during which he was twice wounded. From the outbreak of the present war he took in at his office at Rhode Island every wireless message sent out by the Germans from the United States. He placed his men in confidential positions in the twelve most important Teutonic headquarters in the United States, and received from them, almost daily, reports and original documents covering every phase of German plots and German propaganda. He forced the recall of Von Papen and Boy-Ed. He unearthed Dr. Heinrich Albert and his £8,000,000 corruption fund, and sent him back to Germany. He proved that the *Lusitania* warning was sent out by the German Embassy on orders direct from Berlin. He warned the Government that the Canadian Parliament Building at Ottawa was to be fired three weeks before it was destroyed by German agents. These are only a few of his achievements. The whole astounding story—the most sensational Secret Service revelations ever published—will appear weekly in LAND & WATER, fully illustrated from photographs, documents, etc. The introductory article will appear in the February 7th issue. It is important that readers should place their orders with their usual agents at once.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1918

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NOTICE

AFTER this week the price of *Land & Water* will be 9d.

Next week's issue will contain the introduction to Mr. John R. Rathom's *Revelations of German Intrigue* (to which reference is made on the opposite page); a short story by Centurion; special sections on Country Life, Literature and Art; and the usual contributions by Mr. Belloc and Mr. Pollen on military and naval affairs.

In view of the exceptional interest which will be aroused by Mr. Rathom's articles, the demand for *Land & Water* is likely to be greater than ever; and we particularly request all our readers to order their copies in advance.

A NATIONAL DANGER

ABOUT a fortnight ago there simultaneously appeared in several papers an attack upon the present command of the British Army at home and abroad. These papers are all controlled by one man, and form what is virtually a Trust or monopoly. This Newspaper Trust has during the last two years increasingly assumed the right and the power to upset ministries, to nominate new ministers and discharge others, and to dictate and veto public policy. The danger of such a state of affairs during a national war for life, ought, perhaps, to have been long ago apparent to everybody. But it usually takes some sharp peril or shock to arouse public opinion. Such an example was needed here before public opinion was moved sufficiently to act. The claim of a newspaper owner, responsible to no one, acting by suggestion upon millions of readers, and yet keeping his name and influence in the background—the claim of such a man to interfere at such a moment as this with the British Higher Command, to change it at his will, and to put chance nominees of his own into the places of its present occupants, was a claim that passed the limits of public tolerance. It was high time!

We all know what followed. In the face of such a protest as has not been made since the attack on Lord Kitchener two years ago, the newspaper campaign was for the moment stopped, and it seemed as though its authors had been taught their lesson once and for all. Men went about saying that the thing was over and that the exceedingly dangerous piece of insolence they had just witnessed would not be renewed. Those who thought this were deceived: those who had a full acquaintance with its character were less sanguine. It is part of such people's calculation that the public of our great modern cities has so poor a memory, and is so lacking in principle as to be easily the dupe of a fresh attack within a couple of weeks of that which first rendered it indignant. After such an interval therefore the outrage has been renewed,

and we have had this week a second attack on the chiefs of the army. We believe, with all due deference to these experts in popular folly and instability, that they have overreached themselves. A fortnight was not enough to allow for the forgetting of the first crime, and general opinion was roused to indignation. But beside general opinion another powerful opposition was aroused. The latent forces which our society can develop in defence of its fundamental institutions against so maleficent a power, are greater than it dreams of. This country is fighting a fight of life and of death. It has tolerated, during the last two years, more—far more—than it should have tolerated from this "government by newspaper." It has done so on account of the easy-going habit engendered by a long period of prosperity and peace. But there is a limit to its patience, and it has discovered that in time of mortal war drastic government is necessary and the old tolerations of normal times must be suspended. A very little more of this usurpation—of this attempt to dictate measures without any responsibility for failure—and the nation at large will demand and support immediate action against the culprits and their due punishment.

The motives of these sudden outbursts against public servants—each one of which in its turn has been fatal to the individual attacked—are nearly always personal: nevertheless, the whole State is thrown into jeopardy. It was a morally intolerable position two years ago when the original Grand Alliance was still intact, when Russia was still a strong military Power, and when the strain of the war had not reached its present extremity. To-day, when we all know that the ordeal of the next few months must decide the fate of England, this newspaper government is both morally and practically intolerable; we feel that it may breed immediate and overwhelming disaster. There is a universal feeling that it must either be silenced by the strength of opinion or better, by the direct action of the Government.

It is exceedingly important to appreciate in this connection that the discussion is *not* whether this or that great official of the State—this or that soldier in a high position, this or that executive officer—is the best discoverable; whether a long term of office has fatigued this or that commander at home or abroad; whether this or that hitherto untried talent should not be given its opportunity, etc. The issue is not of that kind at all. The issue is between two forms of Government. The first form of Government is that which all civilised nations have hitherto understood, which was long our own strength, and is still the strength of our enemies. It is the form of government in which those who command are publicly clothed with certain titles, exercise an open authority and are necessarily responsible in one form or another for the results of their actions. The other form of Government which proposes to replace this is a complete example of demagoguery in its worst form. It is Government by a newspaper owner who does not write or speak himself; who does not appear in public; who is responsible to no one, and who commands through a great variety of organs an apparent consensus of opinions. Such a man can suggest anything; can boycott whom he chooses, can print on public affairs whatever impression he likes, so long as he is left immune from the ordinary processes of the law.

The whole heart of the matter lies in the fact that if responsible Government commits an error, and disaster results, men know who gave the order. Its author has been kept under public observation. The nation can in one fashion or another remove him—or, at any rate, bring him to book. "Responsibility" means that you must "answer for" your actions and their consequences; irresponsible government is anarchy. If a man whose name does not appear, whose power is anonymous and yet in his own estimation absolute, is permitted to depress opinion at will, to publish news inciting to panic and to end by nominating our commanders, the nation is without power of redress, and the direction of affairs is at random. To permit such a power to continue its mischievous course unrestrained is like allowing some chance interference with powerful machinery—the interference of a child or of a jester. It is worse.

This modern sort of demagoguery, anonymous and possessed of such extraordinary opportunities, makes for catastrophe.

The New State in Europe—III

By Hilaire Belloc

The New Central State in Europe, under Prussian domination, has been defined geographically and ethnologically by Mr. Belloc in his previous articles. The question of language was discussed last week, and this week Mr. Belloc deals with the religious diversity of the peoples inhabiting this important area.

WE have seen that one great factor in the German scheme for a New Central State in Europe was the extraordinary diversity of language east of the solid German block. It is not only diversity, it is also complexity which marks the language map of the whole belt between the Baltic and the Balkans, and the Germanic influence acting eastward acts upon something divided and therefore open to its influence.

But this complex diversity of language, important though it be, is less important than the diversity of religion. It is the map of the religions lying to the east of the German block to which I would draw attention this week. We shall find there that same complexity and confusion we discovered on the side of language, and we shall understand how such a state of affairs strengthens the chances of foreign domination.

At the outset there are two points to be made. First, we note that the German block is itself rather sharply divided into Protestant and Catholic (very nearly half and half). Next, we emphasise the peculiar local importance of religious differences and its reaction on politics in eastern Europe.

The first of these points might seem to a superficial observer to work against the formation of that new great State in Central Europe which, if we leave it standing, will be the consecration of Prussian Power. Since this religious cleavage exists among the great German-speaking mass, which is also proud of its Germanic attachment and nationality, it must, it would seem, divide that mass, dissipate its effort, make the Catholic members of it sympathetic with co-religionists in the Slav countries rather than with religious opponents of their own blood.

There was a time, not so long past, when such a judgment would have been sound. To-day it no longer applies. On the contrary, the very presence of a Catholic half in the mass of the German block is to-day a strong instrument of foreign expansion, and the fact that the remaining half is Protestant (by tradition if not in practice) gives it a sort of neutral balancing position between Catholic and Orthodox which (though it is of indirect and often distant value) is not to be neglected. Further, the traditional Protestantism of North Germany and particularly of Prussia, has an expansionist effect all up the Baltic coast. It helps the burghers of Riga and of Reval—or, at any rate, many of them, and those the most active commercially—to a complete sympathy with their kinsmen right away along to Hamburg. That the division between Catholic and Protestant in the modern German block should be thus transformed from a weakness to a strength almost within a lifetime is due, of course, ultimately to the Prussian victories of fifty years ago. It is a sweeping but fairly trustworthy historical axiom that constitutions arising out of victory succeed, and those arising out of defeat fail. The brand new Germanic Empire with its hereditary Prussian Head, its simple general franchise, its diverse local franchises, the traditions of local patriotism which it had to meet, etc., etc., seemed at first a most artificial thing, mechanical and brittle. On the contrary, it soon proved to be an organic thing, strongly bound together by living forces, and it drew its life from the national pride in the military successes which culminated in 1871. The Catholic Germans, as a whole, felt intimately but *concurrently* their religion—which is strong with them—and their new patriotism. There was a critical moment of religious conflict: it was passed: the Catholics could claim a measure of success, and the union was more solid than ever. The present war has, of course, enormously strengthened this feeling. Nowhere do you see the German claims put forward more violently than in the genuinely popular and thoroughly Catholic Press of the Rhine Valley. It is rather the Jewish organs like the *Frankfurt Gazette* or those belonging to the great Protestant Capitalists which strike the moderate note. But here it will be said, "All this may well apply to the Catholic minority within the modern German Empire; how can it affect the German-speaking fringe of Bohemia, the Tyrol and the Austrian-Germans upon the Danube? Austria was a power defeated in the Prussian victories; her Catholicism was not that of a minority or in conflict; it was a universal State religion and the Austrian house should apparently have had no sympathy with a Power such as Prussia, which is not only Protestant, but which has actually

defeated it in the fields."

Here again there was a long period during which this criticism held true. It does not hold true to-day. It will be less true than ever after this war. It is the group of German peoples as a whole which has come to count. It is this group which feels that it has been fighting a desperate and latterly a successful war; its common national or racial interests are less and less in conflict with religious differences, and—if only we would face the dangerous truth—less and less dynastic.

Unity through Religions

The division then, of the German block into traditionally Protestant (I say "traditionally," because while especially in the great towns many of them to-day would deny any creed and great masses of them have abandoned any practice, yet all the traditions of their culture are Lutheran) and Catholic does not internally divide, but rather unites that block. It also gives it a curiously strong diplomatic position. The religious sympathies of the north affect Scandinavia strongly; those of the south, particularly as represented by the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, stand to the authorities of the Catholic Church as a sort of rival against the Orthodox pressure on the east. This was perhaps more the case when a strong and persecuting Russian State existed.

The second point, the importance of religious differences in Eastern Europe, is one that must be very specially emphasised for Western readers.

The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian—anyone of the West (including the Western German) is always puzzled when he is brought up against the religious complexity of Eastern Europe, and with difficulty understands how successful a disruptive force religious difference there can be. We do not, save in exceptional cases, such as that of Ireland, associate in our common thought differences of religion with differences of national aim or tradition. We have been accustomed—at any rate, until quite recent times—to treat religion as an individual matter and differences of creed as things that cannot or should not disturb the State. This attitude has, it is true, grown a little old-fashioned. The internal quarrel of clerical and anti-clerical, for instance, is now clearly a political thing and is felt to be of great moment upon the Western Continent. But you could not make a *map* of clerical and anti-clerical districts in France or Italy. It is a conflict of ideas, not of localities. In the East of Europe differences of religion have a high and permanent *local* significance of their own. They are like flags or badges.

One of the most striking things, for instance, in the earlier part of the war was the violent conflict between the Orthodoxy of the invading Russians and the Uniate Church in Galicia. It was a struggle of which we heard little at the time. It was one of which history will make a great deal when the story of the war is written. There was a prodigious struggle with all the elements of persecution, forced conversion, the imprisonment and exile of native clergy; the *restoration* of the original church conditions when the Austrian armies returned—all the features of a religious war. It was a great loss to the education of Western opinion in the true state of Eastern Europe that the alliance, as it then existed, made the discussion of this crucial matter impossible.

All along the border between the Polish and the German races religion is, again, a sort of hall-mark distinguishing one national tradition from the other. It is a sure guide for instance—a much surer guide than language—in all the eastern basin of the River Oder.

To give an example: If you were to mark how far the Polish influence extends towards Berlin and were to go by language alone, you would find the nearest point at, say, Birnbaum, about 50 miles from Posen. But if you go by the test of religions, which is here more accurate than the test of language, you will find it corresponding, as is natural, to the old boundaries of Poland, that is, of the province of Posen. The Polish religion and tradition go much further west than the language boundary. They stretch to a point south of Lansberg, only a long day's walk—a trifle over 20 miles—from Frankfurt, and not more than 75 miles from Berlin itself. The German language has spread somewhat, but it has not overlain the national feeling opposed to Germany.

You have the same experience in the debated land between Prussia and Poland to the north of Lansberg as you approach the Baltic. Here there is a good forty miles where German is understood and largely spoken within the old Polish provinces insolently called "West Prussia," but the Polish



The New State in Europe—Diversity of Religion

religion, and the Polish tradition with it, goes right up to the old boundary upon the 16th degree of longitude East of Greenwich.

You have the same thing in Silesia, the theatre of the most impudent and shameless of Prussian aggressions in the past. The German speech extends over the old border by a belt of from 15 to 20 miles broad to-day; but that belt has lost neither its traditional religion nor at bottom its traditional nationality. It is Polish.

Again, the contrast between the Uniate Roumanian and the Orthodox Roumanian is a real one, though the greatest experts will differ—according to their personal sympathies—upon its degree. A "Uniate" is one who has the Byzantine rite, that is, whose language, ornaments, customs, etc., in the service of the Mass are those of the Greek church, but who is in communion with Rome. Everyone will admit the strength of Roumanian national feeling, but it remains true that some generations of Uniate practice—that is of communion with Rome—on the part of Roumanians lying within the old boundaries of the Hungarian Kingdom, is a disturbing factor. When nationality and religion are coterminous, the religious differences of this eastern belt are a most vivid index of differentiation, and this is, of course, especially the case along the frontier which divides the two religions between Poland and the Russian peoples to the east.

Anyone visiting Warsaw before the war had before his eyes an excellent proof of what I mean. What did the Russian Government do to symbolise its part in the partition of Poland? What was the visible sign of its presence in the Polish capital? A new brilliantly coloured huge Orthodox Church built in the centre of the town and in its principal square, and contrasting most violently with all the architectural and religious traditions of the place. It was a sort of challenge which nobody could miss, and it was intended for such a challenge. The two religions were the two hall marks of the fiercely contending forces. The Poles emphasised their Western culture and tradition by a worship, a Church ornament and architecture almost Italian. I have been to Mass in Warsaw in a Church where one might forget that one was hundreds of miles to the north and to the east of Italy. One might have been in Tuscany. I do not mean only that the ritual was Latin and therefore, of course, exactly homogeneous with the Roman ritual all over Europe; I mean, that down to the details of ornament and shrine the thing was entirely Western. Entering an Orthodox Church you enter another world, a world of different colour and different shapes entirely.

To the south of that belt between the Balkans and the Baltic the test imposed by religious differences changes in character, but increases if anything in intensity. Thus side by side with the Uniate and the Latin rite in the Carpathians you have the strongly Lutheran character of the German towns planted out like Colonies—Hermanstadt, for instance. You have the Orthodox contrasted with the Catholic within the boundaries of what is racially one Southern Slav and Serbian people, and as you proceed further southwards you have the anomaly or survival—upon a very considerable scale—of the Mahomedan. Consider, for instance, what is experienced by the traveller who ventures among the Albanian tribes. In one day's ride he will pass (they are mixed everywhere, but I am talking of the bulk of the people) from a Mahomedan group south of the Lake of Scutari round eastward through Catholic villages and up north again into the higher hills of Orthodox Montenegro. Leave the Upper Adriatic coast and strike into the mountains of the Save basin; you pass through a Catholic district, through an Orthodox one; far north as you are, when you come down on to the Uno Valley* you will find a little island of Mahomedans living apart. In the Lower Danube, especially in the Dobrudja, you find the same contrast, the Orthodox intermixed with the Mahomedan. You find it in the south-western corner of Old Serbia; and of course in all these lands, the chief historical memory of which is the now lost Turkish rule, religion is the badge and hall mark.

In general, we must think of religion everywhere east of the German block as the great mark of difference, in most places more important than speech; in many more important even than race.

Now let us turn to the map itself and appreciate what the territorial complexity of this religious patchwork is.

There are two great divisions in the religious world east of the German block. These divisions are, of course, the group in communion with Rome and the group of the Greek Church.

We are accustomed to think in the West of a comparatively simple distinction between the Greek Church to the east of a certain line and the Catholics to the west of it. Roughly speaking, this distinction holds, but it is far from having the

simplicity which general educated opinion has attached to it in France and England. It is true that there are no "islands" of orthodox, that is Greek, religion in the midst of Catholics save one comparatively unimportant district in the foothills of the Carpathians, but there are three elements of complexity besides this. First, the boundary where the Orthodox and the Catholic meet is highly indented and capricious; secondly there are in the Middle Danube valley numerous districts in which both creeds live (with difficulty) side by side. Thirdly, the Catholic group is divided into a great majority who follow the Latin rite, and a minority, entirely resident upon the east of that group, who, while in communion with Rome, follow the Greek rite as we have seen. The position of these last introduces an element of confusion easy to understand, almost equally easy to exaggerate or to under-estimate.

Uniate Groups

The Uniate (confined entirely to Galicia, the district of Cholm, and the Carpathians) is accustomed in all the externals of his religion to the same things as the Greek Church. The ritual is much the same; the language is the same, and it may even be said that the popular tradition is the same. On the other hand, from influences mainly historical and political (not the result of individual conversion), his organised hierarchy feels and probably the mass of the laity also feel a strong attachment to the Roman communion which separates them from the Orthodox Greeks in spite of the similarity of worship. It is exceedingly difficult to estimate a moral point of this sort. Those with the greatest knowledge of it differ widely in their judgment.

Beyond the main division between Catholic and Orthodox coupled with the sub-division of Uniate and Latin right within the Catholic group, you have the presence of numerous Protestant districts, some of them corresponding to German colonisation in the past, some of them representing populations who accepted the Reformation upon the spot.

Covering a larger area and accounting for more of the population than these isolated Protestant districts, you have mixed districts in Hungary where the Catholic and the Protestants are combined; the Catholics usually in a numerical majority, but the Protestants often possessing the greater part of the land and of local influence.

Lastly, we must note beyond the Catholic Lithuanian district of which Kovno is the centre, an isolated Protestant group stretching northward to the Gulf of Finland, of which Riga is the centre. The district is not homogeneously Protestant, but is mainly Protestant or, at any rate, its directing governing class is almost entirely Protestant.

To add to that labyrinth of forces and to the disunion of all these eastern marches, there is the fact that these religious groups do not exactly, nor in many places even nearly, correspond with language and national tradition. Thus, the Roumanian race (as tested by its language) though in the main Orthodox, has its large Uniate provinces. The Poles, much the most clearly defined nationality of the lot and most tenacious of Catholicism as the national religion, include in the district of the Masurian Lakes a population wholly Polish yet mainly Protestant. Upon the borders of the German block Polish Catholicism has often survived, though as we have seen, there has been an incursion of German language through the influences of Prussian domination.

Upon the south of these countries which modern Prussia proposes to dominate in the future and which she is welding into her Central European State, you have Mahomedans in Albania and Bosnia, as far north as the very north-western corner of the latter district, and of course wherever the Turkish language is found in Thrace, southern or eastern Bulgaria, or in the Dobrudja.

Lastly, scattered in groups throughout Poland and the Russian or Lithuanian districts immediately to the east of Poland throughout Galicia and far into Podolia and Volhynia, you have the Jewish communities, mainly German speaking, as we have seen in the matter of language, and exceedingly tenacious of their separate religion as well as of their separate race. We must never forget, whether we are speaking of race, of language, or of religion, one-half of the Jewish people live in these marches of the east beyond the German group and are in communion with the great body of Jews inhabiting the German Empire itself.

Such, in general, and only of course in rough outline, is the religious complex of the belt lying east of the Germans stretching from the Baltic Sea to the Ægean, the Adriatic, the Balkans, and the Black Sea.

If I had made an attempt at more precise description, the reader would have found with every additional detail a further complexity, for the mark of the whole is the extreme disturbance which historical accident has brought here upon religion as upon race, upon race as upon language.

The reader will note that the language map in its

* I have marked this, the most northern of the isolated Mahomedan districts with an "M" on the map.

bewildering diversity has frontiers quite independent of the religious map, and the full character of the mosaic—the extraordinary extent to which it is split up—can hardly be understood save by the super-imposition of the one map upon the other. It may, however, be attempted in words, and the following sentences will explain what I mean.

A Government desiring to have information upon some individuals during this war, individuals who may have shown activity on one side or the other in this belt, would receive descriptions something after this fashion:

"He is a Magyar land-owner but Protestant." "He is a Catholic Magyar land-owner." "He is a Bosnian Mahomedan from Bihac." "He is a German Lutheran from the Seven Towns in Transylvania." "He is a Roumanian-speaking Uniate from a village just outside one of the German towns in Transylvania." "He is a Galician-Uniate from Lemberg, but worked with the Orthodox Priests during the Russian invasion." "He is a German-speaking Jew from Lemberg." "He is a German-speaking Jew from Odessa, but his sympathies are with the Ukraine." "He is a German-speaking citizen of the Empire, with a farm a few miles out of Landsburg on the Warthe, but he is a Catholic and Polish in sympathy." "He is a Polish Nationalist speaking the Polish Masurian dialect and though Lutheran strongly anti-Prussian." "He is a German merchant from Riga, Lutheran in religion, but trusted by the Russian authorities." "He is a Lithuanian man established in Riga, Catholic in religion and with Polish sympathies." "He, has worked for the so-called Jugo-Slav cause, but is strongly Catholic in religion"—and so forth. The double network of language and creed produces this bewildering confusion. It is remarkable, and characteristic enough of such movements that the adherents of particular causes seek to eliminate one or other of these factors of complexity for the purpose of maintaining their theories. For example, a German Nationalist will tell you of a small district near the Polish town of Thorn, that it is German, because it is German speaking; the same man will tell you that a Masurian farmer cannot really be called Polish because he is Lutheran. But the Polish patriot will conversely test the man in Thorn by his religion and the man in the Masurian Lakes by his language and arrive at exactly opposite conclusions.

A Triple Problem

To the impartial observer the problem presented is a triple one of language, of race (which does not perfectly follow language), and of religion, which often cuts clean across both.

Supposing such an observer were asked to suggest what national groups could be formed out of such a welter, he would, I think, reply somewhat thus:

"There is first of all and most important a perfectly clear homogeneous Catholic Poland: Polish speaking, Polish in race, Polish in conscious patriotism. It reaches to the sea; its great port there, Dantzic, has been Germanised in speech and largely in race, but is politically necessary to the Polish State if that State is to exist at all. This Polish State would have fringes round it of mixed language and of mixed religion, but that is absolutely inevitable in Eastern Europe however you draw your boundaries.

"There is a Bohemian State which could only exist if a strong Polish State were already erected, and into which it would be unwise to admit too large a proportion of the German belt in the mountains.

"There is a Magyar State, aristocratic in character and intensely national. It can certainly be recognised and can form a homogeneous body, for it has been a dominant State up to this war. But it must give up its claim and desire to rule the Slavs to the north and to the south, which are now within its political boundary and by which it is hated, and the great mass of Roumanian speaking people to the east who are not in sympathy with it. On the other hand we need not trouble ourselves in the future of such a State, with the religious differences within it or with the considerable German speaking Colonies, for Hungary is too united in feeling to be in peril from such anomalies.

"There is a Roumanian State clearly defined by the use of the Roumanian language, but it has three elements of instability, which the new Constitution would have to safeguard as best it could. First, there is the very mixed condition of Bessarabia, with Roumanian and Slav districts interlocked, and with a mass of German-speaking Jewish population as well. Next, there is the division between the Orthodox and the Uniate, but there is little danger of this breaking up the State, for there is here no great friction. Lastly, there are the very considerable islands of Magyar speaking and German speaking groups right in the mountain centre of the Roumanian State. It is inevitable that the Roumanian State, if it is to exist at all, must rule these anomalies asbest it can and must be wise enough to concede considerable local autonomy.

"There is a Southern Slav or Serbian State, which doubtless

could be erected as an independent Nation but in which we must be careful to note two elements of danger only ignored by enthusiasts; the first is the presence on its Southern part, though in one place as far north as the Save, of Mahomedan elements, and with this we must couple the probable difficulty of defining the Albanian frontier. Next there is a very sharp division, not only in religion but in many fundamental habits such as the alphabet, with all that it connotes in the daily influence of the Press and of literature, between the eastern and the western portions, the Orthodox and the Catholic."

Such would be, in its very roughest form, the reply of a Western observer anxious to erect independent nationalities in the East of Europe and to save them from falling into the orbit of Prussia. It is clear at once from the map, whether of religion or of language, and from history, that the essential part of such a system, the keystone of it, is a strong and independent Poland, and that is why this has been insisted upon over and over again in these columns as the test of the war.

Now on the other side the enemy has a very strong case, a case so strong that short of his defeat he will undoubtedly make good. It is a case so strong in history and in fact that an undefeated Prussia cannot but translate it into reality infinitely more easily than we can establish, let alone protect, the nationalities just defined. In fact Prussia has already actually translated its theory into a reality; for since the collapse of Russia it has erected this new State under our eyes. It already exists. And the Prussian answer, which is also that of all academic Germany is somewhat as follows:

"In contemporary fact and in the light of history it is inevitable that these exceedingly complicated conditions should be ruled even if only indirectly and in a confederate manner by the homogeneous, the wealthier, the more highly organised German people to the West; though that with the aid of the Magyar State which has been organised now for many generations as an Imperial power dominating its non-Magyar subjects. There might have been a great Slav mass stretching uninterruptedly from the Baltic to the Adriatic and welded into one homogeneous State, but historically this failed. The Asiatic invasion of the Magyars in the Dark Ages cut it into two: the Southern part of it was overrun by the Turks, and on the top of that you got the profound cleavage in religion; Poland, Bohemia and the Adriatic Slavs were trained by the Latin Church under a Western culture; the Slavs to the East of them—wholly cut off at first by the Pagan Lithuanians—was trained from Byzantium in the Greek culture and religion. The whole history of the German people has been the history of the gradual extension eastward of their language, influence and culture against the Slav. In this they have succeeded. Their colonies are strongly planted far and wide in Slav territory, and to-day all industry, all modern energy throughout the whole belt, derives from the Germans. Such a state of affairs coupled with the extreme diversity of race and creed and language, the frictions and animosities everywhere present between one small group and another, render order and development therein impossible without imperial control, and that control can now only be German. It is inevitable; there is simply nothing else present in the mass to give it direction, now that the strongly centralised Orthodox Slav power called Russia, which used to be our counter-weight, has disappeared. We admit that there is a true Polish State and nationality; it is the nearest thing to a true unit in the whole affair. But the maintenance of that nationality has proved impossible. We may erect it, if you like, into a nominally free State, but it could not stand alone, just as it did not stand alone in the past. We may propose at the close of the war many varying forms of local autonomy, of federation, of nominally independent Kingdoms—what you will—but the reality behind it all will be and can only be a great Central European State in which the German people shall be altogether the seniors and the directors, and that people, remember, in its modern form, has been disciplined and united by Prussia."

Such, I think, is the answer that would be given by a German at the present moment studying what he would call "objectivity" and careful to avoid extreme claims.

We know, we in the West, that the creation of such a State means the domination of all Europe by Prussia; that our tradition and civilisation, all that we cherish in sharp antagonism to Prussia—chivalry, for instance, to quote but one idea out of many—would not survive such a competition. There would be one great European Empire, stretching from the Black Sea to the North Sea and from the Baltic to the Adriatic, by whatever name it was called. Without further armed aggression it would be the master of all; especially would it be spiritually the master—and that is what counts. We have learnt these things very late; the events which have suddenly turned this potential thing into an actual one are events of only the last few months, and one of them alone is decisive, the break-up of Russia. But we do know the issue

now, and it is one of the plainest that has ever been set to combatants in a war.

Those who still think and speak in the old terms and who conceive of a Prussianised Germany modestly retiring within the boundaries of its own culture and language because its original Western aggression has failed, are living in a completely unreal world. They are like men who discuss modern economic problems in terms of the old fashioned individual manufacturer and his hands. They are like men who talk

of a modern railway system as though it were still a private venture. They are living in the past. They have an excellent excuse, for that past is a past exceedingly recent; but past it is, and to neglect the modern and existing thing before us while the enemy knows it to its very heart is to accept our final and decisive defeat.

It remains to examine the economic position of such a central state and the menace that position involves. I will attempt it in another article.

H. BELLOC

(To be continued)

German Sea Enterprise

By Arthur Pollen

AT the time of writing last week, the story of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* sortie from the Dardanelles was so incomplete that any discussion of so interesting an adventure would have been premature. The communiqué of the 23rd, however, gives a far more detailed picture of what happened, and corrects several statements in the previous accounts. But, even now, particulars of many major points are still to seek. Briefly, the story we are told is this.

Lizard, a 750-ton destroyer, armed with two 4-inch and two 12-pounder guns, discovered *Breslau*, with the *Goeben* a mile astern, at 5.30 on the morning of January 24th, when she was about two miles from the north-east point of Imbros. The German ships were on a northerly course and steering towards the south east of Cape Kephalos. *Lizard* at once gave the alarm and engaged the two German ships, at a range of about 11,000 yards, she being under heavy fire the whole time, straddled often, but never hit. She was, naturally enough, not able to turn either ship from her course, and was prevented from closing to torpedo range by the accuracy of *Breslau's* fire as the distance shortened. There was, then, nothing to prevent *Goeben* from getting opposite the mouth of the harbour where the monitors were lying. *Lizard* had kept between *Goeben* and the harbour and, no doubt in response to her original alarm, *Tigress* came out and joined her, when both destroyers did what they could to shield the two monitors by smoke screens. The protection, however, was insufficient and within forty minutes of the German ships being sighted, first *Raglan* and then *M28* had been "heavily hit" and sunk. The enemy, having accomplished their mission, turned south, not apparently with the idea of returning up the Dardanelles, but on some other mission. They were followed by *Lizard*, now accompanied by *Tigress*, who, at seven o'clock, saw *Breslau* run into a minefield, in which she seems to have struck, not one but several mines, so that she sank within ten minutes of the first explosion. *Goeben* was apparently leading, for, on seeing *Breslau* sink, she circled round her once and then continued her southerly course. There then came on the scene four Turkish destroyers accompanied by an old cruiser. *Lizard* and *Tigress* engaged the destroyers at once, hit one of them "repeatedly" and drove them pell mell up the Straits. But *Goeben* continued past the Straits, still going in a southerly direction, when an attack by our aircraft "forced" her to turn.

The account does not say whether *Goeben* was hit by this first attack. But the presumption is that the bombs must have fallen close enough to make her realise that the risk of trying to add to her successes by continuing her range further afield was prohibitive. But the decision was taken at an unfortunate moment for, in the actual act of turning, she struck a mine herself, the injury from which must have been serious, for not only did she settle down aft, but developed a list of from ten to fifteen degrees. Damage of this kind was bound to affect her speed, and it is possible that one of the propeller shafts may have been injured as well. At any rate, her procedure up the Dardanelles was slow. All the four Turkish destroyers that had been driven in by *Lizard* and *Tigress* now turned to escort *Goeben*—from which one concludes that the boat that was hit could not have been very seriously damaged. The Turks also sent out aircraft to put a stop to further attacks from the sky and, in the encounters that ensued, one of our seaplanes seems to have been destroyed. But the others in the meantime continued to attack not only with energy but with effect, for no less than four direct hits were recorded—two before and two after *Goeben* was run ashore, 100 yards from the lighthouse at Nagara Point. *Lizard* and *Tigress* continued to follow up *Goeben*, until the fire from the batteries became prohibitive. The gallant captains of these enterprising craft felt the better justified in desisting when they realised how effective our attack from the air had become. Having left the Dardanelles, they proceeded to the rescue of the *Breslau* survivors, a work, however, in which they were disturbed by an enemy submarine.

The story does not tell us how many German lives were lost by this very ill-timed intervention. Later accounts record further direct hits on the *Goeben*, and there is one story to the effect that her decks are now awash. But she has survived so many misfortunes that it needs some hardihood to assert, as so many have done, that she is now finally destroyed.

One can look at this story from two points of view.

What do these events tell us about the art of fighting at sea, viewing them as a naval operation only?

Secondly: What is the political significance, if any, in the sortie? Let us deal with the technical question first.

Imbros lies about fourteen or fifteen miles from the nearest point of the Gallipoli Peninsula. On a clear day with a good telescope, magnifying, say forty-five diameters—not a high power for use in Mediterranean sunlight—objects at Imbros would appear to an observer on any high point like Achi Baba, to be about 600 yards off. But as we know from the despatch describing the first fortnight's work of our submarines in the North Sea, the under-water boat is, in many respects the most efficient scout there is, and all information got by direct telescopic view and by submarine, could easily enough be confirmed and multiplied by aircraft. In deciding to make this raid, therefore, we must realise that the enemy knew exactly what he was doing, exactly what force there was opposed to him; knew, in fact, that he was running no risk of encountering any craft of a fighting power superior to, or even equal to, that of the ex-German battle cruiser. It is important that we should realise this because, when we come to the political considerations lying behind the raid, the degree of risk run by these ships is highly material to their comprehension. Next we must also assume that, at the time when Imbros was made a base for the operations against the Gallipoli Peninsula, it was not thought necessary to protect it by heavy guns. In those days the idea that *Goeben* would come out and either raid the harbour or attack a squadron of our older battleships, would have seemed, as indeed it was, chimerical. *Goeben*, therefore, had nothing to fear from any armament except those of the monitors. The smaller monitor, *M28*, can be ruled out. She was probably armed only with one 6-inch and one 9.2 guns; there would have been, therefore, no guns to take into consideration except *Raglan's* two American 14-inch rifles. We are not, it will be observed, told anything of *Raglan* engaging *Goeben*. And, if she had engaged her, we surely should have been told. Such an action would have been the first between a monitor and a modern sea-going ship, and very few shells from the monitor might have done decisive damage to the German battle cruiser. We know that *Raglan* was warned at 5.20 and, though we do not know exactly when the *Goeben* opened fire, yet the interval before she cleared the point that opened up the harbour must have been considerable—for she was soon steaming seven miles out at sea and was still some distance to the south when she was first observed. A very brief interval would have been sufficient for *Raglan* to have got ready for action, if we assume, first, that the only preparations were to man the turret and the fire control station, and that all was well with the ship at the time. We must, then, I think, conclude that *Raglan* was unable to engage, and that the explanation of this is that, not anticipating the possibility of a raid, she was lying with her bows facing inland, and was unable to turn to bring her only guns into action in the interval between receiving *Lizard's* wireless and *Goeben's* opening fire. And it is the more probable that this is the explanation from the fact that *Goeben* took the risk. It is just the kind of detail that might have been ascertained on Saturday evening by aircraft, and may have been the deciding factor in the determination to make the raid.

So far, then, it is quite probable that things went, not only as the enemy hoped, but as he had every right to expect from the information he had been so diligent as to procure. His success indeed had been complete. The intervention of *Lizard* and *Tigress*, though as daring and skilful as it could possibly have been, was nevertheless entirely without results

so far as the first main aim of the raid was concerned. But from this point on, things went altogether wrong. An hour after giving up the attack on the monitors, *Tigress* and *Lizard* saw a large explosion "abreast of *Breslau's* after funnel." Two or three minutes later more explosions took place and ten minutes later she sank. In the account published on the 22nd the Secretary of the Admiralty said that *Breslau* was forced into one of our mine-fields. The fuller story says nothing about mine-fields, or of *Breslau* having been intentionally driven into one. Neither *Breslau* nor *Goeben* could have suspected a mine-field, for the later account tells us that on seeing *Breslau* sink, *Goeben* turned and circled round her once and then continued on her southerly course. Either *Goeben* must have made a very large circle, or the mine-field must have been a very small one, or finally *Goeben* must have been extraordinarily lucky in not sharing *Breslau's* fate then and there.

That both these ships should have struck mines in the course of the same adventure, opens up an interesting question. It has, I see, been taken for granted by several of those who have discussed this raid, that the location of our mine-field must have been perfectly well known to the Turks, if only because mine-fields are distinctly visible to aircraft in the clear and well-illuminated waters of the eastern Mediterranean. But is not this far too sweeping an assumption? It will be remembered, for instance, that when the British and French battleships were sunk in the last attack on the Narrows forts, it was confidently asserted that they had all been sunk by oscillating mines that had been drifted down by the current. It was never asserted by anyone that these mines could be seen, or their presence in any way detected. It seems to me quite possible that there may be parts of the sea bottom of a colour that, if mine-fields are laid on it, will reveal their presence to overhead observers, and other parts, where the presence of mines could be completely camouflaged. If this is so, then the enemy, finding some minefields, would naturally assume that there were no others. His aircraft, in short, might have been his undoing.

However this may be, the idea that either *Breslau* could have been "forced" into a mine-field by destroyers, she knowing that the mine-field was there, or that *Goeben*, threatened by aircraft, would have preferred the minefield as the lesser danger, seems to be quite untenable. This is not to say that *Goeben* was not forced to turn, for the final account distinctly states that she was, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this view. But I think this must be taken to mean that she was forced to desist in the search for a second objective. She might well have been content to balance the loss of *Breslau* against the sinking of *Raglan* and *M28*, together with such sundry damage as might have been effected by the general bombardment administered to Imbros.

There is, I think, another and a very strong reason for supposing that the Germans simply did not know of the existence of the mine-fields into which first *Goeben* and then *Breslau* ran, and it is that the Turkish destroyers did not take any part in the operations until an hour and a half after the main purpose of the raid had been accomplished. Had the presence of mine-fields been suspected anywhere near the course which *Goeben* and *Breslau* had to steer, either going to or returning from Imbros, the destroyers surely would have been sent ahead to sweep a channel. That they did not come out until an hour and a half afterwards seems to point to their presence being an afterthought. They were, no doubt, in readiness, perhaps waiting some little way up the Straits, and left to meet the returning victors in response to wireless orders from the battle cruiser. Note that after *Breslau* was sunk, they still did not accompany *Goeben*, but when attacked by *Lizard* and *Tigress*, retreated incontinently to the rendezvous from which they had come. The conclusion is irresistible that this raid succeeded on all the points on which it was possible to get reliable information, and broke down at the point either at which no information was obtainable at all, or at which such information as was got was misleading.

Some of my *confrères*, I note, quote the fate of the two ex-German ships as a warning to those who seem for ever to be urging that the Grand Fleet should rush through the German mine-fields, bombard the German ports, and smash the German fleet by a *coup de main*. So far I have not been so fortunate as to run across any such heroic recommendations as these nor, if indeed they exist, should I have thought that there was the slightest danger of their being taken seriously, either by politicians impatient of results or by seamen anxious for action. It is surely by this time perfectly well understood that a sea-going fleet is built only for fighting other sea-going fleets, and could not be adapted to inshore fighting. For in such fighting two forms of attack are possible to the enemy which cannot be made in the open sea. The first, of course, is attack by prepared mine-fields and the second, gunfire from

invulnerable platforms by guns susceptible of far more accurate employment than are those which are mounted in ships. The essence of the kind of force needed for engaging shore defences and for surviving the perils which mines and submarines threaten in narrow channels or in shallow waters, has on several occasions been alluded to in these columns and need not be repeated now.

Value of Monitors

What would, however, be of great interest would be some definite information as to what this episode teaches us of the fighting value of monitors of the *Raglan* class. Of the value of the American 14-inch rifle there is, of course, no doubt at all, if we assume it to be rightly aimed and controlled. But the control of guns in a small monitor, which is not particularly seaworthy and which in many conditions of wind and weather cannot keep a course for more than a minute or two at a time, presents difficulties much greater than the same problem in battleships. With everything in the monitor's favour then, she would not be likely to make so many hits per gun per minute as a battleship would make with equal artillery in similar conditions. A broadside of 10 guns in a sea-going ship would be expected therefore to make more than five times as many hits in any given time as the guns in a monitor. If, as I have suggested, *Raglan* was unable to open fire at all, the events of January 20th would necessarily throw no light on her fighting capacity whatever. But it should throw some light on her capacity to stand punishment, and if these monitors were built to engage either battleships or sea-coast forts, it is to be presumed that a certain capacity to stand punishment must have been contemplated. For in either event her opponent must have been expected to command the higher probability of more rapid hitting, so that unless the monitor could put up with a good many hits before being out of action, the chance of her damaging her enemy and hence being of any fighting value, must be slender indeed. All we are told is, that *Raglan* was "heavily" hit. That might mean half a broadside—or five broadsides. If one 11-inch shell sufficed to knock her out, then five would be very "heavy" hitting.

The question is interesting because, while we have often heard of monitors being employed against Zeebrugge and other positions on the Belgian coast, the sinking of no one of them has yet been reported, nor with the exception of a small monitor sunk by enemy submarine whilst co-operating with the army in Palestine have we ever learned of any one of the ships of this class even receiving a casualty in action. Have none ever been so exposed that they could be hit? Or being hit, have they received the blows of the enemy without damage to themselves? What was the difference between the conditions in which they had previously figured and those which were so disastrous for them last Sunday week? It is obvious that an examination of the data of the fight at Imbros should throw a very valuable light on the wisdom of the policy that gave these novel—but untried craft—to the British navy, at a time when the dangers of the submarine campaign seemed to call for nothing but concentration upon the production of destroyers.

An additional week's return of losses inflicted by submarine will be in the reader's hands on the day that this paper is published. Until this return is given to the public we know practically nothing of how that lamentable campaign goes on, although this week we have, perhaps by chance, been informed that a 13,000-ton Cunard liner has been torpedoed, but not sunk, off the Irish coast. The returns of last Thursday and of the Thursday before, were certainly of a nature to make us hope, at last, that the menace had been considerably diminished. But the American Secretary for War somewhat startled the world on Monday morning by warning us not to be deceived by any so fond illusions. He will have it the enemy has called in his submarines and is refitting them for a great and, perhaps, final offensive. In May there was a weekly average of 66 ships that either fell to submarines and mines or were attacked unsuccessfully by submarines. The average for the last two weeks is less than a seventh of this. There was recently a report from Berne that 23 submarines due home in German ports in the month of December, failed to give any account of themselves. But from official sources we have heard nothing which justifies our accepting such pleasant news as reliable. It has not yet been claimed by us that we are sinking submarines faster than the enemy can build them. If so wide and determined an offensive is in preparation, are we equipped to meet it? The Admiralty one presumes has at least as much information as Mr. Baker, and possibly more. The question is, whether even in the past 12 months adequate preparations have been made. The event will show.

The Health of the Fleet

By Lewis R. Freeman, R.N.V.R.

IT was a great day for the Principal Medical Officer. In spite of the fact that there were nearer 1,200 than 1,100 men on his ship, the returns of "Sick" and "Hospital" cases had been recorded by successive "pairs of spectacles" for several days. Even a single twenty-four hours like that for a battleship on active service was worthy of remark, and three or four days of it undoubtedly constituted a record for the British or any other Navy. That the clean sheet would be spread over a whole week was almost too much to hope for, even after the sixth day of the double duck's eggs had gone by. But now the morning of the seventh day had come, the last of a week in which there had been no case of sickness on a ship which carried one of the largest, if not the largest, complement of men in the British Navy. It was no wonder that the P.M.C.'s eyes were beaming and that he shook hands all round with his Staff Assistants, for it was an achievement which might well stand as a record for many a year.

"Since you do not appear likely to be troubled with anything worse than a rush of congratulations to-day, sir," I said after extending my own felicitations, "perhaps you'll have time to tell me how you've done it. I've heard fine tributes paid the R.N.M.S. by French, American and Italian doctors who know something of it, but I was hardly prepared to find you starting a sort of Ponce de Leon 'Fountain of Perpetual Youth,' in the British Fleet."

The P.M.O. laughed.

"Making a health resort of a battleship, with your dressing stations under casemates and your sick bay all but under a turret, does seem a bit like reversing the saying about 'in the midst of life we are in death,'" he replied. "But the fact remains that this ship, the whole of the Grand Fleet indeed, is one of the most remarkable 'health resorts' the world has ever known. Not since the dawn of history has there been a large body of men with so small a percentage of bodily ills and ailments as that which mans the ships of the Grand Fleet at this moment. This is due to the absolutely unique conditions which prevail here, and our success in maintaining and improving the standard of health is principally due to making the most of those conditions.

"The health of any community—of any body or collection of human beings—depends primarily upon the natural salubrity of the region in which it is located and the extent to which it is isolated from those living under less favourable conditions. A city may be very healthy naturally, but if its inhabitants are subject to a constant influx of more or less infected transients from less healthy places its own standard must inevitably be lowered. Under normal conditions, a modern warship—either in port or at sea—is one of the healthiest places in the world, and such sickness as prevails there is almost always contracted ashore and carried—and often spread—abroad.

"With a Fleet that has its base near a large city, so that the men are in more or less constant contact with those ashore, the health of the former will very largely depend upon the extent to which that contact can be controlled. Between dock-hands, etc., coming aboard and the sailors going ashore, it is difficult under such circumstances to keep the men afloat much healthier than those on the land. It is only when there is comparatively complete isolation from large cities that it is possible to take full advantage of the ideal conditions for maintaining physical healthfulness at sea, and such conditions exist to a degree never before equalled in Naval history. Our success here is merely the consequence of making the most of those unique conditions.

"On the score of bodily healthfulness, life as lived in the Grand Fleet has more favouring conditions, and fewer unfavouring ones, than that possible at any other point at which a considerable fleet has ever had its base. Indeed, I could go farther than that, and say that never has a large number of men, either afloat or ashore, had such an opportunity to maintain so high a standard of physical health. In the first place, wet, cold and stormy though it is for much of the year, the climate is a salubrious and invigorating one for the physically sound man that the sailor must be before he finds his way into the Navy at all. Even ashore the population is notably robust.

"In the next place, the anchorage is isolated, but not too isolated. It strikes almost the ideal mean on this score. In the ordinary routine, there is practically no contact whatever between those afloat and the people ashore. If the men land at all it will be for a game of football, a cross-country run, road work or something of the sort; in the course of which nothing whatever is seen of the resident population. It is not practicable to give the men a long enough shore leave to allow

them to visit a neighbouring town, where one sees rather less navy blue as a rule than in many an inland town in England. The steward doing his marketing is about the only regular human link between a ship and the shore, and his contact with those on shore is not of a character likely to be dangerous. This leaves the fresh drafts and the men returning from leave as almost the only possible carriers of new infection. How those are looked after I will explain presently.

"Much more complete isolation than this is, of course, effected when a cruiser or a fleet of cruisers goes on an extended voyage or patrol, but in such a case the freedom from contact with shore life is offset by the more arduous conditions of life, especially in the matter of diet. The great thing about the situation is that its unique position makes it possible to eliminate most of the rigors of sea life without being exposed to the health dangers of harbour life. A ship here can be just as well victualled as at Portsmouth, so far as the men are concerned, while letters and newspapers six times a week are ample service on that score. As I have said, the conditions for keeping mind and body at their best are ideal, and give us a unique opportunity for establishing new health records for the Navy.

Sources of Infection

"Of the two main channels by which disease could come to us from the outside—returning leave men and new drafts—the latter is the more dangerous, and therefore the one the more closely watched. Generally speaking, the men get leave about every nine months, this more or less roughly coinciding with the period in which the ship is in dock for repairs. If during a man's leave there is a case of any infectious or contagious disease in the house where he has stayed, or if he has reason to believe that he may have been exposed to infection or contagion elsewhere, he is ordered to report that fact immediately upon his return to the ship, when we take such precautions as the circumstances seem to warrant to prevent trouble. His clothes are disinfected, and he is ordered to report for examination over a period of days varying with the disease to which there was risk of his having been exposed. This enables us to isolate him (should it be necessary) before he is in a condition in which he could pass on the disease to others. A useful check which we have upon a man who might neglect to report his possible exposure to disease during his leave is the law which requires medical officers in all parts of Great Britain to ascertain if any soldier or sailor on leave is living in any house where there is a case of infectious disease, and to report this fact to the proper authorities. In this way it may be that we learn a man has been exposed even before he returns to the ship.

"New drafts are watched equally closely. Some time before a man's arrival a health sheet is sent to me on which is indicated any disease which he may have had during his period of service, together with information as to whether or not he may have been exposed to anything infectious in the interval immediately before he is sent to us. Any treatment for minor chronic ailments which may be in progress is continued on ship. A general disinfection of kit and a daily reporting for twenty-one days for examination makes it practically impossible for a new rating to bring disease to the ship.

"The greatest obstacle to the preservation of perfect health in the men on a warship is the unavoidable necessity of having them sleep close together in comparatively confined spaces. This ship, from the fact that she was originally designed for a foreign Power, is worse off than most modern battleships on that score, and, everything else equal, would be more difficult to keep the men in health on than in any of the others. This is one of the reasons why I am so gratified by our showing of the past week. Sleeping in hammocks in itself is not unhealthy—quite the contrary, in fact—but the danger lies in the chance an infectious disease has to spread among so many men lying almost side by side and head to feet. Thorough ventilation is the best preventive of disease under the circumstances; this has been provided by fans.

"The one thing dreaded above all others on a warship is cerebro-spinal meningitis, both on account of its unavoidably high rate of mortality and the difficulty of preventing its spread under the limiting conditions. Luckily, we have had practically none of it up here. In the event of the appearance of a case of any infectious disease, the man is isolated, the men of his mess are put under observation and all of their clothes are disinfected. As soon as possible the case is removed to one of the hospital ships which are always here. The restricted sleeping quarters occasionally are responsible for the quick spread of a bad cold, but the fresh, free from germs

air makes anything like an epidemic of influenza almost out of the question in the Grand Fleet. German measles has been rather a nuisance once or twice; in fact, we have seen rather more of it than we have of the German fleet. If the latter is as easily disposed of as the former, however, we shall have little to complain of."

Of the progressiveness and general up-to-dateness of the Royal Navy Medical Service, I had already heard from a number of sources (I remember in particular how Madame Carrel had told me that the British Admiralty had adopted the remarkable "irrigation" treatment, discovered and perfected by her distinguished husband, long before any French military hospital would even consider it), so I was quite prepared to find every ship in the Grand Fleet amply provided to handle "action eventualities."

The problems of a hospital on a warship are quite different from those of even an advanced hospital at the Front. The latter has a fluctuating but more or less unbroken stream of casualties to handle, with sometimes weeks of warning when defensive or offensive action will make unusual demands. A battleship may easily be lying quietly at anchor in the morning and be joined in a death-grapple in the evening. Her surgeons may have spent a year with nothing more to keep their hands in than reducing sprains and stitching up cuts, and then a hundred casualties may drop out of the sky in the wake of a single enemy salvo. For them, it rarely rains but it pours, though it may be a long time between the storms.

The usual practice is for a warship to have a small permanent sick bay and hospital capable of coping with routine

exigencies, and to supplement these during and after action by converting certain favourably located parts of the ship—always below the water-line if possible—into action dressing stations. The equipment of these latter—operating tables, beds, lights, etc.—is all made on collapsible lines and kept stored close at hand. The battleship whose remarkable health record I am writing about, takes especial pride in the fact that it has two action dressing-stations, permanently equipped and ready for use at a moment's notice.

The men in the various turrets and casemates, as well as in all other parts of the ship where casualties are likely to occur in action, are trained to give first aid and carry their wounded to the nearest dressing-station. For the latter purpose a specially designed stretcher is used, so constructed that the wounded men, strapped in securely, can be carried at any angle with a minimum of discomfort. The stretcher at present in use in the British Navy is of Japanese manufacture. It is made almost entirely of canvas and strips of bamboo, the two materials which experience has shown are the best combination on the score of lightness and strength.

As soon as possible after an action the badly wounded are transferred to a base hospital ship, whence as soon as they are able to stand the voyage, they are sent in a carrier ship to one of the big R.N.M.S. hospitals.

The superlative care which has been taken of the bodily health of the men of the Grand Fleet has been one of the main, if not the main factor in contributing to the healthiness of mind and the keenness of spirit which have made it possible for them to "stick out" their long vigil in the northern seas.

Bolsheviks at Work

The vague and contradictory accounts which have appeared in the English press relating to the events in Moscow during the Bolshevik rising last November have caused disquietude to many people in this country. In the earlier stages of the Revolution it had been thought that "Holy Moscow" would be immune from bloodshed, but the downfall of Kerensky materially altered the situation. The Bolsheviks, having made themselves masters of the capital, and being in control of all means of communication, determined to assert their authority in Moscow, and fighting of a violent nature ensued. The reports that reached this country gave a lurid picture of the destruction and havoc wrought by the combatants, and stated that the collision between the two parties had resulted in a heavy death-roll, but many of the details given were untrustworthy. There was also considerable doubt as to the actual amount of damage done.

Much interesting information is conveyed in the following letter written by an Englishman residing in Moscow, whose description of these days of revolt bears the character of a frank statement by an unprejudiced eye-witness.

The impotence of the Russian Church in this crisis and the revolt of the peasant class from her authority are among the great surprises of the Revolution, and we are confronted with the astonishing fact that the armed forces in Moscow have even violated the sanctity of the icons which they have hitherto held in deepest reverence.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

London, January 26th, 1918.

* * * * *

From a House opposite the Kremlin, Moscow.

SATURDAY, November 17th, 1917: I think I said in my last that I expected the Bolsheviks would be making a move; they have done so. Yesterday evening they came out and rushed the Governor-General's Palace (the seat of the provisional Government's military organisation here), the Post Office and a number of other strategical points, and occupied a number of private houses in dominating positions. The whole of the Moscow garrison, said to number 160,000, with few exceptions, seemed to have declared themselves on the side of the Bolsheviks, while the Government could only rely upon the Junkers—that is, the O.T.C., about 6,000, and about 5,000 to 6,000 Cossacks, which is all there are in the town. However, the soldiers of the garrison adopted the Bolshevik methods and do everything by committee and plebiscite, and have no discipline, whereas the Junkers and Cossacks are disciplined and obey a single head, and, consequently, up to the moment of writing, have been able to hold their own, and more so, for they have captured the Kremlin, the Post Office, and many other points from the Bolsheviks.

All Friday night the firing was continuous. Under our bedroom windows there was a fierce fight, and, when I looked out in the morning there were heaps of dead and wounded on both sides of the pavement, who laid there until

the Red Cross ambulances removed them about 9 o'clock. All Saturday the fire of machine guns and rifles was incessant, but the streets were fairly full of people, taking no part but intensely interested. It did not seem to strike them that there was any danger in watching the combat.

I went out myself on Saturday afternoon for a bit, but came back when I found bullets whizzing uncomfortably all round. By this time people have learnt discretion, and the streets are practically deserted. Heaps of curious onlookers have been killed. I have seen four killed to-day, and one Red Cross nurse shot in the neck. This last case is particularly disgusting. A squad of Bolsheviks took up a position in the Malaia Loubianka, a few yards down the street, and began firing volleys across the Square at nothing in particular. Two Red Cross nurses and three stretcher-bearers came along the pavement from the Niasnitskaya in their Red Cross uniform and waving a large Red Cross flag and, as they were crossing the Malaia Loubianka the Bolsheviks fired a volley, and I saw one of the girls sink down. The men picked her up and carried her to our front doorstep, and I saw that her ankle had been broken by a shot. The volley was fired deliberately. Annushka tells me that she has heard that hundreds of children have been killed and wounded, their parents (mostly their mothers) having taken them out to see the fun!

On Sunday we first began to hear big guns, 4 in. and 6 in., and since then the roar and boom of artillery has been continuous. The Kremlin was first occupied by the Cossacks and the 56th Infantry Regiment, which had declared itself loyal to the Government, but later it mutinied and went over to the Bolsheviks. However, the Cossacks, though absolutely outnumbered, held the gates, and there was a stiff fight. Ultimately, the Junkers brought up a gun, ran it into the Kremlin with the aid of the Cossacks, and, after two or three rounds, the 56th surrendered. Now the Bolsheviks have got a gun on to the Sparrow Hills and are firing from there into the Kremlin. A very fierce engagement has been going on all day on the Nikitski Boulevard, both sides employing guns, machine guns and rifles, but I don't think there has been any bayonet work.

10.30 p.m.—For the last two hours, since writing the above, there has been a most uncanny silence. Not a shot; not a gun. I wonder what it means? It is pitch dark outside, not a lamp lit, not a house that shows a light, and it is raining heavily. But last night it was the same, yet firing went on all the time. There is apparently not a soul in the streets. All day long pickets of five or six Bolsheviks have been strolling about and loosing off their rifles at the corners of the streets at nothing in general.

Sarnia came here yesterday in great glee and fearfully excited. She is an out and out Bolshevik, and told Annushka that their day was come at last, and that they were going to alter and improve the whole order of the universe. She said with great pride that, though the men seemed to be afraid of going about, she and her friend (another

girl) went everywhere and were afraid of nothing.

There goes a machine gun again! Another! What a rabble! There go the rifles and guns! The whole symphony is starting again after a two hours lull. We have a house guard of Special Constables from among the lodgers. My time on guard is from 2 to 4 at night. There are three of us on duty at a time for the whole 24 hours—two hours for those on night duty, three hours on day duty; three of us at a time in the yard, though what effective use we could be in the case of an attack I am sure I don't know. However, it gives a certain sense of security. All the front doors of the house are locked, and no one is allowed to enter or leave the house except by the gates in the yard, and they have to get in and out of their flats by the back stairs. There is only one gate for the whole house, so that the guard can be sure that no one can get in without their knowledge, but, of course, there would be no difficulty in forcing any of the front entries if half a dozen men tried to do so, nor the back gates for the matter of that, in spite of our guard, if the attackers were armed with rifles. All the houses have been organising these house guards throughout the town, and it is really a very sound thing in principle. The town is declared to be in a state of siege, and no one is allowed to be in the streets without a pass; but, unfortunately, the Government Authorities have no means of enforcing this edict. It is the Bolsheviks who are enforcing the edict. The first thing the Bolsheviks did was to shoot down the Town Militia, the new Police, an absolutely rotten lot at any time. Those who were not shot disappeared at once.

Big Guns

A fight has been going on round the S—Works between Bolsheviks and Junkers who have their school just on the other side of the street, over the bridge, and, as each side has a couple of guns, one 4 in. and one 6 in. each, the shooting is quite lively. There are only 40 Junkers against about 1,000 Bolsheviks, but the latter are such cowards that they don't try to storm the school. The Bolsheviks fired a 6 in. shell at the warehouse in the yard of the works, where there are 150 Cossacks quartered, but it struck the cashier's house, fifty yards away and burst in the wall on the ground, doing little damage except that it happened to strike the main electric light cable and put out all the lights everywhere. Close to the Junkers' school is the Cadets' Academy, boys under sixteen years old. These also, about 150, put up quite a good fight, but I heard this evening that, after having suffered heavy casualties, they have surrendered.

Almost all the news we get is hearsay, and it is most unsatisfactory not to know what the truth is. It is true that the Bolsheviks have been publishing a paper, but it is, of course, absolutely unreliable. Great leaflets, "Anarchy is the Mother of Order," have been scattered over the place here. It is the motto of the Maximalists but what they mean by it I am sure they don't know themselves.

Tuesday evening.—I did not get to bed till 5 o'clock this morning; heavy firing all night. During my watch almost incessant rifle fire just outside the yard gates in the Malaia Loubianka. I did not get up till 11 o'clock; the firing was then more intense. The Bolsheviks have brought up a 4 in. gun to try to capture the Telephone Stations. The telephone has ceased to work at all to-day. I attended the House Committee which sat from 3 to 8, discussing measures of self-protection and provisioning. Fifty-five occupiers of flats attended. All agreed that there is no possibility of obtaining protection from any authority, as there is none, and that we must organise our own protection. Also, that we must consider ourselves in a state of siege, pool provisions and ration them out, as it may be a fortnight or more before we can get any more. Few have any revolvers or know how to use them. All day long big guns have been firing. Six people killed in the square this morning, walking along the pavement, one of them a Red Cross man; I saw two shot. As there is practically no one in the streets, and I don't suppose 100 people have been through the square during the day, this is a high percentage of casualties. I am more than ever amazed at the extraordinary foolishness or dense stupidity of the few people who now go about the streets. They seem to stroll about in an aimless way, totally unconscious that the shooting is in the least dangerous. The two I saw killed were loafing about casually, apparently unconscious of danger.

This evening is again pitch dark; not a light to be seen, and I have been watching a big fire, evidently the result of shell fire. It looks to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Arbat Square. One can see the violet flashes of the guns reflected in the smoke above the red glare beneath. The curious thing is that no soldiers are to be seen anywhere.

Our windows here don't rattle from the gunfire, but they vibrate in an extraordinary way. There are big guns booming continuously now, but they must be a considerable distance

off. What on earth they can see to fire at on a night like this I am sure I can't think. There is a continuous firing of volleys from a squad of Bolsheviks in the Malaia Loubianka. They fire every 15 seconds, but I am absolutely positive they have nothing to fire at, and I can only suppose that it is to keep up their spirits. These shots draw no reply and there is never any return fire from across the square. During the day I think their object is to terrorise, and at night to keep up their spirits.

Bad Leadership

November 20th.—Last Friday at 2 a.m. the Junkers surrendered and the Bolsheviks are in complete possession. No reinforcements arrived. The few who did come in joined the Bolsheviks. It was hopeless to continue the struggle, and the Metropolitan Trifon managed to effect peace terms—both sides to set free all prisoners and the Junkers to lay down their arms. The latter have made a splendid fight, but were abominably badly led by Richtroff, a Socialist Colonel, who happened to be the military governor of Moscow when the fight began. He has been trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and was mostly careful for his own skin. With good leading, in spite of the odds, the Junkers would probably have won. They wanted to depose him, but decided it was better to have a bad leader than open possibilities for dissension by choosing another. Had they at once attacked the Bolshevik Barracks, they could undoubtedly have captured each in turn, and the majority of the soldiers would almost certainly have joined them.

An enormous amount of damage has been done. The Nikitski Gates into the Kremlin have been very badly smashed up, and the Holy Images on either side of it destroyed. The Spassky Gates are also badly knocked about. It is lucky they chiefly used shrapnel and had little H.E. shell, or the damage would have been much worse. The Hotel Metropole, where some Junkers were, is riddled with shell—great holes through the walls, and, of course, every window smashed to atoms. In the Nikitski Boulevard there is a big house almost knocked down. In our flat we have one bullet-hole through the dining-room window, and in the drawing-room the plate glass window looking over the square has three shots through it and the glass is entirely smashed. Every window in each room along the Bolshaia Loubianka has been smashed by shrapnel fragments, or possibly H.E. shell, so I am now living in the study at the back, sleeping on the sofa, which makes a most comfortable bed. On Sunday I walked round the place. Many houses have been burned down. There were trenches and barricades everywhere, and in the neighbourhood of them all the windows were, of course, broken. It is estimated that about 15,000 people were killed and wounded, of which a large proportion were non-combatants. The Junkers lost only about 300 men. The Novy Riady (the great arcades opposite the Kremlin) are badly smashed up and all the plate glass in the shops opposite the Kremlin broken. The Bolsheviks have a complete victory, and we shall now see what they are going to do with it. For the present there is no authority whatever.

The officials of the late Government, the Town Duma, Post Office, Telegraph, etc., do not acknowledge their new masters, and are adopting the policy of passive resistance. The Bolsheviks can't do the work or run the thing themselves, and the old staff simply ignore them. The operators of the telegraph refuse to work, and the Bolsheviks do not know how to use the instruments, so they had to make terms.

Of course, this state of things can't last, and I expect to see a violent swing round very shortly. If the people find themselves duped as they undoubtedly will, if they find they are no nearer to peace, that not only is there less food but starvation, and that none of the promises made them are being fulfilled, then I fear we shall see the people turn and rend their false leaders, and there will be no leaders at all, but complete anarchy followed by pillage, rapine and murder. This is a very real fear.

The Bolsheviks put a machine gun on the roof of our house, and fired it for some time, which no doubt explains why we got such a dose in reply, otherwise we should not have been in the line of fire as far as I can make out. I am afraid that all business will be stopped for several months; no raw materials are coming in, no fuel, and no goods of any kind, and there is no money in any of the banks. We can't get money to pay our workmen as the banks have none. As fast as notes are printed they go out to pay the peasants in the interior for grain, and for cotton in Central Asia. The town has no money to pay its employees; there is no money anywhere in spite of the fact that notes are being printed as fast as the printing press can turn them out. None of the money paid for grain or cotton comes back, or goes into circulation, for there is nothing to buy with it or to exchange it for, therefore it is all being hoarded in the interior.

An Ill Wind

By Francis Brett Young

IT is always amazing to me how one tumbles upon stories of this kind; and Dr. Maxwell was really one of the last men in the world whom I should have expected to appreciate the one which he told me. As a matter of fact, he was very diffident about it, and I don't imagine that anything but the peculiar intimacy into which circumstances had thrown us would have screwed him up to the point of telling it. He was a very timid man. This is how it happened. I had come to stay for a wet winter holiday in a fishing village down West, with no companion except a wiry-haired terrier puppy, a foolish thing with brown eyes, to which I was just getting attached.

We lived, the two of us, in the front room of a widow woman, a Mrs. Seaward, overlooking a waste of sea that was nearly always sad. We had lighted upon a period of cold easterly winds, blowing over all the great bay from Portland, and rolling dun-coloured breakers capped with white against that unyielding coast, rank after rank of them ceaselessly charging in a hope that was forlorn. Mrs. Seaward's house was jerry-built, and in the crevices of her casements the wind whistled night and day, so that all the little space of her bow-window was full of colder air than the rest of the room, while I and my dog Tristram (who took his name from Shandy, not from Lyonesse) shivered over a grate of wrought iron that absorbed its own heat.

They were uncomfortable rooms; but when we had once got there I felt that we must stay if it were only for the poverty of Mrs. Seaward herself and the extraordinary pride which she lavished on them. There was no chance of making ourselves at home. Every chair, every cushion, every knick-knack had its place, and if one of these were disarranged when we left the house it was certain to have been replaced by the time that we returned. And Tristram was no respecter of cushions. I disliked Mrs. Seaward's family photographs. I disliked her funeral cards. We disliked, in particular, a portrait enlarged in a frame of red plush, which sat in judgment on our breakfast: a very dogmatic not ill-looking young man with curled moustaches and a sailor's peaked cap. I daresay I should have liked him better if I hadn't always taken my meals with him. It was distressing, too, always to find Mrs. Seaward in the room when I returned from my walks, standing with her hands clasped in front of her in that refrigerator of a bow-window looking out to sea. In the end I decided to give her notice, saving my face with the forfeiture of a week's rent.

I screwed myself up to the act on three days in succession: and then, at the precise moment when I needed it most, my luck failed me. Tristram, poor little beast, developed a cold on his lungs. I expect I had been careless with him, and when night came on I didn't like the look of him. I enquired about a vet. The landlady told me there wasn't one within ten miles. I asked her if she knew of anybody who understood dogs; and after she'd thought about it and mentioned half a dozen people who didn't, she came to Dr. Maxwell. I wondered why I hadn't thought of asking a doctor before; for, when you come to think of it, there's not much difference between a sick dog and a sick baby. The same thing had evidently occurred to Mrs. Seaward. "He's splendid with children," she said.

It was a filthy night with a south west wind booming down the valley and out over the sea, but the doctor was quite willing to come and see my patient.

"They're nice beasts, dogs, aren't they?" he said, as he pulled on his mackintosh, and then our concern for the small creature's comfort threw us, as I've said, into an intimacy which was surprising when you consider our short acquaintance and his exceptional shyness. We sat together smoking in front of the fire, beneath the stony stare of Mrs. Seaward's relations, listening to the wind and sometimes talking.

He had said something about the west wind being good for the trawlers, and I had slipped into the ready-made answer that it is an ill wind which benefits nobody. He said that he often thought, down on that much-buffeted coast, how extraordinarily dependent on wind the men of old times were; how they could never cross a strip of sea without the wind's permission, or grind their corn on land. He spoke of the infinite chances of the wind that was now scattering the fertile pollen from his peach-blossom. "To-morrow it will all be gone,"—and then, rather shyly, he said: "That reminds me,"—and told me the story of the steward on the s.s. *Matifou*.

* * * * *

"I expect," he said, "that you, as a stranger, imagine that this seaboard is full of romance; you can see nothing but

beauty in these small stone cottages and this rugged coast. You don't know how hard life is here—and how dirty. You don't realise either how horribly isolated we are; how very attractive it is—you won't mind me saying so—to meet a stranger like yourself. That's the way in which Romance surprises us, in our chance encounters with men who come here by land or by sea—and particularly by sea. Of course, this place has long ceased to be a port of call for salt-water boats; but it so happens that our bay is a harbour of refuge, the only one along this coast, from a westerly gale; and sometimes, when it is blowing strong you may see 30 vessels sheltering—not the big mail boats that can plug through any amount of muck, but great sailing ships from Hamburg, Scandinavian steamers, with deck-cargoes of timber, wide-bellied freighters light, and every other kind of tramp. Sometimes they lie there for a week straining at their anchors and then steal away in stormy sunshine. Sometimes they land a sick man—they don't like sick men at sea—and in this way I have had more than one adventure.

"When I was called to visit the *Matifou* it was blowing a buster. The mate brought the message ashore; told me that the steward had hurt his leg and the 'old man' was getting worried about him. Didn't know if the beggar was shamming or not. If I were coming I had better prepare for a wetting and pull out in their dinghy. He was very affable, that mate. He said that he'd never visited our port before and hoped he never would again. 'Talk about scenery and that,' he said, 'there's plenty of pretty scenery outside the West of England. By the way folks talk you'd think there wasn't nice country places in Lancashire. You should hear the birds in our garden on a spring morning. My misses feeds the little beggars.' He lived at a place called Newton-le-Willows—wherever that may be. He asked me if I was 'on the square,' and seemed disappointed that I wasn't.

"The *Matifou* was lying a long way out and I got wetter even than I had expected; but it's a heartening thing, you know, to go butting out through sheeted spray with the salt sticky on your lips—just plugging towards a point of light which wavers and dips some unimaginable distance ahead; and then, suddenly, to hear what the wind leaves you of a hail, to dissociate something black that looms above you from the blackness of the windy sky; to hear a rope swish down like the wind's own tail—and then the splash and suck of water between yourself and the hull until your boat and the big ship are heaving together. I jumped for the rope ladder, and as I looked back the boat and the mate and the two sailors seemed to be sucked downwards, for the great flank to which I was clinging like a fly on a horse heeled bodily over, blotting out the stars. I scrambled on to an iron deck gritty with coal dust, where the captain received me.

He looked as if he'd been on the bridge for a week. "If the beggar's malingering," he said, "I look to you to tell me. If he's really sick you'd better have him ashore. You can't satisfy him. Says he's hurt his leg. I don't know. . . . He's a good steward, the best I've ever had except a Jap I once picked up in Kuchinotsu; but I'm about fed up with him. The chief officer will take you for'ard."

And so, down one iron ladder, up another, down a precipitous companion to a stuffy hold. "Blast the Chief," said the mate, "the electric light's off—that's the worst of this damned company. Short of crew. The donkeyman went ashore this morning and came black blind. You wait here a minute while I get a lantern."

"He left me standing there at the bottom of the companion. It was very dark and smelt of tallow and engine grease. I had to hold on to the oily rail of the ladder; for this part of the ship was plunging heavily as though it were angry with the strain of the anchors. The darkness was full of creaking sounds, and sometimes the impact of a heavier wave smote her bows, making the plates shudder and creak more loudly than ever. The mate came back carrying a kerosene lamp with a smell that was proper to that fo'c'sle. 'This way,' he said.

"We passed into a narrow cabin in which there were four bunks. It smelt a little of foul opium smoke and a great deal of dirt. In the lower bunk on the inner side the mate's lantern showed me a Chinaman lying on his back breathing noisily through his mouth. 'That's our cook,' said the mate. 'Don't you take no notice of him. He has his little failings like the rest of us. This is your bird.'

"He held the light up to the upper of the two opposite bunks which were fixed to the flank of the ship, with nothing but a thin iron plate between them and the noisy sea. 'Hello Jim,' he said pulling at a nest of grey blankets. 'How are you getting on?'

"All right, Mr. Cochran," said the man under the blankets.

'I shall be all right to-morrow. I only want a day or two's rest.'

"That's good, Jim," said the mate. "The old man's sent ashore for a doctor to see you. Wake up."

"He raised his head and looked at me. An elderly man, with a grey beard and very bright eyes. From the first they regarded me with suspicion. His voice was surprisingly refined. A man who had gone down in the world, I decided. And when he came to show me his injured hip, I could see that he was ashamed to be as filthily dirty as he undeniably was. All the time his eyes were insisting: 'You've got me at a disadvantage, you know. I wasn't always like this.' A poor old man . . . but not so old as I had imagined at first. A merchant seaman who has knocked about the world in the slums of great seaports doesn't wear well, and I could see that this fellow had had his whack of drink and other things.

"In the demented plungings of this foul and unlit cabin it was difficult to find out what his trouble was. If he had lain in the lower bunk it would have been easier. As it was, it took me some time to discover that he had fractured the neck of his thighbone, and I couldn't be sure that he hadn't a dislocation as well: but I won't bore you with technicalities.

"The mate seemed pleased with my verdict. 'I told the old man you wasn't shamming, Jim,' he declared; but the patient became alarmed at once. 'You've made a mistake, Doctor,' he protested. 'You've made a mistake. I only just slipped like, when a sea caught her. It's only a bit of a sprain. My leg can't be broken. You look. . . . I can move my toes. The feeling's all right too. That's not a break. I shall be all right to-morrow when this dirty weather's gone. You give me a bottle of stuff to rub it with, sir.'

"Of course, it was no good talking about it. The thing was there and had to be dealt with. 'We can't move him to-night, you'd never get him ashore in this sea,' I told the mate. 'All we can do now is to fix him up in some sort of splint that won't come adrift when the ship rolls.'

"Now you're asking, Doc,' said the mate; 'we've got a bandage or two and some plaster and Epsom salts and chlorodyne, but that's about the height of it. Still, I'll go and turn Chips out and see what we can do for a batten.'

"I told him exactly what I wanted, and he left us in the dark, taking his lamp with him.

"You're a West-countryman,' I said to my patient. In the first minute his speech had told me that.

"He said: 'Yes, sir, I'm a Devonian . . . or was.'

"Well,' said I, 'you'll be quite at home when we get you ashore into the Cottage Hospital to-morrow.'

"At home . . . ?' says he, anxiously. 'At home? What do you mean?'

"Why, don't you know where you are?' I said.

"He hadn't the least idea. He'd been in too much pain to think, and no wonder; and since his accident he had kept it down with brandy and laudanum. I told him that we were now lying in Fishcombe roads.

"Good God, sir," he cried. "You never mean it." He had jumped right up in his bunk and the movement made him scream with pain. I reassured him. He began to talk excitedly and was more indubitably Devonian than ever.

"If this is Fishcombe,' he said, 'I'll be damned if this isn't the dirtiest trick that Providence has ever served me. I'd rather die in this rotten ship than go ashore here. You can do what you like with me. You can kill me; but for God's sake don't send me ashore here. You'll understand if I tell you. A doctor like you is bound to hear a lot of funny things in your life, but you'll never hear a truer than this. I'm a Fishcombe man. I left this port thirty years ago as mate of a sailing vessel. You can trust a Fishcombe man to do well for himself. I was a prosperous young fellow. I'd nothing in the way of trouble in my life but one thing, and that was my wife. We never hit it off well. She was one of these Plymouth Brethren, you know, and I was never a Bible hand myself. When we were first married it was all right, but bit by bit she began to get on the top of me. I was doing very well, as I told you, working my way up gradual, and very pleased with myself; but there was no joy in that woman. The better I done the harder she were on me. You couldn't call your house your own. Clean, I'll admit. Cleanliness and godliness was all she thought of. It was all very well. I told her that I could get on without her; went out east and got on to a Chinese coasting vessel. Nobody can say as I didn't do my duty by her. I was earning good money and she had half of it. I settled half in the beginning and I stuck to it all the way.

"At first it was a good living. A little later it was something extra. I took my master's ticket. Five years I was master of a Yangtse steamer, and that meant a lot of 'cumshaw' in those days. My God! . . . the dollars I've handled. Then I had a run of bad luck; got run down by one of Holt's boats in a fog off Woosung. The court gives it against me, and I lost my ticket. What's the good of fighting? I reckon

it a doctor like you is struck off the rolls or whatever they call it he's just about done. Well, I was done. Ever since then it's been downhill. I'm reconciled to it. I know that a man's liable to ups and downs and I take what comes, but it's more than a man can stand to be took at his lowest and shown off in a town where he was at his best. Why, every man on Fishcombe quay would be up to me saying: 'Well Jim, how be 'ee then?' It's as like as not my wife's living. Her wouldn't marry again unless one of her Plymouth Brothers got round her. She's got her life and I've got mine, and they'm past mixing at our age. You wouldn't send me ashore, doctor, to be shown up and read scripture to by my own wife! I'm not that kind of man. I couldn't stand it. I've always had my freedom. I've paid for it. But to have that woman on the top of me when I was helpless and down in the world and not more than a month's wages to my name! By God, if I thought that was going to happen I'd do myself in with a dose of Ah Ling's dope.'

"I suppose the name must somehow have penetrated into the cloudy recesses of the Chinese cook's brain, for he turned in his sleep and yawned heavily.

"It's a funny story,' I said. 'We'll see what can be done.'

"Laud me anywhere you like, Doctor . . . anywhere but here.

A big sea made the whole ship shudder and threw him over against the wooden side of his bunk. He gave a squeal of pain. 'That got me,' he said. 'Come to think of it this is a funny old turn-out.'

"A moment later the mate came in with two ridiculous pieces of wood. 'That's the best I can do for you,' he said; 'any good?'

"They weren't the least bit of good, but somehow with rolled newspapers and cardboard and a bit of broomstick we fixed him up. When once the splint was firm a look of extraordinary relief came into his face. I could see that he had once been a good-looking man, not so very long ago. I seemed to know that face too, though I couldn't remember where I had seen it. Of course, people in this place are so inbred that it isn't difficult to find family likenesses. 'Thank you doctor,' he said smiling. That, you know, is the most usual way in which doctors get paid; but I know he must have meant it. 'Don't forget the yarn I told 'ee,' he said.

"Once more we climbed the ladder and emerged upon the windy deck. The captain had not yet shaken off his bad temper. I believe it incensed him to hear that the man was really ill more than if he had been shamming. 'That's a matter for compensation,' he said gloomily. 'I hope you didn't put him up to any dodge of that kind?' He grunted. 'Well, there's only one thing for it. You'd better take him ashore to your hospital and I'll wire the Company. That doesn't imply any responsibility, you know. 'Without prejudice,' as the lawyers say.

"I explained that in any case we couldn't move him until the sea had gone down. I did my best for Jim (at that time I didn't know his other name) and pointed out that even when it did calm down it would be better to take him round to Southampton or London or Newcastle or some place where there were big free hospitals. I told him that in Fishcombe the Company would have to pay for accommodation, and this made him hesitate for a moment; but in the end he decided that there would be less risk of trouble if he put him ashore at once, or, at any rate, as soon as the weather allowed.

"He gave me a surly good-night. 'The old man's not as bad as he sounds,' the mate assured me as I descended the ladder. Perhaps he wasn't.

"It was a rough journey home. The sea ran higher and the air was very cold. All that night it blew like hell. Next day the bay was so wild that we had no chance of moving our patient. In the middle of that next night the wind changed. Changed, not dropped. It swung round, as it sometimes will on our coast, to the north-east, and all the small craft that had been sheltering in the bay had to haul up their anchors and put their noses into it and run, for now they found themselves on a lee shore. With them the *Matifou*. In six hours there was not a steamer left in the roads.

The doctor knocked out the ashes from his pipe. "You're a good listener," he said, "and as you're evidently not unsympathetic I'm going to let you into a secret that I haven't shared with anyone else." He took the lamp from the table and poor Tristram looked up to see what was happening. He carried it to the far side of the room and raised it till it illuminated the features of the handsome young man with curled moustaches in the red plush frame.

"This," he said, "was the steward of the *Matifou*."

* * * * *

I stayed in Mrs. Seaward's rooms for close on six weeks. Tristram recovered from his distemper. A doctor who is a student of the humanities is the best man in the world for dogs.

Leaves from a German Note Book

IT would seem that the struggle in Germany between the militarists and the people is nearing the crisis. The howling of the Patriotic Party increases with their growing dread of popular discontent, and the masses have given unmistakable signs of their dislike of the military Patriots. In Berlin, in Frankfurt, in Mannheim, in Jena, meetings of the Patriotic Party were broken up in disorder during the last ten days or so. "Ladies and gentlemen, The German Patriotic Party . . ."—so the Chairman began at Frankfurt, but he got no further. The audience, which numbered over three thousand, shouted, "Down with the Patriotic Party: We want peace." That meeting was not held, and on the following day the G.O.C. in Frankfurt issued a notice in the tone of a schoolmaster chiding naughty pupils. Trusting in the political maturity of the populace, the authorities had allowed public meetings to be held even during the war. Never before had that privilege been abused. The proceedings on the previous day must have been exceptional. "But if I am mistaken, I shall be forced in the interests of public order to remove all possibility of a repetition of yesterday's scenes by prohibiting all public meetings."

It becomes clearer every day that the military Patriots have the support of people in high places. The Imperial Chancellor has informed the German public through the press that he is so overwhelmed with work that he has no time to receive deputations of bodies which favour and demand a peace by understanding. Yet, it has been pointed out, he found time to confer with the head of the Patriotic Party not once but twice, and the Party was able to assure its members that in the event of a peace with Russia, the interests of Germany would be safeguarded.

But the Imperial Chancellor does not stand alone. The Patriotic Party has the support of royal war-mongers and annexationists. The King of Saxony, replying to a telegram of the Patriots in Plauen, stated that he was convinced the majority of the German people desired a peace that would bring them security, that he was certain the Kaiser, "supported by the unbroken strength of our armies," would give his consent only to such a peace.

The Crown Prince has assured a Patriotic Working-men's Society that they need have no anxiety lest the peace that would come should deprive them of their livelihood and force them to emigrate. The peace would provide happy conditions for the German labouring classes and would allow of their developing their powers on German soil. The King of Bavaria is of the same opinion. "We have fought like lions and have been everywhere victorious. . . . We must go on fighting until our enemies come and beg for peace. . . . Not a foot of German soil shall be given up and everywhere we shall improve our frontiers."

King Ludwig of Bavaria uttered the new cry of the militarists. "Frontier securities" is the watchword, and the German people are beginning to realise that it is but a euphemism for forcible annexations. Even the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is alarmed. It writes:

A Government which can only exist by the permission of the high military authorities and can be removed when their views take another direction, is only a caricature and a mockery in the eyes of its own people and of foreigners. The dangers which threaten us are innumerable. To reverse the policy of peace by agreement, in which our Allies are in accord, would endanger the wonderful unity of the Central Powers which has been displayed against the foe. One is horrified to think that at the moment when we appear to be nearing a victorious end, the ship may again be thrown amongst the breakers, and we may be exposed to perils for which a few coal-mines or a few square miles of foreign territory would be hopelessly inadequate compensation.

Rifts in the Lute

In view of the statement of the Frankfurt journal it is of interest to observe the trend of feeling in Vienna and Budapest. The press in the Austrian capital is restive, fearing that if Kühlmann were to be flung from office, he would be succeeded by an even fiercer reactionary. The *Fremdenblatt*, which is the semi-official organ of the Vienna Foreign Office, wrote bluntly that Kühlmann had "the full and unrestricted confidence of the Austro-Hungarian Government and people." The German papers were furious. The comment of Count Reventlow's journal may be regarded as typical! "The German nation has only one answer for the men behind the *Fremdenblatt*—namely, "Hands off—no matter to whom the hands belong."

And what of the people in Austria-Hungary. In Vienna the working classes are calling aloud for peace by understanding. In Budapest the United Suffragist Societies

organised a peace meeting, but the police forbade it on the ground that "the Brest-Litovsk proceedings might be adversely affected in consequence." But the meeting was held after all under another name. The principal speaker made it quite plain that peace was uppermost in their minds. "If we had something to say at the peace deliberations . . . we should not allow certain people to talk about frontier rectifications. . . . No strategic precautions can secure permanent peace. For permanent peace there is only one security—the reconciliation of peoples."

German Pretentiousness

The Patriots rage on, and a quasi-scientific journal like the *Year Book for the Theory and Practice of Transport* prints an article pleading passionately for the defeat of England:

We must defeat England in order to remove a weight from the whole world.

We must defeat England in order to be relieved of the great anxiety as to how after the war we shall obtain our food and raw materials.

The hate which is preached against Germany, even by merchants, will disappear sooner than is imagined.

If we arrive at a temporary peace by understanding with England, she would make out that she had been victorious.

Let us not forget one thing—that even after the war England will have a powerful army.

It must be part of our victory over England to nip in the bud the growth of her military strength.

Terrible as is the prospect for England, there is worse to come. A writer in the *Kölnische Zeitung* has discovered yet another war aim. Annexations and indemnities ought not to satisfy Germany; she must insist on the restoration of her reputation and her honour in the world! The greatest crime of the Allies has been to sully the fair fame of Germany. So successful has their campaign been that the Germans are detested all over the world. And the German people are too kind-hearted to realise this great fact, despite the efforts of their newspapers to instruct them. It thus becomes one of the first and most serious demands of the German leaders at any peace negotiations that the German reputation in the world shall be restored to its pristine purity!

It is somewhat puzzling that the *Kölnische Zeitung* should lend itself to the publication of screeds of this kind. Either the writer is a finished hypocrite or he is an ass of the first order. The world will only laugh at him, and students of national psychology will find in his proposal yet another proof that the Germans possess no sense of humour. At any rate, they are beginning to realise the result of their conduct during the war. Perhaps before long they will wake up to its causes. Certainly they are groping about for the reason why they cut such a poor figure in the world. A writer in the *Vossische Zeitung* lays down eighteen propositions to account for the fact that the German is disliked. Herr Knatz, the writer in question, has discovered that

The respect enjoyed by any nation in the world does not depend on its power or greatness, but on its unpretentiously being what it is, with its excellencies, its failings and its faults, all of which it acknowledges as a matter of course.

Herr Knatz instances the Dutch and their dignified bearing throughout the vicissitudes of their history, and the English who take for granted their virtues and their vices, who are what they are. The Germans, on the other hand, have always pretended to be what they are not:

The Germans wanted to be men of the world, although they might have been much more. They spoke out threateningly when they ought to have expressed their will quietly. They flattered instead of cultivating friendship. They gave the impression of being humbly satisfied when instead they ought to have been rude. They have been unjust when they should have been just, and more than just where they could have been unjust with a good conscience. They hurt other people's feelings by well-meaning zeal where dignified submission would have been gratefully accepted. In fine, the German people believed that they must appear different from what they really were.

If this be a true diagnosis of the German character, it is easy to understand the Kaiser's assurance to the Polish delegation, which came to pay him their respects, that throughout the whole of his reign, a period of nearly thirty years, he had been "a pioneer and protector of the principles that made for human welfare and the peaceful co-operation of peoples!" And yet it stands on record that when war broke out the *Alldeutsche Blätter*, the organ of the Pan-Germans, wrote "The hour we longed for has now arrived. It is holy!"

Views of a Prussian Militarist

By Kenneth Beaton

"**D**EDUCTIONS from the World War, written by Lieut.-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, and recently translated into English (Constable and Co., 2s. 6d.) is in some respects a disappointing book. But it should attract attention, owing to the position of the author, and to the open way in which he talks of preparing for further warfare later on. We all prefer to think that this war is to be the last, and peace, when it finally comes, is to come for ever.

The first part consists of general observations on various features of the war. The author has been, since September 1916, Deputy Chief of the General Staff, that is to say, head of such parts of the General Staff as remain in Berlin; before that, he had been Quarter-Master-General in the Field, his successor being the now celebrated Ludendorff. So he speaks with authority; and the book, with or without intrinsic merit of its own, becomes of importance as expressing the opinion of the men at the head of the German Army.

His general observations are what one would expect from any intelligent officer who had been at the front. He points out the increased importance of railways, which have enabled Germany to move very large bodies of troops backwards and forwards between the Eastern and Western fronts, and which enabled the French to do the same thing during and after the battle of the Marne. The enormous advantages of motor transport are duly set forth, and we are again told that aircraft has brought about a number of new phenomena; not the least of these, to my mind, is the announcement that German aviators have "established more and more their superiority in the air." General von Freytag admits that the Zeppelin has given way before the aeroplane in land warfare.

There are the usual excerpts from orthodox German military historians of the wars of the last century; anyone who has read a few of them is fairly familiar with them all. Here is a beautiful instance; "We may rejoice that the following words of Clausewitz are completely applicable to our infantry: 'Happy the army in which an untimely boldness frequently manifests itself; it is an exuberant growth which shows a rich soil.'" There is another gem from Prince Frederick Charles on page 136 concerning the mutual relations between generals and their troops, too long to quote here.

The author explains the German failure on the Marne by saying the Germans simply had not sufficient numbers to carry out their plan of enveloping the French and British forces; they would have required another complete army in echelon on their right flank. No mention is made of any mistakes on the part of the Higher Command. We also come upon novel interpretations of recent history. A certain Dr. Georg Solmsen is quoted with approval as saying that for England this is "a commercial war with a view to her own enrichment and the annihilation of her chief rival." Again: "The French officers have completely lost that chivalrous sentiment which as late as 1870 found expression in the words of an old Frenchman: 'The person of a prisoner is sacred.' The French, both white and black, and their women no less, have not scrupled to jeer at and ill-treat our prisoners in the most flagrant manner, and the Government of the Republic has in general furnished an example of unworthy treatment of prisoners." This from the land of Ruhleben and Wittenberg! Here is another rich passage:

In the case of the Central Powers, that lofty moral strength arising from the sense of righteous self-defence in a war which had been thrust upon them, showed its superiority to the zeal which a commercial and predatory war could kindle in our enemies.

Or this:

Even distinguished minds are subject to mass-suggestion, as is shown in the case of numerous distinguished scholars and artists among our enemies. Neither judgment nor good taste availed to prevent them from joining in the general orgies of hatred directed against everything German.

We wonder whether the General has ever heard of Lissauer's "Song of Hate," which earned the author a decoration from the All-Highest!

General von Freytag-Loringhoven appears to admit, though of course he does not say so in so many words, that Germany has missed her mark this time; but he is perfectly frank about the necessity to try again. No one, he says (p. 155), will dispute the fact that the world war has given the Germans cause to subject their national life to a thorough examination in all its departments, and that it must mark the beginning of all kinds of new developments. Nobody can undertake to guarantee a long period of peace, and a lasting peace is guaranteed only by strong armaments (p. 171). Moreover,

world-power is inconceivable without striving for expression of power in the world, and consequently for sea-power. But this involves the constant existence of a large number of potential causes of friction. Hence arises the necessity for adequate armaments on land and sea. He will have none of your delusions about peace and the brotherhood of man. War, he says (p. 172) has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered, war will continue to exist, as it has existed already for thousands of years. The oft-quoted saying of Moltke that wars are inhuman, but eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream, will continue to be true. In support of which contention the author brings forward suitable extracts from Treitschke, reminding us that the polished man of the world and the savage both have the brute in them, and that the idea of one universal Empire is odious, the ideal of a State co-extensive with humanity, no ideal at all. He closes his book with the following words:

We must not put might before right, but equally little shall we and can we dispense with might. In the future, as in the past, the German people will have to seek firm cohesion in its glorious army and in its belauded young fleet.

Incorrigible

The author's purely military *Deductions from the World War* have no very great distinction. They contain nothing that has not already been noted in the numerous pamphlets circulated by the Allied General Staffs. But this obstinate resolve to try again in future wars is significant, though even here there is nothing for us to be alarmed about. These Prussian officers are incorrigible. But there are other forces at work in the world of which they know little: which in their conceit and hardness of heart they refuse to acknowledge, but which may in the end prove far too great and strong for them.

There is a measure of truth in what this one says. It is quite true that we are men, swayed by certain primitive passions, and that the millennium, the day in which all men will work together and love one another, and feel nothing but good will towards all other men, white, black, and yellow—is a day which may never dawn. But meanwhile General von Freytag-Loringhoven, with his Treitschke and his Clausewitz and their hard traditions, represents a type of which the whole of Europe is now sick unto death. If we fail to crush those men, and the mighty forces that are rising up around us prove unable to overwhelm Prussianism, the world will indeed be a strange place to live in.

These rulers of Germany are pitiless and enormously conceited. They may say unctuous things now about the co-operation of all Germans in the world war; but if they get the upper hand they will crush the growth of democracy in their own country with the same ferocity with which they would crush us if they could come across the Channel. They scorn the idea of kindness towards the weak, of sympathy with those who follow different ideals, of co-operation with men in their own country or others who want to walk in the paths of peace, and build up the State by work rather than by war. Theirs is a narrow view, the view of men who are as callous and bigoted as they are vain.

We who also long for peace, but who cannot think of peace until that Prussian tyranny has had its sting drawn, must not exaggerate the power of these men, but at the same time must not forget that they are still in power. Salvation can only come to us through our own strength and resolution, and we must look to the forces of democracy, what is best in the democracy of Great Britain and her Allies, to make it impossible for these evil men to lift up their heads again. Their destruction will come from their own people in the first place. There are many in Germany, and still more in Austria-Hungary, who look upon them with almost as much dislike as we do, and in time the better instincts of the Germans will reassert themselves. But meanwhile the class to which von Freytag-Loringhoven belongs is in power, and there are no serious indications that their power is disputed by any appreciable portion of the nation. We must face facts, and we must not allow ourselves to relax our efforts, both military and civil, until the German nation takes a different view of the rights and claims of other people.

It is to be hoped that large numbers of our countrymen will read and meditate upon this book, even if it costs them an effort, and induces an occasional yawn. As long as the Prussian military caste is in power, it has to be reckoned with; and we are here told plainly what it hopes to accomplish after the war, in preparation for another.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

"The Universal Memory"

MR. W. B. YEATS, in *Per Amica Silentia Lunae* (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net) has published two intimate, and beautifully written, fragments of self-communing; admitting us, with an unaffected frankness not disguised by the polish of his sentences and the studious care of his images, to a brief glimpse of the inner chamber where he keeps his most important secrets, his poetic methods, his imperfections of character, his beliefs, his doubts and his ignorances about life, death, and "the nature of things." His essays can scarcely be called ethical; he is continuously preoccupied with religion, but it would scarcely come under that definition of "morality tinged with emotion," which is an agnostic's and not a mystic's definition; and his principal observation about conduct is that the kind of character that he most admires, "over-mastering, creative," and of which he gives "St. Francis of Assisi and Cæsar Borgia," as examples (!), is produced when men aim at imitating models or "masks," and that our modern cultivation of self and sincerity makes us gentle and passive. Where he is most interesting is not here—where every contention in his argument provokes an answer—but when he is tentatively exploring the frontiers of psychology, especially in its relation to art and cosmology.

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Art, to him, is an escape: the "hollow image of fulfilled desire." "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry"; the poet is a saint or a hero when he is writing, but not (Mr. Yeats is careful to point out) at other times. By implication, Mr. Yeats narrows down to the definition of poetry to exclude the fruits of the mere conscious intellect; he quotes Goethe's theory of the evocation of images. "One must allow the images to form with all their associations before one criticises." This, of course, is inspiration under another name; the poet's visions, like his dreams, come into his mind. As in dreams, if the mind be held passive, an image will drag up from the subconscious "anything you already possess a fragment of." Experiences which he could not explain by the Freudian theory of the mere rearrangement of personal memories and frustrated desires (with a strong emphasis on the sexual) led him to believe in "a great memory passing on from generation to generation"; but this did not suffice, and he now sketches, with an occasional confidence that leaves one startled and an occasional obscurity that leaves one puzzled, a universe of material and spiritual bodies, emanations, ghosts, witches, Daimons, Conditions of Air, Conditions of Fire and Paths of the Serpent which is possibly more familiar to the disciples of Madame Blavatsky than it is to me.

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I should not have given this inadequate summary of doctrines which deserve more thorough treatment by someone, whether sympathetic or not, more versed in their history and affinities, had I not desired to notice an extraordinary narrative by a gentleman whose experiences have forced him to conclusions resembling those of Mr. Yeats. I refer to *The Gate of Remembrance*, by Frederick Bligh Bond, R.F.I.B.A. (Blackwell, 6s net). Mr. Bond, who some ten years ago was appointed Director of Excavations at Glastonbury, gives in this book "the story of the psychological experiment which resulted in the discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury." He and a friend, in short obtained, at a large number of sittings, automatic writings which (he says) divulged to him things which at that time nobody knew and which afterwards proved to be true. Chief amongst them was the site, shape and size of the Edgar Chapel, long a matter of speculation.

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Mr. Bond tends to Mr. Yeats's old theory of the "general memory." But he is rather confused on the subject (no wonder!) and what happened to him is much more interesting than any theories he may hold about what happened. He and his friends received messages from a company of ecclesiastics, including Beere and Whiting (the last two Abbots of Glastonbury), Gulielmus, Reginaldus, and one Johannes Bryant, whose reminiscences and instructions appeared most frequently. Johannes was a man of marked character. He was fond of building, beer, fishing, and nature study, and there is a strange story about Johannes (who did in 1533), Henry VIII., and the Abbey's great vat of ale. One of his (if this is his) messages may serve as introduction:

I think I am wrong in some things. Other influences cross my own These monks are trying to make themselves felt by you both. Why do they want to talk Latin?

Why can't they talk English? Benedicite. Johannes. . . . It is difficult to talk in Latin tongue. Seems just as difficult to talk in Latin language. . . . Ye names of builded things are very hard in Latin tongue—transome, faune, tracery, and the like. Me son thou canst not understand. Wee wolde speak in the Englyshe tongue

The hesitation of the spirits, or the memory, about language is noticeable throughout. They write sporadically in colloquial English, in the English of American Higher Lifers, in the Englyshe tongue of their own diverse times, in Latin which is like the plodding Latin of Domesday Book (which tells us "hoc manerium fuit totum wastum," etc.), and in a mixture which recalls the law French of the clerk to the court who recorded that a prisoner had "ject un brickbat" at the judge. This the reader must accept; it is only a minor puzzle where everything is puzzling. The important thing is not that these mediæval auxiliaries had linguistic difficulties which did not prevent them from occasionally breaking into a beautiful sermon ending with such words as "Work in the sun. Listen in the starlight," but that they issued specific directions which Mr. Bond obeyed with success. Sometimes they spelt their remarks with humour, like that Reginaldus (qui obiit 1214) who replied to a question about St. Patrick and St. Brigit with: "They were, and didde, much among the heathen. We know not more, save that their workes were old and very dry to rede." Sometimes they made extremely questionable remarks about things in general, as when Robert the Monk alleged, of contemporary architecture: "They who builded in our day and were masters, lead ye now"—which, if one accepts it, provokes the reflection that the old builders must experience even more difficulty in getting their instructions through to the modern ones than the old inhabitants of Glastonbury did the modern visitors. But most of their messages are, if fragmentary, to the point. Mr. Bond gives them in detail. He was told things scarcely credible about the huge measurements of the Edgar Chapel and of the whole structure; he dug and found them true. He was told to go on when he seemed to have come to a solid wall of clay; he noticed a slight discoloration, dug on, and found a polygonal east end, with a probable door, which confirmed several emphatic messages, including:

When you dig, excavate the pillars of the crypt, six feet below the grass—they will give you a clue. The direction of the walls . . . eastwards . . . was at an angle. . . . Nothing ends twenty-seven long nineteen wide.

He was told that there was fine blue glass in the East window, and he found a trench where blue glass was thick; he was told by a venerable Saxon to dig for the remains of his wattlework hut and he found blackened wattlework; he was told that the Chapel had four bays (as to which nothing was known and no inference was possible) and he found it to be so; he was told that the builder "did make the Est end full square, that I know he didd, and in hym three arches and a grete screne," and he proved that there were three arches behind the altar, and found indications of a screen wall. He published, on the strength of his ultramundane information, a conjectural plan of the Edgar Chapel, long before the angular east end shown in it had been proved to have existed, and he has a testimonial from the Secretary of the S.P.R. saying that "there is no question but that the writing about the Edgar Chapel preceded the discovery of it by months"

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There are sometimes difficulties about Mr. Bond's measurements; but a few minor flaws do not much impair the impressiveness of his extraordinary story. The curious person will hasten neither to swallow it whole, nor to call the author a fabricator, nor to invent ingenious plans of explaining away the difficult by the equally difficult. Mr. Bond has put his cards on the table with convincing candour. He has given us the text of a later series of communications about the lost Loretto Chapel. The building is stated to have been (thus early) in the Italian style; numerous rough plans are supplied; and it remains for further exploration to test the information given. "If," Mr. Bond remarks, "it should appear that by the same obscure mental process which has already, in the case of the Edgar Chapel, predicated the existence, with practical truth in form and detail, of a building whose very memory was lost (and the evidence for which had been ignored, nay even scouted, by the most competent antiquaries), another architectural treasure, long buried and forgotten, might once again be brought to light, and its wealth of Italian detail verified; then indeed, would come into sight new vistas, new possibilities of exploration and research into the secrets of old time.

Books of the Week

The Green Mirror. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.

A New Study of English Poetry. By HENRY NEWBOLT. Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Japan at the Cross Roads. By A. M. POOLEY. George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

MANY writers have set out to show the joys of family life, but Mr. Hugh Walpole may rank almost as a pioneer in fiction in that he has shown how the ideal of the family may become an evil thing. Wisely, he calls *The Green Mirror* "a quiet story," for, save that Katherine Trenchard married Philip Mark, whom the Trenchard family disliked, nothing happens in the year which the book covers. But the analysis of the Trenchard family, in which the story is wrapped, is the main theme; Mrs. Trenchard, the dominant figure, is a terrible woman, whose love for her daughter is ousted by her dislike for Philip; unable to break the engagement, she sets herself to enmesh Philip in Trenchard traditions—she will not let Katherine go to him and begin the new life which is the girl's right, but will let him share Katherine with the family so long as he is content to forego his own life and become proud of the honour of being a Trenchard by marriage.

Set down thus briefly, Mrs. Trenchard's plan may seem crude, but as Mr. Walpole has expressed it in the compass of a long—but not too long—novel, it is artistically convincing. If there be a moral to the story, it is that the older generation has no right to thwart the life aims of the new. Morals apart, the book is a picture of changing times; mainly written before the war, it is a quiet forecast, by means of a microcosm that pictures the macrocosm, of the great upheaval that threw such out-of-date organisms as the Trenchard family into a melting pot from which emerge not families, but men and women conscious of and free to fulfil their separate destinies. Perhaps the end to which the book is designed is more fully achieved through being embodied in what its author justly terms "a quiet story."

* * * * *

Twelve essays, most of which have already appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, make up Sir Henry Newbolt's *A New Study of English Poetry*. Beginning with a definition of poetry, the author goes on to its relation to politics, personality, rhythm, and then to a less didactic sketch entitled "The Poets and their Friends," which paves the way to studies of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and British ballads and ballad poetry. The rest of the book is concerned with Marinetti's futuristic dream, the relations between poetry and education, and "The Poet and his Audience," at the very end of which comes one of the finest passages in the whole book—too long for quotation here.

In this last essay as a whole, the author has let his love of poetry show forth, the previous essays forming rather a mathematical statement of poetry—if such a description be permissible—than an appreciation of poetry. Sir Henry criticises, weighs and measures from the outside, in his statements of the relations of poetry to the various aspects of life; he writes more as teacher of the methods of poetry than as poet, and as a teacher, moreover, who is writing for the advanced student. It is the voice of competent authority that is speaking in the first four essays.

* * * * *

It may be said that the poet gradually emerges from the chrysalis of critic; thus in "The Poets and their Friends," we come to mention of Whitehead, and quotation from his echo of Gray's *Elegy*; of William Browne, an earlier and more completely forgotten poet; we come, too, to certain brilliantly sane criticisms, such as this of Byron—"forced to leave England, it is probable that though he gained readers, he lost adherents. His case is a doubly significant one, because it reminds us that so long as a man is living, so long as he remains in the sphere of active life, it is always possible that a moral view may come in at any moment to change or interfere with the purely artistic view of his work. Moreover, during a man's lifetime, his social position or his social credit may have an effect upon our judgment. The greatest of our poets was only a player who went here and there and made himself a motley to the view."

There is in this pronouncement a ripe kindliness, so dispassionate as to force the conviction that in this man's hands the meanest of versifiers might trust his work for criticism; and that quality is apparent throughout all the work. Whether Sir Henry is concerned with the relation of poetry to rhythm, weighing and stating with the cold impartiality of a mathematician, or whether he is dealing—as he does deal—with Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, with a true poet's

feeling for the giants of his art, or whether he is placing Marinetti, with an inimitable translation of Keats into futuristic jargon, he is never swayed from his intellectual study of his art to mere criticism for the sake of criticising. Because of this, his book is more creative in character than critical; he has put down new thought, not merely criticised the thoughts of others.

As for the sense of humour, there is his futuristic translation of the best-known stanza of the "Ode to a Nightingale":

"Bird minus death, same old jug-jug-jug Antiquity Emperor
Crown Ruth tears windows foam fairyland fortriness."

But one must read the context to get the full flavour of this. It is given as "an honest attempt to contrast two kinds of work, and it . . . sufficiently proves that a system of notation, even when it is intelligible, is not language, and therefore, though it may be used in description or enumeration, it cannot achieve anything creative."

Within the limits imposed, adequate review of this book is hardly possible. The author characterises his own work as "suggestive and not authoritative."

* * * * *

The superficial student of the Far East and its problems, should he chance on *Japan at the Cross Roads*, by A. M. Pooley, will probably be annoyed, for the book will upset most of his conceptions of Japanese life, and the prospects of the country. It is, the author states, part of a more ambitious work dealing with Japan; it is designed, apparently, to correct the appreciative attitude hitherto prevailing with regard to Japan, by means of very thorough criticism. We learn from Mr. Pooley that Japan can imitate, but cannot initiate; that patriotism, instead of being rooted in the Japanese for centuries, is a very new virtue indeed; that the country has been torn by rival factions for years; that the industries, with which Japan competes with Britain and other producing countries, are maintained at a very heavy price indeed, and that the state of factories in Japan is as bad as in any factories in the world, twelve and thirteen hours a day being the rule for female labour. The author tries hard to give credit where credit is due, but he points out that for years Japan has suffered from a very thorough system of press advertisement, instigated by the government, which prevented criticism of the country and gave the foreigner a false conception of its development.

Mr. Pooley is not addicted to prophecy, but confines himself to statement; otherwise, it would be difficult to see what lies beyond the "cross roads" for Japan—as it is, there is plenty of food for reflection in the present state of affairs, and each reader may decide for himself where they are likely to lead the country. Whatever may be one's conclusions on this score, the statements embodied in the work will be found well worth perusal, especially those dealing with commerce, and with social conditions. It is to be hoped that at some later date the author may find it possible to complete the larger scheme of which this book is a part; Professor McLaren, studying the subject from other angles, arrives at virtually similar conclusions to these of Mr. Pooley, and there can be little doubt that the more enlightened of Japanese people will welcome this frank and only apparently harsh criticism of their country and its ways.

* * * * *

In the review of "The Keeper's Book" which appeared in this column on January 17th the price was mentioned as 12s. 0d. This was a printer's error, it should have been 7s. 6d.

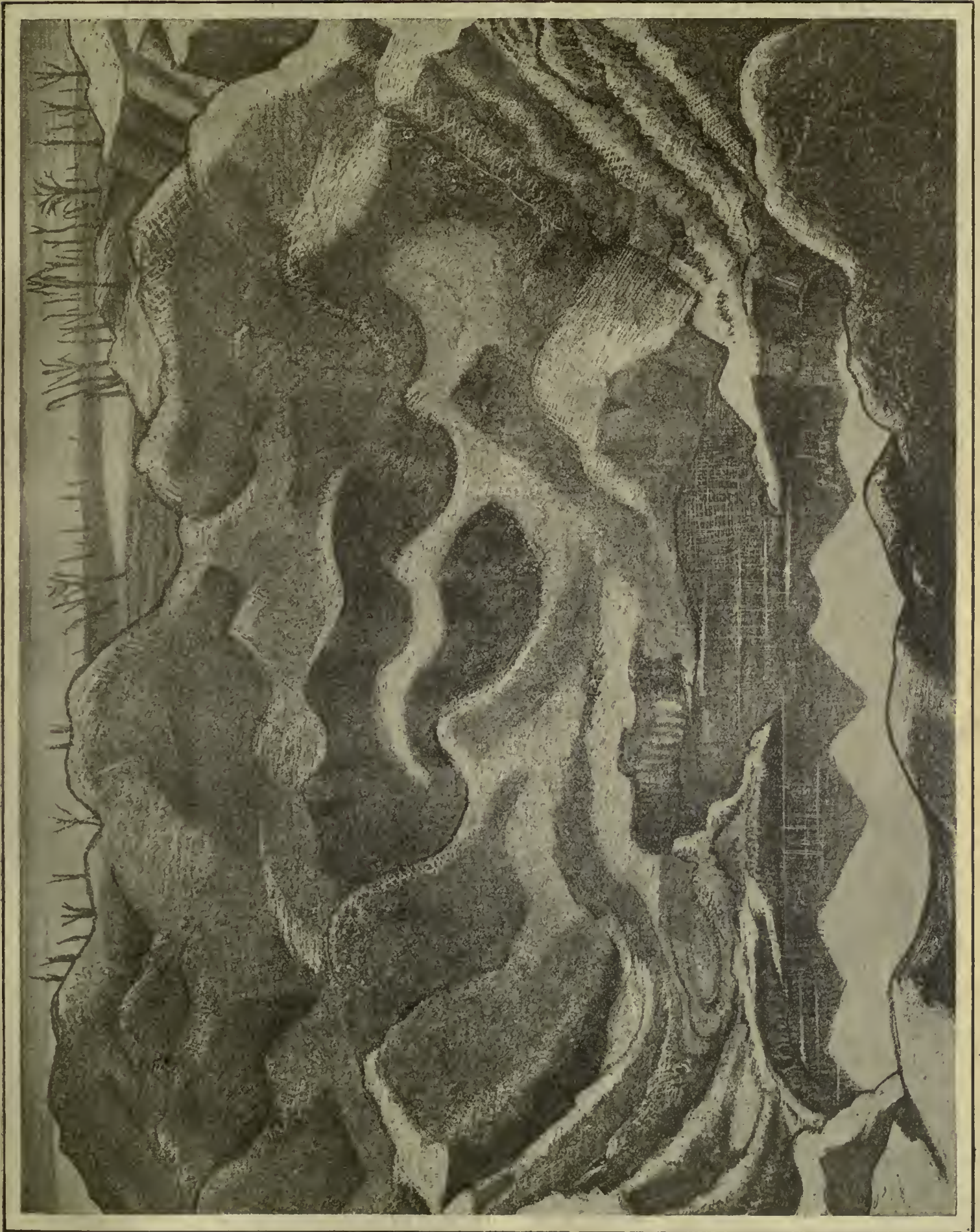
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

FEBRUARY.

- Alsace-Lorraine and the Principle of Nationality: An Alsatian View.
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By YVES GUYOT.

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



The Mine Crater, Hill 60. By Lieut. Paul Nash, an Official Artist at the Front
On view at the Senefelder Club Exhibition, Leicester Galleries

The New Landscape

By Charles Marriott



A Welsh Valley

By Adrian P. Alcock

PERHAPS the best way to describe the newer landscape painting is to say that it is more fundamental than that of yesterday. Caring comparatively little for subtleties of light or atmosphere, or minor accidents of surface, it lays emphasis upon the bones of the land; and it becomes decorative not so much by inventing patterns as by discovering and confirming natural rhythms.

It does not follow that the landscape of yesterday was mistaken in its aims. Problems of light and atmosphere had to be mastered, and it was right to study the markings on the skin of the cosmic beast as well as the larger facts of its anatomy, and to get skill in reproducing surface and texture. Nor is there anything really new in the more modern landscape. The human mind has always been possessed with the idea of unity and harmony under the apparent variety and irregularity of Nature, and one has only to turn to the pictures of Wilson and Cotman to see this idea expressed or acted upon in painting. What it amounts to is that modern painters are "touching earth" again after a fruitful excursion into the air. Even in their treatment of trees one sees the difference between their aims and those of most nineteenth-century painters. They are much more interested in the growth of the tree than in the flicker of light on its foliage, and in following its growth they are apt to insist on regularity of branching. In short, it seems as if modern landscape painters instinctively recognised that they have not fulfilled their function unless they have given us a stronger hint of order in the universe than might be apparent to the casual eye. Whether this order be looked upon as Divine or only physical, does not really affect the question; there is a tacit recognition, and sometimes an over-emphatic assertion, of law; and the

typical modern landscape assumes the origin and development of the earth as we read about it in our books of geology and physical geography.

Art being the expression of life, it would be surprising rather than otherwise if this renewed sense of order in landscape painting had not some correspondence in contemporary life; and sure enough there is in contemporary life a startled recog-

nition of the importance of order and of discovering its natural bases. That this recognition should sometimes be expressed in disorderly ways does not alter the truth; at bottom the Russian Revolution is a frantic attempt to find the broad bases of human character and relationship upon which alone a stable society can be organised. The means adopted may be arbitrary enough; but the belief implied is that an arbitrary scheme of society, such as "the union of Germany with the sword of Prussia," will not do. Apart from all questions of equity and justice, the demand for the recognition of nationality really comes from the belief that security requires it. The attempt is to find the social



Trokes Farm, Devon

By Robert Bevan

centre of gravity. Of course, there is room for many differences of opinion as to where the social centre of gravity really lies; hence the trouble; but it is significant, particularly in view of the newer landscape painting—which may be looked upon as the unconscious reflection in art of what the social reformers are bothering their heads about—that there seems to be a growing conviction that the social centre of gravity is after all in the land. After all these years, and in spite of all our progress in manufacture and commerce, we are coming back to the belief that the rock-bottom of society is the man with the hoe; and that the only true basis of social security is a wise recognition of his rights and adjustment of his

relationship to the soil.

The difference in painting is all the more striking if you compare modern landscapes with older ones, such as those of Claude and the Poussins, which like them make a special feature of design. In the older pictures the designs, though beautiful and coherent in themselves, are often arbitrary in respect of what we know or believe about natural law. Trees are put where they could not grow, rivers run, if not uphill, at any rate, in defiance of probability, and the lines of the hills are inexplicable by any theory of gravitation. The modern landscape painter is not satisfied unless he gets these things right—however interested he may be in his design. Truth, in the visual sense, as it was understood by the Impressionists, is not quite what I mean; for the modern landscape painter is often careless of truth to appearances. Truth to principle is what he cares about. Again, in the older "classical"—and even in the more recent "decorative"—landscape the successive planes of country are often mere silhouettes, like the "profiles" of stage scenery; and this is true also of the beautiful landscapes of the Chinese.

The modern landscape painter is exacting—sometimes tiresomely exacting—about his ground plan. Not only must his profiles be set in true and rhythmical relationship, but the front to back connection between them must be securely established. It is not merely a matter of correct perspective, for in his desire to give reality to the third dimension, the modern painter will often ignore or defy perspective. He wants to make you feel rather than see the weight and solidity of his earth. Finally, in the older landscapes the peasants are generally playing; in the modern they are generally working.

Granting this general character of modern landscape there is in it a wide range of opinion and treatment. Cézanne began by putting emphasis upon the masses and volumes and forces of Nature; and his more enthusiastic followers carried this rapidly to its mathematical conclusion. For a time it was the fashion to paint diagrams of structure and "graphs" of energy, which needed for their interpretation a very strong pictorial imagination—just as it needs strong musical imagination to interpret at sight a figured bass. I remember seeing at the Doré Galleries some remarkably interesting studies of "dynamism" and "velocity" and "plasticity" by Russolo and Balla, the Italian Futurists, which were only not good pictures because art is not mathematics. Still, I suppose that any good piece of music is reducible to figured bass, and a good picture ought to be reducible to a diagram of structure and energy. Anyhow, whether they incline to the mathematical or the fully pictorial way of stating reality modern landscape painters seem to be agreed that the *la ce-o-ba s*—is the important thing; and if they take any-

thing for granted it is that part of the subject which corresponds to the upper parts in music; the atmospheric elements which were just what the Impressionists were most keen about.

Analogies between one art and another are risky, but it always seems to me that the music of such composers as Debussy is a rather belated correspondence to Impressionism in painting; and I believe that the next move in music will be a return, with a difference, to something more solid and formal, in which the bass will again have the obvious importance that it has in the music of Bach and Handel. This is only speculation, but what is beyond speculation is that whereas the philosophy, art and music of the recent past were most concerned with variety and irregularity—with superficial differences and accidents—they are now preoccupied with fundamental unity and order. In a word, the concern of the moment all round is with solidarity.

It is indeed remarkable to look round a modern exhibition, such as the present one of the New English Art Club, and see how many of the landscapes dispense even with trees. Desire for breadth is not enough to account for the choice of mountains; it is rather the desire for structure. "A Welsh Valley," by Mr. Adrian P. Allinson, is typical. Apart from its merits as a picture it is a passionate exercise in physical geography. Not that modern landscape painters really neglect

the atmosphere. The difference is that they are more concerned with what may be called its plastic and dynamic character and possibilities than with its effects of colour. This corresponds curiously with the new conception of the atmosphere that has been forced upon us by the new art of flying. Such terms as "air pockets," "banking," and "side-slipping" have made the least reflective familiar with the idea of the atmosphere as a highly organised element with a more or less definite structure and movement. The tendency in painting is to make the structure and movement visible, not only as they are obvious in the architecture of clouds, but by arbitrary expedients; so that, like pigs, we are made actually to "see the wind." Apart from the gain in reality this expedient helps to bring home the conception of the universe as one great organism; of different densities, maybe,

but closely articulated in form and energy; an organism in which, to quote Thompson: "All things by immortal power, Near or far, Hiddenly, To each other linkèd are, That thou cans't not stir a flower, Without troubling of a star."

The unconscious aim, in fact, of modern landscape painting seems to be to help our blindness by making evident the "urgent rest" with which the heaven "betrays the eyes that on it gaze"; to explode the "still lie" with which the stone invests its "interparticled vibration."



By William Rothenstein

The Storm



By C. J. Holmes

Wherside



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

A Woman's British Warm

The most arctic weather can be faced with equanimity by any woman lucky enough to have a really warm coat. Not one of those delusions and snares which, while professing protection really let in the cold in a most untoward manner, but a winter coat honestly worthy of its name.

A coat bound to stand its wearer in good stead, though the thermometer may register seven below zero, has been introduced by a well-known London firm. This is nothing more nor less than a woman's British warm—certainly a first cousin to the coat hitherto associated with a man in the service. Soldiers for long years past have discovered so forcibly that the British warm is the best coat in the coldest weather, that they will not grudge its main idea being absorbed for members of the other sex. For women war workers of all kinds this coat is without rival, since besides being incomparably warm, it is astonishingly light as well—a point in which winter coats do not always excel.

The cut and design are all that can be desired; the coat not being cut in the pea-jacket fashion the original men's British warm was, but with a buckled belt, and longer. Nice roomy pockets are an additional recommendation, and there is a third pocket—a breast one—to count upon. A long becoming revers line plays its part when the coat is open, or the collar can be turned up snugly round the face and secured round the neck. The soft fleecy material used is a superlative one, giving yeoman service in a reliable way.

A Whistling Kettle

Now that tea seems likely to grow scarcer than pearls, it is of first rate importance that we make the most of what we have.

Less tea can certainly be used when it is really well made with every detail as it should be, it being needless then, for instance, to follow the time-honoured fetish of allowing one teaspoonful over "for the pot." The water, however, must really be boiling, not semi-boiling, or even minus that half-hearted pretence.

With a whistling kettle anyone can secure perfectly boiling water without fail, for the simple reason that once the water boils the kettle whistles to tell us so. Whistling kettles are not precisely a novelty, but since they were first introduced one or two improvements have been made in them. The best whistling kettle possible can be bought to-day for 1s. 8½d. or 1s. 11½d. according to size, and what is more, at one particular place a good supply may be found of them. This is worth knowing since it is one thing to want a thing nowadays and quite another to get it.

With these kettles care should be taken not to fill them over full, as then the steam does not escape by the way it should, and the whistle is neutralised. It is good news to hear that the kettle has a large flat surface and so boils quickly not making extravagant inroads on fire or gas.

New Boot Top Gaiters

The Government restrictions on boot tops which, unless some change is made, will be in force by the time these words appear in print, make some new boot top gaiters all the more noticeable. These are so shaped as to look exactly like a high cloth top to a boot, but apart from look the primary point now commending them to most womenfolk is the exceptional warmth they give. With a pair of shoes augmented by these top gaiters a woman is as cosily booted in cold weather as she well can be.

These boot top gaiters are very carefully cut and made with a particular eye to their good fit. They lace down the centre just in the same way as an ordinary laced boot does, and what is more at the moment they come under the aegis of a special February sale. Reduction of price then is yet a further recommendation, and one which everyone with economy at heart will seize. Gaiters of the kind in black, grey, nigger

brown, navy blue, or black, cost 5s. 3d., and an inexpensive proposition they are.

Then there are some other boot top gaiters of slightly superior cloth, but available in dark blue or black only. They are 7s. 6d. in price, the sale being once more operative here and enabling them to be bought at a sum which, once February is out, is not likely to be quoted soon again.

White Washable Kid Gloves

As far as sheer look is concerned, nothing comes up to white kid gloves, these having a particular charm of their own and go an incredibly long way in stamping a woman as really well dressed. Yet white gloves with cleaner's prices increased tremble perilously near the brink of an extravagance—white kid gloves, that is to say, of the usual type.

Some white washable kid gloves, then, are most particularly welcome, since with reasonable care they can be washed over and over again at home and the cleaner's bill eliminated. Instructions as to the best way of washing them should be sought from the famous firm responsible, because like many other things, in washing them there lies a certain knack. The gloves hail from France, that home of perfect gloves—and are all that a good kid glove should be. For the next four weeks sale prices distinguish them, an announcement which cannot be too strongly emphasised.

While the sale is on these gloves will be reduced to 4s. 11d. a pair, a price at which they are specially well worth buying. Enquiry too, might be made at the same time about some English white washable doeskin gloves, these being down to 4s. 2d. and sure to increase to 5s. 2d. once the sale is over, or grow even dearer!

The Treasure Cot

Such is the by no means exaggerated name for one of the best and most convenient cots for baby ever yet invented.

To quote particulars, "it folds up like a camp stool and can be as easily carried about in or out of doors." To all intents and purposes it is the principle of a hammock slung from support to support and is just as comfortable, there being no metal or anything hard of the kind to inconvenience the child.

Another factor is the easy way in which the Treasure Cot can be kept scrupulously clean—and this without any undue exertion or work. The hammock just slips off for cleaning, the frame-work left being the simplest, most uncomplicated affair. When not in use the cot can just be closed together and stood against a wall. Lightness is a foregone conclusion, the weight being about nine lbs.

The list of advantages, indeed, is a lengthy one, but to them must be added the fact that when baby travels his bed can travel with him. A special holdall is made, into which a treasure cot can slip, it being then as compact a package as anyone could wish for or see. The treasure cot can be had in all kinds of varieties for rich or poor alike. Besides being bought by some of the best known people in the land, it is also *en evidence* at more than one East End crèche, being precisely what is needed for this particular purpose. To suit different requirements, it can either be made in plain wood, stained wood or white enamel, one and all being listed at highly moderate prices. A descriptive leaflet giving all kinds of illustrations and particulars will be sent if asked for.

To show how genuine the offer is, it will gladly be sent on one week's approval.

Electrical heating and cooking, ideal from the point of view of sanitation, also deserves every encouragement at the present time on the score of economy of fuel supplies, and thus the range of electrical cookers and heaters described in the list issued by Messrs. Belling and Co., will prove of real interest wherever current is available. The range of supplies for factories is very large, including electric solder pots, glue pots, boiling rings, engine warmers, etc., and this in addition to cookers and boilers. For manufacturing works of every description, for mess rooms, hospitals, and the like, Messrs. Belling's appliances will be found to save time and money, while their use does away with the dust and dirt that always accompanies ordinary heating arrangements. Lists will be sent free on application to Messrs. Belling and Co., Derby Road Works, Montague Road, Edmonton, London, N.18.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1918

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The Beast of Prey



An Observation Post on the Passchendaele Ridge
By Captain G. Spencer Pryse, M.C.

LAND & WATER

5 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1918

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The Outlook

Submarines

THE First Lord of the Admiralty issued to the Press at the end of last week a comment of the highest interest which is dealt with at length elsewhere in this issue. Its main points were the definite information that the exaggeration of German published statistics over the real statistics of submarine losses is increasing, the First Lord's own judgment that the submarines are now being sunk as fast as the enemy builds them, and that our own production of tonnage—apart from the Allies—is already greater than it was in the record year before the war and will have doubled before the end of 1918.

The First Lord also made a reference to moral, which was of high interest, especially in its defence of the policy of secrecy in regard to the sinkings of *U* boats. The factor of uncertainty is a very powerful one in such a business as this, and the excellent political discipline which has permitted a complete silence and has forbidden the enemy to learn anything save the most indirect scraps of knowledge, is bearing fruit. The more men know of war the more they appreciate the value of such secrecy in weakening the enemy, and therefore the value of a strong civilian temper which can stand the lack of news without cracking.

American Communications

Sir Eric Geddes also tells us in this pronouncement (which was in the form of an interview granted to the Associated Press of America) that there is no sign of a withdrawal of German submarines in preparation for a concentrated attack against American lines of communication. This refers to a question almost as important as the question of food supply for this country.

A factor still unknown, and one upon which half the issue of the coming fighting season depends, is the power of the enemy to interfere with this terribly long line of sea communication by which the American forces and supply can alone reach Europe. Some interference is inevitable. Whether it will be small, normal as judged by our communications, for instance in the Mediterranean, large or very large, makes all the difference to the campaign of 1918. If it is small, if the peculiar difficulties of maintaining submarine action far from bases and under oceanic conditions prove to be much higher than the enemy expected, his chances are proportionately lowered. For normal and more than normal losses as judged by the Mediterranean and the home seas the Allies have allowed. Much larger losses would obviously throw the balance heavily in favour of the enemy, and this uncertain factor is the one that will be most closely watched in the coming months.

Pensions and Politics

An announcement communicated to the Press last week with regard to the policy of pensions shows an extraordinary blindness to the political problems which will arise after the

war. It was therein solemnly announced that a Committee of Parliamentarians had nominated themselves to deal with that most perilous of problems "as a non-party question."

It is really deplorable that at this time of day public men should still be using the terminology of a past which has completely disappeared and apparently living in that past. It is, of course, quite clear that if the future elections were to be fought between an existing Liberal Party and an existing Conservative Party, nothing could be more unpatriotic and even suicidal than for the two official candidates to be bidding one against the other promising an increase of the war pensions. But the elections cannot possibly take that form; even if the old official plan of two candidates named each by his caucus is adhered to, nothing would prevent the appearance of one or more others, and the Independent candidate will be severely tempted to promise the impossible in the way of pensions.

The only safeguard is a well-studied declaration widely distributed and debated before the elections upon the whole policy of pensions, so that the public at large may become familiar with the limits beyond which national finance will be imperilled.

A General Election

All questions connected with the next general election remind one that the whole policy of taking in election soon, or indeed at all, before the war is concluded, is open to a very grave objection which has not been sufficiently exercised. The arguments in favour are that the authority of Government at large would be strengthened by an election, and the House of Commons would be purged of its unworthy members, etc., etc. The arguments against are that the absent millions would not know how to vote even if they could be consulted as Colonial troops have been, that the result would therefore be fictitious, and that it would be difficult to find a direct issue on which men could vote, etc., etc.

The real argument for and against is of quite a different nature. The argument for is that such an election would produce a House of Commons and a Government which could carry on over the difficult period of reconstruction after peace, and that the authorities would not be under the disability of consulting the nation in that most critical moment of all—the transition from war conditions to after war conditions. It is this argument which really lurks at the back of the mind of those professional politicians at least who are anxious for an early election.

Example of our Allies

On the other hand, the argument against is that popular opinion might not tolerate such a trick. A general election has the effect in normal times of turning the key on popular liberty and its expressions. All really unpopular measures in the past have been imposed by a House of Commons which knew that it would not have to meet the electors for a long time to come. But the temper of the people in the period immediately succeeding the war will be very far from normal, and it may well be doubted whether unpopular measures can be shielded in this old-fashioned way.

A public declaration that a second election would follow within, say, six months of peace (the policy of such a declaration has been suggested in some quarters) would unfortunately be of little effect, because the public would not believe that such a pledge would be kept. The probabilities are that an early election will be forced none the less by the politicians, and this will provoke after peace the summoning of voluntary unofficial bodies whose resolutions will count more than those of the House of Commons, and will intimidate and perhaps override it.

The way out is to postpone a general election until there is peace. We might do well in this matter to consider the example of our Allies.

Air-Raids on Paris

The air-raid over Paris is of great significance in two ways. First, it is an example of the inability of the German Government to keep permanently to one policy; next, it is an example of what will probably appear, perhaps in decisive proportion, during the last phase of the war.

As to the first point, it has been increasingly the mark of German international politics from the time when Prince Bismarck fell, and has been particularly evident during this great struggle. It is clear both from the tone of the German press and of the German speeches, and from the action of the enemy, that for the last year and a half he has banked on the chances of separating the British and the French. This policy has had many aspects. Its chief activity has been

shown in communicating to the German agents in the Allied countries arguments for publication. In England and America we have had Alsace Lorraine harped upon perpetually and its insignificance to the British and American public emphasised. In the corresponding quarters in France we have had the exactly opposite suggestion—the suggestion that France could obtain very liberal terms, and that the prolongation of the war was only a capitalist and therefore chiefly a British commercial interest.

While this has been the principal method, one of the subsidiary ones has been the deliberate sparing of Paris from air raids while the raiding of London got more and more severe. It was calculated both that this policy would tend to increase a desire for peace among the French and a discontent with the authorities on the part of the English who would contrast the immunity of Paris with the peril of London, and complain that their defences were neglected or in bad hands. Indeed, we know that such complaints were made freely and that the enemy object was therefore in part achieved. Now in a mood of petulance the enemy throws up the whole of this plan, and by a raid on Paris which, of course, he could have carried out at any time in the last two years, has destroyed all the effect of his former policy.

Allies Aerial Offensive

The second point is also of great interest. The raid on Paris, like all those on London, shows us what the new feature will be in the coming phase of the war. It will be, as we all know, the greatly increased effect of the flying machine and in particular the effect it will have upon a civilian population. What we have to remember is that hitherto, as in every other single case of the enemy's abandonment of common European morals, the advantage consequent upon such a breach of implied contract has during the first period lain with him. It was so with the use of poison gas. It has been so for months in the case of the submarine. It will be so should he take to tainting the water supplies of great towns—were that possible to him—or to any other form of that indiscriminate murder to which he has reduced the noble profession of arms and by which he has disgraced the old pride of the soldier.

Now in this case, unlike the example of the submarine and like the example of the poison gas, his breach of common European morals will hardly be to his advantage. It is true that the capitals, Berlin and Vienna, are much further from the lines than Paris and London. But, on the other hand, modern Germany is a confederation and the chief centre of its industrial life is, though much further from the lines than Paris, yet well within vulnerable distance. When everything is ready for prolonged and repeated Allied action against the towns of the Rhine basin, the enemy will as surely regret his inauguration of this form of warfare as he has learnt to regret his inauguration of the use of poison gas in April 1915.

German Civilian Moral

The remaining strength of Germany in this war really depends upon the immunity of its civilian population. The fact that the battles have been fought on the soil of the Allies and that German soil has remained intact, that the German towns have been well lit and normally protected during the course of the war, that all the circumstances of civilised life save the actual privations through the blockade, have been those of a people shielded from the consequences of war, which have given to the enemy a constancy not always found in the Grand Alliance.

The German is peculiarly susceptible to nerves. Neglecting altogether the newspaper telegrams purporting to come from Holland and Switzerland, we know from excellent sources what the effect of bombing has been on Treves and Karlsruhe. Civilian moral in those unhappy places, to quote but two, has gone to pieces, and the shrieks of the German Press, in regard to the latter town especially, were like nothing that has appeared in the Allied Press even after the worst raids on London.

An intensive policy of raiding, therefore, on the part of the Allies, when their superior resources shall have given them, as they soon will, an ample material for such action, will have a very great effect upon the enemy and perhaps a decisive one.

The Strikes

It is difficult to assess the exact value of the strikes in Berlin and the industrial centres of Germany. We know that the civilian element is well disciplined; we also know that the working classes are suffering from privations of food. Moreover, it was palpable that if the strikes threatened to work serious harm to the armies in the field, they would be suppressed with the same mercilessness that Prussian militarism always

shows to those over whom it has power, whenever they stand in its way.

The most important factor is that these strikes recur; and their recurrence becomes more and more frequent. Bread rather than franchise is probably the main cause, but experience teaches directly civil discipline gives way, the revolt receives help from all to whom this discipline is repugnant.

There is good reason to believe that the spirit of these strikes has touched the German Navy more than once, but there is no evidence that it has yet reached the German Army, and until the army is affected, no political significance can be attached to them, beyond that they are straws, showing how the popular breeze is changing.

British Agriculturists

The leading agriculturists were invited to meet Mr. Prothero and Lord Rhondda at Westminster last week; they accepted the invitation, believing that an opportunity was to be afforded to them to express their views, to obtain exact information and to remove from the official mind certain misunderstandings. They went away disappointed, for all that their long journey had resulted in was to listen to two speeches, good in their way, but which carried the practical farmer no farther. The Minister of Agriculture has, we are glad to say, been quick to rectify the error; he has invited these same gentlemen to return to Westminster next Wednesday, when he will be ready to listen to them.

There is no great industry which suffers so acutely as agriculture from ignorance, and from that peculiarly pernicious form of ignorance which arises out of superficial knowledge. The scientist is not the least offender in this respect; nor is this surprising when we bear in mind that science and chemistry have been powerless to demonstrate why a few acres on a certain hillside can produce a grape or a coffee-bean possessed of a flavour impossible elsewhere, or why, as in Cuba, a single valley grows tobacco leaves having an aroma impossible to reproduce in other quarters of the world.

The conservatism of the farmer, which we are apt to deride, is much like the conservatism of the Oriental, which the Western mind is at last beginning to comprehend; it is based on empirical knowledge, which has time and again proved itself a sounder guide than scientific advice. The fault that has been made in all food production schemes in this country is that the advice of the trained agriculturist has not been sufficiently sought or followed.

Wages Committee

Meantime the farmers are working heart and soul to place the agricultural industry in a sounder position than before. The Agricultural Wages Board has just issued a circular to all farmers asking them to give every facility to those of their men who may be elected by the fellow-labourers to service on the District Wages Committees.

"Nothing in our opinion," the Board writes, "would be more detrimental to the interests of agriculture than an attempt by individuals to interfere with or impede the acceptance by any man of an invitation to represent his class on these Committees."

Public Rationing

Rationing is at last in sight; before the month is out, all arrangements should have been completed in so far as meat and fats are concerned. Bread may soon be added to the list. Meantime, the queues continue to increase, and those who hold that there is a fascination for a certain type of woman in standing in queues, seem to be justified.

As was to be expected, the difficulties of marketing are far greater in towns than in the country, where, beyond a difference in quality, things remain more or less normal. There is still plenty of game in the country, and we wonder whether it will be permissible to market the eggs of pheasants and partridges. One knows by experience that the first nests of both might be taken without diminishing the stock next autumn, provided, of course, the weather be favourable for the second brood. Sea-birds' eggs were as a matter of fact used for food in increasingly large numbers last spring in the North of England. What is required in these times is a supple mind that is always on the look out for new food.

These proposals we are aware are trivial ones, but they are put forward not for their intrinsic merit, but merely to suggest how in a score of little ways everyone can help towards the solution of food problems. Think what the countless roods of potato patches did last year, in so far as this staple was concerned. The more an individual, whether living in town or country, can be self-supporting, the better service he renders to his country.

The New State in Europe—IV: By Hilaire Belloc

In his concluding article Mr. Belloc deals with the economic aspect of the Prussian domination over Eastern Europe.

THE last point to be made upon the New State which Prussia has set up in Europe is economic. The economic aspect of a nation is too much emphasised to-day. The economic aspect of history has even been put forward in the Universities to the exclusion of other aspects, and economic causes have even been falsely called the sole fundamental causes of all historical phenomena. But precisely because the economic aspect occupies this exaggerated position to-day, one can use it as a weapon in argument. If you can convince a man that this new Central State will have a certain economic tendency, and that this tendency will be adverse to our interests, he will understand what you are saying much better than if you tell him that it imperils him by its military strength: it will mean much more than telling him that the spiritual character of Prussia is our peril.

The two things we have to seize about the new Central State are first the enormous margin for development, the vast opportunities for the creation of new wealth, which the Eastern part of it presents, and secondly, the fact that the combination as a whole will be used not only as a competitor, but as a *hostile* competitor to the West, and particularly to Britain.

Everywhere east of the German block, but particularly in the two regions, one of which was until recently the Russian, the other of which still is the Turkish Empire, there are undeveloped natural resources the potential extent of which cannot even be guessed so large are they, and even the visible or known untapped resources of which rather resemble those of a new colony than of an old State.

Russia's Cotton Crop

I cannot in such an article as this do more than give a few examples taken at random, but I think that even these will be found sufficiently striking to emphasise the point I am making. I consider only the Russian field for the moment.

Take, for example, cotton as the production of that article stood in what was until last year, the Russian Empire, and what will be, if the Great Central State becomes permanent, an open field for German exploitation.

We ought to note very particularly the position of cotton. It concerns us. Germany till to-day depended entirely for its cotton upon supply from over sea. The maritime powers (first of Great Britain, now of Great Britain and the United States combined), by cutting off the supply, have already hampered Germany in the war. Had it been cut off entirely at the beginning, as was strongly advocated in these columns more than three years ago, the war would have been won long ago. But with the Central State drawing upon the resources of what was once the Russian Empire, there develops a state of affairs with which I think most people in this country are quite unfamiliar.

Russia produced before the war more than 560,000,000 lb. of cotton upon her own soil. The machinery in the factories and mills was British and the management was largely British. The number of spindles was increasing normally by 3 per cent. a year. But the striking thing in the statistics is that even while the industry—which was quite a modern one—was developing, *Russia managed to produce upon her own soil more than half the cotton which was needed by her mills.*

Beyond this there was another, a most striking phenomenon. When the war cut off external supply, Russia, in spite of all the difficulties of the moment, in spite of the fact that, as an industrial country, she was very ill developed; in spite of the congestion on her railways, managed to increase enormously the produce of cotton upon her own soil to replace that which could not be brought from abroad. The proportion of native cotton fifteen years before the war had been 38 per cent. It had risen in five years to 41 per cent. By 1910 it was 51 per cent. of the total amount used, though that total amount had itself further increased by 40 per cent. (All these figures are exclusive of Finland). Well, under the strain of the early part of the war, *the proportion of cotton grown on Russian soil leapt up by 35 per cent.*

For the truth is that the mere area suitable for the growth of cotton in the continental mass east of Germany has only just begun to be dealt with. It can certainly be multiplied by three at least, and probably by a larger multiple; while apart from mere area, the rate of production per acre can also be increased very greatly.

The way in which this quite modern feature has developed,

and therefore what we may look forward to in the future under German organisation and guidance, and with a supply of German capital and German training, may be estimated from the case of the Khiva oasis. Where Khiva in 1885 produced 50 lb. of cotton, it produced five years later, in 1890, three times as much—150 lb. Ten years later, in 1900, the production had more than doubled. There were 320 lb. to the 50 lb. of 1885. Ten years later it had again more than doubled. There were 680 lb. in 1910 to the 50 lb. of 1885; while in the year of strain, the first year of the war, when the blockade so greatly intensified internal production, no less than 1,145 lb. of cotton were produced in Khiva for every 50 lb. that had been produced thirty years before!

I recommend those figures to the attention of Lancashire, with the added remark that the New Central European State, exploiting the East, will have political and military power behind it if it remains what Prussia intends, and will be able to enforce its produce upon the markets of Asia in a way that the old Russian Empire could never do.

Minerals

Another matter to note is the production of platinum. This essential in electrical work is almost entirely derived from Russian soil. Before the war *nine-tenths* of the world's supply came from the neighbourhood of the Ural Mountains and, what is perhaps more important, the opportunities for expansion in the near future are enormous. There was, before the war, a quarrel between the large proprietors and the small controllers of placer-mining which hampered the production. So long as anarchy prevails we may be certain that this check will be severely felt. But once order is restored through the influence of a great German organised Central State, which will necessarily "run" this economic factor, it may have a development of almost any amount.

It must be admitted in this connection that there is a contrary view. It has been maintained that the intensive production of platinum just before the war was due to the exceptionally high prices then ruling. Should the price fall the poorer sands which are now the subject of placer mining would be abandoned. But, on the other hand, there are sundry undeveloped regions, especially in the north of the Ural districts, which may more than make up for the difference.

Another way of looking at the economic potentiality of all that lies east of the German conquests, another way of testing the extraordinary opportunities that will lie before the capitalists of the New Central State, if it is maintained, is the rate of increase in products which was shown after the comparatively recent introduction of industrialism.

For instance, if you take the production of iron ore in the seven years 1893-99 inclusive, you get a curve rising so rapidly that the total production more than doubles. It increases in the proportion of 21 to 45. The exploitation of coal is far more striking. You find it rising between 1880 and 1890, from four to five millions of tons, but in the next ten years, from 1890 to 1900, it rises from that figure of five million to over thirteen million tons. In this country those figures naturally seem to us so small *absolutely* as to be negligible; but the *relative* increase is the point to seize. The industry was only just being developed and yet produced such results in so short a time. And when we consider the further production in later years the rises still more remarkable. By 1913, in the year before the war, it had multiplied again by more than 2½ and had reached thirty-three million tons, and even under the strain of the war (when one large coal-field was cut off by enemy occupation and the labour difficulty was severely felt), the produce only fell to just under 28 million tons—and this is excluding, of course, the two millions odd from Asiatic Russia.

But if we were considering only coal in general, the Russian resources would always seem small—unless indeed new fields were to be discovered. Further, the Central State of which we are speaking has very large resources of its own, which overshadow those of Russia. The really striking thing in the statistics is the position of anthracite coal.

This hard coal, invaluable hitherto for naval operations (to be supplanted perhaps by oil, but at any rate still holding a unique position) has, I believe, only two great fields of exploitation in Europe, which are those of South Wales and of the Donetz basin in the south of Russia. It is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated that the calculated reserve of *all* European anthracite coal lies principally in the basin of the Donetz. It has disadvantages apart from those of recent exploitation, unskilled labour and the rest of it. The seams are often very thin, the distribution is uneven and does not

lie in one district, but in patches, or, at any rate, the usual workings lie in patches. None the less, we must remark that something like three-quarters of all Russian coal is of this sort, and that a general calculation of the reserves present gives the Donetz basin more than 70 per cent. of all Europe in this necessary mineral.

Iron ore, the next modern essential after coal, is, to speak rhetorically, an almost untouched field. No one knows to-day what the potentiality of iron ore to the east of the Volga may not be. Shortly before the war one district after another was being discovered; the northern Swedish field was found to extend far eastward into Lapland, and as late as 1913 new fields were discovered. As to the Siberian opportunities, they may be anything at all—hardly anything is yet known. You have a whole continent undiscovered.

The wealth of what was once Russia in Manganese is equally remarkable. Before the war the mass of the export was already sent to the German Empire; indeed, the mines were already largely German owned. If the Central European State of which we speak, remains in existence, the whole of this essential will be ultimately under Prussian control. The Caucasus, the Urals and the district of Nikipol in South Russia, but particularly the first of the three, are the main sources of supply. But there are other fields opening up further west, notably upon the frontiers of Poland.

The Oil Industry

Lastly, of course, there is the oil industry with which everyone is familiar. But upon this essential piece of modern supply there is no need to elaborate. The point is perfectly simple and has become a commonplace with all educated people since the development of petrol traffic. All the supply of Europe is Galician, Roumanian or Russian, with a trifle German. It is either under the direct control of what has now become the Great Central State or, including the Caucasus, under what will indirectly be controlled by it if it remains in existence. It is notoriously impossible to estimate the future expansion of this particular form of production, nothing is more dependent upon chance either for its discovery or for its rate of exhaustion. We cannot even calculate as well upon this matter as we can upon coal, though it is notorious that the calculations made with regard to coal have been upset by experience. If Central Europe survives, if the German unbeaten continues to enrage the Slav, to overshadow the Balkans and Scandinavia, and to hold the gates of the inland seas, not only will he control the direction of those oil fields, but he will have his hand on the doors by which oil can reach other dominions than his own.

On all this first point, the immense undeveloped field lying open for whoever shall acquire the political power to exploit it, there is no discussion. It is a commonplace of modern political economics in which men only differ as to their degree of knowledge and upon which Western politicians only differ in the degree of the vividness with which they see the coming change.

But on the second point—the point that this vast coming economic power will be used adversely to the West and especially to Britain—there is considerable debate, and it is the doubt upon this probably which will most confuse, delay and render impotent what should be our fixed national determination, to prevent such a State from arising.

There are two theories on matters of this kind, the debate between which has grown wearisome during the last few years.

There is the fundamental Free Trade theory that your neighbour's increase of wealth can always, if you treat it properly, be made a source of increase to yourself. There is the Protectionist theory that this statement is not universally true or even nearly so, but that even under the blind action of its change, without political purpose behind it, the increasing wealth of one district may mechanically involve the decline of another.

I certainly do not propose to reopen that threadbare debate in these columns. It concerns economics as a science rather than international politics, but what I think can be shown, what is indeed obvious and only requires reiteration to obtain universal assent, is that a competing economic power, if it be deliberately used with a political aim—whether we think that aim wise or unwise in economics—is an adverse force as much as is a hostile army or restrictive conditions of climate.

Look forward some years and see this new Central State at work when German capital and organisation have developed the mineral resources of what was once Russia, and what is still Poland and the Baltic Coast; its forestry regularised; its hitherto undeveloped mines prospected and exploited. You have, it is clear, a great increase in the world's wealth, and a market which, if it is open, enriches you if you

can trade with it. You have people producing new things which they can now exchange against your products which some years before they had nothing to exchange and therefore could not take your products. In general, there is more wealth in the world, and you, in the distant West, though once an enemy in the field, indirectly get your share in this expansion. There is apparent conflict between your interests and those of the new producers when you only consider some particular trade in which they have become your competitors. But take the national wealth as a whole, and if you specialise upon what you can produce best, while your former enemy similarly specialises upon what he can produce best, his increase in wealth is all to your advantage as well as to his own.

A Fundamental Error

It is clear that this general statement, which would have been subscribed to by all or nearly all our politicians of the Victorian era, depends, even if you grant its main theory to be true (and that is debatable) upon one fundamental condition, which is that the increase of production in your new country will be guided by the self-interest of individuals or groups of individuals; by the desire of the merchant; of the manufacturer for enrichment, untrammelled by political direction of his State. But supposing that political direction to exist, supposing, no matter how foolish we may think it of him to act so, that the foreign statesman deliberately interferes with this natural operation of exchange and conceives that an artificial hindrance to your entry into his markets will be of ultimate value to him, certainly in political and military strength and possibly in economic strength as well. What then? Supposing the great new resources are used during peace with a hostile political intention as weapons are used during war? It is clear that with your enemy (granting for the moment that he is such in intention) possessed of new economic power, that power will be to your disadvantage. It can be used to your disadvantage in four ways.

First: By planning to destroy within your boundaries some form of production which you can with difficulty replace; on which you have specialised and on which you will remain better than he, but on which he will refuse to accept the advantage you offer him, preferring your ruin.

Secondly, he can artificially stimulate with the same object competition in neutral markets.

Thirdly, he can, perhaps, if his economic circumstances are favourable, acquire a monopoly in certain kinds of production—the key industries upon which all the rest depends, and he can therefore at any critical moment chosen by himself paralyse your economic power without hurting his own.

Fourthly, he can withhold or supply necessities such as food—which last point may be regarded as only a sub-section of the one before.

The debate really runs, therefore, not upon economic theory but upon our judgment with regard to two sets of facts: The one demonstrable because it is geographical, the other political and dependent on opinion. Would the new State so erected be in a geographical position to exercise this pressure against it? If it were in such a position would it choose to exercise that pressure in spite of the sectional harm that might be done to portions of its subjects?

On the first of these judgments there can be no doubt. The great Central State controlled by Prussia would, so far as geographical circumstance alone is concerned, be in a position to exercise mortal pressure upon all the Western countries and particularly upon Great Britain. The oil supplies of Europe and a great part of those of the world; much the most of the coal supplies, a very great portion of the wheat supplies and of the supply of wood; the great masses of the iron ore of Europe, would be under its control. As against this it is pointed out that the command of the tropics and therefore of products necessary to modern civilisation, and not obtainable in Europe, might remain with those who at present have superiority by sea. But with the power of production such as a more or less united Central State would have, we cannot believe that it would permanently leave the balance unredressed. At the expense of another war, to which it could come far better armed than we, or more probably, at the expense only of a threat, it would secure its own tropical supply.

Meanwhile, we have the capital point upon which so much insistence has been laid before now in these columns, the New State would control the two narrow gates into the Baltic and the Black Sea. It could shut or open those gates at will.

The second conditional judgment is a judgment in political motive. Here there is no positive proof available. We are not talking of a material condition which can be measured and which all when it is presented will admit; nor of a past

thing on which evidence is obtainable; we are talking of a tendency or frame of mind.

Would Prussia, acting as the master of this great combination, direct its supposed and increasing new economic power to our destruction or would she not?

In my opinion, an opinion based upon the action of that State for 200 years, and especially upon her action during the present war, she would. There are those—they are numerous and many of them well informed and travelled—who say she would not. And the issue lies, not between the two hypotheses, one of which can be eliminated by trial and error, but between two judgments of what our present enemy is now and will later be.

Those who think that this new and enormous economic power will *not* be directed against Britain in any hostile fashion, use two kinds of argument. They say first, that popular feelings—what are often called “democratic conditions”—will govern the future of this as of other States, and that under such conditions freedom of exchange will be the rule, and at any rate a deliberately planned and prolonged economic war impossible, and they add that in normal times, when actual armed hostility is not to be reckoned with, no economic plan of preference tariff, and Government protected trusts can do more than diminish the economic advantage you enjoy when any competitor is himself increasing in wealth.

Secondly, they say that a new Great State of this kind, though it existed on a different scale from the old, would *necessarily* come into play, not only as a competitor, but also as a consumer.

There are a few who would add a third argument, to wit, that Prussia, has never had hostile intention, political or economic, and that our present mood towards her is irrational. But this last body, very numerous before the war, has been rendered by the events of the last four years almost negligible.

Now of the two main arguments, the first is certainly sound: But then it is equivalent to a denial that the new Central State will come into being at all. If what are called (a little loosely) “democratic” conditions, real autonomy, real national expression, and the refusal of the mass of the people to be organised and disciplined from above comes into being in Central Europe—all that is equivalent to the break up of Prussia. Whether it takes place through a defeat of the Prussian military machine or by an internal disintegration, in either case, what has been known as Prussia for the now two hundred years of its expansion, would cease to exist, and with it there would cease to exist the hostile plan and intent, the motive of conquest and domination directed always against the principal rival of the moment, and to-day chiefly against ourselves.

But I may point out that this argument begs the question. When we talk of a new Central State, of its danger to us, we presuppose a peace by negotiation which leaves Prussia in existence; we are showing why such a peace would be fatal to us and all that we say of the Central State is said in that connection. With Prussia defeated by those whom she challenged from without, or by those whom she has oppressed from within, there is no matter for debate. The Central State now in process of erection will dissolve. We shall have in its place separate free nations with whom, of course, our commerce could be conducted on the normal lines of the past.

The second argument that political hostility is never completely successful in the economic field, and that it only diminishes; but cannot extinguish our share in the new

wealth created, seems to me based too much upon the past, and even so it does not sufficiently allow for the very last fruits of Prussian policy just before the war. It is true that the great expansion of German wealth under Prussian direction, which was the mark of the forty years before the war, though its international benefit to us was restricted by tariffs and trusts, political subsidy and the rest of it, could not prevent a corresponding increase upon our side which was itself very great, and was only diminished or intercepted, not destroyed, by the artificial arrangement of our rival. But those who argue thus forget, as it seems to me, first that they were dealing with only one still isolated Power and not with what the New State would be, the bulk of Europe. Next, that this power, though formidable, had not brought direct military pressure to bear upon rivals as it now has and can; had not compelled them, as it could now if undefeated, to enter into favourable economic relations with it, or to suffer its economic domination. Lastly, they forget that in the final stages of the operation before the war, when the system was beginning to bear fruit, there had already appeared very disquieting things which boded ill for the future. Certain key industries have passed into the hands of a rival who might be an enemy; certain essentials to trade and even to life had been permitted to pass to him also.

In other words, we cannot argue as to the hostile economic power of a great Central European State in the future from the analogy of Germany between her first Protectionist movement in the early 90's and some such date as 1904, when her intentions were beginning to be unmasked. We must argue from premises of far greater power upon her part, and we must bear in view the difference between the maturity of a plan and its period of incubation. Prussianised Germany, had by its increase in wealth, it is true, also added to the wealth of others, but towards the end of the process, and before the war the hostile direction and intent of all this had begun to be felt. With a Prussianised Central Europe you would have a very great increase in scale of this hostility, an action more mature and an action supported by the incalculable effect of proved military superiority.

This argument is virtually that the Prussian State would not be strong enough to control the commercial system; that the separate needs or desires of the merchant and the manufacturer would over-ride the central purpose of the State.

It may be so. It may be that the vast territorial extent alone of this new State, its highly differing parts, its great accession of Slav blood, would prove too much for the expansion of Prussia and would re-act against and weaken what has hitherto been the continually increasing strength of the Central Directing force. One cannot tell. But the analogy of history is against such a supposition. Prussia has not only maintained her character as she expanded, but has intensified it.

To take one test. The breaches of international law and the outrages against international morals, which are characteristic of Prussian war have been employed to far greater lengths in the last four years than they were carried in 1870-71, and in 1870-71 they were carried to greater lengths than Prussia had ever carried them before that date.

As for the conception that Prussia herself will suffer some sort of conversion without either defeat or revolution seems to be hardly worth while to deal with. While the conception she was really not hostile to the West or to this country, but that we have suffered an illusion upon the matter, may safely be left to the judgment of our fellow citizens to-day.

The Curve of Exaggeration

MUCH the most important news of the week is contained in the statement of Sir Eric Geddes to representatives of the Associated Press of America in the course of an interview and published in the British Press last Saturday. It contains concrete pieces of information which are of the highest value in guiding public opinion at this moment. And it gives us one of the very few opportunities for calculation (the only foundation of any sound military judgment) which we have had for some months past.

Until the complete dissolution of the Russian State and our equally complete assurance that it had ceased to be the principal factor in all judgment upon the war was the possible calculation of men and material.

The war until that catastrophe was a siege, and a siege is always calculable by numbers, so long as the state of siege is maintained. In the essential element of sea communication there was no serious factor of disturbance in the calculation. The German authorities decided to break with all European tradition and to institute indiscriminate murder at sea much at the same time as that in which the break up of what was formerly

Russia began last year. The effect of this new policy upon the war—upon the calculable factors in the war, especially tonnage and maritime communications, was not fully felt for some months. Especially was its effect upon the civilian conditions of this country at first insignificant—for it is of its nature cumulative, and its beginnings, though they indicated what its maturity would be, were of no immediately great effect. What the submarine offensive might mean was borne in upon general opinion last summer, pretty well coincidentally with the proof through the collapse of the Russian armies in the south that the dissolution of the Russian State under its present international guidance, was final. There remained as an unknown factor, the chances of some decisive movement upon one side or the other in the West. Neither side obtained any decision. The movement in Flanders failed in this object, so ultimately did the tremendous enemy blow in Flanders, large as were the captures in men and guns and highly critical to us (far more critical than the work in Flanders to the enemy) as was the whole operation.

As a result the position upon which the present year opened

might be thus summarised :

(1) In the East the enemy had obtained a decision. The military machine of the Russian Empire, partly through the enemy's own victories, partly through the betrayal of the Allied cause by international agents, had been put out of action.

(2) On the West neither party had succeeded, though both had in different fields come near to arriving at a decision.

(3) The exhaustion of both parties in Europe had proceeded to an extreme degree. The original conscript belligerent Powers, France, Austria-Hungary and the German Empire had suffered definitive losses, that is, had lost men permanently by death, capture, wounds, etc., which had reduced them nearly to exhaustion, but with this difference that the Central Empires had been relieved of pressure upon the East and could thereby reinforce themselves upon the West against Italy and France during 1918 by perhaps a sixth or a fifth of the forces hitherto retained for Western work—counting value as well as numbers.

(4) The Powers not originally conscript or not originally belligerent were also heavily hit though not in the same degree. Great Britain had lost a proportion of her population very much less than any of the Powers just mentioned, but on the other hand she was largely maintaining the supply of the whole Alliance, she was maintaining almost entirely its maritime communications and her forces were widely dispersed, including as they necessarily did Asiatic as well as European activities. Italy had just received a blow of the most severe kind compelling immediate reinforcement from the French and from the British.

(5) The American effort was beginning to develop, but only beginning. It would be of great strength before the end of 1918, but the initial period of organisation and training had barely come to an end, while there remained the uncertain factor of transport over so great a distance of sea.

Essential Communications

Under such circumstances the pivot of the moment was the situation of the submarine offensive. That offensive, if it could do what the enemy claimed for it, would win the war in three converging fashions. It would more and more paralyse the maritime communications of the West which, with England as the main base of supply, were the essential communications. They were also the essential communications from the fact that the Allies were working on outer lines from the Ægean to the North Sea, which outer lines were mainly maritime in their communication.

Next the submarine offensive hampered the civilian supply, and therefore threatened the civilian moral of all the Western Powers, but especially of Great Britain. Lastly the submarine offensive was expected by the enemy almost to neutralise the American effort, which could only be exercised over three thousand miles of open water.

Of these three converging effects of the submarine offensive upon which the enemy had banked, the second was the chief. The real issue has been for some months past, and will remain for some months to come, whether the enemy can so hamper civilian life in this country as to affect the political discipline of the British and produce a demand for surrender. That such a policy, however severe the strain would be in the long run fatal to this country, has been the constant thesis of these columns. But what we had to consider in practice was not only the power of organisation and discipline which our society might show, but the real measure of what the enemy could do to undermine that discipline by his interference with supply, and especially with food.

Now Sir Eric Geddes tells us in this pronouncement which he has published to the world three very important and definite truths, or at any rate judgments, made by a man who is alone in possession of all the facts.

The first of these is that the submarines are being sunk as fast as Germany can build them. He puts it in one phrase, "The submarine is held."

The second is that we are at the present moment building merchant ships at a higher rate even than was the record of 1913, and that before the end of the present year we shall double the rate of to-day.

The third fact which he has divulged I find of particular interest because it is exactly parallel to what I have myself noticed in regard to the German figures of their losses by land in the many careful and exact estimates which I published in this paper over a period of more than two years.

Sir Eric Geddes tells us that he keeps a curve representing what he calls "the factor of exaggeration" in the German official statements of U-boat results, and that this factor is increasing in our favour.

There are four main curves. The curve of construction of live shipping; the curve of construction of merchant shipping;

the curve of sinking of German submarines, and the curve representing the "factor of exaggeration" just mentioned.

The first curve is flattening, the other three are steepening, and therefore all four movements are in our favour.

What Sir Eric Geddes calls "the factor of German exaggeration" is the difference between the real tonnage sunk, which we exactly know, and the German published estimates. It is clear that there will always be a certain margin of exaggeration due to the fact that the enemy can only tell the precise tonnage of a ship when he knows all about the particular vessel which he is sinking—in most cases he can only estimate her size at a guess and knows neither her name nor her register. The commander of the submarine will, of course, give the best figures which a reasonable guess will allow, and therefore the German official figures will always be somewhat larger than the truth even when there is no deliberate intention to falsify.

But, as was pointed out in these columns when the statistics of German Army losses were being analysed month after month from the summer of 1915 to the summer of 1917, there is a deliberate German policy of exaggeration which begins to work whenever things go less well than the authorities had promised their public. It is a natural development and coincides with what one would expect. In the case of the armies it probably took the form of getting as many "doubtfuls" as possible in this—men of whom it was not absolutely certain whether they were prisoners or dead or only temporarily missing, of leaving them unmentioned as long as possible and more and more unmentioned for good and all. Later it took the form of not mentioning those who broke down or died away from the armies; later it took the form of deliberate suppression altogether. The worse things got the bigger became the margin between the truth and the official pronouncement.

Of course we had not precise figures of the truth to guide us, like the figures of tonnage lost by submarine activity. But we had numerous sources of information, the one checking the other (with many of which such as municipal statistics and hospital statistics, and "rolls of honour" the enemy kindly provided us) which gave us our results within a comparatively small margin of error; and we know positively that what Sir Eric Geddes has called in the case of the sea "the curve of German exaggeration" increased in the case of the land exactly as it seems to have done in the case of the submarines.

An interesting and conclusive example was quoted in these columns not quite a year ago. At one and the same moment independent examination concluded the total number of German military dead to be about one million and three-quarters; the German authorities informed the American Ambassador that it was hardly a million and a half, and the German official lists were still publishing just under a million.

I take this statement upon the "curve of exaggeration" to be the most important of all the important statements made in Sir Eric Geddes's publication of last Saturday.

H. BELLOC

In the course of the deliberations at Brest-Litovsk, Baron von Kühlmann asked for an explanation regarding the relations between the Caucasus and the Petrograd Government. M. Trotsky replied: "The Caucasus Army is under the command of superior officers who are absolutely devoted to the Council of People's Commissioners. This was confirmed some two weeks ago at the general congress of delegates on the Caucasian front."

The *Pravda* of Petrograd contained recently an order from Trotsky dismissing without pension and the right to re-enter Government service the Russian diplomatic representatives in England, Japan, the United States, Italy, China, Spain, France, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, Portugal, and other States, as well as the Consular Agents and the Consuls-General in the same countries, for having failed to respond to the invitation to work under the Soviet Government on the platform adopted by the second All-Russian Congress of the Soviets.

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, in an article on the rejection by Australia of compulsory military service, says that it comes at a very inopportune time for Great Britain, coinciding as it does with Russia's defection, and just when the Entente has need of new troops in the light of the forthcoming German offensive. Great Britain has nothing left but to make up the deficit out of her own resources. "This means a further withdrawal of men from industry, which will still further weaken Great Britain's position. This, however, it adds, will not be the only political result. The Australian decision must inevitably have a detrimental effect on the whole British Empire. From the first there was no great inclination to comply with British wishes regarding military service. It is not to be supposed that the other Dominions will take much trouble about questions of military service. This applies especially to Canada. Here, indeed, the law has been adopted, but the minority is very strong, and has declared that it will not obey. There is no doubt that the Canadian minority, which is composed of the French-Canadians, will be confirmed in their intentions by the decision of the Commonwealth."

The Two Blockades: By Arthur Pollen

Men, women of the working class, there is no time to lose after the horrors and sufferings we have undergone. A new and frightful disaster threatens our people—yes, even the whole of humanity. Only a peace without annexations or indemnities can save us, and the hour has come when you must raise your voice for such a peace. At this moment the German people must, by means of powerful demonstrations, manifest its will to finish the war.—Pamphlet published January 10th in Berlin, signed by Bernstein, Brand, Cohn, Dittmann, Hease, Ledebour, Vagtherr, Hersfeld, and other leaders.

A crowd of some 200,000 advanced on Thursday morning towards Charlottenberg, where it vehemently demonstrated with cries of "Peace and bread."—*The Amsterdam Tyd*, February 1st.

Herr Dittman has been arrested for attempting to speak at a meeting of strikers.—*Cologne Gazette*.

Seven Berlin factories have been placed under martial law by the Chief Commander of the Mark of Brandenburg. He has also ordered the strikers to resume work at latest by seven in the morning of Monday next, failing which they will be punished according to military discipline.—*Central News*.

When they realised that the whole of the importations for civilian purposes were practically stopped they would see that shortage could not be avoided.—Lord Rhondda.

The submarine is held. . . . the sinkings of merchant ships have now been reduced to a level lower than before Germany cast aside all restraint. . . . But we must have more ships. . . . Submarine destruction still exceeds production. . . . American participation in the war must inevitably make large demands on merchant shipping, and yet we must strive at the same time to keep up with the demands of the Allied armies and with the vital necessities of the European civil population. . . .
—Sir Eric Geddes.

Taking all the homeward bound ocean convoys since the inception of the system in the middle of last year 14,180,041 gross registered tons of shipping have been convoyed, with a loss of 1.44 per cent.—Sir L. Chiozza Money.

The submarine . . . substituted the literally invisible . . . for the virtually invisible torpedo boat. But while no new principle was added, a means so far more effective was substituted, that naval thinkers and writers at once perceived that the logical development of the submarine would convert Aube's *guerre de course* from a dream to a working theory."—*LAND & WATER*, January 24th, 1918.

Who were the naval thinkers and writers who so clearly foresaw what is happening to-day, and why did they not warn the Admiralty of the peril that was looming ahead? . . . U-boat piracy was an entirely unlooked for development and we venture to doubt whether it came more as a surprise to the Admiralty than to those naval thinkers and writers who are now so wise after the event.—*Naval and Military Record*, January 30th.

Sea-Power in Action

THESE extracts from the press of last week seem to convey, in a manner that is at once dramatic and unmistakable, certain elementary truths about the facts of the war and the state of mind of people looking on at it. Perhaps the first of them is, that we can now no longer doubt that the Allied blockade has brought about such a stringency in Germany and Austria, that the peoples of both countries are sick and weary of war and its privations, and are shamelessly clamorous for peace. That they have made themselves heard is curiously striking, for the obstacles to their combining for any form of protest, overt or otherwise, have always appeared so great to observers here, that it seemed more likely that they would prefer to die of hunger, than risk the perils that face mutineers. For to a military government the rebellious seamen at Kiel and the recalcitrant munition makers in Berlin are equally guilty of the crime of mutiny, a crime which Germany can generally deal with in a simple and fatal way. Perhaps the most surprising part of the present situation is that one member only of the Reichstag has been arrested, and that the enforcement of a state of siege was postponed till last Monday. Indeed, the deliberation of the authorities may well be the strongest evidence of the gravity of the situation they had to face. In any event it is the improbable that has happened. The German workman has become articulate—and there is no mistaking the meaning of his cry. It is simply that what neither sea nor land power could achieve by fighting, sea power alone has achieved by the mere static pressure of blockade.

This civil populations of the chief enemy countries are then in the initial stage of disintegration—exactly the result predicted of blockade in modern conditions. The weapon that

for six months we would not use at all and then, for another twelve, handled so gingerly, has proved, when all is said, the most effective in our armoury. The thing has happened so exactly according to calculation, that one is left wondering whether the further historical precedent will follow, and the enemy try to seek relief by a victory at sea. His chances of success are obviously small even if he were to bring every unit of his sea force into play. For that matter, it is not at all sure that even a single sea victory, could he win it, would free the seas for him: For whatever the military reserves of the Allies, their sea reserves are greater yet. If the High Seas Fleet comes out then, it would perhaps be rather to revivify the moral of a despairing people, than in search of material victory that would reverse the sea position. But whether hunger and despair drive him to sea battle or not, it is certain that the situation leaves the German Higher Command with no third alternative to peace or a vigorous offensive somewhere.

The case of Germany and the effect of our blockade upon it, naturally give rise to many forms of reflection. The situation has a grim humour of its own, when we remember that it was Germany that was the first to start the blockading game. But it has grave warnings for us too, for our own pass is no laughing matter. It is clear from Lord Rhondda's statements that, for the next eight months, while we shall not be brought to Germany's extremity we shall unquestionably be brought far lower in food supply than the most pessimistic of us feared. We must see to it then that we find some appeal—as effective for the next eight months as has been military discipline amongst the enemy peoples for the last eighteen—that will make the people of this country under the impending trial preserve their moral dignity.

The paradox that Germany, the first Power to threaten blockade by sea, should be the first to find its results intolerable, is, however, not the only one of the situation. For just as Lord Rhondda is telling us that meat importation for civilian purposes have ceased altogether, the First Lord of the Admiralty is cheering us with a welcome confirmation of the news that the submarine is held, and that we have brought—and can presumably keep—the losses by submarine below the level at which they stood before the ruthless campaign began a year ago. How this result has been achieved is further explained by Sir Leo Chiozza-Money. The convoy system, so long declared to be impracticable, was tentatively inaugurated in the middle of last summer, and six months experience shows that a bare 1½ per cent. of tonnage is lost when the most obvious—if only because the sole—measure of protecting it is adopted. But we must go hungry because it was adopted too late, and 700 or 800 ships lost that could have been saved, and because the replacement of shipping—not that destroyed by submarine, but that taken for military and naval purposes at the very beginning of the war—was not undertaken as a national effort, until more than a year after the necessity for such action had been pointed out.

So, after all, those who have maintained from very early days that Great Britain's share in the war should have been primarily her sea share; that an immediate and relentless siege would have been of more effect than the utmost possible military effort; and that, from at latest December 1914, our first business after enforcing blockade was to prepare the material and organisation for rebutting the enemy's effort on the same lines, were not so far wrong. The tragedy of the situation has been not merely that these policies were not followed earlier, but that there was no possibility of their even being understood, until the whole structure of our naval administration had been utterly transformed. It would be the last and greatest of our misfortunes, were any spirit of re-action now to lead to the undoing of the revolution in our sea administration and sea policies that have been brought about in the last six months. Perhaps there is no danger of any such reaction taking place. But it is obvious that the complete transformation of the Admiralty, begun in May 1917 and completed within the last month, has shocked and disgusted many old and faithful supporters of that department as it used to be, and of the men that for the last fifteen years have controlled it. Of this disgust there are many evidences. The passage I quote above, from the best and ablest of Service publications, is only one of many proofs that a majority of those interested in naval policy see little more in what has happened than a light-hearted, irresponsible and unjust dismissal of one after another of their old favourites. It is, of course, very unfortunate when men, for nearly a generation, marked for the highest commands, have succeeded to them in war, and then have to make way for others, either because war has taken a course for which they were unprepared, or because they themselves have exhausted

their best physical and mental energies in serving their country before the real test came. Men like this do not rise to the head of their profession without possessing exceptional gifts and rare personalities. They command affection no less than respect, and they inspire loyalties that make their admirers sensitive to any lack of honour to their heroes. The prestige of such men is an invaluable asset when they are in command. But it becomes an almost incalculable danger when they fail. The reason is that their followers, professional no less than lay, are blinded by devotion and cannot realise that failure has occurred.

A man of the highest rank, whose long, faithful and distinguished services makes him to many a sort of personification of the navy he has commanded, is—quite unexpectedly by those who believe in him—relieved of his office or his command and his task handed on to another. Those who are unable to see that a new situation calls for a new system, new methods of work, a new organisation, fail also to realise that the new mechanism must be handled and directed by new men. And if, as was the case with our navy, the chief command ashore as well as the highest posts in the sea commands had for half a generation been monopolised by men of one complexion of thought, it necessarily follows that the new men called in after the revolution must have less reputation, less distinguished services, less experience than those that are displaced. It is, then, only natural that the partisans of the dispossessed should burst out into praise of their heroes, and decry the injustice of their supercession. But they adopt a rhetorical method to which there is no reply, for the defenders of the new system cannot retaliate by criticism of the old leaders. It is, however, legitimate to criticise the old methods and a word of reply to the *Naval and Military Record* will not be out of place.

The passage which I have quoted above gives the point of the attack on the present writer. The case set up as to our former naval administrations—one must suppose both pre-war and after the war—until the ruthless campaign finally began a year ago, is that at each stage the employment of submarine against trading ships came, and rightly came, as a complete surprise. The Admiralty had never been warned and therefore had no reasons to anticipate the event. In any event I am completely wrong in saying that "naval writers and thinkers" at once realised the import of the submarine as giving reality to Aube's theory of the *guerre de course*. Aube, it will be remembered, was not merely in his day the most brilliant and famous of French writers on naval war. Not many years after his historic prophecy that the ruthless sinking of trading ships was the form which naval war would inevitably take in the future, he became Minister of Marine in France. His prophecy was published just at the time when the British public was being awakened by the late Mr. William Stead to the serious deficiencies in material of the British fleet. Never before had the public mind been so stirred on the subject of sea power. When Aube became Minister, the political rivalry between France and England was at its highest, and the interest created by Stead in the Navy was being fed by the epoch-making volumes by Mahan that were now following one upon the other year by year. So awake indeed was the British Admiralty to the novelty of Aube's theory of war, that we embraced and followed for many years a policy in shipbuilding essentially unsound, and excusable only on the ground that the French had begun it. I allude, of course, to the policy of building armoured cruisers. It was on these and the torpedo that Aube relied to bring Great Britain low in war. A more scientific study of the subject showed the fallacy of the armoured cruiser theory, but not till we had followed it for more than fifteen years. The weakness of Aube's torpedo theory was that the boats of his day were neither fast nor sea-worthy enough to make the menace real. Indeed, it was not till about 1906 that even the submarine put this theory on a new basis. And it was in 1907 that Commander, now Commodore, Murray Sueter published his admirable work on under-water war.

The Second Warning

Already by this time the cruising and sea-keeping capacity of the submarine had gone far beyond what was dreamed of when Aube had the first of these boats under his fostering care as head of the French Navy. And the Commodore set out in his book in very unmistakable fashion that, barbarous as a ruthless attack on trade would be, yet there was no obvious antidote to it. He went as far as so junior an officer could, to indicate to his superiors that the problem was one that called for analysis and experiment. That transports, munition ships and fleet auxiliaries were fair game for the submarine captain, he set out without any evasion at all, nor did he suggest how the commander of the under-water ship could possibly, simply by a hasty inspection of their hulls, distinguish between one kind of merchant ship and another.

It surely was an obvious inference that anything he thought suspect it would be his duty to destroy. By 1907 then, there was all the warning on this subject that any vigilant administration could possibly desire. Of published writing on the subject, I know of nothing between Commodore Sueter's book and Sir Percy Scott's letter, written in January 1914 and published six months later.

In a measure, however, all this justification of my statement is really beside the mark. A naval administration equipped to anticipate the developments of future war really should not be dependent upon chance published warnings. When the Admiralty is publicly criticised, it is quite usual for those who defend it to tell the discontented to hold their peace, on the ground that the Admiralty alone knows all the facts and can judge rightly of the situation. Well, what is sauce for the absolving goose is sauce for the indicting gander. The point is not, did naval writers and thinkers warn the Admiralty, but were the facts of the situation and the known theories of their application to certain purposes in war such that it was the Admiralty's business to be ready for this particular form of attack before it came? Looked at in this way there can be no possible doubt as to the reply.

False Prophets

And now to take this matter one step further. In another passage of this editorial, those that have written on naval subjects since the war are taunted with the falsifications of their prophecies. But it does not occur to the writer that the explanation of many of these miscarriages is to be found in a certain simplicity of mind not altogether discreditable. One at least of the "worst offenders" to whom he so pointedly alludes, did indeed say, in the second month of the campaign, that the protection of merchant shipping was far from being an insoluble problem, because the trade could be directed into narrow and defined channels and these protected just as the transport routes had been. The submarines would then be compelled to seek their quarries at focal points, where properly equipped convoy vessels could deal with them. Two months later when the published returns showed that 82 ships had in four months been submarined in the triangle of which a line from a point just west of the Fastnet to the centre of St. George's Channel was one side, another south of this to a point below the Scillies, and from here back to the Fastnet the third, the suggestion that had the trade been kept in a narrow path, the problem of making that path unassailable, would have been simple. And he went on:

The capacity of the Admiralty to defend the merchant shipping seems to depend almost entirely upon possessing an adequate number of fast, well-armed patrols. The number, of course, depends upon the area to be patrolled. A system that would confine merchant shipping entering or returning from the Atlantic to definite routes would reduce that area to one fortieth of its present size. It should not be very long before a number of destroyers sufficient to patrol such routes should be available. I say this because I naturally assume that special provision was made for increasing the number of destroyers in the first months of the war, when it was seen how great a rôle the submarine would play, and that this provision was doubled, trebled and quadrupled in December 1st when the Germans announced their intention to add murderous piracy to their other crimes.

Now both these statements were made in reliance upon two incontrovertible, and indeed quite obvious, truths. The first was that for many months our military traffic to France had been carried on without a single casualty, because from the first it had been conducted upon right lines, and next, that past experience of naval war had shown, that it was only by convoy that trade could be protected when it was possible for the enemy to get scattered naval force on to the open seas. Now when a man says that there is no reason to fear the submarine campaign, because the enemy's efforts can be frustrated, and says this, on the supposition that what had long been a commonplace of naval discussion would be made the basis of Admiralty policy, can he really be reproached with being a misleading prophet? It surely was not his fault that action so clearly elementary as this was not adopted until two years after it had been discussed, until indeed shipping and cargoes to the value of more than, £1,000,000,000 sterling had been sent to the bottom.

It is of very little interest to anybody, and certainly not to me, to argue whether on any particular question I or any other naval writer was right or wrong two or three years ago. What is of intense interest is that the naval dynasty that was incapable of seeing that the convoy system would have saved us from the first, was manifestly incapable of carrying on the chief command in war. Nor would I have worried the reader with these reminders had it not appeared that in some quarters, and those far from unimportant, loyalty to this dynasty might work to endanger the new regime. We should be blockheads indeed if we went backwards now. ARTHUR POLLEN.



John Rathom's Revelations



An outline of the methods adopted by Mr. John R. Rathom who discovered the network of German plots in America

The revelations by Mr. John R. Rathom of the secret plots of the German Government in America, at the time when the United States was a neutral nation, is possibly from first to last the most thrilling story of shrewdness, pertinacity, and courage which the war has provided outside the heroism of the battlefields. Three instances of the cool daring of Mr. Rathom and his agents are related in this article, each amusingly simple in its manner of working, but each demanding wonderful nerve. The time has long passed to express any surprise at the absolute lack of principle and of all sense of honesty and honour which has characterised the German Government in its dealings with neutral nations. None the less one is astounded at the cold-blooded treachery which Count von Bernstorff systematically practised at Washington which is fully disclosed in these articles—treachery to which he would never have dared to lend his hand, had he not been well assured of the Kaiser's sanction. These revelations will appear from week to week in LAND & WATER. Next week, Mr. Rathom will tell the full story of the connection of the German Embassy in Washington with the sinking of the "Lusitania."

JOHAN R. RATHOM, Editor of the Providence Journal, is the man who discovered and exposed the German plots in the United States. He is the man who forced the recall of the precious von Papen and the notorious Boy-Ed. He is the man who unearthed Dr. Heinrich Albert and his \$8,000,000 corruption fund and sent him back to Germany.

He is the man who discovered and revealed the plot to restore Huehuetla to a German-made dictatorship in Mexico. He is the man who proved that the *Lusitania* warning was sent out by the German Embassy on orders direct from Berlin. He is the man who exposed William Jennings Bryan's "peace at any price" interview with Dumba. He is the man who sent Consul-General Boff, at San Francisco, to prison for two years for conspiracy. He is the man who warned the Government that the Canadian Parliament Building at Ottawa was to be fired three weeks before it was burned by German agents. In brief, he is the man who (without official authority) was for three years the eyes of America, guarding it against the treachery of the German Government. He has been a patriot of the highest order in the face, first, of early unbelief and ridicule on the part of Washington officials; then of slander and abuse on the part of the whole pro-German element in the United States; and, finally, of attempts upon his life by hired assassins.

"The Providence Journal this morning will say:—"that phrase, familiar to every newspaper reader in the United States, has been the preface to the exposure of nearly every German plot that has been told to the American public since the World War began. Merely to mention all these exposures, with the barest outlines of names, dates, and places involved, would require ten or twelve pages of type like this in LAND & WATER. To reprint, all the thousands of original cablegrams, letters, cheques, photographs and codes on which they are based would fill a five-foot shelf of books.

This mass of data, accumulated in three years of ceaseless search, is stored in triplicate in vaults in Providence, New

York, and Washington. Copies of every item of it have been supplied, as discovered, to the State Department in Washington or to some other branch of the American government. It is the foundation upon which has been erected the whole structure of America's enormous secret service, and it is the cause of the awakening of the American people to the

hideous menace of Germany's cold-blooded assaults upon its very existence as an independent nation.

How has it happened that a provincial newspaper (it is called "the Rhode Island Bible" in its own territory) has been the means of disclosing facts that usually are procured only by the secret agents of governments and kept guarded like jewels in the most sacred archives of the State departments? It has happened because:

1. John R. Rathom, editor of the *Journal*, scented from the first hour of the war that the United States was a world power with world wide interests; that one of the objects of Germany's mad ambition was to destroy democracy the world over, and that the cataclysm in Europe was no less for America than for Great Britain and France the crucial test of all history.

2. Because Mr. Rathom, encouraged and financed by the owners of his conservative old New England paper, and working with the loyal aid of a dozen newspaper reporters, beat the German secret service at their own game a hundred times since the war began.

3. Because he had the foresight to have taken down in writing and kept on file every wireless dispatch sent by the great Sayville and Tuckerton Stations since the day war was declared in August, 1914, and the ingenuity to decipher masses of these dispatches in code, including thousands of damning messages from von Bernstorff, von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dumba, von Nuber, and scores of nameless others, to the German and Austrian Governments.

4. Because, in his efforts to serve his country, he succeeded in getting his own reporters into confidential positions in the twelve most important Teutonic headquarters in the United States, and received from them almost daily reports and original documents covering every phase of German plots and German



Mr. John R. Rathom

The Editor of the Providence Journal whose success in unearthing German Plots in the United States has made him an International figure

propaganda. These men he placed in:
 German Embassy in Washington;
 German Consulate-General in New York;
 Austrian Consulate-General in New York;
 German Consulate in Boston;
 Austrian Consulate in Cleveland;
 German Consulate in New Orleans;
 German Consulate-General in Chicago;
 Austrian Consulate-General in Chicago;
 German Consulate-General in San Francisco;
 Austrian Consulate-General in Philadelphia;
 German Consulate in Denver;
 German Consulate in St. Louis.

That, in the barest outline, is the story. Mr. Rathom himself is going to tell the details of it in a series of articles in LAND & WATER beginning next week. The purpose of this present article is to give some idea of the man who did these things. But it may be well to suggest the character and scope of his forthcoming articles by an attempt to tell briefly three of his experiences which he will not cover in his series.

When the war began in 1914, most Americans regarded themselves as interested, but aloof, spectators of the most colossal drama ever staged in the world's history. That it might concern them in their own dearest honour and possessions did not for one moment enter their minds. But Mr. Rathom knew otherwise. He had travelled over nearly the whole world—Europe, Africa, China, Australia, and the United States. He knew, of old, Germany's ambitions; particularly its designs upon the Monroe Doctrine, and its subtle and carefully organised propaganda to consolidate the Germans in the United States for the working out of the American end of its dream of world dominion. Hence, the day war was declared, he began to probe German activities in America, knowing well that soon they would be in full play to cause much damage. In his search for German plots he placed men in

employment as a secretary to von Bernstorff, in the Embassy in Washington.

Enter now Dr. Heinrich Albert, fresh from Germany, with a letter of credit of £800,000 in his pocket and the assurance of his government that he may have eight millions sterling altogether—to buy public opinion in the United States, to purchase the votes of Congressmen, to procure the murder of American citizens working in munition plants, and to do other "friendly" acts toward that neutral Government and its unsuspecting people. Dr. Albert landed in New York and registered at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. He wrote at once to his Ambassador, Bernstorff, announcing his arrival and asking for instructions. The Ambassador happened to be taking an outing in the Adirondacks when Dr. Albert's letter reached the Embassy. The letter was delivered on Saturday afternoon—and the postal clerks at the Embassy were habitually granted a holiday from Saturday noon to 9 a.m. Monday morning. The Embassy secretaries, however, often stayed at their desks on Saturday afternoon; and so it happened that Mr. Rathom's man there got the letter, together with others, and without apparently disturbing the envelope, read the contents. Without a moment's hesitation he took the next train to New York and telegraphed Mr. Rathom. He was met in New York by another reporter from the Providence *Journal*. Next morning this other reporter, in Sunday top hat and frock coat, appeared at the Ritz-Carlton and asked for Dr. Albert. He was shown up to the doctor's suite and there presented to Dr. Albert his own letter to von Bernstorff, and said the Ambassador had sent him to discuss the situation with him. But first he must be assured that he was really addressing Dr. Albert, and not some possibly untrustworthy underling. Dr. Albert produced credentials of his identity, and even called in members of his suite to prove that he was himself—forgetting, in the heat of his earnestness, to demand a similar guarantee from his caller. That would hardly have seemed necessary even if he had reflected, for there was his own letter, brought to him from Washington.

Scene in the German Embassy

Having satisfied his visitor, Dr. Albert went at length into his mission—the precise purposes of it, the money he had in hand and in prospect—all the details. His caller congratulated him, bade him good-day, and left; and immediately restored the letter to his brother reporter, who took the afternoon train back to Washington, revealed the letter, and replaced it in the Embassy mail bag that night.

On Monday, one of the postal clerks at the Embassy opened the letter and laid it, as a matter of routine, on the Ambassador's desk. Bernstorff appeared on Tuesday, and as soon as he read it he telephoned Dr. Albert to come to Washington.

The two men met the following morning at the Embassy and embraced in the presence of the *Journal* reporter. And the first words Dr. Albert spoke were to praise his Excellency upon his choice of "so discreet and admirable an agent" as he had sent to him in New York. Then there was a scene. Bernstorff denied sending any messenger, and Albert reaffirmed it. The clerk was called in, and declared he had slit the envelope with his own hand.

Albert repeated that he had had that very letter, physically, back in his hand, from the messenger, on Sunday. Results: Two badly perturbed agents of the Kaiser, and the ultimate exposure of Dr. Albert in the Providence *Journal*.

Another episode among Mr. Rathom's many adventures into the intricacies of German intrigue is known in the *Journal* office as the "Case of the Two Hearts." He had caught the trail of von Papen when this happened. Von Papen, in the course of his duties in the United States, had accumulated a large mass of letters, receipts, reports of plots to blow up munition plants and American ships, and other documents that would be as useful to the United States and England as to Berlin (America was still neutral and the Kaiser still addressed the President in "friendly" messages). As they often did, the Germans used the Austrian diplomatic channels to get this treacherous correspondence to Berlin. Hence von Papen was packing his documents in a box in the office of the Austrian Consulate General in New York for shipment on the *Oscar II*. The shorthand writer in the office had been on the job only a few months. Before that she had never done anything more exciting than to take dictation in the office of the *Journal*, though, of course, that was not mentioned when she applied for the place. She knew what was going into the box and had reported it, and she had instructions to mark the case so that it could be identified later. The day it was nailed up for shipment she ate her luncheon seated on the top of it. When she was in the midst of her meal, von Papen came in. He asked if he might share her sandwiches. She consented. They sat on the box together. He grew sentimental. She did not discourage his poetical mood. At its height she took a red crayon pencil from her

Kaiserlich
 Deutsche Botschaft
 Washington, D.C.

October 9. 1915

ERFORSCHUNG	John Rathom
Providence	\$148.00
New York	120.00
Chicago	335.00
Denver	180.00
San Francisco	685.00
St. Louis	220.00
Denver (2)	75.00
Seattle	160.00
Portland O.	300.00
Dallas	280.00
Ausgabe Eisenbahn	2450.00
Eidliche	400.00

\$ 5253.00

John Papen

Von Papen's account of expenditure incurred in a far-reaching investigation of Mr. Rathom's career for the purpose of discovering some vulnerable point in his personal character.

the Teutonic offices mentioned above. Even now he cannot publish how this was done, though he can and will tell the men's names that did this dangerous work. Of these, one secured

hair and in a dreamy way drew, on the packing box, the outline of two hearts entwined. The susceptible von Papen, in the spirit of the moment seized the pencil and with his own hand drew an arrow piercing them. And so it was that when the British secret service agents inspected the cargo of the *Oscar II*, when it touched Falmouth, they took particular pains to look for the box marked with two red hearts and an arrow—and found it. Ultimately the *Providence Journal* published such full and intimate details of the sentimental von Papen's career in America that he was invited to leave the country.

The Welland Plot

Episode number three, and the last to be told here—Mr. Rathom, in his articles, will tell others more important—illustrates not only one of the many methods used to gather evidences but also the cheering fact that some German-Americans are just Americans, and of the most loyal kind at that. Mr. Rathom discovered that the offices of a great German steamship company in New York were in reality a branch of the German Government and a hotbed of German intrigue, and



Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff

German Ambassador in the United States

he determined to get access to their records. One of his reporters was little more than a boy, the son of German parents. They were good Americans, though, and the boy himself was a patriot. Under instructions he went back from Providence to his birthplace at Lima, Ohio, and there he wrote a letter to the general manager of the steamship line in New York. He had a brother, so he wrote, who was a telegraph operator in Providence and acquainted with one of the telegraph operators in the *Providence Journal*. Through this channel he learned that the *Providence Journal* planned to instal one of its men in the office of this German steamship company in the guise of a janitor so that he might, in the course of his duties, become familiar with the location of their secret files and take from them such of their contents as were of interest to the *Journal*. About a month later a man did apply to the officers of the company in New York for a job as janitor. The Prussian officials were ready for him. They had detailed the chief of their secret service to apply "the third degree." This he did, and under the machine gun fire of his questions the applicant stammered, hesitated, trembled, and finally confessed. For two days thereafter the officers of the steamship company were jubilant and they wrote an elaborate report of the triumph over the hated *Providence Journal* to the Embassy in Washington, a copy of which is now in Mr. Rathom's possession.

Some weeks later came another letter from the young man with a German name at Lima, Ohio. He wrote rather plaintively that he had not heard from the steamship company and so felt, of course, that the information he had sent had been valueless. Nevertheless, so he wrote, he had done his best. He was coming on to New York to seek his fortune, and, while finding his way about, might he not have a clerical position that would support him for a few months? He was assured that he could have the job—by telegraph. "The

young man from Lima" went through the files in the offices in New York at his leisure and supplied the *Providence Journal* with the material which fastened on the officers of this line and its secret service agents the guilt of the plot to blow up the Welland Canal, gave to the *Journal* an immense mass of valuable information concerning the methods of securing fraudulent passports for German and Austrian reservists, and also secured for his newspaper proofs of the criminal activities of Captain Hans Tauscher, the agent of the Krupps in America and the husband of Madame Gadski.

Card Index of Seven Thousand Traitors

So much for some of the means by which German Government's treachery has been unearthed during the last three years. But let no one deceive himself with the vain hope that the job is done. To-day, in the offices of the *Providence Journal*, is a card index of the names of seven thousand people, hundreds of them American citizens, dozens of them honoured leaders in professional and public life, who are known still to be working the Kaiser's will in every important city in the United States. These traitors are, many of them, unsuspected by neighbours and friends who respect and trust them. The Government has been informed of their activities. The *Journal* is still following their movements, and every day checkmates some of them. Thus, privately, the *Journal* is doing a great patriotic service. Publicly, it is attempting to arouse the loyal citizens of the country to the common danger and to show them, from its experience, how to combat this most deadly and insidious peril. For example, it publishes, every day, at the head of its editorial columns, the following warning to Americans:

Every German or Austrian in the United States, unless known by years of association to be absolutely loyal, should be treated as a potential spy. Keep your eyes and ears open. Whenever any suspicious act or disloyal word comes to your notice communicate at once with the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice.

We are at war with the most merciless and inhuman nation in the world. Hundreds of thousands of its people in this country want to see America humiliated and beaten to her knees, and they are doing, and will do, everything in their power to bring this about.

Take nothing for granted. Energy and alertness in this direction may save the life of son, or husband, or brother.

Its example has persuaded twenty or more papers, in all parts of the country, to print this notice—including some of the most important papers printed in Italian and other languages.

Now for a word about Mr. Rathom himself. He was born in Melbourne, Australia, of English parentage, and was educated there and at Harrow. At eighteen he began his newspaper career as a correspondent of Australian papers, reporting the military operations in the Soudan long before the days of Kitchener and Omdurman. A few months of this was followed by a journey to New Guinea, where he joined the Bunbury Expedition exploring that then little known and inhospitable island. His wanderings next took him to Hong Kong, where he had been brought up as a child and where he had learned to speak Chinese. Two years in China were spent in trips through the interior and up the Yang Tse River, to the head of navigation. After work on various newspapers he joined the *Chicago Herald*. Then came the Spanish War, and Mr. Rathom was sent to the front, where he was first wounded and afterwards contracted yellow fever.

Soon after the Spanish War, came the war in South Africa, and again the *Chicago Herald* sent Mr. Rathom as its correspondent. He went with some of the Australian troops, and was wounded twice within ten seconds, once in the leg and then in the hip. This caused him to miss seeing the capture of Cronje, but a few weeks later he was back on the job and spent in all eight months reporting the war.

Twelve years ago Mr. Rathom went to Providence to become the managing director of the *Journal*. After seven years of service in that capacity Mr. Rathom became editor and general manager of the paper. What he has made it, since the war began, is now international history. Not only has his work in exposing German plots been of invaluable aid to the United States Government and to all the Allies, but his powerful editorials upon international policies have been quoted the world over. In the United States he has become a national figure, and his influence among men of light and leading has become one of the forces of that country's history.

Next week we shall publish Mr. Rathom's own account of the arch-plotters in the German Embassy and in particular the carefully laid plans for sinking the *Lusitania*

High Wages and High Prices : By Harold Cox

THE primary cause of the food shortage from which we are all beginning to suffer is the diversion of human energy from production to destruction. This has happened in most of the countries of the world, and throughout Europe it has affected in slightly varying degrees all the belligerents and most of the neutrals. It is important to bear this general fact in mind because we are all of us apt to imagine our own particular troubles are peculiar.

Unfortunately the Government, while on the one hand by its labour policy encouraging the inflation of wages, has, on the other hand, by its food control policy encouraged increased consumption, and so has itself helped to produce the shortage from which the country is now suffering. When traders began to realise that there might be a shortage of staple foods and consequently prices began to rise, the occasion arose for measures to prevent the poorest classes from suffering excessively. One of the best things accomplished in the way of legislation since the war began was the passing of the Act compelling farmers to pay a minimum wage of 25s. a week. This Act was necessary because economic forces alone were not sufficient to overcome the traditions and the strong trade union action of farmers acting as a body. Agricultural wages in a word had been kept down below an economic level by the deliberate action of the farmers based largely upon a bad custom, and outside pressure was necessary to get rid of this vicious system. Following the same general principle, certain departments of the government adopted the principle of raising the wages of their less well-paid clerks while leaving the better paid clerks at the same standard as before. If these sound lines of policy had been continued throughout, the country would have been saved from a very large part of the economic troubles from which it is now suffering—namely, from that part which is due to the increased wages granted to large classes of manual workers who were already enjoying incomes quite sufficient to provide them fully with the necessaries of life.

If those who have had their wages so greatly increased had devoted the larger part of the increase to war savings, little harm would have been done, so far, at any rate, as the question of prices is concerned. But as a matter of fact the experience of the War Savings Committees shows that those districts where wages have risen most are the very districts where the weekly war savings are least. It is the people who have not prospered financially as the result of the war who are struggling out of their relatively low wages to help their country by subscribing to war loans. On the other hand, the well-to-do wage earner is using his increased wages to enlarge his scale of living. He is buying more than ever he did before, and every purchase he makes tends to force up prices.

War Bonuses

Special attention has recently been directed to this question of war bonuses by the extraordinary public conflict between Mr. Barnes and Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill may be responsible for the blunder of attempting to deal with a highly complicated situation by means of a percentage bonus, but the foolishness of this proposal is readily seen. Take for example the case of a skilled man earning on time wages £3 a week as contrasted with an unskilled man earning on piece wages £5 a week. Obviously a 12½ per cent. given to the skilled man—that is, an additional 7s. 6d., will not redress the balance. Mr. Barnes knew this, and also knew that the grievance had already been largely redressed. Yet when Mr. Churchill presented to the War Cabinet a scheme for giving a 12½ per cent. bonus to a comparatively limited number of skilled workers, Mr. Barnes and Lord Milner, as representing the War Cabinet, instead of turning down the scheme *in toto*, expanded it immensely by extending the bonus to a large number of other classes of time workers and thus themselves set up a claim for the bonus to be extended to piece workers also. It only remains to add that this gigantic expansion of an originally foolish scheme, not only fails to solve the original grievance, but actually aggravates it; for to take the illustration above given, if the man with £3 and the man with £5 both get a 12½ per cent. bonus, the margin between them is actually increased instead of being diminished. This colossal muddle, for which the War Cabinet itself must be held responsible, may possibly cost the country as much as £100,000,000.

The inflation of wages must in any case have made the food problem more serious. It has been further aggravated by the deliberate adoption by the Food Controller, possibly on express orders from the War Cabinet, of a policy which the experience of mankind has uniformly condemned, namely, the

policy of attempting to limit prices when demand is high and supply is scarce. On this point it is worth while to quote from an extremely interesting letter written more than three and a half centuries ago with reference to the efforts made to fix prices in the reign of Edward VI. The letter was written by Sir John Masone, to Mr. Secretary Cecil, and is dated December 4th, 1550. It refers to an Order of the Privy Council fixing the prices of cheese and butter:

I hear here a great bruit of the discontentation of our people upon a late proclamation touching cheese and butter.

I have seen so many experiences of such ordinances; and ever the end is dearth, and lack of the thing that we seek to make *good cheap*. Nature will have her course, *etiam si furca expellatur*; and never shall you drive her to consent that a penny-worth of new shall be sold for a farthing.

For who will keep a cow that may not sell the milk for so much as the merchant and he can agree upon?

The whole principle is contained in these few sentences. When normal supplies are reduced, prices—in countries untroubled by Food Controllers—rise. The result is that some people cut down their purchases and this process continues until what remains is sufficient for all who continue to pay. It is the business of traders, both retail and wholesale, to adjust prices to this necessary condition. If they put prices too low their stocks will be quickly exhausted and their customers, being disappointed, may carry their permanent custom elsewhere. If they put prices too high they are left with stuff unsold on their hands. On the other hand, where a Privy Council or a Food Controller intervenes and fixes a definite price, some entirely new method of sharing out the insufficient supply has to be devised. The simplest plan is the queue system. It has been in operation for two centuries in connection with theatre seats, where the price is always fixed and the supply always limited. Consequently, the theatres have always regulated admission on the principle of "first come first served!" Exactly the same thing happens when prices for margarine are fixed, with this difference, that no one by standing in theatre queues can get two seats, whereas with margarine the enterprising mother of a family may send all her children to stand in queues; and so one household may get three or four times its fair share.

It may be answered that this argument overlooks the fact of unequal incomes; but it has already been urged above that the income problem should have been dealt with by raising the wages of the less well-paid workers so that they should have had enough to pay for their necessaries. Had this been done, it is certain that increased prices would have restricted the demand of the more prosperous wage earners, there would have been less greedy consumption and less sheer waste.

But not only do high prices serve a most valuable national function in limiting demand when supplies are scarce, but they do an equal service to the nation by stimulating the production of fresh supplies. Alternatively, if prices are artificially limited by public authority, production ceases. Of this truth there has been abundant evidence during the past twelve months. When the Food Controller last spring began to interfere with the price of milk, farmers began to sell their cows, and many were slaughtered. The Food Controller has also fixed the price of butter so low that Dutchmen cannot afford to supply us, and the country is butterless. Another striking illustration is the fixing of the price of oil seeds with the plausible idea that the country would thus be enabled to obtain cheap margarine. The result has been that cargoes of oil seeds have been diverted from England to France.

The Government, having landed the country in the present muddle, largely through its own fault, is now proposing to go further still and attempt to straighten out matters by a universal system of rationing. This indeed is the only logical outcome of the abandonment of the world-old method of harmonising demand and supply by means of price. And if the Government of the United Kingdom had only to deal with a small community of persons of very similar tastes, rationing would be feasible and just. Rationing is practised in the army without any very great difficulty, though even there it leads to a certain amount of waste; it can be practised at a pinch in a beleaguered city. But when we have to deal with the problem of 46,000,000 people—some male and some female, some old and some young, some ill and some well, some doing heavy outdoor work, others light indoor work, some dwelling in towns and some in the country, some producing food and some only consuming it—no system of rationing can possibly be devised which will get over the multiple difficulties created. All the evidence available shows that Germany, in spite of her wonderfully efficient bureaucracy, has made a failure of rationing, and there is little reason to believe that Lord Rhondda will succeed where Herr Michaelis failed.

The Faith of the Soldier: By Centurion

"What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?"

"Every soldier, when not prevented by military duty, will attend divine service."—THE KING'S REGULATIONS.

I HAVE read somewhere of late statements by two Army chaplains—one, I think, a Wesleyan, the other an Anglican—to the effect that the ministrations of their Churches had failed to "reach" the soldier. Whether this confession of failure was a reproach, and, if a reproach, whether it was directed against Church or against Army I do not know. But the conclusion itself is indisputable. Yet the Churches have not wanted for advantages. Their chaplains have been given commissioned rank and a spiritual hierarchy is recognised under military forms. The soldier is classified according to his religious profession, and once his election is made, the secular arm is called in to punish him if he is "late on Church Parade" or neglects to "follow the drum." A prayer-book figures in the inventory of his kit, and to be without it is to be "deficient in necessaries." His religion is stamped on his identity-disc, and is recorded in the nominal roll of his company "returns," with his name, his number and his rank.

With all these facilities for access to him the Churches have failed to "reach" him. In an earlier age when, as on a wet and gusty morning at Agincourt, the priests shrived the archers and men-at-arms as they formed up in order of battle, such an admission would have meant not that the Church had failed, but that the Army was damned. But in those days men were more exercised with the problem of how to die than with the question of how to live. To-day if a man has solved for himself the latter, he may well be excused if he ceases to trouble himself about the former. And in that sense the soldier has a faith and by that faith he is justified.

This may seem to some a hard saying. The soldier is sometimes ribald, often profane, and always ironical. He does not sing hymns on going into action like Cromwell's Ironsides or accompany *réveillé* with a morning psalm. He has been known to put the tune of "Onward, Christian soldiers" to base uses. The name of Christ is often on his lips, but as an imprecation rather than a prayer. He will make a jest of a "white cross" as though it were a new Army decoration. The language in which he speaks of death is, in fact, often picturesque, but it is rarely devout. A "pal" may have "gone West" or "stopped one" or been "outed"; he is never spoken of as being "with God." Death is rarely alluded to as being the Will of God; it is frequently characterised in terms of luck. A soldier on going into action is much more exercised about the condition of his rifle than the state of his soul. There are, of course, exceptions, but the average soldier does not seem to feel any confidence that he is in the hands of a Divine Providence; he is fatalistic rather than religious. After all, if, like the writer, you have looked on the obscene havoc of a battlefield and seen the entrails of men torn out, their heads severed from their bodies, and all the profane dismemberment of that which according to the teaching of the Church is the temple of the soul, you find it rather difficult at times to believe that the fate of the individual, whatever may be the case with the type, is of any concern to the Creator. For the soldier who ponders on the realities of war, the judgments of God may be a great deep; what he feels to be certain is that they are past finding out.

As to whether this agnosticism is real or assumed, transient or permanent, the writer offers no opinion. But he will hazard the conjecture that it is not without its sublimity. To go into action with a conviction that your cause is everything and yourself nothing, to face death without any assurance that in dying you achieve your own salvation, whether victorious or not, is surely a nobler state of mind than that of the old Protestant and Catholic armies in the "Wars of Religion," equally assured of their own personal salvation and of the damnation of their opponents. The religious soldier of history may have been devout, he was certainly fanatical. And as he was fanatical, so he was cruel. Regarding himself as the chosen instrument of God, he assumed he did but anticipate the Divine judgment—and incidentally ensure his own salvation—by giving no quarter to the "papist" or the "infidel." The morning psalm ended in the evening massacre. The English soldier is not cruel; though he

can, and does, take a terrible revenge for treachery. He certainly despises "Fritz" but he rarely hates him. He believes in "getting his own back" but he does not give himself religious airs about it. His view of death may be "light" but, at any rate, it is not morbid, neither is it egotistical. I am no theologian, but it has always seemed to me that the religion of the English Churches, with its profoundly Calvinistic colouring, has always been inclined to a certain egotism in its emphasis on personal salvation and its attainment exclusively by admission to the congregation of the elect, whether by baptism, confirmation, or profession. The literature of English religion, especially in the 17th century, is full of an extraordinary preoccupation, sometimes a morbid preoccupation, with the state of the individual soul and a frantic desire to escape a damnation which was regarded as the common lot of men. "Save yourself" was its burden, and the official professors of religion exhorted others to join them in a kind of spiritual *saure qui peut*. "Save others" is the creed of the soldier: all his military education is directed towards making him forget himself. He has, indeed, no time to think of himself; all his time is given to thinking of others—to "doing his bit," to holding a line of trench, keeping up a covering fire, getting up rations, delivering his "chit," for fear that otherwise someone else will be "let down." Self-effacement and not self-assertion is the rule of life in the Army.

It was well said by de Vigny that the virtue which characterises the good soldier is "abnegation," and that his is a cross more heavy than that of the martyr: and one which must be borne a long time in order to know the grandeur and the weight of it. The renunciation of the pursuit of gain, the surrender of one's liberty of thought and action, the acceptance of the duty of implicit obedience, the certainty of punishment in the case of failure, the uncertainty of reward in the event of success, the contraction of ambition, the repression of emotion—these, indeed, are great abnegations. They might, perhaps, seem, like the vows of the early religious orders, more calculated to cramp the character than to develop it, were it not that the soldier, unlike the monk, lives a life of action, not of meditation: that this long abnegation has for its object, however remote, some definite achievement, and that it carries with it, in the case of our own nation, no imputed righteousness and few or no prerogatives. Except in rare moments the British nation has never "spoilt" the British Army, still less has it glorified it, and the disabilities of the soldier have been far more obvious than his privileges. Pacifist writers may fulminate about "militarism" but there never was a less "militarist" army than the old British Army: and if ever there was a job that the British officer hated it was being called in to "aid the civil power." He knew it would never bring him any credit, while it might often involve him in irretrievable disaster. If he took counsel of the King's Regulations the only thing he found was that whatever he did was almost certain to be wrong. His military character invested him with no sanctity, but it often exposed him to much obloquy. The soldier took his oath of attestation, and the officer accepted his commission, knowing full well that he sacrificed far more than he gained. He joined a great fraternity, but he did not become a member of a caste. He accepted these sacrifices as incidental to his choice and in that act of voluntary abnegation he consecrated them.

It is this spirit of sacrifice which animates the soldier of to-day. For this Army had that character stamped upon it in the first two years of the war and it has never lost it. Never in any country in the world had there been anything like that great crusading rush to the colours: and by the time the rush had begun to spend itself the character of the New Army was fixed for all time. If ever men dedicated themselves to a cause these were they. Long-service N.C.O. instructors were astonished at the enthusiasm with which the men learnt their duties, often learning more in the 14 weeks' intensive training than the men had learnt in a year in the days of the old Army. The abnegations of a military life may make a man or they may mar him; it all depends on the spirit in which they are accepted. If the original impulse is compulsory, as in Germany, they will enslave him; if it is voluntary, as in England, they will exalt him. The British soldier has learnt how to extract the best out of military life—to see that, if rightly regarded it offers every day such opportunities for voluntary sacrifice as are to be found nowhere else; you have only to read the awards in the *Gazette* to find the proof of it, and when you read them remember that for one deed that stands rewarded a thousand go unrecorded. Every nation gets the Army it deserves; and

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in the British Army, as in no other, one seems to find the resolution of the problem which has so often perplexed philosophers—how to reconcile liberty with authority. The spirit was always there, for it was native to the English character. There never was any Army in which respect for the individual was so strong. It was always bad form for an officer to punish a man "with his tongue"—it was enough for him to say "Will you take my award?"—and it was absolutely fatal to his career for him to lay his hands upon him. The very first thing a subaltern learnt when he did his day's duty as orderly officer was that his first thought must be the comfort of his men: and an Army Manual reminds him, if he is in danger of forgetting it, that he must put it before his own. The recruit is quick to discover this and perhaps not more quick than surprised. Also he discovers that he himself is "his brother's keeper." He learns that everything he does or does not do involves others besides himself. This is a war of platoons, and the "specialists," bombers, rifle-bombers, Lewis gunners, learn to work together and with the riflemen, like the forwards in a football team, who "feed" each other with the ball. It is the same with discipline as with tactics—the man who goes "ca canny" or defaults soon discovers that others have to suffer for his dereliction as well as himself, and if a corporal neglects to see that the rifles of his section are clean at a company inspection, he may be the first to hear of it, but assuredly he will not be the last, for the platoon sergeant and the platoon commander will hear of it too, and all of them "get it in the neck."

In an Army thus constituted, a soldier finds a rule of life and a theory of conduct. It is not in itself a religion, though it may easily become one if he is inspired by an ideal in submitting himself to it. It bears the same relation to that ideal as dogma does to faith. One may have the dogma without the faith; one may be disciplined merely because one is docile. But the acceptance of a dogma sometimes generates a faith, and the soldier who joined the Old Army merely because he liked it, and strove to keep his conduct-sheet clean because he knew that a "dirty" one obscured his chances of promotion, was, in the process of becoming a good soldier, well on the way to becoming a good man. To tell a falsehood is a military offence; in learning to avoid it he was in a fair way of discovering it was a moral offence. There are, it is true, military offences which are not moral offences and there are moral offences which are not military offences. But generally speaking in the Old Army a bad man made a bad soldier, and a good man a good soldier. In the New Army most recruits had the faith before they learnt the dogma. Many of them joined for the sake of a "cause," all for the sake of an emotion, but it was an emotion, whether patriotism, pride, emulation or love of adventure, which had little or none of the impurity of ambition. Most of them accepted the discipline without any great enthusiasm for it, and probably with some aversion from it as a thing foreign to their civilian habit of mind, and were surprised to find that it had a meaning and even embodied a theory of conduct. In their impulse to join there was an emotion; in the discipline to which they subjected themselves there was a morality. And it it be true, as someone has said, that religion is morality touched with emotion, then these men were assuredly religious.

How far the introduction of conscription altered this character, and whether, indeed, conscription as a permanent system were compatible with it I am not concerned to discuss. But as regards the British Army during the years of 1914-1916, and more particularly the Old Army, which leavened it, it is sufficient to say that by their works ye shall know them. Kitchener never wrote anything finer than the allocution which he addressed to the old B.E.F. when they landed in France. It breathed the very spirit of those articles of war which Henry V. issued to the host on the landing at Harfleur. The men were worthy of it and they lived up to it. During the first eight months of the war, there were only two cases of offences against the inhabitants of the country. The British soldier showed himself to be what he was—a gentleman. The French were prepared to find him that; what they were not prepared to find was that he was gay, witty, tender and debonnaire. His playfulness to children delighted them; his tenderness to animals astonished them. British gunners and drivers often show extraordinary devotion to their horses, but, after all, "horsemastership" is part of their training and "ill-treating a horse" leaves a black mark on a soldier's conduct-sheet and has to be expiated by F.P. That, however, does not account for the passion of a battalion for making a pet of a dumb animal, nor does it explain the spectacle, very stupefying to the Italians, of a fox-terrier marching at the head of a rifle battalion and giving himself the airs of a second-in-command.

There is a sort of lyrical temperament in the British soldier; you discover it in the way he sings. The French rarely sing on the march; the British always. It is true the German sings—but he sings to order. Nothing is more characteristic of

the difference between the British and the German Armies than the fact that a "gesangbuch" of songs—doubtless passed by the censor—figures in the German soldier's list of necessaries and is absent from the Englishman's. German officers have been known to strike a man across the shoulders with the endearing exhortation "Singen Sie!" The English soldier makes his own songs and sings them or not as it pleases him. I have even seen in the early days of the war a fatigue-party of soldiers, under sentence of F.P., marching to their unsanitary tasks singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning"—a spectacle which would produce a fit of apoplexy in the German mind. I often think that whatever else the British Army has done or not done in France it has destroyed for ever on the Continent the legend of a dour phlegmatic England, hostile to cakes and ale. It has restored the old tradition of a "Merrie England."

This same soldier, cheerful, humane, sardonic, engrossed in learning how to live the military life and to do his bit, has not troubled his head about how to die. That is, I suppose, why, when it comes to the point, he is so little exercised about it; not having sought to "save" his life, he is hardly conscious that he "loses" it. He is as one

Who through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw."

I have seen many soldiers die. I do not know what, if anything, they would have said to a *padre*. I only know that all I ever heard them say was "I've done my bit," "What must be must be," "It wur worth it," "It bain't no use grousing" or "I'm all right—I'm topping." I've often thought that the secret of their fortitude was that they had done what they could.

One chaplain I knew who was, indeed, remarkably successful. But then he was far more convinced of the salvation of the men than he was of his own. I suppose he was very unorthodox; he was certainly dying to fight. Also he had no brotherly love for the Boche at all; he hated him. I forget his creed—if indeed I ever knew it, for he was the last man to obtrude it. He never tried to improve the occasion; if a dying soldier wanted religious consolation he gave it, if he did not want it he was content to sit and hold the dying man's hand—and it was no bad *viaticum*. The men respected him as a man and loved him as a brother. He was quite ready to take another chaplain's duty and, what was more remarkable, to let him take his, for he never seemed to be exercised as to whether the chaplains of other faiths than his own had "grace," and I don't suppose that he ever vexed himself about apostolic succession. Like the Galilean fishermen he was of lowly birth and he had the humility of Him who washed the disciples' feet. I knew just enough of his religious beliefs to know that they were the religion of the Sermon on the Mount. He got his way at last and went up with a draft to the Front. I never saw him again, but I heard afterwards that he was killed when dressing a wounded soldier under fire.

I often think that in his own way that chaplain was a born soldier. It was not so much that the men had his religion as that he had theirs. Theirs is a religion which has never hardened into a creed; it is the religion of humanity:

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is the spirit of the gunners and drivers in the retreat from Mons who got off their horses and limbers and walked in the heat and dust in order that the weary infantry might ride; the spirit of the thousands of nameless and unremembered men who have crawled out into the open under fire to rescue the wounded and been sniped for their pains; the spirit of the gunner captured at an observation post who, though scourged, buffeted and spitefully used by a German officer, broke his instruments before his face and refused to betray the position of his battery; the spirit of those lonely exiles who held their heads up and never flinched when spat upon and kicked through the streets of German towns in the long *via dolorosa* that leads to the hell of a *gefangenenlager* and often to the grave.

It is on those exiles and their proud, indomitable spirit that my mind most often dwells when I think of the faith of the soldier. They were not happy in an opportune death on the field of battle; they were wounded not only in body but in spirit: they were scourged and mocked and starved in an alien land in which the very spirit of humanity seemed dead and hope deferred enfeebled the heart. But they refused to be cast down. The Germans robbed them of everything but their self-respect. That remained and it endured to the end. Of such as these a great Englishman must surely have been thinking when he wrote:

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.



British Forestry: By Sir Herbert Matthews

TO those who have always been concerned with the land, and interested in every branch of the industries connected with it, it is gratifying to note how the war has brought into prominence the fundamental fact that home production is the keynote of national defence. To enable a country to wage war, food is the first essential; of that there can be no two opinions. As to what takes the second place there may be different ideas, it may be ships, guns, ammunition, or other equipment, but hardly any item under either of these heads can be treated without the use of timber in some form or other.

The same remark applies to most of the manufactures and arts of peace time, and to the everyday needs of the people in times of either peace or war, but it takes a war to bring the facts home to the public. Like most other commodities in general use it has been, in normal times, so easy and so cheap to buy whatever was required that the place of origin, or the means of transport and distribution were never thought of. War transforms everything, and a sudden inability to satisfy some apparently simple need gives a shock to the would-be purchaser.

These thoughts are prompted by reading a report which has recently been issued by the Ministry of Reconstruction on Forestry,* which presents many startling points of intense interest to everyone. The man in the street usually connects anything about land with the farmer, and until three years ago the idea had become crystallised that what concerned the farmer was of no interest to anyone else. The problem of afforestation is not a farmer's question. It concerns first the nation as a whole; secondly, the consumer, the man in the street himself; thirdly, the landowners; fourthly, those interested in the development of small holdings, and men likely to find employment in forestry; but only to a very small extent the ordinary farmer.

The Committee responsible for this report was carefully chosen; and it has done its work well. Every debatable point is well argued out, and every statement well supported by the facts presented. Its proposals, therefore, command and deserve attention. Bearing this in mind, let us turn to the report itself. The Committee says, "the forest policy of the State has hitherto been totally inadequate," and it adds "(1) that dependence on imported timber is a grave source of weakness in war; (2) that our supplies of timber, even in time of peace, are precarious and lie too much outside the Empire; (3) that afforestation would increase the productiveness and population of large areas of the British Isles which are now little better than waste."

For lack of a sufficient supply of its own this country has been compelled to continue to import timber on a very large scale, and at a very heavy loss. The tonnage so occupied has been much needed for other purposes, and the importation has affected price, freight, insurance, and the rate of exchange. The country has taken risks against which every other considerable country has long protected itself, and consequently we have lost heavily. The Committee estimates this loss at £37,000,000 for the two years 1915 and 1916 only. To that must be added the loss in 1917, and how much more cannot be said. By loss it means the additional cost compared with the average value of the same material for the five years before the war. This additional cost is stated to be mainly due to the increase in freight and insurance, and three-fourths of this extra outlay has gone into the pockets of shipping owners, chiefly of Scandinavian nationality. "It is certain that these risks and losses will increase rather than diminish in any

future war. In case of war with the northern timber-producing countries they might even prove decisive. They are not necessarily limited to war in which we ourselves take part, or to war at all, since international disputes may be decided by commercial boycott."

The Committee next points out that anxiety is by no means confined to national safety, but that it is hardly less necessary to ensure against scarcity of timber in time of peace, owing to the steady increase in consumption everywhere; and they show what this increase is, and how it is overtaking the rate of production. "We believe that the policy of neglect cannot be further prolonged without very grave risks."

To realise the gravity of these statements, the full report must be read, but it may be said that the Committee's claim to have established them is amply justified.

One point that stands out clearly is that that much-maligned class—the landowner—has proved his utility to the nation, and his willingness to make sacrifices. For the last two generations the planting of woodlands has been done by owners at their own expense, with no prospect of profit to themselves, and at best in the hope that their successors may not make a loss; while the conversion of waste, or semi-waste, land into woodland by planting has rendered them liable to increased charges for rates and taxes. The only benefit accruing from this expense, and increased outgoing, has been a possibly improved sporting value. Had it not been for this past action the present position of this country hardly bears thinking of. For nearly two years now owners have been offering their timber to the Government regardless of resulting loss in amenity value or the sentimental loss of fine timber which has grown into an owner's being; ignoring their financial inability (in many cases) to replant; for landowners (as such) have not made profits out of the war. On this point the Committee writes:

Many owners have offered their timber for sale during the war from patriotic motives, or have felt themselves compelled to take low Government prices. In this way they have received for it very little more than its pre-war price and substantially less than its open market value, and the prices received have not made good the losses previously incurred or brought in anything like a normal return on the money expended.

The public can hardly realise what has happened, as the chief clearances are taking place in out-of-the-way and little-known areas; but it is estimated that 100,000 acres had been cleared up to April, 1917, and that there would be a great speeding up of felling after that date. No figures are given for other areas where thinning has taken place, many of which must have been denuded of timber of any size.

Having established their case, the Committee considers the first essential is the setting up of a Forestry Authority, properly equipped with funds and power to survey, purchase, lease and plant land, and to administer the areas acquired, and it urges that the care of forestry, which is now divided among several departments, should be concentrated. The cost of carrying their scheme into effect is estimated to cost £3,425,000 in the first ten years, and possibly £15,110,000 during the first forty years, after which time it should be self-supporting. Their scheme is carefully worked out, and the figures are not too optimistic. But suppose they are: suppose the scheme costs 25 per cent. more, 20 millions spent in forty years on something that is going to be productive. Compare that with £37,000,000 absolutely lost in two years, and in addition we secure our timber supply.

Moreover, as the Committee itself points out, this aspect of profit or loss is not, from a national point of view, the most important, and it has never been so regarded in other countries

* Final Report of the Forestry Sub-Committee (Cd. 8331). Price 1s. net. Obtainable through any bookseller.

where silviculture has been most practised, and is most valued. Forestry creates new values, "expressed partly in terms of population, and partly in terms of wealth." In other countries the construction of forests is regarded in the same light as the construction of roads, bridges, or breakwaters, which are of definite national value, though the capital sunk in them may produce no direct return.

All the members sign the report, but two of them add reservations. Lord Lovat, who speaks with knowledge of the subject, urges that the recommendation to create a new department is not sufficiently strongly worded, and gives four reasons for his view. We need only quote the first of these to justify him: "To make a definite break with the past, to get out of the welter of conflicting authorities and to escape from the arena of party politics, Royal Commissions and amateur inquiries." Mr. L. C. Bromley, on the other hand, objects to its creation on the ground of expense. As, however, Mr. Bromley had a seat on the Committee as a representative of the Treasury he has, of course, to defend the usual attitude of that Department towards every new proposal involving expenditure. On very many occasions such an attitude is defensible, but it is submitted that this is an exception.

Unquestionably the best authority will be a distinct branch of the Board of Agriculture, and as the report hints at an enlarged Ministry of Agriculture this separate branch might well be the central authority for the British Isles, or at least for Great Britain. A new and separate Department is unnecessary and undesirable from every point of view, but chiefly because another Department involves two more paid and controlled politicians, two less free men in the House of Commons, and because it therefore means that we shall not "escape from the arena of party politics," as Lord Lovat so wisely desires we should. It is impossible to be quite clear of them if national funds are in question, but a permanent Commission, with the Minister for Agriculture to reply for it in Parliament, much on the lines of the Development Commission, will allow as little interference as our methods of government render possible.

Some objection must be raised to the suggested rate of State assistance to private owners for planting new areas, or for replanting recently-cleared woodlands, as they are anything but generous. A grant of £2 per acre towards the cost of planting conifers, and £4 towards the cost of planting approved hardwoods is little enough by itself, for the Committee does not consider that the planted land should be relieved from rates and income tax (Schedule A). It does suggest, however, that relief from these burdens might be offered as an alternative to the grant. The loss either to local autho-

rities or to the State, if these charges were removed from properly-planted woodlands would not be large in the aggregate, but the relief would mean a great deal to many individual owners. Instead of being alternatives the grant and the relief should both be allowed, though the value of sporting rights must justly still be chargeable with local rates.

The Committee is consistent in its niggardliness, for it further urges that replanting of recently clear-felled areas have not as good a claim to the full grant as it recommends for taking up new ground, "because planting will be cheaper, they *may* (our italics) be clear of growth, drained, fenced, and freed from rabbits, and because, as their timber-producing capacity will be exactly known, few mistakes will be made in replanting." This quotation is all governed by the word "may"; but it is quite certain that these possible advantages will very seldom be found to exist. If the cleared area is to be *properly* planted the tree roots must be grubbed out or otherwise removed. New ground will not have to carry this expense. It is highly improbable that land which has been timbered for sixty or more years will have any drains that continue to work: it is very rare that a cleared area does not require re-fencing, and if the fences are only partly broken down it will not be clear of rabbits. The only real advantage will be that mentioned last—the experience gained.

As the Committee says, however, that many owners have lost money over their recent sales of timber, it means—if effect be given to this recommendation to give a smaller grant for replanting—that those owners who took all the risks of planting, and who now have borne the loss for the good of the country, are to be treated rather worse than others who have done nothing. This is how Government encourages private enterprise!

The average Blue Book is a repulsive document to the ordinary reader, nor, considering its usual style, is this surprising. The report under review, however, is a happy contrast to the average. It is well constructed and arranged, the phrasing is lucid and unstilted, and the official flavour which makes most of these publications so arid, is almost absent. Another refreshing feature is that recommendations are made in straight-forward language, without hesitating periods and qualifying words.

I do not often urge my friends to buy Government publications, but a shilling spent on this report will be a good investment; for if the present critical position of the country is to be remedied popular opinion is needed to bring about a change. On such serious matters as this uninstructed opinion is dangerous, and nothing now is more required than informed views on these vital problems of reconstruction.



Timber Hauling in Wales

The Senefelder Club : By Charles Marriott

THE only thing that is wrong about the Senefelder Club, now holding its eighth exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, is its expressed purpose of advancing "artistic" lithography. This use of the word "artistic" cannot be too strongly condemned. A good lithograph is artistic; a bad lithograph is inartistic; and there is nothing more to be said. It does not make any difference whether the lithograph is an illustration to a trade catalogue or a picture of "Les Pelerins d'Emmaus"—to name one of the most imaginative designs in the exhibition.

It is high time that this abuse of the word "artistic" were left to the shopkeepers who introduced it. Not long ago I was in a small stationer's shop when a young woman came in to buy a blotting-book. Given a choice of bindings she said: "I'd better have the art shade"—pronounced "shide"—"because it's for the drawing-room." There is nothing to choose between this obvious vulgarism and "artistic lithography." Its wrongness is all the more apparent in the light of Mr. Joseph Pennell's clear and concise description of lithography in the catalogue of the exhibition. He points out that the word lithography—as indicating that a stone is essential—is misleading, and that Aloys Senefelder, the eighteenth century inventor of the art, did not use the word. Lithography is essentially the art of making a drawing on a flat surface which may be multiplied. So that, allowing for the fact that it must be done with a substance that permits multiplication, lithography is simply drawing. Now to speak of "artistic" drawing is obviously just as bad as to speak of "literary" writing. Both drawing and writing may be good, bad or indifferent; but they do not become any more or less artistic or literary according to the purpose to which they are applied.

Probably the intention of the Senefelder Club is to make a distinction from commercial lithography. That is almost worse. Putting on one side the fact that the lithographs produced by the Club are articles of commerce, in that they are not only sold by the artists but quickly become the subjects of speculation on the part of dealers and collectors, it is impossible to make a real distinction. Irony is lent to the attempt by the fact that when Whistler wanted to master lithography he went and worked with a commercial lithographer, the late Mr. Thomas Way. Not that the work of Mr. Way was any the less artistic for being commercial. But, and this is the real object of my making, apparently, so much fuss about the word, nothing has done more to degrade commerce and hinder the right appreciation of art than the attempted distinction.

Now, if ever, is the time to try to abolish it. We want to give every workman that joy in his work which is the essence of art, and we want to give every artist that sense of his place in the community which might help in the regeneration of life. I wonder, for example, how the Senefelder Club would classify Steinlen's cat pictures for the advertisement of condensed milk, or the lithographic posters on the Underground Railways. Would they call them artistic or commercial lithography? Is it more artistic to make a picture for

a collector to put in a portfolio—often merely against a rise in its commercial value—than to make a picture that shall brighten the lives—the actual lives—of thousands?

This question brings up another evil that results from the attempted segregation of "art"; and that is the arbitrary limitation of the number of proofs which may be printed of a lithograph—or any other form of art which lends itself to multiplication. In so far as it is aimed at securing good proofs it is just and wise; but in so far as it is aimed at creating a limited supply it is commercial in the very basest meaning of the word. It is not less commercial for the superstition that there is an artistic virtue in rarity; and it is safe to say that any pleasure a person may take in the possession of a unique copy of a work of art designed for multiplication has nothing to do with art but is on the contrary due to the most contemptible snobbishness.

Of course, every artist should get a fair price for his work, but the price need not be lowered with quantity—in the case of books it is actually raised, since it is usual for the writer to get a higher royalty above a certain number of copies; and as a matter of fact the "appreciation" in the value of proofs which results from a limited edition is not for the benefit of the artist at all but of the dealer or collector. What would be thought of a man who proposed to limit the printing of Shakespeare lest he should become too "common"? One has only to ask the question to have it answered in the strongest language.

Nor will the argument that an artificially limited edition enables more attention to be given to the individual proof bear serious consideration. Whether or not the artist prints his own proofs their printing should be a matter of purely mechanical care and skill. There should be no variations in the proofs except to get them more and more true to the original drawing. Art is not accidents; and, as Mr. Walter Sickert said of etchings, a lithograph should be capable of being printed by Messrs.—well, any competent firm of commercial printers you like to name. The artistic merits of a lithograph are either limited to the original drawing or else they persist in any number of mechanically good proofs that can be printed from it. In short, whether as

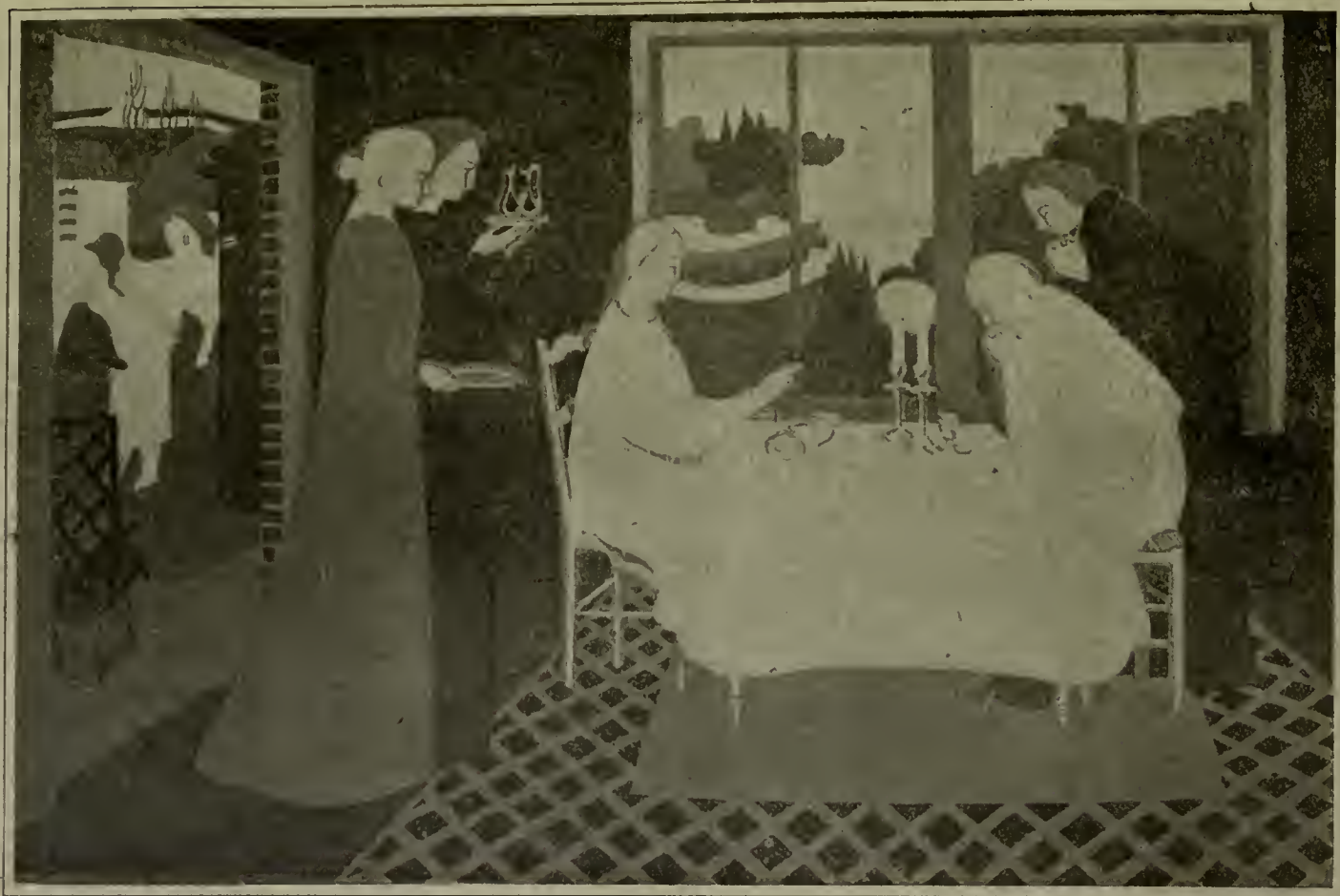
regards subject or purpose, method or number, there is no distinction between commercial and artistic lithography that does not injure art and encourage the worse meaning of commerce. There is no royal road to goodness, artistic or otherwise, and the only way to be artistic in lithography is to do your work well.

Men are generally better than their institutions, and the members of the Senefelder Club are much better than their advertised aims. One and all they are engaged in the advancement of lithography, and their works at the Leicester Galleries support all that has been said about the possibilities of the art. These possibilities are best indicated by the word "autographic." As Mr. Pennell points out, lithography is the only truly autographic method of multiplying drawings. In all the methods of engraving the actual touch of the artist is compromised by the means of reproduction. "Neither in etching or wood engraving are the lines the artist made those that



Shepherd and Shepherdess

By Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.



Les Pellerins d'Emmaus

By Maurice Denis

print, but reproductions of them. In lithography the artist's own lines do print, are not reproduced, but multiplied."

This very responsiveness of lithography brings its own dangers because there is not in it the discipline that the resistance of materials lends to the various methods of engraving. Both etching and wood engraving almost compel the virtue of simplicity and economy; and by discouraging any very close imitation of nature they put a premium on design. Lithography gives the artist every facility. Not that this is to be regretted in itself, but that it seems to call for a certain self-restraint in the artist.

How far an artist should observe limitations that are not compelled by the medium is a nice question; probably in the last analysis all artistic virtues are virtues of necessity; but it can not be denied that those lithographs give the most lasting satisfaction in which the artist has not taken full advantage of his freedom; has treated his design with a touch of formality, or been content with suggestion when he might have indulged in full statement. "Les Pellerins d'Emmaus," by Maurice Denis; "The Wave," by Mr. Nevinson; "Mower Carrying Scythe," by Mr. Harry Becker; "Shepherd and Shepherdess," by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and "Boys Bathing," by Cézanne may not be the examples that show best the full resources and possibilities of lithography, but they are certainly among the most satisfying pictures.

On thinking it over I begin to see that the virtues of lithography are virtues of necessity after all. Because it is an autographic method of multiplying drawings its virtues are precisely those of drawing; and the virtues of drawing are determined by the implement that it is done with. A stick of greasy chalk used characteristically is not a suitable implement for full or elaborate statement, though it is excellent for suggestion; and since all drawing is primarily the translation of things into line it is proper that the lines should be composed with some care. What it amounts to is that lithography puts upon the artist a responsibility that in some other forms of art is taken off his hand by the obstinacy of the materials themselves.

One thing brought out by the exhibition is the peculiar suitability of lithography for what may be called pictorial journalism—in a perfectly dignified sense of the words. The set of war drawings by Captain Spencer Pryse, and "Conseil juridique," by Forain, are examples of what I mean. An autographic method of multiplying drawings is obviously a boon to the artist who wishes to make a swift and impulsive record of actuality; whether his aim be documentary or satirical. In the more considered methods of reproduction

by engraving the actuality is apt to fade out. Even when the artist is his own engraver he is almost bound to introduce second thoughts. It is worth remarking, by the way, that many satirical draughtsmen practise lithography. With all these resources and possibilities at their command the members of the Senefelder Club have no need to qualify "the advancement of lithography" with the draper's word "artistic."

Homecoming

By N. M. F. CORBETT.

I stood upon the weed-hung, glistening pier
Waiting. And the grey, s'ow, whispering tide
Eddied about the stones and, gaunt and drear—
Like some gigantic skeleton astride
The mist-enshrouded Firth—the Bridge rose sheer.
And other women, mother, wife, and bride,
Were waiting too: and in their eyes lurked Fear.
Fear froze the breath upon their trembling lips
That bravely lied to comfort one another.
I heard one pale-faced girl-wife whisper, "Mother
Nothing could happen to those modern ships?
It's not as if she were an o'd one." I
Caught the answer, "Darling, if God so wills: . . ."
Then silence but for sea-birds' mournful calling
And the slow tide.

A thin, cold rain was falling
And the grey sea was one with the weeping sky
And the stark trees veiled upon the nearer hills.

Then from the little group a pent up sigh
Escaped and, looking seaward, through the veil
I saw the lean, grim Battle-Cruisers steer;
And in their shell-torn sides could read the tale
Of the price paid for Victory.

A faint cheer
Trembled and died upon the heavy air.
Silent and slow they passed.

"One, two, three."
I heard a woman count "Are there no more?"
"Mother, my eyes are blurred; I cannot see."
"Is there another—count if there be not four?"
The grey fog closed behind them like a door
Shutting out Hope. A sudden, heart-wrung cry
Rang shuddering, low, pregnant with all despair,
"She is not there. Christ! Mother, she's not there."

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

The Liars

MR. BELLOC'S small book, *The Free Press* (George Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) is a reprint of articles contributed to the *New Age*, itself one of the few papers in which you find truths which you do not find elsewhere. The book deals largely, not with the free press, but with the press which is not free; and his exposure—although, owing to its brevity, it neglects fine distinctions—should be read by everyone who is interested in things as they are.

It would be an error to say that the Press is universally revered by Englishmen. There are few Englishmen who have not at one time or other been heard to observe that "the papers are full of a lot of lies." But there are still fewer who know a lie when they see it, who habitually observe distortions and suppressions (the most popular form of lie), and (above all) who realise how and why it is that the commercial newspaper must lie, and why the contemporary newspaper is a more systematic and subtle liar than its predecessors. In short, the economic basis of the thing is not understood. This Mr. Belloc has explained with excellent clarity.

There are differences. Wealthy men have been known to run newspapers at a heavy and foreseen loss in order to run particular programmes. Even these, as a rule, do not want to lose too much and will compromise a great deal; the majority are out to make money at any cost, and there is only one way of doing it. They have to get the advertisers in. Advertisement revenue is the basis of the modern newspaper. A newspaper which gets a huge income from advertisements can afford to supply the public with twopence worth of paper, ink, news, and other reading matter for a penny. A paper which did not get advertisements could not stand up against this. It cannot compete in the market; it cannot supply the acres of print that the ordinary reader appears to desire; it cannot (unless there is somebody prodigiously rich and prodigal behind it) supply even as much good, reliable, non-controversial news as its rivals; it cannot, therefore, exist.

We have here two facts: that the newspaper likeliest to survive is (1) run by a man primarily out for loot, and consequently likely to exercise political power (when, having become sufficiently rich, he hungers for something more) in an ignorant, corrupt, and disastrous way; and (2) that advertisers are likely to be the real ultimate masters of the paper. It is not that all advertisers are conscious of this, or that many of them openly walk into the office and say: "Write this or we clear out." Such things do happen. When a few years ago a Government Committee exposed the swindles of the patent medicine trade, a number of the wealthiest and least reputable of the quacks, privately intimated that advertisements would be withdrawn if publicity were given to the report, with the result that there was a remarkably general agreement that the report had no "news value." But usually the pressure is indirect. The advertiser will be choked off a paper in which he or his associates see things that they strongly dislike; he will even persuade himself that it has no circulation. He will go where his own mind is reflected; or at least to safe places where the fight against a status quo that he likes is more sham than real. The result is a general cowardice and timidity in the most widely circulated papers, and a frequent deliberate mendacity in particular.

To that mendacity there are limits. As Mr. Belloc suggests, it would not do for a paper to say that the Pope had turned Methodist. But the limits are remarkably wide. Beyond the deliberate furthering of class interests, there is also a general class ignorance and shortsightedness. To this I do not think that Mr. Belloc attaches sufficient importance. He remarks on the time it often takes before a big proletarian movement—industrial or other—gets into the Press. This is indisputable; but it is not always directly traceable to a deliberate desire not to "advertise" the movement. The journalists themselves—and their public, also, if it is a prosperous public—cannot take any interest in these things. Strikes and lock-outs, for instance, they regard as dull and unimportant until and unless they inconvenience themselves; it never occurs to these "organs of popular opinion" to discover and explain the actual feelings of the (possibly) hundreds

of thousands of people involved; as often as not they scarcely hear of such events until long after they have become important. They live in their own world of intellectual lethargy and party politics.

It is impossible to cover this subject here; Mr. Belloc himself could have made a much bigger book out of it. But the phrase "party politics" does suggest one illustration of the utter unreality of our newspapers. You do not expect a paper to tell the whole unpleasant truth about the leading spokesman of its own side or sect; but they do not even tell the truth about their opponents. The habit of falsehood has become so ingrained that the journalist refrains from accurate description quite mechanically and unconsciously even where, in conversation, he betrays an almost embarrassing gift for seeing things clearly. The public knows literally nothing about politicians, and it is not to blame. For it has read daily reports of proceedings which treat all of them as sensible and public-spirited (if sometimes misguided) persons and many of them as resplendent orators and profound thinkers. A completely veracious account of a parliamentary debate might open thus:

The motion was moved by Colonel Jigg. Although he read his speech from a carefully typewritten document, he lost his way so frequently that he was several times incoherent. At these places he went red and rubbed his bald head with a handkerchief, and a few titters were heard. His seconder, Mr. Pillycuddy, no one took seriously. This member is a clean-shaven snub-nosed man, who dresses a little too showily for a gentleman; everybody knew him to care nothing whatever for the subject of the debate, which merely offered him one more opportunity for advancing to the Solicitor-Generalship which will pay his own and his wife's debts. Mr. Blink, a tall emaciated man with a high forehead and pince-nez, is undeniably sincere, though rather a prig and completely devoid of humour; his speech, though dull to distraction, was confidently delivered and contained well-arranged statistics which, far as they went, carried conviction. After the egregious Sir Isaac Midsummer had contributed his usual inane jests, Mr. Gullet rose from the Opposition Front Bench and, obviously by arrangement with the people opposite, though his air of solemn hesitation was perfectly assumed, weighed pros and cons until finally suggesting that on the whole the question ought not to have been raised just now. Mr. Gullet, until he began eating too much, was a good speaker of the argumentative type; he is now notoriously lazy and contents himself with clichés which he has by heart in whole paragraphs. Two younger sons of rich men (who were warmly applauded) having made painfully-prepared debuts, and an honest, if shaggy, enthusiast, having spoken on the other side, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Buckingham (all of whose relatives are in the industry principally involved) agreed with the right honourable gentleman opposite, and the mover, puzzled to the last, withdrew his motion.

We do not want to go as far as this. Common decency prevents us from mentioning that a man has eczema or that his wife's great-grandfather kept a bad bucket-shop; but even when one has ruled out all the irrelevancies, and even all the libels, what a margin there is between the pertinent truth and what we are told, between (in fact) the conversation in the bar at the Press Gallery and the words that trickle from the fountain pens in the writing-rooms adjacent.

How then shall we get the truth which the general conspiracy keeps from us? Mr. Belloc is not Utopian and has no perfect solution. All human beings are fallible and will be to some extent, and will do those injustice to whom they are opposed. Mr. Belloc's "free" papers are not exempt. But they have this thing in common: that they tell truths not told elsewhere and have done something to redress the balance of speech which was upset when one small class of people with one kind of interest got a monopoly of a kind which enabled them to howl their particular "news" and views through megaphones to the whole population. An extension of the Free Press and a growth of its power is to be desired. But if it is to do more than exercise the slow indirect influence it now possesses, it will have to have more money. What are wanted are political papers with a guaranteed supply of money, yet free from the control of those who own the money, papers endowed, and then cut loose, with staffs as fixed as College dons, self-governing and free from the fear of starvation. The first rich man who puts down a large sum in that way will have really demonstrated his public spirit; he will also, incidentally, if he chooses his men properly, get some fun for his money.

Judith Gautier : By Arthur Symons

THE greatest autobiography ever written by a woman is Santa Teresa's; and Catholic Spain places her manuscript of her own *Life* beside a page of Saint Augustine's writing in the Palace of the Escorial. Her position as a spiritual force is as unique as her place in literature. She is not only a miracle of genius, and a glorious saint, but the greatest woman who ever wrote in prose; the single one of her sex who stands beside the world's most perfect masters. She attains sublimity, and, in her rapturous vision, finds "large draughts of intellectual day." She is indeed the undaunted daughter of desires; she has in her the eagle and the dove: and in her flames the flaming heart.

How different from hers is Saint Augustine's, whose *Confessions* are the first autobiography, and which have this to distinguish them from all other autobiographies, that they are addressed directly to God. And more different still from Rousseau's, with his exasperation of all men's eyes fixed on him, the protesting self-consciousness which they called forth in him, drove him, in spite of himself, to set about explaining himself to other people, to the world in general. Still more unlike is Cellini's, who hurls at you this book of his own deeds, that it may smite you into admiration.

But *Le Collier de mes Jours* of Judith Gautier has a special place of its own among women's confessions; and, to me, it is the most amusing of all women's confessions that I have ever read. There is something in it of her French father and of her Milanese mother; which in no sense detracts from its originality. There is a touch of the exotic in these pages, as in all that is finest in her prose.

Take, for instance, in regard to the style and the rhythm of her prose, these sentences from her atrocious "Fleur-Serpent," with its imaginative study of a criminal's mind; curiously shown in the penetrating elaboration of the revenge of the poisonous flower on all that-it touches:

C'est comme une gerbe de minces serpents dressés sur leur queue et qui inclinent leur têtes plates vers un petit fruit d'un rouge orangé assez semblable à une grosse fraise, mais plus velouté et rappelant une fleur. Ce sont les feuilles qui figurent les reptiles, elle s'élargissent en forme de têtes, et ces têtes sont tachés de deux yeux et une épine aigue se projette comme un dard. La ressemblance avec le serpent est saisissante.

This prose has the serpent's undulations, its venom.

Certainly every writer has to choose his own vocabulary; one must beget a vocabulary faithful to the colouring of one's own spirit, and in the strictest sense original. Good literary art must be good just in proportion as it renders the complex world in the forms of the imagination. It has been said that the "one beauty" of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, for instance, or in Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir*, in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a suggestion of visibly beautiful things.

"The Hurricane"

Judith Gautier's life began with a passion. She was said to have had such repugnance in coming into existence that she refused obstinately to enter into this life of ours, and that in her fury she seized the doctor's hands—who had Titanic strength—in such a fashion that he had to shake himself free of them, saying: "What can this little monster mean?" No wonder that later on she was called *l'Ouragan* for the rapidity of her entrance into her home: *J'entrais à la maison en coup de vent.*

Judith Gautier gives an amusing account of the adventures of the Gautiers in London at the time of the International Exhibition. They stayed in the Hôtel de France, Leicester Square, where they were delighted, as all foreigners always are, by the animation of those nights when, the lamps being lighted, that strange little world of Soho promenades. Here is a curious experience of hers at the Exhibition. She was looking at a Gainsborough, when a man lifted her by the elbows and moved her some steps away. "Fidèle," she says, "à mon principe, après le premier moment de surprise, je me mis à taper sur ce monsieur, à le tirer, avec des saccades, par les basques de sa redingote; mais il tourna vers moi une bonne face réjouie, se cramponner à la barre de fer et ne démarra pas."

One night Judith looks out of the window in Paris. The streets are covered with mud, she sees a man coming down the street treading the yellow mud under his feet; and before him a big dog, horribly dirty. Suddenly she realises that it is Baudelaire, coming, as she knows, to call on them. Is his intention to tread on the dog's tail, so as to frighten the animal

and find out what he might do? He puts his foot on the dog's tail; it howls, turns on him so furiously that Baudelaire falls backwards in the mud. He gets up, examines his clothes in a state of perplexity, then crosses the street and comes towards the house. Marianne lets him in, stupefied at seeing him in such a state. "You must make me presentable," he says, and goes with her into the kitchen. He enters Gautier's study, perfectly correct, with his red cravat tied in a negligent knot around his neck. He tries to explain. "I have been knocked down by a dog I did not know."

"Was he a mad dog?" cried Gautier.

"He was in his right: I had offended him in expressly treading on his tail. Let's talk of something else."

He had cut a sorry figure certainly; perhaps he had some occult reason for doing what he had done: but his intention was to astonish people—to be astonishing and therefore to be always original.

Her Chinese Writings

It was a wonderful moment for the Gautiers when the Chinese Ting-Tan-Ling entered their house, to become, in a sense, one of their intimates. It was understood that he was to teach Judith the Chinese language; the final result of which was the publication of her masterpiece, which I have before me as I write, *Le Livre de Jade par Judith Walter*: Paris, Lemerre, 1867. She assumed the name, I suppose, as a kind of disguise. It is a translation, in rhythmic prose, from the verses of Chinese poets; and it is a marvellous thing to have given—as Baudelaire did in giving more than the spirit of Poe from the English text—more than the spirit of these Chinese poets. Her prose is exotic, Eastern, full of strange poetry, of unknown images, of evocations, of moonlight and love and war and wine and the seasons, that remain in one's ears like the faint music I have heard in Constantinople and in Spain. What a sense, in these versions, which at times wail with the lamenting voice that one can still bear at night on any country road in Spain, of the dramatic moment, the situation, the crisis!

Le Paravent de Soie et d'Or (of which I have a copy printed on Japanese paper with superb coloured illustrations of some of the finest pictures of the Chinese painters of the fifteenth century) is, in every sense, extraordinary. These pages bring before one visions of unearthly beauty and of strange humours and of enchantments and evocations; of devils and angels, virgins and priests, kings and Satans, tigers and dragons; that swarm, enormously, as a whirlwind hurled onward by the wind's fury.

Take, for instance, *Une Descente aux Enfers*, which is as magnificent as an opium dream; as tormented as the fabulous ten hells; as tragic as a canto of Dante's *Inferno*; as grotesque as the sculptured figures of St. Etienne de Bourges, where devils thrust the sinners, naked, along the road to the bottomless abyss, where devils with faces full of horrible mirth lift up women and men on their shoulders, and stamp them down into a boiling cauldron. You see the flames underneath, and two devils blowing the furnace.

While this art is an art of negation—the art of the body rendered by artists who hold the body in contempt on the contrary Judith Gautier's sense of hell has in it no negation. It is as cruel as a Chinese painting, and it gives, as these do, something of the beauty of the horrible. It is also a vision of Villon's Hell:

"And eke an Hell where damued folk seethe full sore."

Only this vision is mediæval.

Le Ramier Blanc is a delicious drama where two Chinese lovers are drawn together by the mysterious instinct of youth; and the finely-woven intrigue at the end is superbly original. She evokes illusions, disguises, love, the moonlight, and China. It is certainly a paradox to compare this scene with some scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*; yet the piece is like a piece of music, and it is the music, which all true lovers have heard in the air since they began listening to one another's voices. And these four lovers—the Italian and the Chinese—awaken us from a dream and the awakening is to that true reality which henceforth shuts them off from the world, as in a deeper dream. And is not the love scene in both gardens a duet of two astonishments?

Les Seize Ans de la Princesse has in it a magician's miracle of creating an imaginary spring in winter, to please the insatiable desires of Fiaki. In these pages I find a kind of hidden irony, not unlike the finer irony of *Une Mort Heroïque* of Baudelaire. Only it is the misfortune of the Prince of Kanga to have had no theatre vast enough for his genius.

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Alpaca Wool Scarves Many things conspire to make some alpaca wool scarves the acceptable things they are. For one thing they are useful almost throughout the entire length of the year, being as welcome a wrap on many a summer's evening as they are now in a mid-winter month.

These alpaca wool scarves are soft, fleecy, delightfully warm and light. Being of super quality and with wool the price it is they cannot of necessity be specially cheap, but they are so good that this could not be expected. Another feature to note is the way in which they save furs—and furs, owing to their daily increasing price, are things to be zealously guarded now. With a warm cosy scarf like this thrown over one shoulder and drawn round the neck, a fur simply is not needed, one is equipped without. Then an alpaca wool scarf is so refreshingly becoming—it is the wool scarf *de luxe*, establishing a very enviable reputation and showing for all time what a superior article the wool scarf at its best can be.

Scarves of the kind in plain colours, each and all in a lovely shade, are the most inexpensive to buy; but there are all sorts of more ambitious varieties. Quite exquisite is a pale apricot scarf with mauve and deep iris stripes, besides other designs fully as charming and original. Some white scarves with a criss-cross pattern again are such miles removed from the ordinary that to buy them is an irresistible impulse.

These scarves should be cleaned, not risked in the wash.

Shaped Veils Small things in dress have a knack of counting so much that they hardly rank as small things at all. Veils in themselves may be a minor detail, but they are a detail of some importance nevertheless, as many a woman with a rather shabby hat has proved. The effect a new pretty veil will work on a somewhat dashed hat is nothing short of electrifying. With this aid it can grow passable again and enter on a new phase of life in a war-like way which is nothing if not commendable.

Veils, to really look their best and be properly becoming, must be fresh—of that there is no glimmer of doubt. Once the "crisp" of a veil has gone the charm goes too in an ir retrievable way. Another important point is the way it is put on—no small matter this, for it is amazing how different the same veil can look in the hands of two different women. One wears it just as she should—the other arranges it badly—and there is a world of difference between.

In all probability, if the truth was known, the woman whose veil looks neat and charming has gone to a certain shop where the veils are nothing short of an education and delight, and what is more she has probably secured one of the special "shaped" veils, these having a thread already run along the top so that they are bound to fit accurately to a hat.

Besides being so perfectly shaped, these veils are an inexpensive affair into the bargain, some beginning at such a small sum as eighteenpence.

Extra attractive, however, are some fine meshed lace shaped veils at half-a-crown, these being a wonderful adjunct to a rather plain hat. Shaped veils are kept in blue, brown, mole, purple, black and white.

A chance in Men's Pyjamas From time to time there are events which nobody can afford to miss, and a special sale of pyjamas now on is one of these. It started on Monday and lasts for a fortnight.

It is not the least exaggeration to say that pyjamas cannot now be made for the price they are going for during the sale. Such is the plain and simple truth. The making and material alone without any extras or profit would cost the firm more. Once these pyjamas go then, it seems likely to be many a long day before they can be bought so wonderfully reasonably again. To miss this opportunity means more than missing some

unusually inexpensive pyjamas, it means refusing a chance of money-saving 'twere foolishness indeed to overlook. Men's, women's, boys' and girls' pyjamas are all concerned, all in a great many different varieties, so that everybody's predilections and needs are met.

Three suits of men's plain striped pyjamas—and all the pyjamas are of the famous "Swan" quality—cost a pound the three, a sample suit being 6s. 11d. With a mercerised stripe thirty shillings is the price for three suits, a sample one costing 10s. 6d. Very effective are the pyjamas in shaded mercerised stripe, thirty shillings again being the price for three, a single sample suit being 10s. 6d.

For sheer comfort few things compare with the wool mixture striped pyjamas, three suits here costing forty shillings, or a single suit for thirteen and sixpence. Those people liking the luxury of silk pyjamas will jump at the prospect of three all-silk pairs for eighty shillings, or a sample suit for twenty-seven and six, and some all silk satin-striped ones too will not fail to rivet attention at their special sale price. All these pyjamas can be got in sky and white, pink and white, mauve and white, and in some instances gold and white and saxe blue and white are available.

Also for Women and Girls and Boys So many women have taken to wearing pyjamas that the news that the sale applies to them also is brimful of interest. Before they are gone, tracks should be made for some crêpe "Swan" striped pyjamas, and three pairs secured for twenty shillings, or one suit for 6s. 11d. just to show what they are like. Or three striped wool mixture suits should be bought for 40s., a sample suit being 13s. 6d., while those now wearing silk pyjamas as blissfully as in the past they wore silk night-gowns will not let the bargains in this direction escape.

Then there are all sorts of good things in the pyjama way for girls of from five to sixteen years, three pairs in striped wool mixture going for 28s. 6d. and a sample pair for 9s. 11d. as one example only, while for girls from three to eight are some one-piece ones in striped wool mixture—three pairs costing 24s. 6d. or one pair 8s. 6d.

Boys' striped cotton crêpe pyjamas are being sold in lots of three for sixteen shillings, a sample suit being five and sixpence, while some in heavy wool mixture winter-weight repay buying over and over again at their price of three for forty shillings or one pair for 13s. 9d.

All these pyjamas will be sent on approval to anyone not previously known to the firm, provided they supply a London trade reference. There is bound to be such a rush on them that application should be made *at once*.

Japanese Rest Gowns Most of us work so hard now-a-days that nobody grudges the luxury of a rest, for even the busiest mortal's working day must come to an end somewhere. But nobody can take full advantage of this unless they are clad in something as restful as they themselves would wish to be. The mere process of changing from out-door attire into something loose, pretty, simple and fresh takes one a long distance.

A famous firm whose word on rest-gowns always "goes," have just brought out any number of new and infinitely effective models, but chief in novelty and charm is the Japanese rest gown with contrasting coloured borders. This does not hail from Japan; it is, in fact, taken from a brilliantly successful French model, but it is Japanese in its tendency and persuasion to a very large extent. To get into it does not need nearly so much time as it takes to tell. It slips over the head, has a couple of fastenings, and then all remaining to be arranged is the fascinating sash—an equally brief affair.

It is made in heavy weight crêpe de Chine, and in spite of the heights to which good quality crêpe de Chine has soared is being sold at a special price. The colourings, too, are unusually pretty, and any colour scheme can be carried out to order. White with rose-pink borders looks well, jade green and black, yellow and mauve, champagne and royal blue as well as a host of others, are all alluring and effective.

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Louis Raemaekers.

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Austria makes Overtures to America

Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, in a recent speech delivered at Vienna, said: "Our views are identical with President Wilson's, not only in the broad principles regarding the new organisation of the world after the war, but also in several concrete questions."

Where the British Army Fights



Official Photograph

In the Mesopotamian Desert



Official Photograph

Beneath Italian Alps

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1918

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The Outlook

THE signing of a separate peace between the Ukraine and the enemy and the consequent isolation of Roumania marks a very important point in the war. It is the first separate peace the enemy has been able to negotiate. It will have the effect of relieving Austria-Hungary at once, of raising civilian opinion throughout the German Empire, and of confirming the German Government in its certainty that it will in future dominate the East of Europe.

There are other aspects of the matter which should be noted. One is that the Germans and Austrians are both concerned to strengthen the separatism of South Russia because it makes the resurrection of the Russian power more difficult and also because it is a check against the spread of anarchy from the Northern towns. Another point is that the enemy has no guarantee of permanence in the State of the Ukraine. The doctrines which have ruined Northern Russia are permeating the South and may have a much larger effect in the near future. Lastly, of course, there is the food question. The Ukraine is the great granary which used to help to feed us and will now help to feed the Central Empires.

The great strikes in Germany have ended, as they were expected to end, in a thorough military suppression. Two extreme views, widely expressed about them in this country, were equally erroneous: The view that they were engineered by the German authorities to deceive Allied opinion and the view that they were the beginning of some such break-up of German society as has taken place in Russia. Neither of these things was possible. No belligerent Government would play with such dangerous fire as the deliberate fomenting of national strikes in the present phase of exhaustion. German society, like that of the Western nations, is organised far more strongly than Russian society.

The really significant thing about the strikes for us in this country is that they have come after the great success against Russia, the tremendous victory in Italy, and after what we can now see to be the successful German defence of 1917 in the West. If the economic pressure upon Germany and the growing strain of the war can lead to such a thing at such a moment it is a good augury upon what will happen when pressure can be brought to bear upon Germans on German soil. We do not know whether defeat in the field or internal disintegration will take place first. But at the first sign of the former the latter must certainly appear in full force.

It is equally certain that if an inconclusive peace can be engineered by the enemy before there has been either internal collapse or external defeat, his social system from the Hohenzollern Crown downwards is secure for the future.

Two members of the Royal Flying Corps have been condemned to a long term of penal servitude in the enemy's country for dropping propaganda leaflets behind the German lines. A good deal of ink has been wasted upon this subject

by worthy people who want to show the Germans that they are neither logical nor just in acting thus, and who are at the pains to tell us that the Germans themselves not only have largely used this method of propaganda from the air, but began it. At this time of day one might just as well argue about the bombardment of open towns or the murder of Captain Fryatt.

There is no canon of European morals, however sacred, that the enemy will not break if he believes the crime to be conducive to his national success. Those who have not learnt that lesson by this time must be incapable of appreciating the ordinary occurrences of daily life. What is of practical use is to consider what form reprisals could take in the present phase of the war. Later on we shall have to consider formal punishment. But for the moment we have nothing to rely upon but reprisals.

Here the situation is that the enemy holds Allied towns and large numbers of allied civilians as hostages, while the Allies hold no towns and very few civilians of his. Further, the enemy has taken from the Western Allies combined more than they have taken from him (though in the particular case of the British this state of affairs is reversed). The enemy could, therefore, if this matter be estimated by mere numbers, do us worse harm than we could do him, were a sort of auction in reprisals to be started. Moreover, he has the advantage of feeling less horror than would the society of the Allies at the necessity for such extremes.

On the other hand, the enemy has one very vulnerable point, which is the exceptional position occupied in his society by the wealthier classes, and especially by the titular nobility. The French have taken advantage of this weakness with great effect. Make things really uncomfortable for a man highly placed in German society (we have many such among our prisoners) and those who govern Germany are touched to the quick. Unfortunately, the constitution of our own society in England has in the past made it more difficult for us to use this weapon than for the French. At any rate, that is the line along which practical reprisals can be made fruitful, pending the solution of the whole affair when (unless we accept defeat beforehand) the individual agents of these abominations can be brought to book.

The appointment of Lord Beaverbrook to be at the head of the Propaganda means nothing more than that Lord Beaverbrook thought that such work would interest and amuse him. Neither Parliament nor the country has anything to say in the matter nowadays. Moreover, what concerns us practically is not so much the motives and causes of this sort of appointment as its results.

Propaganda work in the past has been shockingly done. It has three branches: Propaganda among Neutrals (of no very great importance since the entry of America); the support of opinion at home; and the proper representation of British effort among the Allies. Lord Beaverbrook has not himself any qualification in any one of these three departments, but that is no reason why he should not use men who have. The value of the head of a State Department at this moment does not lie in his personal acquaintance with the work, but in his power of choosing agents and especially in his integrity in serving the national interests alone, neglecting private motives, and choosing men only because they will do the work well. For some few weeks to come by far the most important work of the department will be the confirming of public opinion at home, and if the new head of the Propaganda can succeed in this hitherto almost neglected piece of duty, he will have proved his fitness for the post.

It is a curious thing in connection with Propaganda that no one has properly put before the British public the strength of American opinion in favour of war and the excellent writing in which it is expressed. We get generalities about the unanimity of American opinion, which generalities are both exaggerated and foolish. Now and then we get anecdotes that are either sensational or ludicrous or both. What we want is reprints from the American daily press and weekly and monthly reviews, showing how firmly the best minds in America are supporting the common cause of civilisation.

After all the nonsense, for instance, that has been talked over here about Alsace Lorraine as though these provinces were the subject of a debating game instead of the vital symbol of the whole war, it is refreshing to read the mass of American comment upon this point. The historical argument is clearly understood and as clearly stated. The present political argument is still better understood. Prussia is a great military power through the prestige of 1870, and the name of 1870 to the people whom she rules is Alsace Lorraine. The

economic side of the question also—the iron supply of Prussia with all its consequences—is appreciated in America better than it is here, both by the minority which supports secretly or openly the Prussian claim, and by the majority which is determined to destroy that claim for good in Europe.

The trial of Bolo in Paris has not been reported in any intelligible fashion upon this side of the Channel. No one competent in French procedure or even in the French language seems to have dealt with the subject at all. It is no wonder that opinion in general is simply bewildered by the accounts it is given to read. Yet the main lines of the affair are perfectly simple. A shady financier of base origin, a true modern type common to all modern countries, and usually exercising great power over what are ironically called "representative institutions" is accused of having received enemy money to serve enemy purposes in the Allied countries. He is compelled to admit the reception of very large sums, certain of which undoubtedly come through enemy channels. He explains his possession of them after a fashion with which we had grown unfortunately familiar ourselves owing to political scandals at home before the war. He says that he has never kept records of payments or receipts, however large, and that vast but quite unexplained financial operations in which he was engaged (and of which also there is no record) accounts for everything.

There would be no doubt about the issue as the evidence now stands save for the fact that personal influences are still strong—even after three and a half years of such a war as this—in Parliamentary countries. On the other hand, there was a very grave and legitimate anxiety felt by the politicians themselves in every such country, that the armies which have been used to very summary justice for so long will not tolerate privilege or exemption for a few favoured civilians simply because they are connected with professional politics. And the dread of what may happen after the war, if such privilege or exemption is allowed to continue, acts as a salutary and most desirable check.

Lord Jellicoe made a speech of great importance at Hull last Friday when he gave his audience for the first time in the course of this war an estimate of at least one future date, to wit, the date when the rate of building, etc., should have mastered the submarine peril. He did not give the date as a definite one, still less of one of minimum time; he gave it as a maximum limit and fixed it for next August—roughly six months from the present date.

There is no one else who can speak with anything like the authority of Lord Jellicoe in the matter, and his judgment will be received everywhere with a respect that certainly does not attach to the wild speeches of politicians. Apropos of those speeches, Lord Jellicoe very wisely reminded his audience that almost every irresponsible piece of boasting was followed by a disaster and that this was particularly the case with the extraordinary belittling of the submarine peril in the recent past by the Prime Minister. All that, however, is of no practical importance. The important thing is that the man who can tell us most about it has warned us that there will be continuation of the present strain for at least six months.

The nation can stand the strain if it is properly informed, in the old sense of the word "informed," that is, not fed with sensational tit-bits of news, but educated in a right judgment of the situation. Of course decisive events on the continent, whether within the enemy's territory or against his armies, would change the whole problem, but as things are we must bear in mind that term, next August, and not shrink from the length of the ordeal before us.

There are two points remarkable about the sinking of the "Tuscania." The first is the exceedingly small loss of life—only about 4 per cent.—the second is that this should be the first loss of any of the great American transports.

It is now nearly a year since America entered the war. It is many months since she began to send men and material in vast quantities across the Atlantic. It was confidently believed by the enemy and largely apprehended upon the side of the Allies that this effort could not be made without a heavy proportion of loss. The loss turns out to be on the contrary exceedingly light, and so far as men are concerned only one half per cent. of those ferried have been subject to successful attack, and only an insignificant number of the latter have been lost.

It must be admitted that this is no secure guide to the future. Indeed it is the undetermined feature of the submarine offensive which is the chief unknown factor in the whole

war. But at any rate we have had a considerable experience now of the conditions of transport across the Atlantic on a large scale, and so far it has certainly been favourable.

The Lancashire cotton spinners have issued a statement on the subject of the Education Bill after taking the opinions of the members of the Federation of Master Spinners. The raising of their leaving age to 14 is accepted but the proposal for continuation education after that age is criticised as putting too great a strain on the industry. Apparently a half-time system up to 16 is preferred to Mr. Fisher's proposed arrangement on the ground that it is easier to work. The cotton spinners argue that the industry will be in difficulties for labour if the Bill is passed, and that employers and workpeople alike will suffer. The answer surely is that the present crisis gives an excellent opportunity for introducing the change with the minimum of inconvenience. The arrangements made by the Cotton Control Board have had the effect of keeping the factory population together. Over a million pounds have been paid out under the unemployment scheme in six months, which shows that the workpeople have not been scattered. Peace will bring back a large number of spinners and weavers from the army and it will, of course, be essential to find employment for them. There will still be many disabled soldiers who will prefer to return to the mill in one capacity or another.

Now the scarcity of juvenile labour is not a new fact. It has been noticeable for some years past. And the reason for it is the want of prospect for piecers, because there are many more piecers than spinners, and the outlook for piecers is consequently poor. The wages of men weavers again are far too low. In other words some reorganisation of the industry is necessary, and this is the best moment for beginning it. The effects of introducing half time education between 14 and 16 will be to make such reorganisation easier by improving the quality of labour. The cotton industry has achieved wonders in the course of the last century and it is doing less than justice to its resources of constructive imagination to suppose that it cannot adopt itself to a new situation. An industry which depended upon conditions that forbid the development of the full capacities of its workpeople would be in a precarious state.

The account which is published on another page of Women's Village Councils shows how the ferment of social revolution may work sanely and rightly. English villages, for all their beauty and the apparent healthiness of their peoples, are too often devoid of sanitation. The hygienic horrors common among them are only known to those who dwell in them. But improvement has been difficult so long as the people themselves, more or less, acquiesced in present conditions. These Councils, which seem to be spreading with extraordinary rapidity, are just the very thing which is required, combined as they are to-day with better education.

Taken as a class, there are few finer types of British character than the country-woman; she is industrious, self-respecting and independent, and the best of mothers, when she survives the perils of childbirth. Village life will be both healthier and happier when the Women's Council becomes a recognised part of the social machinery of every parish. And we predict it will soon be so.

Lord Rhondda has at last been able to present London with a meat ration scheme. It is doubtful if anybody will really understand it until it has been in operation for two or three weeks. The great thing in its favour is that it will be tested in a spirit of good will for the most part, as it is accepted as part of the price of victory. The comparative silence that has fallen on the Food Ministry is another advantage, though Lord Rhondda still protests too much when he receives deputations. It would be infinitely wiser to leave his political sincerity to the imagination of the audience. No one for a moment doubts the disagreeableness of his task, nor has anyone the least wish to relieve him of it, and so long as he is prompt to rectify mistakes, for undoubtedly there will be mistakes and many, he is assured of general support.

He may go down to history as the man who opposed horse-racing and popularised horse-eating. Will horseflesh ever be a staple of diet in these islands? Country people will be prejudiced against it because it is horse; towns-folks will object to it because it is cat's-meat. There is the alien population, and if they take kindly to it so much the better. Is it not time that the Russian element was returned to M. Trotski—good name for a horse-eater? The War Cabinet would do well to devise a scheme to return the Russian Jew alien to "peaceful" Russia.

Enemy Reinforcement: By Hilaire Belloc

A DOCUMENT of some importance appeared last week, with official authority behind it, concerning the probable extent of the enemy reinforcement upon the Western front. The account was a little more detailed than the general estimates which have appeared in these columns, but the round figures agree.

We are told that there are now more than 180 and less than 190 German divisions between the Alps and the North Sea. This is an addition of more than twenty and less than thirty since last autumn. Of this number 115 or about 60 per cent. are in line. It may be, and probably is, a little under 60 per cent. The remaining 40 per cent., or rather more than 40 per cent., are in reserve. The German Empire (without considering the Austrian forces) still retains some fifty divisions on the Russian front, of which we are told that twenty (or even at the maximum thirty) might be transferred ultimately to the West. But the figures here are of less importance because they deal for the most part with troops that would not be used in active operations against the Western Allies. At any rate, the total number of German divisions which may appear upon the Western front in the fighting of 1918 will be certainly not less than 200, and may as a maximum rise to 220. This means, as was pointed out in these columns many months ago when the effects of the Russian collapse were evident, an addition of perhaps half a million bayonets to the original strength of the Germans in France and Flanders. Another way of putting it is that it means the addition of rather less than half as much again to the original strength. But of that addition one large portion is not fit for action in any offensive and will not be so used. For the troops employed by the Germans on their Eastern front contained a much larger proportion of secondary material than those on the Western. Pretty well all the German heavy artillery will be massed upon the Western front, a matter of just under 1,800 batteries counting heavy artillery as anything over 100 mm., and counting the 90 mm. gun as a field piece. These figures do not include the coastal batteries or the pieces still kept in fortresses.

So far the statement follows lines with which all students of the war were familiar. There is nothing new either in the number of guns estimated nor in the fact that pretty well all the heavy artillery can, or has, come westward (or is on its way there), or in the general figure of a 50 per cent. increase (rather less) in men. These general outlines of the situation have been defined here, as in other responsible journals following the campaign, for many months past.

The really interesting thing to notice in this official piece of news, and the novel thing, is the distribution of the reserves. It has been discovered that so far the German reserves have been spread almost evenly along the whole line. This does not necessarily mean that one or more concentrated efforts may not be made at a short date. A large proportion of the reserve is unusable in the front line. That part which is usable can be concentrated with rapidity. The factor of time in the preparation of an offensive of this kind is much more concerned with the concentration of artillery and still more with the concentration of its munitionment than it is with the concentration of infantry. For the infantry works with a "spear head" which is supported, reinforced, recruited by continuous rotation as the effort proceeds, and the spear head needed at the outset is but a small proportion of the whole. For instance, the main effort of Verdun two years ago was entrusted in the first three days to only six divisions. The unexpectedly successful blow struck last autumn on the Isonzo was also entrusted to six divisions; that which failed in the Trentino in 1916 to another six or eight. But what this dispersion of the reserves does probably mean is that more than one attack is contemplated. Indeed the Germans are accumulating a reserve of mere numerical manpower upon the West (leaving out quality) about double that which they exhausted in the five months of the Verdun failure.

The critical point—which is also, like nearly all critical points in war, the doubtful one—is the enemy's power of munitionment.

The elimination of Russia as a State, let alone as a belligerent—the great military decision which the Germans have achieved on their Eastern front (for to dissolve the military force of your opponent is a decision, no matter how that dissolution is achieved)—has, as we have seen, given the German Empire alone, not counting Austria, something not much short of a 50 per cent. increase in its Western effectives. It has permitted nearly every heavy gun to go westward as well. The whole numerical balance of the war, as we said in these

columns more than four months ago, has changed with the exception of munitionment. Can the increased forces the enemy now has at his service against us on account of the Russian betrayal deliver, not only in shell but in all other forms of industrial product useful to his object (including the new weapons such as armoured gun platforms, aircraft and everything else), a supply commensurate to this increase in men?

That is the vital question which only the immediate future can answer.

The other three factors in the great and decisive debate about to open are, of course, the comparative civilian exhaustion on the two sides; the comparative civilian moral; and the comparative progress of sinking at sea and new construction to replace losses at sea.

The Political Issue

When there arises a sincere and vital debate upon national policy, no purpose is served by either party to it if arguments are quoted merely for the sake of argument or affirmation merely repeated without a recital of the grounds upon which it is advanced.

But the debate in which the whole nation is concerned to-day is not only sincere and actual beyond any other conceivable matter for discussion, but it is one which covers every individual in the community and one in which every individual knows himself to be directly concerned. It is a debate which has arisen during this last phase of exhaustion in all the belligerent countries. It is occupying the mind of the Germans quite as much as our own. It is, briefly, the opposition between a policy which seeks—in spite of agony—conclusive results to this war and a policy of negotiated peace. We are all vitally concerned with that debate. On its right solution the future of the nation and of every individual hangs.

I use the words "negotiated peace" in the conversational sense of the term, as it is currently used to-day. I mean an attempted return, by negotiation with a Prussia still powerful and still fully armed, to the state of affairs before the war, or rather to that state of affairs *less* international rivalry and the perpetual peril of disaster.

As is always the case in the final decisions of a great nation upon its fate, the two moods opposed to each other on this question are not so much represented by two bodies of men as by two tendencies present in the mind of nearly every man. There are, of course, clearly marked leaders on the one side and on the other, and groups formed round them; there are even the beginnings of organisation on either side. But the essential debate is one conducted by every man in his own mind, and every man (except a very few fanatics on either side) weighs for himself the respective strength of the two tendencies. If he is wise he will try to discover not only their strength, but the weight of reason which supports each. It is that weight of reason as apart from any mood of fatigue or forgetfulness which I propose to examine here.

The war has lasted very much longer than anyone expected it would at any one of its phases. It has lasted longer even than men expected a twelvemonth ago. It has lasted far longer than men conceived possible three years ago.

The causes of this prolongation of the war are equally familiar. They are to be discovered in the contrast between the primitive East of Europe and the highly-developed West.

First came the inability of the Russian Empire to munition itself upon the vast scale which by the winter of 1914 was unexpectedly discovered necessary for modern war. Next, as a result of that, came the immense strain put upon a simple, unindustrial, and at the same time very diverse State by the great enemy victories of 1915; the over-running of Poland, the great captures of Russian prisoners, etc.

Lastly, of course, and much more decisive of the result than anything that went before, came the collapse of the Russian State which began this time last year, proceeded rapidly for more than six months, and was finally consummated last autumn. The war after this Eastern collapse ceased to be a siege. The enemy was no longer surrounded: he was no longer fighting upon two fronts. His hitherto rapidly increasing numerical inferiority to the Allies was suddenly changed to an equality with his remaining opponents, and perhaps even, pending the arrival of American reinforcement, to some superiority over them.

But the causes of the disaster are now mere matters of history. It is the result which concerns us. The result—an indefinite prolongation of the war—has meant the approach

of famine in many districts, grave scarcity in all; an increasing and very severe strain upon the civilian population everywhere, and the possibility of social disintegration under that strain if it be too prolonged. We have had the thing summed up by more than one advocate in the phrase: "Europe is committing suicide."

Apart from this extreme and increasing exhaustion, which is the chief effect of the prolongation of the war, there has recently been rendered visible to every one the material effects in the field of the Russian collapse. The first and most striking of these effects was, of course, the tremendous victory of the enemy in Italy. For one critical fortnight it threatened to give him a true decision. Luckily it did not reach such a stage, but it came very near to it, and though opinion in this country was slow to realise at first what an enormous thing had happened, it is now, I think, everywhere and fully appreciated. Next there came the concentration of the enemy in the West, north of the Alps, which is still continuing. Everyone grew aware that the Western Allies were compelled to prepare a defensive and that, for the first time in eighteen months, the initiative had passed to the enemy. A third stage, of which the issue is hidden from us, will occupy the immediate future, when the critical shock between the Western Allies and the newly reinforced enemy will take place.

To all these causes of a weakening in the public mind there is added the threat of increase in the attack from the air upon civilian centres, the peculiar vulnerability of London, and, as we have said, the sudden and drastic reductions in the estimate of food consumable in the next few months within this island.

There is also, it must be admitted with shame, something formidable in what is called the *financial strain*—as distinguished from the true economic strain of insufficient provision and labour. This financial strain simply means that those who had hoped to lend on good terms to the State in its peril are now in fear that they will have to give.

If all these forces combined (and especially that of exhaustion, which is overwhelmingly the most important) were alone at work, if we had to deal with these considerations only, if there was against them nothing but a sense of disappointment in having to return to some such Europe as existed four years ago, less its perilous armaments, the arguments in favour of negotiation would be overwhelming.

If some magical power could promise us securely, on condition of our proposing peace, a future in which no nation could boast of victory, in which subject nations should be freed, and in which all should lead a peaceful life permitting the reconstruction and healing of Europe and themselves, those who stood out against such a settlement would find it impossible to convince the mass of any nation to-day.

But the whole point of our contention is that the power thus gratuitously taken for granted—the power to return to ease with honour and security—is lacking. To suppose it present with Prussia unbeaten is to live in unreal conditions—conditions which have nothing to do with Europe as it was and as it is, with the known forces that have produced this war and conducted it. To take illusions for realities is the royal road to disaster in all things, but especially in war.

Unless we fix firmly in our minds what should surely be for all sane men the fundamental truths of this war, apparent to all a short time ago and still apparent to all who have kept their heads, men will fall, especially the more generous and idealist of them, into a catastrophic misjudgment which will ruin Europe. It will ruin this country especially. Such a miscalculation now will reduce our future to something far worse than the gloomiest visions of those who propose surrender.

These truths, I say, were commonplaces to all a few short months ago. They should be commonplaces still, for they are as obvious as ever, and they are fundamental to the whole problem. What are they?

Prussia Alone Responsible

The first truth is that the war was made by Prussia. This awful calamity is the direct handiwork of Prussia and of Prussia alone. The second truth is that the barbaric precedents in modern warfare were created by Prussia, will remain if Prussia survives unbeaten, and would be the death of England.

As to the first: There are a quantity of vague phrases going the rounds which mask that plain truth and make unstable men forget it. The war is talked of vaguely as a "general calamity." Too many people are getting to speak of it as though it was some visitation of nature, an earthquake or flood which men at last had got under control and could put an end to; others are for ever taking it for granted in their speeches and writings that it was a sort of misunderstanding.

The Germans themselves, especially during the interval between their bad tumble at the Marne and the new lease of life they obtained through the collapse of Russia, assiduously propagated the legend that the war had all sorts of distant unseen causes of a general European sort. It was due, they told us, to "an encircling of Germany by England"; "to the vanity of the French and their desire for revenge"; to "the unbridled Slav Imperialism of the Russian Empire." In another set of phrases they told us that it was "a biological necessity"; that it was "the necessary establishment of equilibrium"—because the German Empire had no opportunities of trade and colonisation corresponding to its strength. In yet another set of pedantic phrases the war was talked of as "oceanic." It proceeded from the necessity of the Germans having a free way to the Atlantic in spite of the geographical barrier of the British Islands. Others, taking advantage of the materialist jargon of our time, talked about its "necessary economic causes."

All that sort of thing is rubbish—unless indeed there is no such thing as the human will and no meaning attached in human affairs to the words "right" and "wrong." A man who committed a murder or forged a cheque might just as well trace these unfortunate accidents to distant causes: to his grandfather's bankruptcy, or to the accident of his victim's meeting him on a dark night when he happened to be in a passion. The plain act and the responsibility for it are quite enough for history and for all sane men. Prussia loudly preached the necessity for war and her power of victory in such a war. She prepared for it quite openly by raising a vast war tax and suddenly increasing her armed forces. She prepared for it almost equally openly when she designed the reconstruction of her artillery and the completion of her new strategical communications for the summer of 1914. When the moment came for her to strike she refused arbitration, took advantage of the unexpected blow she had prepared, mobilised secretly before her victims did, violated neutral territory without scruple, immediately proclaimed a reign of terror of the most abominable sort upon the soil of Belgium, which she had entered against every right and every treaty. From the first day of that crime began murder, arson, rape and pillage, after a fashion utterly unknown to modern Europe. So long as the uninterrupted victory of Prussia continued her spokesmen never dreamt of any other philosophy of war than that. Conquest, and conquest aided by terror without regard to treaty or tradition, was openly proclaimed and taken for granted; nor could or did the masters of Prussia conceive any other fate possible for her than that of complete and rapid success in crime.

The words which Mr. Asquith used at the outset of the combat exactly expressed the mind of all England at that time. The sword had not been lightly drawn; it would not be sheathed again until the predatory military power called Prussia had been destroyed.

That is the first main truth underlying the whole terrible business. It has not ceased to underlie that business because a certain space of time has passed or because a certain measure of exhaustion has been reached—an exhaustion, be it remarked, far less pronounced in the case of Great Britain than that of any other original belligerent.

If our primal, fundamental intention and our solemn declaration upon it are to be sacrificed, it can only mean that under the strain of suffering we have grown ready to yield.

That is the first point, and probably the most important; for in human affairs spiritual motives are more important than material things and underlie all action. A civilisation which has been violated in its most sacred points of honour, which has taken up the challenge, which has proceeded to defend itself, and has accepted the aid of allies must continue the struggle. If, before the end of the task, it cries that it has grown weary, is willing to treat, and finds the burden of honour in alliance too heavy, it is doomed.

The second fundamental truth in the whole affair, which is less often forgotten but which is still too much glossed over, is this: Prussia in the course of this war has gradually dissolved that moral code upon which the culture of Europe reposed and without which Europe can never recover herself. Only her defeat can restore that code, and on that code depends the very life of this island more than of any other nation.

Prussia was guilty of atrocity from the first day in which she broke a binding treaty and violated the neutrality of Belgium. But there is a more practical and vivid example of the truth in the methods of accumulating horror which she introduced one after another into war. It was Prussia that began these things. It was not any such abstraction as "the madness of war" or the "delirium of Europe"; it was the rulers of Prussia—they, and they alone.

For many months this truth was such a commonplace that one was ashamed to repeat it. One is almost equally ashamed to find the real necessity there is of repeating it to-day.

In one step after another as the war proceeded Prussia broke what had been regarded as inviolably sacred understandings throughout the European community. Men without a creed, without a moral code, men without tenacity and therefore almost without moral memory, may condone these things now that they have grown familiar; but men who boast of certain standards of decency, who regard such things as "impossible," are much saner in their judgment. For these standards, these points in the code of international morals, are expressions of something vital to the life of Europe. If they are neglected, Europe rapidly and necessarily declines—with what ultimate consequences of disaster we cannot tell. And the first results of such a decline will be felt *here*, in this crowded island.

So true is it that Prussia in breaking these elementary laws of European morality has imperilled the whole of our civilisation, that she herself—utterly unscrupulous as her whole history proves her to be—showed hesitation before each new step downwards. There was always an interval between two succeeding increments of atrocity, nearly always an attempted apology or explanation. There was here exactly what you see in the career of the individual criminal. Things rare in 1871—such as the shooting of hostages—were done wholesale in 1914. Things impossible even to Prussia in 1871—such as the massacre of neutrals—were done as a matter of course in 1914. Things such as the use of poison, which any sane man in this country during the first six months of the war would have told you were unthinkable in Europe, were done by Prussia before twelve months had passed. Things which were quite unthinkable in 1915 were done in 1916—and so on.

Accumulation of Atrocities

The series lies patent to all. The drama has been enacted before the eyes of all. Nothing but an inexcusable slackness of fibre can explain a forgetfulness of such a series. The use of poison was unthinkable. It took place. The bombardment of civilians in open towns was unthinkable. It took place. The sinking of merchant ships without warning was still unthinkable. It took place. Even the sinking of neutral merchant ships without warning was still unthinkable. Prussia proceeded to that. Hospital ships were still surely immune we said! So slow is a civilisation—like an individual—to appreciate the approach of death. But there came a time when Prussia announced her intention of sinking hospital ships—and she did sink them. There is no end to such a series. It may pass from such acts to private assassination, to the corruption of the water supplies of great cities, to the calculated spread of epidemic diseases. It is a plain declaration of moral anarchy in the midst of Europe.

If any man says that he does not mind the advent of moral anarchy let him consider how much his own little comfort and even life, especially in this country, depend upon some measure of moral order between nations.

With the moral order between nations dissolved London is always at the mercy of an attack from the air—at any moment, certainly without declaration of war. The supplies of this island are at the mercy of a similar attack by the new engines at sea. It is true of every European community—it ought to be obviously true, but one must repeat these things—that lacking a certain measure of convention between them all the fabric of Europe is dissolved. That is as true of a comity of nations as it is true of a community of individuals. That is why we put the anarchist in society to death. If we do not destroy him we are at his mercy.

But, after all, most men, when so elementary a thing is pointed out to them, agree with it. It is the other proposition which is really dangerous: the proposition that Prussia having once begun these things, they have entered into the common habit of Europe and cannot be uprooted. You hear most technicians nowadays discussing the use of poison gas in war as a development like any other and one which will have to be taken for granted in the future as we have taken artillery or any similar new weapon in the past. You hear men accepting as a commonplace the chances of unannounced attack from the air upon great civilian populations in the future; the imperfect methods of defence against the same; the effect it will have upon the construction of our cities. You hear men similarly debate, though a little more cautiously and in rather lower voices, the conditions of sea-power and of life upon a crowded island when (as they take for granted) an enemy may attack them without warning by submarine.

All that point of view is false. If we are for the future to stand in dread of such a dissolution in European morals as will permit these things, then Europe has indeed committed suicide. It is not the war which Prussia desired and procured, it is our submission that will be the suicide of Europe. Such an ending to the present conflict would be much more definitely the end of all our civilisation, and in particular of this country, than the mere impoverishment which must follow upon the

prolongation of this war. From such a chaos as the continuance of Prussian methods in war there is no escape. It means our final dissolution.

Those who tell us that such action can be avoided in the future by getting the originators of it all to sign their names on a bit of paper are not worth arguing with. Those who tell us that it is unavoidable and that Prussian methods of indiscriminate murder are unavoidable hold a more formidable position. But it is a position only formidable because they have not learnt the main lessons of history.

History, which is the object lesson of human psychology, the permanent experience of how the human mind acts, teaches one thing quite clearly. It is that an undefeated and unchastised aggression upon the essential morals of a civilisation is always successful. Any compromise with barbarism, any paying of *dane-gelt*, any postponement or shirking of the hard duty of warring down the menace, defeats its own object. It does not purchase security at the expense of honour. It sacrifices both.

It is a thing we could premise from what we know of individual character; it is at any rate a thing which stands clearly out from the established record of three thousand years. Who first proposes to yield is defeated.

Permanency of Defeat

There is a converse truth which too many men are reluctant to entertain. History very clearly proves, if continued human precedent is any proof, that the defeat of powers thus challenging civilisation is a permanent thing. If you break them their acts are not repeated—but only if you break them.

It is not true that acts of anarchy and of terror, or habits incompatible with a certain standard of civilisation, re-arise easily after their defeat in the field, or, at any rate, after the dissolution through the effect of war of the organisms practising them. Human sacrifice did not re-arise in Gaul after the victory of the Romans, nor in North Africa after the destruction of Carthage. The burnings of the Commune were not repeated elsewhere in Europe after the military victory of authority in 1871. The methods of the Revolutionary Terror were not attempted after the punishment of its authors. The one thing and the only thing which stamps out an evil influence (and a good influence too, for that matter), when once the challenge of arms has been accepted, is success under arms.

Two clearly opposing principles will not stand side by side in one spiritual community, such as is or was the civilisation of Europe. One or the other will be destroyed. There will be victory or defeat.

Men still living can remember an instance of this. It is an instance which has no relation to the fundamental quarrel between good and evil as has this war. It relates only to a specific and logical difference in constitutional ideas. I refer to the armed struggle between the Union in the United States and the Confederacy. We have no need to discuss which ideal was justified, whether both were justified, or neither. The point is that two incompatible theories of constitutional conduct were opposed; either the national unity of a vast Federal Democracy could be maintained or its tendencies to local independence and separatism would triumph. What decided the issue for good or ill, and the only thing that could decide the issue, was complete military success gained by one of the two sides over the other.

The last obvious form of such a success may be a great battle or it may be an internal dissolution, or a slow siege followed by a capitulation. But some definite seal of success there always is which is called in military history a decision.

Such a decision achieved against Prussia, as the fruit of some mighty effort upon the part of forces originally inferior to her own and always handicapped by the natural weaknesses of a coalition, would stamp out the increasingly evil precedents in war created by Prussia during the last three years. It would make them impossible for the future—that is the point. Unless they are made impossible for the future our civilisation goes under. They cannot be made impossible by mutual understandings, for there is no mutual action at work. France and England have not shot hostages nor initiated indiscriminate murder by sea and land. They have not originated the use of poison gas, nor constructed vast systems of internal espionage and treason. It is no case of a number of equally erring passionate belligerents coming to their senses and making good a misunderstanding. It is a case of destroying by example something which, if it survives, will be the death of us.

I can see no escape from that conclusion, and, as it seems to me, all those who attempt to escape it to-day either deliberately shut their eyes to the immediate past or, as is very common in the case with men under a strain of fatigue, are choosing immediate relief at the expense of future catastrophe.

H. BELLOC.

The After-War Blockade: By Arthur Pollen

THE New York papers of the third week of January contain a great deal of interesting information about the development of American opinion. Not the least important item relates to a canvass of 500,000 members of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, who have been asked to vote on the issue, "Should the business men of America enter into a voluntary obligation after the war to decline all trade transactions with the merchants of Germany until that country is governed entirely by a democratically elected parliament?" On the same day that I saw this I noted a report of a speech by Mr. Havelock Wilson in which he announced that the organised labour of the shipping world had definitely made up its mind to have—and allow—no after-war dealings with a country that had murdered so many thousand British sea officers and sailors.

There is, of course, nothing new in unofficial threats of this kind. They have constantly been made during the war, and the only very limited official endorsement of them seems to have been that which was included in the proceedings of the Paris Conference on economic issues. The sentiment that makes people individually and collectively resolve never to employ Germans again or to trade with them, or to deal with them on any excuse, is natural, and that it should, from time to time, take concrete shape is inevitable. It is inevitable also that those who join in common resolves of this kind should go further and suggest to their governments an instant profession of a definite and irrevocable plan for joint international effort to give effect to this plan after the war. But save for the not very sweeping conclusions of the Paris Conference—to which by the way no adherence has been given by the United States—no responsible *post bellum* threats of any kind have yet been made, if we except Mr. Asquith's statement that the murderers of Captain Fryatt would be brought to account, a thing, of course, that cannot be done unless Germany is so decisively defeated that her government will be compelled to accept any terms that the victors propose. And this no doubt is the explanation why no further threats, economic or otherwise, have been made. If we win we can impose any terms we like. If we have to compromise, the economic weapons at our disposal for a bloodless war after the real war will be highly important counters in negotiation. The more certain we are to win, the less we need trouble ourselves with menaces that look like substitutes for victory. When we remember that, notwithstanding the defection of Russia, the military position on sea and land is such that we only have to persevere to be sure of the kind of victory which will make any compromise unnecessary, we shall have no difficulty in seeing why the Allies have no need to hold a trade blockade *in terrorem* over Germany. And we are less than ever likely to doubt this, now that we have the very welcome news that the American Navy Department is assured of sufficient tonnage to raise the American Army in France up to 500,000 early in this year. It is therefore certain that, by the beginning of the autumn, the Allies will possess that superiority of numbers that will secure us victory.

But though there is no burning necessity to tell the people of Germany that we intend to carry on an economic war, when the struggle of arms is over, there would, it seems to me, be nothing lost, if a highly important set of facts were put clearly before the enemy and neutrals. They are those relating to the inevitable economic factors in the post war situation. To realise what these are, we have only to propound two elementary questions. What will be the demand in Europe for those foodstuffs and raw materials necessary for feeding the civilians, and for railway and structural reconstruction and the revival of trade, *the supply of which is altogether or mainly under Allied control?*

Nearly two years ago the late German Chancellor, when a member of the Prussian Ministry, warned his compatriots that such shortage of food as existed during the war would certainly be continued for at least two years after its termination. This, he explained, would not be due to the absence of supplies, but to the absence of shipping for bringing those supplies from abroad to German ports. Other German economic authorities have further pointed out that the domestic harvests for a long time can certainly not be expected to reach the old level, for a considerable period would be necessary before the high farming of pre-war days could be re-established. In no country in the world has agriculture owed so much to a lavish use of fertilisers and the other constituent factors of intensive cultivation. Until labour has regained its normal freedom, until the supply of fertilisers, by manufacture or importation, has reached the requisite standard, the wheat, barley, oat, and even the potato crops

cannot reach their old standard, and the fodder problem must remain acute. Cereals, meat, cheese, milk, from domestic sources only, must continue abnormally low for some time.

German Importations.

I am quoting from memory only, but my recollection is that German importations of meat and cereals were approximately ten per cent. of the total consumption, but that the import of fertilisers and feeding stuffs was considerably higher. Some economic authorities went so far as to say that Germany's old standard of living was dependent on foreign supply to the extent of at least thirty per cent. The point of the warning Michaelis gave his countrymen was, that only a small part of this deficit could be made up for some years owing to the restriction of shipping facilities. If we pass from food to the transportation and industrial problem, we shall probably not be far wrong in saying that the first needs for re-starting German industrial life will be rolling stock, lubricants, all metals other than iron and zinc, cotton, wool, and rubber. These were the staple of Germany's oversea imports before the war, and it is upon the renewal of these imports that the economic resurrection of Germany depends. If we suppose that Germany is free to enter an open market for the purchase of these raw materials abroad, and so able freely to acquire these things in competition with other Powers, two factors would stand in the way of an adequate supply. There would be the enhanced price, and a diminished means of bringing that supply to Germany. As in the case of foodstuffs, so here, the shipping shortage must for some years be a permanent factor in delaying an economic revival. In both cases this delay is inevitable and quite independent of deliberate Allied action of any kind whatever.

But the same facts that militate against Germany's immediate revival will, if the market in materials is left open and if freights are to go to the highest bidders, operate equally to the disfavour of the people of the allied countries. For the rebuilding of great parts of Belgium and of Northern France, for the reconstruction of the French, Italian, and indeed to a great extent of the British railways, for the replacements of bridges, viaducts, etc., and for the re-establishment of all our industries, precisely the same raw materials will be needed as for similar purposes in Germany. It therefore stands to reason that so far as the Allied governments control the situation a preference *must* be given to our own people and a discrimination exercised against the enemy—and this apart altogether from any sentiment of vindictiveness. The question is, what factors of the situation are altogether in Allied control? For practical purposes the United States of America, Egypt and British India are the main sources of the supply of cotton. Australia is by far the largest source of supply for wool, and save for the agricultural products of Argentina, and the plantation products of the Dutch Indies, the extra-European sources of supply for all other raw materials are almost, if not altogether, monopolised by those who are now in arms against Germany. It will, then, be open to the Allies by common action to say that none of these products—food, cotton, wool, ores, lubricants, machinery, steel, railways, girders, etc.—shall be open to non-Allied purchase at all. Apart altogether from any government fixing of prices, the raising of prices by German (or Austrian) competition can thus, and certainly will thus, be avoided. And, as it is certain that it must take a great many years before the manufactures of Belgium, France, Italy and England are back at their old level, it is equally certain that the Allied monopoly of the sources of Allied supply must be forcibly maintained. Not till all our needs are met can the ex-enemy have anything. There remain the non-Allied sources of supply. These it may, or may not, be possible to bring within the general arrangement. But it certainly will not be to the Allied interest that German competition should raise prices in South America or elsewhere, and the Allies will undoubtedly hold out inducements to neutrals to join the Allied scheme. And if these fail there is more than one resource open to us, some of which, no doubt, will not be neglected.

For example: Michaelis, it will be remembered, emphasised the shortage of shipping as the predominant cause of Germany's after-war shortage. A high authority has assured us that approximately one half of Germany's pre-war shipping is either no longer in existence or no longer in German possession. It is to the last degree improbable that considerable—if any—replacements of German shipping have been possible during hostilities. When peace comes then, it is not reasonable to expect more than three million tons of German shipping to

be afloat—even if we suppose that the Allies will be so weak as not to insist upon the replacement of the ships illegitimately sunk by submarine. The question is, what can three million tons do for Germany in helping her through the immediate problems that face her after peace is established? The problem of employing them will no doubt be simplified if all Allied sources of supply are for a certain period closed to Germany altogether. The German shipowners may indeed find that the only market for a great part of their tonnage is to charter them to foreigners. But if we suppose some of the South American trade and the whole of the Dutch East Indian trade still to be open, there remain such matters as the supply of bunker coal and the use of the Suez Canal, both of which are almost entirely under British control and can therefore be exercised in accordance with any common policy the Allies adopt.

If we put these factors together, it is difficult to see that the bare justice of the situation—and by this I mean the natural and inevitable preference given to Allied needs before the question of German supply can be considered at all—must create a position that will to a great extent leave Germany in a state of economic isolation for a considerable period. This isolation, I repeat, will in no way whatever be the result of any deliberate desire to injure or punish the enemy. It follows, of course, from the facts of the situation.

We surely are quite safe in taking it for granted that an understanding along the lines set out above has already been come to by the Allies, or will be agreed in the near future. The special powers already conferred on the President of the United States of America, the similar powers which the Defence of the Realm Act gives to the British Government, and with which similar laws have invested the governments of the constituent dominions of the Empire, and of France and Italy, make the carrying out of such a programme a matter of comparative simplicity. When its coming into effect is certain, it is unlikely that the countries not yet fighting, who have severed relations with Germany, such as Brazil and China, would stand apart from this machinery. It would be manifestly to their interest to make common cause with countries that represent so great a preponderance of their normal customers.

The question really is: Should this programme be drawn up in detail and publicly announced? It could not be done, of course, as an alternative policy to seeking victory in the field. But it would have another, and quite different, justification. It is impossible to read the public statements of Hertling, von Tirpitz and the rest without being continually struck by the fact that they all take it for granted, not only that Germany's diplomatic relations will be normal with all the belligerents after the war is over, but that Germany's trading facilities in the belligerent countries will be exactly as they were. No doubt enhanced prices and a straitened supply of

everything is anticipated, from which Germany, like the rest, must suffer. But it does not seem to have dawned upon the minds of any that—apart altogether from peace terms—there must be a period, possibly as short as three years, possibly as long as ten, during which all questions to do with food, raw material and shipping must largely be controlled by the common interests of the Allies, and that the first of these common interests will be to undo the ravages of war. For this the resources of the Allies must be monopolised for the benefit of the Allies and, until Allied needs are satisfied, there can be no margin, not only for Germany, but even for the neutrals that have not made common cause with us.

Perhaps a calm and dispassionate statement of Allied intentions in this elementary matter may—and for the first time—bring back to the business heads of Germany a much needed sobriety of cogitation.

Finally, there is a new fact in the situation which statesmen in this country would do well to take into account. When I arrived in New York last June, while the war enthusiasm of the people was very evident, one could not fail to notice that, so far as enthusiasm was bred of indignation, it was anger against the German Government, and not against the German people, that provoked it. The bulk of opinion in the United States was still under the influence of the President's discrimination between the military chiefs and the duped subjects in the enemy countries. Erzberger's agitation, for more democratic forms and peace without annexations, was taken to prove that the President's distinction was an operative stroke of policy. His reply to the Pope looked like a continuation of that policy. There was a general hope that the German nation would, without too long a delay, perceive the only path along which salvation could be found, and compel a renunciation of outrage and conquest and a settlement of real reconciliation—without rancour on one side, or a sense of unslaked revenge on the other. Then came the story of the Kiel mutiny, and many held it as proof of the working of the new leaven. But the seizure of the Gulf of Riga, the push into Italy, and now the shameless proceedings at Brest have seemingly brought American opinion to a totally different view of the situation.

The last recorded speech of the President, following as it does on the Congressional inquiries, the Senate demand for a non-party Cabinet, and so forth, are conclusive proofs of this contention. It is realised, in short, that it is not practical politics to build on the differences of aim which the German Government and the German people profess. A proposal for a joint Allied statement of an intention to exclude German competition as an obstacle to Allied reconstruction after the war, would certainly have a very different reception to-day than it would have had six or nine months ago.

ARTHUR POLLEN.



Official photo.

American Railway Engines in France.

Leaves from a German Note Book

THE Prussian Minister of Finance and his colleague at the War Office have recently expressed views which sufficiently illustrate the prevailing opinion in Government circles in Germany. The Minister of Finance, Herr Hergt, is one of the new men introduced into the Prussian Cabinet to make the world think that Prussia was democratising herself.

The speech of Herr Hergt in introducing the Prussian Budget for 1918 showed that the men may be new, but the system remains unchanged. He began on an optimistic note, and on an optimistic note he ended—with what justification will be seen. He told the House that the total deficits on the working of the three years of war amounted to nearly thirteen million pounds sterling. Prussia in the past had had a large reserve fund. That fund was now exhausted. Before the war the railways in Prussia had invariably provided the Exchequer with a few millions annually; in 1917 there was an enormous deficit on the railway accounts, and for 1918 it was expected that the deficit would be some eight millions sterling. All this was bad. But Prussia was also faced with a shortage of fodder, which was becoming serious. One effect of the war had been to loosen morality among the people to a frightful extent; honesty was a rare quality—so this Minister of State informed the "High House"—and many public departments had become dens of thieves.

Germany's Victories

But what was there on the other side? Germany's great victories, which in the mind of Herr Hergt apparently covered a multitude of sins and deficiencies. There was, moreover, the peace prospect with Russia. "Peace is on the march, and will remain on the march." The Germans need not fear America. "The great army over the water cannot swim and cannot fly. It will not come." That was one prophecy in which the Minister indulged. The longer the Western Powers refused to make peace, the better for Germany. "Proud Albion, which boasted that she was the merchant and the banker of the whole world, sees her ships, her money, and her prestige irredeemably lost." When the enemy does come and beg for peace, Germany's terms will be very different from what they are now. The war will not unduly have hurt Prussia, which will continue to be what she has been—the seat of productive effort and the centre of sound finance. "Thus we shall surmount all our difficulties."

The *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, which is not a Prussian but a Saxon journal, makes bold to assert that the tone of this speech showed neither political sagacity nor financial ability. As it was, the Prussian Minister admitted the growing deficits. But everybody knows, writes the Socialist journal, that the Prussian, like the Imperial, budgets are wholly fictitious. Dr. Mehring, one of the newest members of the Prussian Diet, and an Independent Socialist, warned the Minister that the people were tired of having events placed before them through rose-coloured spectacles; that their patience was beginning to be exhausted, and if need be, they would "clear the decks for action." Dr. Mehring, it should be noted, is no demagogue, but one of the most respected thinkers in Germany. The same tone was adopted by another Independent Socialist Deputy, Herr Höfer, who appears to be closely in touch with German working-class opinion:

Labour is enraged at the mismanagement of affairs. You (addressing the parties of the Right) have no idea how the masses are seething with discontent. It is you who are paving the road for a revolution.

The Government, however, appears to be unmoved by the rising tide and dreams of conquest. The Prussian Minister of War, General von Stein, in an interview with the representative of the Hungarian paper *Hivlap*, stated that Germany's position in the West was so good that all eventualities, including even the Americans, were provided for. Peace? Yes, he too wanted peace. But "as a soldier I see only one possibility of ending the war, which is victory."

Some people were talking of peace by renunciation. But "renunciation is a sign of weakness, a recognition of defeat." Other people suggested peace by understanding. What is understanding? I can conceive of some such arrangement as that of two belligerents united to fight a third; if, for example, the Continental Powers joined forces against England and America. But of that there is no sign. Indeed, the enemy shows nothing of understanding. We must therefore fight on. Those who assert that military victory is impossible for either side are wrong. Military victory has already been achieved—by Germany and her Allies:

We and our Allies hold Belgium, the coast, and valuable provinces of France; we hold, too, Serbia, Montenegro, parts of Roumania and Italy. The moment our enemies realise that they cannot drive us out, they admit their defeat. But I can think of final victory in another way—I mean on the battlefield. I am not at liberty to state the details. But I am bound to say that, in the midst of the present circumstances, the will to final victory and the certainty that it will be ours should not be lost sight of among us and among our allies. This will and this certainty shall give us all the power to hold out until victory is ours.

It is obvious from this what the German military leaders think, and what is the attitude of the Prussian Government, which is the most influential in the German Confederation.

The Patriotic Party

The Patriotic Party, it need hardly be added, fully shares the views expressed by General von Stein, and in a handbill of the Hamburg branch, which has received wide publicity in Germany, an anonymous Hamburg merchant sets forth the results of a peace by renunciation. If Germany were to agree to renounce her victories that would mean that she would be dominated economically by England. "That England has in the main achieved her war aims cannot be denied, and our splendid military position in Europe will not alter the fact." What is the real situation? Germany's position in the world was founded on her commerce, which was carried by her shipping over all the oceans to all the five continents of the globe. England's aim was to destroy Germany's world position, and she has succeeded:

Our shipping and world trade are so thoroughly ruined that we shall literally have to start again at the very beginning, and even decades of hard work will scarcely suffice to make good what has been destroyed in these three years.

The Hamburg merchant's disappointment is easy to understand. Hamburg, once the proudest trading centre in Germany, now lies desolate, and her merchant princes, who hoped to get rich quickly out of a war which, as many people hold, they were among the foremost to provoke, have been deeply disappointed of their easy prey.

The anonymous author goes on to say that it will be impossible for German commerce after the war to take up the old threads, seeing that many of them have been completely destroyed. "The German trader who, when peace has been signed, goes out into the world will find ruins almost everywhere, and when he sets about to raise them he will come up against a solid wall of enmity which will prevent him from so doing." The writer then recalls the resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference, and asks, who can believe that England will ever agree to cease from her economic warfare?

If our enemies succeed in permanently throttling our overseas trade so that we are limited to Central Europe, our industry will decline and the whole of our economic life dry up. Our workers would, owing to the lack of opportunities for labour, be forced to emigrate. The German Empire would sink into a second-rate Power.

What is to rescue Germany from this awful fate? Only one thing—she must force England to agree to a German peace. "Only the defeat of England, with the assistance of the U-boats, will be able to ward off this evil from us." What follows? That every German must hold out until the "incomparable" submarines have done their work.

Belgian Art

The German authorities in Belgium, moved by their interest in Belgium's art treasures, have appointed a special committee of experts and representatives of the Government to make an inventory of all the Belgian works of art they can collect, and to have some six to eight thousand photographs taken so that the valuable treasures may become available to all and sundry.

The communication lays stress on two facts. In the first place, the Belgian Government was too incapable or too idle to undertake this necessary work, which has been left for German thoroughness and German scholarship to accomplish. In the second place, the Kaiser himself is so interested in the project that he has made a grant out of his privy purse of £1,750. This sum, together with £1,000 provided by Herr Louis Laiblen, a wealthy Württemberg merchant and art lover, will make it possible to begin work at once. German science thus proves—so the obviously inspired *communiqué* insists—that even in war time it is ready to undertake a work of peace, and by its care for the Belgian art treasures it gives the lie to the foolish accusation levelled against Germans that they are capable of destroying works of art.

John Rathom's Revelations



The spy system that radiated from the German Embassy and the full details of the plot for sinking the "Lusitania"



FROM—Berlin Foreign Office.

TO—Botschaft, Washington—

669. (44—W)—Welt nineteen-fifteen warne 175 29 1 stop 175 1 2 stop
durch 622 2 4 stop 19 7 18 stop IIX 11 3 4 5 6.

This is a copy of the wireless message sent from the Foreign Office in Berlin to the German Embassy in Washington, which was intercepted at Sayville, the wireless station in America, by the Providence *Journal's* wireless operators. It created the greatest interest in the *Journal* office, because it followed none of the known codes and, in form, was unlike any other message that had been received at Sayville up to that time. It was interesting also because static conditions were unfavourable that morning, and the fact that four attempts were made before it was successfully put through indicated its unusual importance. The method by which it was deciphered is illustrated on the next page.

In the following article Mr. John R. Rathom explains the reasons which led to his formation of a private secret service to counteract the German plots in America. A facsimile of the secret wireless message from Berlin regarding the sinking of the "Lusitania" is given above, and the ingenious manner in which it was decoded is carefully and fully explained.

TO properly understand the story of German intrigue in America it is necessary to realise that the work of propaganda opened up through the German Embassy in Washington at the beginning of the European war was not conceived in a night, and did not spring full-grown out of the emergency then created.

The United States, the only great nation in the world without any political secret service or espionage system, with no knowledge of secret diplomacy, no machinery with which to guard its military, naval, or governmental secrets, the ranks of employees in every government office freely open at all times to men and women of every nationality, and containing within its borders the most polyglot population ever brought together under a civilised form of government, had been for thirty years before the outbreak of the European war a fertile field for German propaganda.

Germany's sources of information with regard to every condition about which she desired to secure information in the United States were practically limitless. A large number of willing and subservient Germans, working without hindrance or any suggestion of espionage, had been enabled during a long period of years to lay before the German Foreign Office very complete information which might be useful to the fatherland in any future emergency on that continent. Even in the ranks of the army and navy, there were hundreds of men, citizens only in name and owing their first allegiance to Germany, keen and eager to do at any time whatever Prussia called on them to do. The secrets of American mills and factories, the methods and scope of American banking interests, the operation of American railroads and American shipping—all of these facts had been for years the very alphabet of Germany's knowledge of American daily life, a knowledge secured not by outside spies working under immense difficulties, as would have been the case in any country of Europe, but from the very heart of America's economic and

social movement by an organisation of men actually engaged in the work itself.

Thus it was that when the German Foreign Office, through the Embassy in Washington, began what appeared to be the easy task of moulding American sentiment to its will, all the necessary machinery was ready at hand.

This condition, coupled with the firm belief on the part of Germany that the millions of her subjects who had become citizens of the United States would not hesitate for a moment in any choice that might be laid before them between adherence to the fortunes of Germany

or to the land of their adoption, seemed in the minds of the men responsible for German foreign policy to make it certain that in whatever channel they desired to direct American sentiment their will would be practically law.

For nearly a generation German influence on American school boards had been insidiously shaping public sentiment through school books and histories. Exchange professors, liberally sprinkled with Imperial decorations, had maintained and increased a constant propaganda of reverence for German institutions through many of the educational centres of the United States. And the great German commercial houses which had secured a foothold in the United States, and which were virtually outposts of the German Foreign Office, had gained strong positions in many vitally important elements in the German commercial life. It was, therefore, on known ground that von Bernstorff and his numerous associates began their work of intensive cultivation of Prussianised doctrines in America.

With every path apparently wide open to their feet, they proceeded at first without any thought of serious opposition, to mould the United States to their will, to stultify its national ideals, and so drug its national conscience that, regardless of what might happen in Europe, it would stand by, a disinterested spectator, except for the growth of a keen desire to see Germany triumphant.

It is well, to begin with, to know something of the personality of the men into whose hands was entrusted this new and crowning movement which was to lead to a glorious success for German diplomatic methods. For purposes of this analysis it is not necessary to dwell on the personality or character of Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, or any of his fellow-officials representing that Government in America. None of them, from the day war began, was ever anything



Captain von Papen

Military Attaché at the German Embassy.

but a puppet in the hands of German Embassy officials; they had no will of their own, and they had been directly ordered through their Foreign Office to put themselves entirely in the hands of von Bernstorff and his associates.

The German Ambassador had been for years a social lion in Washington, and this rôle was particularly congenial to him. He liked the attention of wealthy people which came to him as a perquisite of his position, and the social influence which it let him wield. His personal vanity was great, and his subordinates often played upon it as an easy road to favour and advancement. He, in turn, was not above using his social connections as part of the machinery to spread German propaganda in America, and in this work he found easy victims in some of the people of Washington who were flattered at the attentions showered upon them by the distinguished representative of a great European Power. Social weaknesses were played upon by both sides. Capt. Franz von Papen, the German military attaché, was another member of the Embassy staff to whom social triumphs were more than ordinarily fascinating. Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, the naval attaché, a man of infinitely greater mentality than either of the other two, cared little for social life at Washington,

though he was personally well liked in social circles there. When the propaganda of the German Embassy began to meet with opposition, and it gradually dawned upon the minds of these men that the task before them was filled with pitfalls and difficulties, it was interesting to note the change in their attitude. Von Bernstorff took up the rôle of martyr. He posed, and succeeded in having his pose believed in by a large part of the American public, as a creature of unfortunate circumstances, crushed between the upper and nether mill-stones, and powerless to prevent the growing insolence of his Foreign Office in Berlin, as displayed against the United States.

Returning to the Embassy from a visit to Secretary Lansing on April 10th, 1916, after the attack on the steamship *Sussex* by a German submarine, he said to Prince Hatzfeldt, in the presence of Baron von Schoen, First Secretary of the Embassy, Haniel von Haimhausen, Counsellor, and another man employed in the Embassy: "I told the Secretary of State to-day that the poor Ambassador was crushed to earth by the lack of understanding of the American people shown by my Government in Berlin; that accursed Foreign Office which

puts such burdens on me!" This declaration was received by the group with hearty laughter, in which the Ambassador joined.

During this period a good many people were trusting in his sincerity and believed von Bernstorff to be in a cruel

personal position, calling, as far as he was concerned, for nothing but sympathy; a man forced by his Government to do and say things to which he himself was entirely opposed. As a matter of fact, many of the messages alleged to have come from his Government to him, and to have been received and transmitted by him in despair to the American Government, were actually prepared under his personal direction, sent to Berlin by cable through Swedish channels, and then forwarded back to him by wireless from Nauen, the principal wireless station in Germany.

Bernstorff and von Papen had no scruples about adding to their material wealth by means of knowledge secured by reason of their official connection with their Government. Working through a well-known New York stockbroker, whose personal affiliation with the Embassy was common talk in Washington and New York, von Bernstorff repeatedly purchased and sold considerable blocks of shares of various industries.

Von Papen's methods of enriching himself did not stop at these outside activities. His manner of accounting, or rather lack of accounting, for many large sums of money supposed to have been spent on propaganda work brought about, more than once, a very rigid scrutiny of his financial condition and his agents' receipts. One of his common lapses in this direction was the giving of elaborate parties at Washington clubs to satisfy his own social desires, and the inclusion of the bills for these parties in his official accounts as being necessary for the progress of his propaganda work. One of the bills so rendered showed that a golf club luncheon had cost him nearly £4 per head for eleven people. The note accompanying this bill declared that the outlay was "far more than justified in the results secured." As his ten guests on this particular occasion were all Wash-

ington people, none of whom by the most extreme stretch of the imagination could be able to render him any diplomatic service whatever, this particular account was disallowed, and he was compelled to pay the money out of his own pocket, or rather out of the pockets of certain rich and gullible German-Americans in New York City, who more than once tided the

Transatlantic Passenger Steamers. (175)									
TRANSATLANTIC PASSENGER STEAMERS.									
Includes only regular passenger lines from New York Owing to the European war this list is liable to change.									
Steamship	Year	Place	Builders	Gross Tonnage	Indicated Horse Power	DIMENSIONS IN FEET.			
						Length	Breadth	Depth	
AMERICAN LINE. ESTABLISHED 1892.									
NEW YORK, PLYMOUTH, COPENHAGEN AND BOSTON (Office, 9 Broadway.)									
St. Louis	1895	Philadelphia	Wm. Cramp & Sons	11629	17300	554	63	42	
St. Paul	1895	Philadelphia	Wm. Cramp & Sons	11629	17500	554	63	42	
Philadelphia	1899	Glasgow	J. & G. Thomson	10738	16800	550	53.3	42	
New York	1899	Glasgow	J. & G. Thomson	10738	16800	550	53.3	42	
ANCHOR LINE. ESTABLISHED 1852.									
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, Pier foot W. 24th St. (Office, 17 Broadway.)									
Camerouna	1911	Glasgow	D. & W. Henderson	10968	11000	635	62	36	
Columbia	1901	Glasgow	D. & W. Henderson	8292	8400	600	56	36	
Caladonia	1904	Glasgow	D. & W. Henderson	9222	10200	615	58	38	
California	1907	Glasgow	D. & W. Henderson	8561	7000	490	58	35	
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE. ESTABLISHED 1892.									
NEW YORK AND LONDON, Pier foot W. 17th St. (Office, 9 Broadway.)									
Minneapolis	1904	Belfast	Harland & Wolff	12443	9500	615.6	65.5	43.3	
Minnehaha	1904	Belfast	Harland & Wolff	12438	9500	615.6	65.6	43.3	
Minnetonka	1901	Belfast	Harland & Wolff	12440	9500	615.6	65.5	43.3	
Minnewaska	1909	Belfast	Harland & Wolff	14317	9500	616	66	44	
Minckabla	1915	Belfast	Harland & Wolff	620	68	...	
CUNARD LINE. ESTABLISHED 1840.									
NEW YORK, QUEENSTOWN, FINGOARD AND LIVERPOOL, Piers 61, 54, 56 N. R. (Office, 21 State Street.)									
Caronia	1905	Glasgow	J. Brown & Co.	20000	21000	650	73.6	63.9	
Carmania	1906	Glasgow	J. Brown & Co.	20000	21000	650	73.6	63.2	
Carmania	1906	Newcastle	Swan & Hunter	20000	20000	790	88	60.6	
Lusitania	1907	Glasgow	J. Brown & Co.	23000	20000	790	88	60.6	
Adriatic	1914	Glasgow	J. Brown & Co.	47000	60000	901	97	92.6	
MEDITERRANEAN-ARABIC SERVICE. ESTABLISHED 1904.									
NEW YORK, MEDITERRANEAN-ARABIC SERVICE, Pier W. 14th St. (Office, 21 State Street.)									
Carpathia	1903	Newcastle	Swan & Hunter	13500	...	540	64.5	49	
Franconia	1911	Newcastle	Swan & Hunter	18160	...	625	73	49	
Ivernia	1910	Newcastle	Swan & Hunter	14273	...	582	65	41.4	
Laconia	1912	Newcastle	Swan & Hunter	18160	...	625	73	49	
Adriatic	1914	Glasgow	J. Brown & Co.	47000	...	486	...	55	

Every attempt to decipher the wireless message (reproduced on the previous page) completely failed, until someone who was familiar with the inner workings of the German Embassy remembered that on the morning of April 29th Prince Hatzfeldt (of the German Embassy staff) had been hunting for a

New York World Almanack.

their official connection with their Government. Working through a well-known New York stockbroker, whose personal affiliation with the Embassy was common talk in Washington and New York, von Bernstorff repeatedly purchased and sold considerable blocks of shares of various industries.

National Model License League. (622)									
STATISTICS OF THE PRESS									
THE American Newspaper Annual and Directory, published by N. W. Ayer & Son, reported the number of newspapers published in the United States in 1914 as follows:									
Alabama	243	Indiana	762	Nebraska	641	South Carolina	163		
Alaska	25	Iowa	944	Nevada	43	South Dakota	415		
Arizona	68	Kansas	735	New Hampshire	110	Tennessee	311		
Arkansas	324	Kentucky	309	New Jersey	379	Texas	1,081		

The World. (19)

~~The World.~~

JOSEPH PULITZER.

April 10, 1847 † October 20, 1911.

THE WORLD'S purpose, to "turn on the light" in the interest of the people at large, was not forgotten during the year 1914. This inspiring aim was responsible for a remarkable feat in the journalistic world. It led THE WORLD to investigate the business methods of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, nothing daunted by the fact that the corporation was controlled by some of the greatest living financiers, men whose decisions were supposed to be the

The first two words of the message "Welt 1915" supplied the clue, and following the numbers as representing page, line and word in the World Almanack, the message was decoded as follows:

Warne = Warn 19 7 18 = not
 175 29 1 = Lusitania
 175 1 2 = Passengers LIX 11, 3, 4, 5, 6 =
 durch = through Voyage across the Atlantic
 622 2 4 = Press

in the presence of Baron von Schoen, First Secretary of the Embassy, Haniel von Haimhausen, Counsellor, and another man employed in the Embassy: "I told the Secretary of State to-day that the poor Ambassador was crushed to earth by the lack of understanding of the American people shown by my Government in Berlin; that accursed Foreign Office which

ington people, none of whom by the most extreme stretch of the imagination could be able to render him any diplomatic service whatever, this particular account was disallowed, and he was compelled to pay the money out of his own pocket, or rather out of the pockets of certain rich and gullible German-Americans in New York City, who more than once tided the

gallant captain safely over his very frequent financial rocks.

To both von Bernstorff and von Papen, the sanctity of human life, as their work became more vicious, was a matter entirely out of their calculations. The Ambassador who had received all courtesies from the American Government, the recipient of unusual honours from many American Universities, indebted to hundreds of Americans for exceptional and continuous hospitality, never once lifted his voice to his Foreign Office in opposition to any order for the carrying out of propagandist activities in the United States which involved the loss of hundreds of innocent lives.

Time after time he, with von Papen and Baron von Schoen, gleefully celebrated the destruction of munition plants in America. When word came that the *Lusitania* was sunk, the Bernstorff's Press agents reported him as being "overcome with grief and regret" in a fashionable New York hotel—he was at that moment actually giving a supper party elsewhere in New York, and during this supper party the destruction of the *Lusitania* was hailed as a glorious triumph for German naval prowess. During the evening von Papen, touching glasses with his chief, made the remark:

"This is the end of the mistress of the seas."

Capt. Boy-Ed, who was not at this function, alone among the entire group of German Embassy officials persisted in declaring that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was a blunder of the worst kind.

On another occasion when, at a conference at 11, Broadway, the offices of the Hamburg-American Steamship Co., the question as to what should be done to silence the *Providence Journal* came up, von Papen and Koenig, known as the "chief of the secret service" of the Hamburg-American Line, at once declared that the *Journal* office should be blown up, Boy-Ed declined to accept this point of view, and refused to have a hand in such proceedings, earnestly advising against it.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the mental attitude of these two Embassy officials with regard to crimes of this character, that while von Papen since his return to Germany has been twice decorated by the Emperor, and has been advanced a rank to a colonelcy, Capt. Boy-Ed has remained a captain and has received no such honours at the hands of the German Government.

In this connection I present here the translation of a letter, not hitherto published, sent by Capt. Boy-Ed to Adolf Pavenstadt,* of 112, West 59th Street, New York, from German

* It may be noted that Pavenstadt's name has been brought prominently forward in the Bolo Pasha trial in Paris, Bolo having apparently been the guest of Pavenstadt on several occasions during his visit to the United States.

LINE
Steamships
LASGOW
lay 1, Noon
Pier 64, N. R.
May 7, 5p.m.
rpool.
of W 14th St.
34 State St., N. Y.

**All-the-Way
by-Water**
LINE. Steamships
Lva. Pier 19.
5 P. M. Tues
dntful 390-miles, 22-
is CITY BEAUTI-
Tourist and N. Y.
one 890-Cort
CORPORATION

LINE
om Routs
78 from Paris,
& MARSEILLES
ant Anna, June 5
yon & Marsailles
Aug. 3
17 State St., N. Y.

LIANO
11 DAYS.
ports, ... June 25
at 110 N. Y.
1 E. way, N. Y.

LOBIDA
Saints South
4th Ave., N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915.

NEW ENGLAND

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Stockbridge, N
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WILL OPE?
This Modern Hotel
Delightfully Located,
Havill, will be at the
4th St., New York, for
10th. Information sent
to promptly attended

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THE RO
Hotel de Lux
Faces all
BOOKLETS

EARI
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NOW

MICH

Mount

As a result of the instructions received by wireless from Berlin the above advertisement was inserted in the *New York World* and *New York Times* of May 1st, 1915. The advertisement obviously referred to the *Lusitania*, which was sunk six days later, but the announcement was ingeniously dated April 22nd, 1915, for insertion by the newspaper of May 1st.

General Headquarters in Berlin under date of March 5th, 1916. Pavenstadt's address, on this letter, is likewise the address of the German Club (Deutscher Verein):

DEAR MR. PAVENSTADT: In order not to appear rude any longer, I do not want to let another Sunday pass without sending you a line to show you that I have certainly not forgotten you, in spite of all the commotion, turmoil and work.

I sincerely hope that I shall soon have more leisure for my private affairs than I have now. That will probably be the case if I am left in my present appointment, which is very interesting and very agreeable (being independent and greatly esteemed). Unfortunately, however, that is not a certainty. At least the sword of Damocles seems to be hanging over me, and, if it falls, I should again be transferred to another very busy and exacting appointment (in Berlin). Such a change will be most unwelcome to me, at least for the present, as I am rather upset on account of my nervous complaints. Above all, I am also sleeping wretchedly. In other respects, however, I am very well, as I said before, and it is grand to be in the thick of it amidst all the knowledge, decisions and plans.

Papen has been for some time on the West front, as battalion commander in a Guards regiment. It was a pity he brought so many useless papers, cheques, etc., with him. I hope that his bad luck has not inconvenienced you too. His superiors do not appear to have taken the matter tragically, as he was awarded a second Order.

Everybody here is full of confidence, though nobody ventures to say how long the business will last.

Kindest regards to all our common acquaintances, especially Messrs. Rath, Siedenbug, Neuhoft, Fleischmann, Baron Schröder and yourself.

From your faithful and very grateful friend,
KARL BOY-ED.

While von Bernstorff directed everything that was done in connection with the blowing up of factories, the placing of bombs in freight ships, the poisoning of mules on transports, and all the other movements aimed to terrorize the United States and to paralyze traffic with the Allies, he invariably kept himself away from any conferences concerning details of these plots, and the most elaborate precautions were always taken, whenever it was possible, to get him out of the way at the time when such outrages were scheduled.

On two occasions when munitions plants were blown up he had gone to Lenox, the summer home of the Austrian Ambassador, Dumba, on the preceding day. His constant declaration to both von Papen and Boy-Ed was that he must never be bothered with details concerning these plots, and that, after talking over the general scheme, the carrying out of all such work should be conducted without any reference whatever to him, so that he should be ignorant of details until the matter under way was concluded.

Bernstorff's idea was that in order to make Americans believe whatever he wished them to believe, it was necessary only to state his case—the training of the German State-made mind—was not shaken for a long while after the beginning of the European war.

(To be continued.)

"THE SEAL OF SAFETY AT SEA"

Aside from the acknowledged duty of every manufacturer to make an honest product there is an equally important moral responsibility, the careful assembling and testing of each motor so that life may be safe with it. The workmen and management of the Scripps Company recognize this duty. They design, construct and test all Scripps motors with this responsibility clearly in mind.

THESE ARE THE PROOFS:

The successful voyage across the Atlantic of the 35-foot motor boat "Detroit."
The two successful trips through the Niagara Rapids and the Whirlpool.
Records made in endurance tests and in the every-day service in all parts of the world.

The 1914 Scripps models contain many new improvements, all of which are embodied in the 1914 Scripps Motor Book. Seventeen different models, including one, two, four and six cylinder types, semi-speed, medium duty, and extra heavy duty, are shown.

This book also contains full information regarding the new ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER, LIGHTING GENERATORS, new KEROSENE and DISTILLATE motors.

Copy sent on request.

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661 Lincoln Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Correspondence solicited.





SCRIPPS MOTORS ARE CARRIED IN STOCK BY

New York—Bowler, Holmes & Beck
No. Co., 721 Fulton St.
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Jacksonville, Fla.—Gibba Gas Engine Co., foot of Main St.
Seattle, Wash.—S. V. B. Miller, 72 Marion St.
San Francisco, Cal.—Ellery Arms Co., 543-545 Market St.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Werner Engine & Supply Co., 261 S. Los Angeles St.
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New Orleans, La.—Hibber, Dunic, 130 Chartres St.

EXPORT OFFICE
7 Battery Place, New York City.

At Sea : By Etienne

TIME : 11.50 p.m.—Bang-bang on the cabin door, the heavy tread of a marine sentry, a crash as he trips over the chair, and then a flood of light bathes the tiny cabin.

Lieutenant John Smith, owing to long practice, is by this time thoroughly awake, but he closes his eyes and tries to believe it is all a dream and that it is only his imagination which is saying :

"Ten minutes to eight bells, and Mr. 'ill's compliments, Sir, and it—it's—rainin' and blowin' very 'ard—oil-skin and sea boot weather, if I might 'azard a remark, Sir!"

This effort of chattiness on the part of the marine sentry rasps on Lieutenant Smith's sensitive nature.

Sitting up abruptly he remarks, "For Heaven's sake get out of my cabin!"

The sentry withdraws and tells his own relief that "Smithy 'as the 'ell of a fat 'ead."

He also privately registers the resolve to mistake a quarter to twelve for ten minutes to the hour, when next he calls Lieutenant Smith.

But let us return to this gentleman and observe attentively his movements and listen to his conversation.

Having carefully examined his wrist watch he springs ponderously out of his bunk. The ship is pitching heavily, and it is with some bitterness that he notices a photograph of a girl—much esteemed—has fallen from its frame into his wash basin.

He quickly dresses, putting on several layers of Shetland waistcoats, a special inflatable waistcoat, and finally sea boots, an oil-skin, a pair of reputed waterproof gloves and a sou'-wester hat.

He flings a pair of binoculars round his neck, and with a lingering look at his warm bunk, from which (O shame!) a hot-water bottle leers at him, he staggers on deck.

His progress to the bridge is lengthy and somewhat painful. Funnel guys and other wires strike him smartly across the face at regular intervals; a bluejacket hastening below for four hours' sleep rams him, then disappears in haste. Eventually Smith reaches Monkey Island,* where he and Mr. Hill enter into a short conversation lasting a couple of minutes.

Mr. Smith's contributions to this consist of a series of grunts, but it apparently satisfies his opposite number, for with a parting remark that the "sea-cows" are five miles on the port beam, Mr. Hill retires to his bunk.

Let me explain, *en parenthèse*, that the "sea-cows" are an extremely respectable squadron of cruisers, once attached to the Grand Fleet.

Amongst other yarns, passed from ship to ship, concerning the squadron, runs one to the effect that the "sea-cows" were late at a rendezvous. On enquiries being made by wireless, a reply was received as follows :

"We are zigzagging 90 degrees in each direction every quarter of an hour, in order to cope with the submarine menace."

But we have lost sight of our protégé. Smith soon finds that it is in very truth oil-skin weather. About every ten seconds the cruiser buries her forecastle deep into creamy foam, then, without effort, she lifts, and her "flared bow" flings many tons of North Sea back along the upper deck.

Much of this is caught by the gale and, rising in a curved sheet, is hurled against the bridge.

Smith and his companion (for another unfortunate is also keeping a weary vigil) manage to dodge most of these by ducking behind a canvas screen at the critical moment, but every now and then they miscalculate and receive the penalty in the shape of stinging, blinding spray.

An indeterminate distance ahead, a feeble blue light glimmers in the gloom; Smith watches it carefully—he must keep four hundred yards from that light, which marks the plunging stern of the next ahead. Whenever he can he sweeps the horizon and imagines dark spots, though common sense tells him that there is little chance of the Hun destroyer being out on such a night.

In such a manner, the minutes pass, and slowly (oh! so slowly sometimes) they become hours.

As 2 a.m. rings out on the ship's bell, a dripping figure appears at his side, holding in one hand a pulpy mass of signal sheets.

"One or two signals come through, Sir; shall I read 'em?"

"Carry on," says Smith.

The dripping one produces a shaded torch, switches it on and intones various signals.

"One more, Sir," "Fleet will alter course at 2.15 to North."

"Thank heaven for that," comes from the other corner. "We shall have this sea behind us."

"'Ear! 'Ear! to your sentiments, John; they does yer credit," adds Smith.

At 2.15 a.m. course is altered satisfactorily, though not before Mr. Smith has gone through an unpleasant five minutes, during which he first lost his guiding stern light, then having increased to twenty knots in a flutter of excitement he suddenly noticed a black shape on his beam. However, with no lights showing such things often happen and he drops into station without anyone being the wiser.

The rain has kindly stopped and on the new course the bridge is comparatively dry.

Thoughts of cocoa obtrude themselves.

"Messenger!"

"Sir!"

"Go down to my cabin and in my basin you will find a cup, saucer, and spoon, a coffee cup full of milk, another one full of brown sugar, a tin of cocoa, and an electric kettle. Bring it all up—got it?"

"Yessir!"

In the fulness of time, the small boy aged about fifteen reappears with the necessary impedimenta for cocoa. The kettle is plugged up, and the brew mixed.

Soon both officers are enjoying the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate. Under cover of a screen, pipes are lit, and Mr. Smith, revived by the cocoa and soothed by the pipe, known as the "gum-bucket" to his pals, becomes quite affable.

"You know," he remarks, "that drop of leave we gathered in the other day seems like a dream, a vision punctuated with lovely ladies. . ."

"Yes," interposes the other, "it is like a dream until you look at your cheque book; I had not observed mine closely until I got a screed from my bankers requesting me to do so. The shock was terrific."

"Ah yes, Jacko! but what a devil of a good time one had in those four days! By the way, did you get engaged?"

"No, thank heaven, but I had a dashed narrow escape. It was on the river, and in the dusk, about the time you darken ships, savee? and 'pon my word I was just losing my head, when our punt was rammed amidships by a tinker in a skiff, one of the 'grabbies,'* taking his young lady out for a row—of course that brought me to: I sweated with fear when I thought about it."

Mr. Smith murmured sympathetic condolences, then, apropos of nothing in particular, he remarked :

"It's marvellous how noble, how sympathetic some girls are! Now last leave I met —"

He was rudely interrupted.

"Look here, old chap, it's quarter to four. What about the reliefs?"

"Good lor! So it is. Here, Hi! messenger, nip down and tell the sentry to call Mr. Blanche and Mr. Burrell. Tell 'em it's a fine night, and see they turn out. . . Signalman, bring the books, and send a hand down to report 3.50 to the navigator! . . . Bosun's mate, send a hand up here to take the crockery down!"

At four a.m. a sleepy figure arrives on the bridge, and takes over from Smith's companion. "Night, Smithy" says the latter, "I'll smooth your sheets for you as I pass your house." †

"See if that slug Blanche has turned out would be more to the point," is Mr. Smith's reply.

4.2 a.m.—"If there is one thing I abominate, it's being relieved late," remarks Mr. Smith.

4.4 a.m.—"I say, Burrell, did you see if Blanche was turned out?"

"No, my eyes were not unstuck then," replies Burrell.

4.6 a.m.—"Blast his sluggish liver! Here, messenger!"

"Yessir."

"Take my compliments—*compliments*, do you savee, to Mr. Blanche and tell him—Oh! here he is—wash out."

"Sorry, old sport," remarks the new arrival with forced joviality. "I'm a wee bit adrift."

"Not at all, I like it," says Smith with heavy sarcasm.

"Well, here you are, Course North, etc."

4.15 a.m.—"Sentry!"

"Sir!"

"Call me at eight o'clock, a good shake."

"Very good, Sir."

4.20 a.m.—Heavy breathing.

* Monkey Island is the name given to the fore upper bridge.

* Grabbies—Soldiers.

† House—Cabin.

New Secret Diplomacy: By G. K. Chesterton

THERE is in England a body of opinion called the Union of Democratic Control, to which I have not myself the honour to belong, but the title and aims of which embody very lucidly and thoroughly almost all that I think about the problems of the war. The very name is a fine and sufficient summary of nearly everything which I shall attempt to say here. If there is one thing in which I have always essentially and literally believed, it is democratic control; which is (it should be noted) something much more extreme and drastic than democratic consent.

I believe that the people can rule, and that when it does rule, it does so better than any of its rulers. Even where it is unjustly forbidden to rule, and appears only to dissolve and destroy, I am disposed to defend it; I believe that no human institution in history has really so little to be ashamed of as the mob. And when the Union of Democratic Control passes to its more particular object, it satisfies me even more fully. It aims chiefly at eradicating that evil craft of secret diplomacy by which princes and privileged men cynically make and unmake kingdoms and republics as they roll and unroll cigarettes; and no more think of consulting the citizens of the State than of consulting all the blades of grass before bargaining for the sale of a field. This detestable detachment, inherited from the heartless dynastic ambitions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has been covered in my own time and my own society by the large and optimistic advertisements of what is called Imperialism. I can say without fear or penitence that I have always hated and always done my hardest to extirpate Imperialism, as an ambition of any country, and above all as an ambition of my own.

It is indeed true that the members of the Union of Democratic Control do not agree with any of these principles, with which I myself agree so ardently, when I read them in their official literature. If it be counted some sort of reflection on a society that its mere individual membership does not happen to include any person who assents to its printed formulæ, the U.D.C. may be held to suffer from such a disadvantage.

Of the most eminent member, Mr. E. D. "Morel," I can only say that his warm admirers, while agreeing as to the thoroughness of his enthusiasm, are apparently doubtful only about its object; and that in any case the mere evisceration of secret diplomacy can hardly be supposed to satisfy or explain it. He is himself so eminently secret a diplomatist that there is a doubt, not merely about what it is that he does for his country, but about what country it is that he does it for. The other members are mostly widely respected and well-informed men, famous in almost every branch of culture, and for almost every type of conviction—with the exception of those special and peculiar doctrines with which they are accidentally connected by the formularies of their membership. Probably the chief influence on the society comes from a group of aristocrats, representing the great governing class families of Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Buxton or Hobhouse, whose tradition naturally it is to perpetuate Burke's antagonism to the theory of the French Revolution. And indeed one of them only recently refused to submit himself to any popular vote in his constituency, for the explicit reason that the great anti-Jacobin, who lies buried at Beaconsfield, would not have approved of a representative paying any attention to anything which he is alleged to represent. But in the plain appeal I am now writing, I am concerned with the principles of the Union of Democratic Control; and I am therefore in no way concerned with any of its members.

To those principles, which condemn an undemocratic diplomacy, it is now necessary to make a new and very urgent appeal. For undemocratic diplomacy has returned in a new and even more undemocratic form. It is not merely that the popular opinion has never been expressed, but that it is censored and silenced when it has been expressed. The acts of a mob can be hidden like the acts of a man. Silence does not rest merely on the momentary negotiation of two or three officials; silence can be spread over the desires of whole populations and the destiny of whole provinces. It is not one diplomatist who wears a mask, but a million democrats who are all required to wear muzzles. The chief example of this new secret diplomacy is the earnest exhortation addressed to the English and French, that they should qualify the vehemence of their anti-German feeling, out of consideration for the international idealism either of Petrograd or of Stockholm. Sometimes this modification is recommended as a way of securing peace for the world. Sometimes it is only recommended as a way of securing peace within the Alliance. But upon one point all the Stockholm-Petrograd school of

democrats is agreed; and that is the need of imposing silence upon the democracies of the West.

Now while I agree with the Internationalists as to the evil of private understandings, I think it the reverse of an improvement to take refuge in public misunderstandings. I think it a bad thing that diplomatists should secretly arrange the transference of the French people to the power of the Emperor of China. But I think it worse to declare that all Frenchmen really desire to be Chinamen, lest any hint of the reverse should ruffle the serenity of the Chinese. I think it bad that white men should be despotically driven into an alliance or a war with black men; but I think it worse that white men should be made to black their faces, for fear of disturbing the solidarity of the human race. It is an evil thing that the people should not choose for themselves, but should be tricked beforehand into having something whether they like it or not. But it is a worse thing that we should not even know what they do like, what they would really choose, or perhaps have already chosen.

It is the case against secret diplomacy that the masses are never consulted until it is too late; but it seems to be the upshot of the new pacifist diplomacy that the masses are never consulted at all. For it is idle to talk of consulting the people, if all their most primary passions and bitterest experiences are to be concealed in the interests of a theoretic humanitarianism. And that, and nothing else, is really the claim of those who insist on the anti-German feeling in England being qualified by concern for less exasperated feeling in Russia.

Popular View of Germans.

Now it is simply a fact, like death or daylight, that the English people, and especially the English poor, regard the German of this war exactly as they regarded the Whitechapel murderer who ripped up poor girls with a knife. Seeing that the German also, as it happens, has ripped up poor girls with a knife, the parallelism of the sentiment is not perhaps so surprising. The English poor desired to find the Whitechapel murderer and punish him; the English poor also desire to find the Germans who commanded these German atrocities and punish them. This is the will of the people, if the will of the people ever existed in this world.

It is now necessary to insert here a most emphatic warning against people being misled upon this point by any such sectional incident as a vote in favour of Stockholm, temporarily upheld by certain representatives of certain English Trade Unions. Such votes are variable and, as a basis of argument, quite unreliable. They are unreliable for three successive and decisive reasons, each final without the other. First, it is admitted, because it cannot be denied, that such schemes of representation are so wildly illogical as to be simply meaningless. We should not think much of a scientific assembly in which the men who believe that the earth is flat had as many representatives as those who cling to the more common opinion that it is round. We should not accept as authoritative a Congress of Religions in which the Scotch sect of the Upstanding Glassites (now, alas, nearly extinct) was represented by serried rows of delegates, covering as many benches as all the Catholics or all the Mahomedans put together. We should not bow down to a representative system which brought out the remarkable result that as many Englishmen wear sandals as wear boots; or that the earnest students of scripture who think it wicked to have their hair cut are as numerous as those who observe the rite at more or less reasonable intervals. Yet this was strictly, literally and indeed admittedly, the composition of the so-called Labour Conference now in question; in which enormous over-representation was given to tiny Pacifist groups holding opinions rather rarer than the opinion that the earth is flat. Even this disproportionate and absurd assembly admittedly voted under a complete misapprehension about the most decisive question of fact.

Secondly, therefore, even if the meeting had been representative, it would have voted on a misrepresentation. And thirdly, even if the fact had not been entirely misrepresented, and if the Trade Unions had been formally and legally represented, there is an obstacle more absolute and unanswerable than all the rest. It is the fact that no sane man denies the sight of his own eyes and the testimony of his own ears; it is the fact that we deal to-day with deadly realities and have no patience for political fictions; it is the fact of the nature of fact.

I know that most Englishmen, and especially most poor Englishmen, are furious with the Germans, exactly as I know that most of them think it desirable to wear clothes

or prefer cooked meat to raw. The man who pretends to doubt it would pretend to doubt the nose on a man's face, because it slightly differed from the nose in his portrait. Representation, at its best, does not profess to give anything more than a picture or emblem of the multitudinous mind of the people. When that mind is so unanimous and so uproarious that anybody can see it in the street, and almost breathe it in the air, the man who prefers to believe the figure rather than the fact is something very much worse than a lunatic.

I stress this parenthesis because I conceive myself primarily to be bearing witness to facts for the benefit of foreign opinion; and whether or no the Internationalists think this popular feeling should be gratified, it can do no kind of good, even to their own cause, that they should be simply ignorant of anything so human and so huge.

Now a democrat, for whom democracy is a living conviction and not merely a long word, has nothing whatever to do, *qua* democrat, with the wisdom or perfection of a popular demand as any modification of its political right. When he is sure of the people's will, he must admit the people's authority, if he is a democrat, and if he is also an honest man. That all retribution or expiation is barbaric may be a part of enlightenment, but it is not a part of democracy; and any use of it to evade a general demand is a denial of democracy. To believe that the German criminal will spontaneously repent of his crimes may be in itself charitable, but it is not in itself democratic; and if it is used against the general will it is anti-democratic. Particular men who hold the democratic thesis may also hold that men should not be punished for murdering girls. For that matter, they may hold that men should not be discouraged from murdering girls, or that men should be warmly and enthusiastically urged towards murdering girls. But they do not hold these things as part of the democratic thesis; and, if they let them prevail against the general will, they do not believe in the democratic thesis at all. In the case of the English people there is only one possible alternative. Either Germany must pay for the wrong which the people believes it has suffered; or else the people has no right to have an opinion, or no right to express an opinion, or no right to make the opinion which it holds prevail.

But it will no doubt be very earnestly urged that an opinion may be democratic in appearance while being very undemocratic in origin. It is implied that the anti-German feeling in England was officially and therefore artificially produced. It is contended, to summarise briefly what is to be said for this view, that our diplomatists had darker motives for spreading a theory that a British promise when made to Belgium ought to be kept, and that a German promise when made to Belgium ought not to be broken. These intellectual departures, it is implied, were first encouraged by a small knot of officials a few years ago; and so subtly disseminated by them that they have since come to have much the appearance of being the common morality of mankind. In the same way these British sophists so prepared the soil of our mentality, that when a German soldier (in the fulfilment of his native discipline and natural duty) killed the village priest as a punishment for the patriotism of the village atheist, it seemed somehow that we should always have regarded such an action as in some way unreasonable or unjust. The ordinary mass of men (it is argued) would inevitably have thought it natural that the village priest should be regarded as having performed the actions of the village atheist, or even of the village idiot, had not the subtle, fluent, brilliantly eloquent and bewilderingly universal philosophers, who are the younger sons of our English county families and the products of our English public schools, misled the multitude by the music of their rhetoric and the audacious novelty of their reasoning.

I may be excused if I absolve myself from the further strain of stating this thesis seriously; but it is a thesis on which our enemies almost entirely rely. As it happens, it is not only intrinsically imbecile, but is relatively the precise reverse of the fact. It is not so much an injustice to the British Government and governing class as a gross and very excessive compliment to them. It attributes to them much more foresight than they had, and an attitude in which they would since have been entirely justified if only they had had it. It supposes the governing classes to have been the anti-German influence. As a fact, it was the governing classes who had always been the pro-German influence, and the only pro-German influence. It is the real and very damaging joke against the most educated part of England, that for decades past it had been trying to educate the mob, and trying to educate it all wrong. The universities were pro-German, the fashionable philosophies and religions were pro-German, the practical politics, the social reform and slumming, were all copied from Germany; for it is the whole art of slumming to pay no attention to the opinion of the slums. Only in the slums would you have

found already a resentment against the German shopkeeper, more especially as the German shopkeeper was commonly a German Jew.

Friendship towards Germany.

Similarly the great aristocratic statesmen like Salisbury and Rosebery kept in close alliance with the German Emperor; the great quarterlies and the graver magazines discussed him as the architect of Germany and the arbiter of Europe. It was only the coarse caricaturists of the gutter who called him then the lunatic we are all calling him now.

That Germany has suffered wrong from our statesmen is arguable; that she has inflicted wrong on our citizens is self-evident. To say that these things are merely incidents of war is merely to quarrel about words. The fact which a democrat will feel important is the fact that this democracy does regard these acts as something much worse than war. The Germans, for instance, have poisoned wells; and the wickedness of poisoning wells has long been an ordinary English proverb and figure of speech. The Germans introduced the use of venomous vapours in battle; and the poor people whose sons and husbands have been "gassed" do in fact speak of them in a style never used about other wars, in which they have been merely wounded. In the presence of this popular feeling all the international talk about quarrels manufactured by Governments is perfectly true and perfectly irrelevant. Cynical British statesmen might have poisoned men's minds against Germany. But the indignation is there because men's bodies have been poisoned by Germans. Sensational journalists might have taken away the characters of a race of foreigners. But the feeling has not been created by the taking away of characters, but by the taking away of lives.

This democratic decision was embodied and emphasised in the famous refusal of the Seamen's Trade Union to take Mr. Macdonald to Stockholm. Here again it is quite possible to talk of the intrigues of politicians; and here again it is quite irrelevant. Anyone who chooses is at liberty to say that the strike may not have been spontaneous, or may have been prompted by a secret Government order; just as he is free to say that it may have been prompted by an ancient English prejudice against Cossacks or by an ancient Highland feud against Macdonalds. But if anybody says that such a strike *could* not have been spontaneous, or *must* have been prompted from above, he simply knows no more about any kind of poor Englishmen than I do about the man in the moon.

The matter seems so far to resolve itself into the very simple question of whether the democratic conference of Europe shall or shall not express the real views of the real democracies. If it is to express them, there is not the shadow of a doubt, in the case of the allied peoples in the West, about what those views really are. It is, I suppose, physically possible (though morally most improbable) that they should be forced to renounce these opinions by the prolonged torture of a pitiless war; just as it is possible for a philosopher to be forced to renounce his opinions on the rack. But that is not the procedure now most favoured in the enlightened schools of international democracy, as a method of finding out a man's opinions. It is presumably conceivable in the abstract that we should be physically compelled to pay attention to German proposals, as we might be physically forced to pay ransom to a brigand. But we should not say he was an international fellow-worker; we should say he was a blackmailer as well as a brigand. The fact remains that, upon the worst and wildest possibility, our public testimony could only be pacifist if it were tortured or terrorised; it could not possibly be so as long as it was true.

I repeat therefore that the question simply is whether the democracies are to dare to say what they mean; or whether a few self-appointed public orators are to announce to the world that they mean something else, which we all know they do not mean. This strikes me as involving a degree of meekness and self-effacement in the masses infinitely more abject and absolute than that demanded by the old despotic foreign policy of which I have always disapproved. We talk of denouncing secret diplomacy; but at least the diplomacy did have to be secret. That a policy was concealed from the people was itself a confession of the power of the people. Princes and Chancellors hid themselves in dark places from a thing like a thundercloud or a deluge—democracy. But now a man may say in broad daylight that all democrats believe that black is white; and it must be received in religious silence. For those who were once hailed throughout the world as democrats are democrats no longer. The democrats have all become diplomatists. In truth, we have all become secret diplomatists, and must for ever hide our hearts from each other; for in each will be the dark tale of a frustrated justice, which we desired and dared not demand.



Rural Reformation : By John Ruan

AS architect, designer and craftsman Mr. C. R. Ashbee does well to devote the greater part of his book, *Where the Great City Stands* (Batsford : 21s. net), to the affairs of the city itself ; but we shall not be wasting time if we regard the city rather from the point of view of the country. A city is, after all, only the concentrated expression of the land. Just as man himself may be regarded as corn and grass and fruits become conscious, so his most elaborate works are only reorganised products of the soil.

If the war has taught us anything it is the supreme importance of the land, and any scheme of social or industrial reconstruction that does not start with the country will be dealing with symptoms instead of causes. The time is long past for regarding the country as a mere background to the town. Even granting, and it is open to question, that the finest effects of civilisation in philosophy, science, literature and art are produced in cities, the relation of country to town is still that of root to flower ; and unless the one be healthy the other cannot be more at best than the hectic blossom which an actual plant puts forth when threatened with decay.

Mr. Ashbee himself devotes his last chapter to this very question. He takes for his text Axiom X. of the list drawn up at the beginning of the book. " In an industrial civilisation, the reconstructed city cannot be stable without a corresponding reconstruction of the country. Town and country should be correlated and react upon one another. This correlation is a necessary consequence of the conditions of machine industry."

With the prevision that town and country react upon one another whether you will or not, and in any conditions of industry, those are wise words, but in order to get the full wisdom of them it is necessary to consider them in more detail than the axiomatic form allows. What, for example, is meant by the " reconstruction of the country " ? First of all it means the re-establishment of human beings in some secure footing on the soil ; and that brings in the question of

ownership. This is hardly the place to weigh the respective claims of State and private ownership, and it is enough to say that in either case the peasant must be something more than an exploited labourer. Whether he owns his land or rents it from the State or from a private landlord, he must be allowed that interest in his labour upon it for which the right word is artistic.

This is not a counsel of perfection ; it is a counsel of necessity ; and anybody who has lived among country workers

knows that one of the most tragic things in country life is the struggle between this persistent interest and bad conditions of employment. The countryman who does not want to do his work better than he is allowed to do it is the exception rather than the rule. A great deal has been said about the " incentives " to labour. There is only one incentive to labour that is worth practical consideration—it is pleasure in the job. Let the incentive be wholly, or mainly, the hope of profit, and sooner or later the man will find out a way of scamping his job and still securing, or trying to secure, his profit.

Then, apart from the question of labour, there are all the questions of life ; of housing, education, social intercourse and recreation. These are not new questions brought into existence by the war ; they are old neglected problems seen by the light of the war to be soluble and pressing for solution. And their solution must come from within. It is no use for clever gentlemen to go down from the city to put the country straight. They can help to supply the machinery, but they must be shown the needs by people who



Tyberton Cross, Herefordshire

have suffered from them ; who know by bitter experience the conditions that are covered by the words " rural England." This means organisation in the country itself. In every village there must be a pooling of experience. The problems of birth, nourishment, bodily and mental, marriage, domestic economy and sickness as they are conditioned by country life must be examined in council by people who have lived the life ; not merely as

pastors and masters, however benevolent, but as workers on the land all these problems are implied in rural reformation, and the problems involved in the correlation of town and country are not less urgent or less native. They are mainly problems of the market, and from the point of view of the welfare of the community they cannot be solved by captains of industry or princes of commerce thinking and

conscious reason is based upon the larger subconscious mind. Indeed, the green spaces of the city might very well be compared to the inspiring and refreshing intrusions of the sub-conscious—call it day-dreaming if you like—into everyday affairs that most of us experience.

One of the best things about Mr. Ashbee's book is the bold way he faces the question of machinery. As he says:

"The distinction between what should and what should not be produced by machinery has in many trades and crafts now been made. This has been the discovery of the last twenty-five years." He might have added that it is only when the distinction is clearly made that handicrafts can come into their own. So long as there is any doubt about it good craftsmen will waste their skill in doing by hand what can be done better by machinery; and on the other hand machinery will degrade production by imitating things designed to be done by hand. The moment it is recognised that there is no special merit in either except that of adaptation of means to end, there is no longer any point in either the competition or the imitation. A division of labour is made, and the thing is frankly designed to be done by hand or machinery. It is quite certain that we shall not escape from the "tyranny of the machine" by refusing to make use of it. The only way is to go on and master the machine as we have mastered the simpler implements of craftsmanship.

This, of course, applies to country labour as much as to town labour; the tractor plough has come to stay. The easy distribution of

electric power suggests a dozen ways in which country tasks can be lightened for the benefit of the labourer—particularly of the labourer's wife. Undoubtedly this will have some effect upon the landscape. Picturesque nooks and straggling hedgerows will disappear in the broader technique of new methods; very much as a certain cosiness in country life will go to be more than compensated for by the increase in communal interests; for, as Mr. Ashbee points out, the machinery must be under common control; in a word be "socialised."



The Norman Chapel at Campden, Gloucestershire, as repaired, with additions

working from the city. The country must find and control its own market. Something may be done with existing machinery; though it is difficult to see how a machinery highly organised to check production and unequalise distribution for private profit—which is what the existing machinery of commerce really is—can be made to work for the welfare of the community. There is, by the way, a striking illustration of this in the present food situation. It is said that there is no profit for the dealer in controlled commodities. If that be true it can only mean one thing: that private profit in the needs of the people is not compatible with public welfare; which is what some of us have been saying for a long time.

It is hardly too much to say that a reformed countryside would mean a city automatically reformed. The madness of cities is caused by poison in the country, for the relation of town to country is not unlike that of brain to body. Anybody who has come into close contact with the insane knows that the most fantastic delusions can often be traced to bodily causes; and I could tell some very funny stories about the effect of homely remedies upon the state of imaginary kings. What is needed is a healthy countryside, and a clean run from country to city, with all the channels working free and orderly. Then the ideal city would form itself. As Mr. Ashbee says:

The English landed class, in allowing the real peasantry to be destroyed, have been "putting their money on the wrong horse." They have allowed brains, intelligence, constructive purpose, imagination, to go by default. . . . The hope lies in the silent eternity of the countryside; its dreaming among cows and pigs, and beer and lambs and fruit orchards; the things that will not fit into time tables, or work to factory bells. Above all, we who are building the Great City need the knowledge that town and country cannot do without one another, that the city needs the country for its own permanence and life. As for us in England, our country gentry have yet to learn that they can only save themselves by becoming a part of the new Industrial Democracy in which the peasant and the dreamer, as well as the duke and the farmer, have their part.

Particularly with our new means of transit, and our new means for the distribution of power, there should be no sharp division between town and country life. The one should be merely a concentration and quickening of the other, as the work to be done in the town is more narrowly technical. The cleverness of the city must be based upon the broad wisdom of the country, as in the individual the con-



Home Place. By E. S. Prior

[These photographs are reproduced from *Where the Great City Stands*.]

Women's Village Councils: By F. G. Hamilton

*Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.*

AT a meeting held at the Old Wattle House, on the Fair Green, Findon, a little South Downs village, the first of the Women's Village Councils was formed on October 2nd, 1917, with the purpose of assisting the Rural District Council by a voluntary inquiry into village needs, present and future, in connection with the Local Government Board's State-aided Housing Scheme. The demand made for fifty State-aided cottages was based on an analysis by the vicar, who has long experience of the various causes of the housing shortage and of the evils arising from it.

It is now evident that this small local effort has become, almost unconsciously, the pioneer of a great movement for the development of the rural woman, and, through her agency and personality, of the country side. In rapid succession other Women's Village Councils were formed in West Sussex, each with its peculiar local features, but with a common aim; in Norfolk, West Runton is leading the way. Inquiries are pouring in from all parts of England as to the formation, methods and scope of these voluntary Councils.

The idea of reconstruction is grasped slowly in the country where a healthy clash of opinion is rare, and the mission of the W.V.C.'s is to act as searchlights on bad conditions, and then to use their influence and power for their removal and the substitution of better things.

As originally formed, the first W.V.C. had for its single aim the building of fifty State-aided cottages after the war through the agency of the Rural District Council, in a village where the accommodation fell short of requirements present and future. It was seen, however, that to achieve this end, and to have a real share in development on progressive lines, that more woman-power would be necessary on Parish, Rural District and County Councils. Maternity and child welfare came naturally into the thoughts of a body composed mainly of mothers, and Mr. Herbert Fisher's Act, the rationing of education as it has been wittily called, dealing with children of all ages, made it imperative to give education a place. The Findon Women's Village Council declared their aims to be:

To obtain first-hand information of great value to the nation on conditions of housing, maternity and child welfare, and education under the new Act.

To enable the genuine working woman to educate herself to take her place on Parish, Rural District, and County Councils.

The W.V.C. consists at present of fifty members (to be added to) who have elected a President, a respected village mother, who has suffered great family losses in the war, two Joint Hon. Secretaries and an Hon. Treasurer. Fortunately, finance plays a small part in local work, though the expenses of the Federation* are growing.

The following resolution was passed unanimously at Findon, and it is hoped will be sent forward by all other W.V.C.'s on their formation:

We have pleasure in reporting to the Local Government Board that the Findon Women's Village Council (for the purpose of collecting evidence for the State-aided housing scheme) has been formed by general notice, and we beg that we may be recognised as representing working women in Findon, and we ask that we may be consulted in all reforms and schemes connected with our village.

Copies of the resolution were sent to the Parish, Rural District and County Councils. With the exception of the latter Council, the only replies received have been bare printed or typed acknowledgments, officialism remaining strongly entrenched behind red-tape entanglements. A simple constitution, on broad lines, was drawn up and voted upon by the members of the W.V.C., the ordinary business procedure being observed at all Council meetings.

A Federation of Councils has been formed to give unity and weight to the movement, and in addition, an advisory council of experts, on which men and women have equally been invited. A cottage survey form has been drawn up by Mr. Henry Chapman, suitable for amateur use, yet sufficiently technical for professional, and to be a convincing record of conditions. In one of the villages such a survey has been carried out in fifty-three "open" cottages, no "tied" cottages belonging to landowners or tenant farmers have been visited, it being understood that these are of modern construction, and in fair repair. The analysis of the fifty-three good and bad cottages gives these facts: That the internal arrangements do not

correspond, except in the newest cottages, with the external appearance of the structure and roof. In forty-three the water supply is unfiltered rain water, there being neither company's water, nor main drainage in the village. In twenty-two damp comes up from the ground, sixteen have damp walls, five have no back doors, twenty-nine have no sinks for waste, every drop of water has to be thrown out on the garden, washing days, bath nights, every day, and all day. Only ten of the fifty-three possess three bedrooms, in thirty-seven the sanitation is so primitive that it hardly deserves the name; there is no gas; kitchen ranges have been fitted in most cottages, but there are bedrooms with no fireplaces.

The pre-war wages of the tenants are generally given as 25s.—though there are higher and lower scales. Rents vary from 2s. to 5s. 6d., when rates at 6s. in the £ are added.

Already the action of the W.V.C.'s is evoking hope for the future in the trenches, and stimulating the wives and mothers to greater effort. Where bad "tied" cottages are known to exist the W.V.C. will bring them under the observation of the local medical Officers of Health and Sanitary Inspectors. In theory, these officers are independent, but official and social considerations make it extremely difficult for them to press a point where a recommendation is disregarded or disallowed. Some system of inspection by independent surveyors is absolutely necessary if conditions suitable to maternity and child welfare are even to be approached and the nation's children are to become the nation's care. It must be considered how narrow and self-centred the outlook on general affairs becomes in rural districts, coloured by local interests, and held in check by fear; but where child life is concerned, the results are found to be so sure and deadly that the W.V.C. count on national support in their demands and effort for betterment.

That fifty-three tenants in a village should have offered their cottages for survey is a striking proof of the newly-formed determination to fight these evils, and of the desire for homes with some of the ordinary conveniences and comforts of civilisation, the absence of which involve daily drudgery and are often an offence to decency.

On this point too much praise cannot be given to village mothers for their struggle to uphold a good moral standard in their children under many difficulties. These women have often been in comfortable service before marriage, and feel the contrast of surroundings acutely. Unfortunately, their very efforts to preserve appearances have been detrimental to real improvement—the unseen is the unguessed at. The district nurse gets behind the scenes, but in many neighbourhoods she does not yet exist.

When State-aided building begins there must be a strong resolve to put the interests of children first; they must be saved from fly-polluted food in cottages "close to stables," from long tramps to school in mud, rain, snow, or summer sun from their homes, placed in some remote spot for the convenience of a labourer's work. Young mothers must be within reach of doctor and nurse. Provision will have to be made by landowners for subsidiary industries necessary to their estates—for example, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, builders, masons and those tradesmen who supply the workers' wants. The "open" cottages are at present overcrowded with these men and their families, and those employed in local industries.

The case of week-end cottages will have to be considered; they are negligible as regards reasons of shortage, but have a bearing on village life. The habit, by no means an unmitigated evil, may prove the salvation of many a charming old dwelling, not ill-adapted for week-end use in summer, though unsuited as a home for a young family.

These considerations are familiar to the country women, to whom the separation allowances have, for the first time, given a measure of independence, and this freedom, further extended by her potential value as a voter, helps to explain the startling rapidity with which a new movement is gaining ground. The Women's Village Councils formed of women who live in cottages, claim to play a considerable part in the reformation of rural England.

There was a notice in our issue of January 31st of the New English Art Club, which contained reproductions of certain pictures now on exhibition. Owing to a regrettable mistake two pictures were wrongly described. "The Storm," by Professor William Rothenstein, should have appeared under the lower illustration, the upper illustration being "Whernside," by C. J. Holmes. We much regret this mistake, which we understand has given rise to some confusion in the minds of our readers.

* Further information of the W.V.C. Federation can be obtained from the Hon. Secs., Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Mackenzie, Kylemore, Findon, Sussex.

Life and Letters, by J. C. Squire

Mr. Shaw's Critics

I THINK I have read more books about Mr. Bernard Shaw than about any author, not excepting Shakespeare: which, of course, is what Mr. Shaw would think most reasonable. I cannot remember them all. There was Mr. Chesterton's. There was Professor Archibald Henderson's. There was Mr. Joseph McCabe's. There was M. Augustin Hamon's. There was Mr. P. P. Howe's. There was one by a Miss Somebody. There were others. And now there is one more. It is called *Bernard Shaw: The Man and His Work* (Allen & Unwin, 4s. 6d. net) and its author is Herbert Skimpole, B.A., hitherto, unlike the island of Tenedos, not known to fame.

It is a wonderful collection. Mr. Chesterton's book is a sane, amusing—and, incidentally, a very chivalrous, piece of criticism. But the rest make the most grotesque body of critical literature in existence. The great salient fact about them is that they are about a man who, if he is allowed nothing else, must be allowed to be funny, and that they are all utterly humourless. Some of them are soberly antipathetic; most of them are soberly reverential; all of them, whilst their subject gambols like a jackpudding, stand about the platform in grave attitudes with constricted brows.

M. Hamon, the unique French translator of Mr. Shaw, was candid enough (in his *B. Shaw: the Twentieth Century Molière*) to confess—though he hadn't the least idea what he was doing—that it was years before he realized that his hero made jokes:

Impressed by the profundity of the ideas, by the penetrating, terse and logical criticism of society, I gradually came to entertain an enthusiastic admiration for your plays, which voiced so many of the ideas which I myself had at heart. Yet their essential comedy remained largely unperceived. I saw only the substance of the ideas, and this was so intensely luminous as actually to blind me to the spirit of comedy. It was not until at Brussels, on February 7th, 1907, *Candida* was staged, that my eyes were opened, although still incompletely, to the beauties of your drama.

This passage alone made M. Hamon's book worth having, but he keeps it up all through. He tells one that "Shaw is a Socialist to the marrow of his bones, so much a Socialist that when he married in 1898 he married another Socialist"; that "in the country Shaw wears a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, the traditional dress of the English sportsman . . . Since he attained to wealth he has had a motor-car, and this leads him to neglect the bicycle"; and that "it is untrue to assert that he acts as he does in order to make people dislike him." That is a book worth having. So was Mr. McCabe's. Professor Henderson beat them both. He, in a volume which vied in size with Masson's *Life of Milton*, not merely gave one photograph of every house in which Mr. Shaw had ever lodged, but (unless my memory deceives me) took the greatest pains to discover with what brand of ink Mrs. Shaw senior used to mark her son's baby-clothes. There never was such detail. And there never was such profound awe. Whenever the word "Shaw" appeared it was delivered as though it were "Mumbo-Jumbo" and this amazing professor high priest of the cult.

Why is it that there are innumerable books about Mr. Shaw and (I think) only one about (say) Mr. Conrad? And why have the books about Mr. Shaw so peculiar and distinctive a badness? Mr. Herbert Skimpole, at whom I now arrive, is fully equal to his illustrious predecessors. I thought he would be when I saw this on the paper wrapper of his book:

What is the true Shaw? In this work Mr. Skimpole takes a new view-point of Shaw the Man, and depicts him not as a living legend, but as a very contemporary human being.

There is a prudence and exactitude about that "very contemporary"; observe how Mr. Skimpole eschews the customary exaggerations of hero-worship and refrains from describing Mr. Shaw as "the only contemporary man on earth." He is merely more than usually contemporary, more contemporary than most: and the definiteness of this promises well. The preface clinches it. "I must not," concludes Mr. Skimpole,

omit to convey my gratitude to Nordau, Henderson and the others whose works I have freely used in my study of Shaw, and particularly to Gilbert Chesterton, whom I have imbibed through the medium of all his books.

Which certainly sounds as though Mr. Chesterton, perhaps as a punishment, perhaps as a reward, for his insistence upon liquor, had been turned into beer.

So we go on:

There can be no mistake about the effect that Shaw has had on the English. He has awakened them out of their self-complacency, like a clap of thunder, instead of lulling them to sleep with sweet sentimentalities, like a prose Tennyson.

This panegyric is followed by a sentence which has that unconscious ambiguity which finally stamps Mr. Skimpole as a worthy successor of Mr. Henderson: "Round the cradle of Bernard Shaw moved little messengers of evil, bearing tidings of the woes and wailings that were falling upon the whole nation." The magnificent movement of Mr. Skimpole's prose continues:

The tall compact form is an excellent symbol of his lofty but orderly ideals; the strange shape of his face and cranium, whose two halves are so asymmetrical that the profiles, when photographed, cannot be recognized as belonging to the same person, is a significant parallel to the way in which his soul is divided by eternal conflicts; the burning hair is a mark of the hot strife within the skull . . .

Where, I wondered, had I seen this before? Then I remembered the seaside speeches of the mad Moslem in *The Flying Inn*. I cannot go on quoting indefinitely; but a few more extracts will give the quality of this remarkable study:

Shaw was right. London was just then in an unusually heated state of fervid discontent. Reformers and revolutionaries were spreading their nets like entomologists throughout the city, catching up as disciples all the ardour and impetuosity of the youths of the city.

It is only when we are out in the cool air of the evening again that we remember that Shaw is our great satirist, and that he is probably laughing in his sleeve at our horror all the time.

Of little infants and schoolchildren I cannot remember any examples in the plays.

I see in a sort of prophetic vision the works of Shaw studied in the schoolroom when his fame is already a half-remembered legend on the stage.

The one amusing sentence in the work is that in which he proves that Shaw is not merely perverse by saying: "If Shaw had merely wished to be against ordinary diet because it was ordinary, he might as well have become a Cannibal." But perhaps he has; it is in the nature of things a development one would keep pretty dark.

Mr. Shaw is a great wit, and he has written at least one perfect comedy. He has economic doctrines, solid, and not peculiar to himself. But what attracts all these queer people is his habit of promiscuous speculation about established morals and ideals, and about the even more established emotions which underlie them.

The followers are grim eccentrics who are always ready to believe that black is white, and are fascinated by anyone who throws out, however his cheek may bulge with his tongue, the suggestion that polyandry has its points or that our ape-like ancestors made a mistake in relinquishing the horizontal for the upright posture. Mr. Shaw scatters, amidst a good deal of hard rational thinking, little blasphemies against everything that men believe and feel, and casual challenges of the truth of almost anything generally accepted as a fact. He does it partly in order (as a man may) to discover which of his shots hit some sort of a mark, and partly because a blasphemy (I don't mean in the purely theological sense) is the kind of joke that amuses him most, and raises the most piquant laugh, and he cannot resist one even if it spoils a careful serious effect. Then along come these bottomless cranks to genuflect before or gloomily analyse the pseudo-philosophical persiflage and the speculative potshots. The accident that Mr. Shaw writes plays instead of treatises leads them to follow literary precedent and discuss "Shaw the Man," his relations, marriage, and sportsman's breeches, instead of concentrating entirely upon his remarkable succession of tentative theories. The result is the most comprehensively silly series of biographies on record.

No man of Mr. Shaw's literary performance has ever been so ill praised; no man of his brains has ever had so asinine a herd of followers. It is all his own fault, and he could only put himself right by composing a really candid play about his biographers. For let there be no mistake, he is not the sort of crank that they are.

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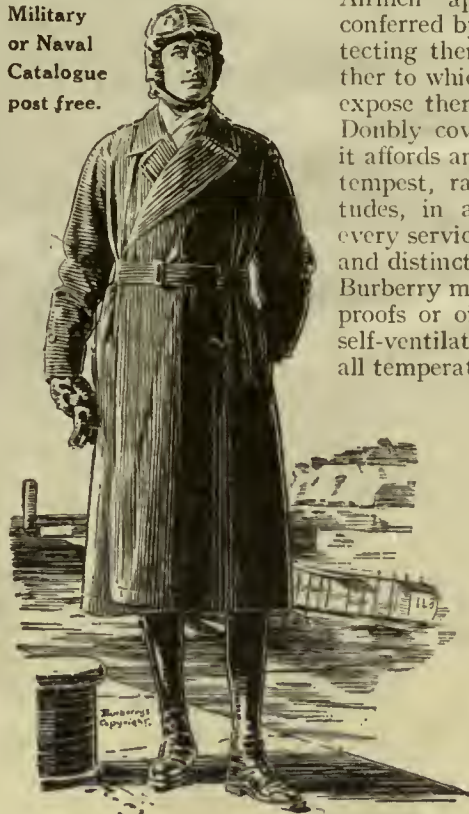
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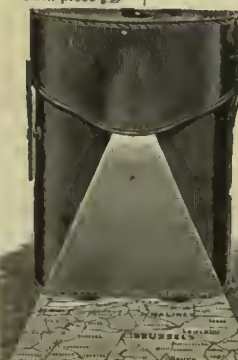
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Books of the Week

- West Point.** By ROBERT C. RICHARDSON, Junior. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8s. 6d. net
- The Bag of Saffron.** By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. Hutchinson and Co. 6s. net.
- Captivity and Escape.** By JEAN MARTIN, a French Sergeant-Major. John Murray. 5s. net
- Nineteen Impressions.** By J. D. BERESFORD. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.
- The Black Man's Part in the War.** By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Illustrated. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1s. 6d. net.

WITH the American Army fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Allies in France, everything that appertains unto it becomes of special interest. There is no better known military institution in the world than West Point. It is a link with America's struggle for independence, and forms the main connection of all her fighting hitherto. An intimate picture of this national military academy and of the life of the cadet there has been written by Captain Robert Richardson, 2nd Cavalry U.S. Army, and is appropriately enough published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, for Putnam is a name honourably associated with West Point. The situation of the Academy on the banks of the River Hudson is most picturesque, as can be seen from the photograph reproduced here from this volume. The discipline is severe, and the life itself demands that the youth shall have character and grit, if he is to derive full benefit from the traditions that have been slowly built up during the last hundred years. How high is the military opinion held



West Point from the Hudson River

of a West Point man in the United States may be judged from the dedication to this volume, in which it speaks of the corps of cadets as "representative of the best American manhood . . . the most highminded, loyal, disciplined body of student officers in the world." The book is very pleasantly written; it touches on history lightly but illuminatively; the story of the cadet's career at West Point is brightly and amusingly told, and we are given as an index a glossary of its peculiar slang, none of which, with one exception, seems to have any common meaning with English slang.

* * * * *

The article which gives its title to the Baroness von Hutten's latest book, *The Bag of Saffron*, was a curious old jewel of the Janeways family, which the head of the family gave only to one woman in each generation—and that woman stood for the best of her generation. Nicoleta Blundell, commonly known as "Cuckoo," was an unpromising person as recipient of this gift; the daughter of a worthless father, she grew up in the care of her aunts with a cramped soul, and a passion for material good of life that prevented her from realising that there are other things than material well-being. In a moment of pique she contracted a foolish marriage—or so it seemed at the time—with a poor artist, and later, having grown so tired of poverty that she consented to run away with Janeways, she was divorced and married to the owner of the bag of saffron, from whom, eventually, in curious fashion, she won the gift by winning her own soul.

Such an outline of the plot may not make the book appear

commendable, but those who know the work of this author will understand that the story is told in such a way as to make it worth while. There is a quaint and quiet humour running through the narrative, and a presentation of the characters that is better than realism of the modern sort. There are passages reminiscent of Jane Austen's descriptive genius, more especially the way in which one is led to see how much of worth there was in this "Cuckoo" who literally lived up to her nickname, and knew all the time that she had no nest of her own, but for the sake of the "things" she wanted, believing that they would make life of value, went on striving to occupy other nests. Her portrait, and that of Peregrine Janeways, the owner of the bag of saffron, are real creations on the part of the author; they are studies of unusual folk, and yet of two people with such traits as we recognise and like or detest every day of our lives. The book is in many ways the best that this author has written.

* * * * *

M. Jean Martin, author of *Captivity and Escape*, takes care to warn his readers that his experiences must not be taken as typical of all German concentration camps, for there are some establishments in Germany in which prisoners are treated like men. Having read the book, however, we take this statement with a certain amount of doubt, for this Frenchman unfortunately corroborates the accounts given by many British prisoners of their experiences in the hands of the Huns.

But M. Jean Martin had sufficient sense of humour to make good "copy" of even the worst experiences; it shows in the clever drawings with which he has illustrated his work, as well as in the actual writing, which tells of food—or the lack of it—in prison camps, of barbarous punishments inflicted on the slightest pretexts, of the horrible monotony of life, varied only by German attempts to break the spirit of the prisoners, and finally of escape carefully planned and dramatically achieved.

Possibly in the last chapter, which tells of the escape to a neutral country, the author has done his best work, for it is a breathless bit of reading, with a thrill to every half-dozen lines. The added attraction in this part of the story may be due to the fact that prisoners are many, and escapes are few.

* * * * *

It was once said of J. D. Beresford that he "mixed brains with his writing," and in his latest volume, *Nineteen Impressions*, he has continued the practice. The contents of this book are certainly impressions rather than stories, and each of them is distinctive in idea—and in execution as well. It is a cold survey of the universe that Mr. Beresford affects; he has a fine sense of the inevitable, and is but little concerned with sympathetic presentment. So long as he achieves accuracy he troubles little about the harshness of the lines which compose his pictures. Evidence of this may be found practically in all of these "impressions," and most of all in *The Ashes of Last Night's Fire* and *The Great Tradition*. Probably most readers will find the last sketch, *Lost in the Fog*, the best; it is the story of a village in the mist where the various families quarrelled among themselves and killed each other over a quarrel which started through the greed of one particular group. It is a little parable of the war and the ugliness of war, and is, too, the only impression out of the nineteen which is in the least connected with the war.

* * * * *

Sir Harry Johnston's account of the coloured races who have taken part in the war is issued under a slightly misleading title, *The Black Man's Part in the War*, for the book is more an account of the coloured races themselves than the part they have taken in the struggle. It outlines the characteristics of practically all the coloured races under British rule, and such a work could be done by no better authority, for Sir Harry Johnston has devoted a lifetime to the study of these races, and for such a sketch as this—in the limits of such a book, only a sketch is possible—he is admirably qualified. The book deals with the people of East and West Africa, and with the natives of the Pacific Islands, as well as the coloured West Indian population, and it is packed with facts relating to tribal characteristics and racial differences. There is, at the same time, a good deal of information about the work of these peoples in the war, but, as might be expected from such an authority on the subject, the peoples themselves are given more prominence than their war activities.



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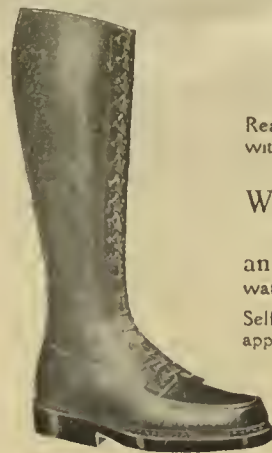
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like and attractive. Nothing, of course, in this particular category quite eclipses a well-cut tweed suit—but tweed and cut alike must be nowhere short of first-rate.

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The range of colours is a big and vastly attractive one, blues, greens, browns, violets, pinks and mixtures being all represented. Coats and skirts are willingly sent on approval, or a range of patterns can be forwarded. Buying these suits is a chance not to be lightly set aside. Tweeds are likely to be drawn into the shortage vortex before many months are over, and in any case their prices are abundantly certain to mount. There is another Scotch tweed model with a belt and big patch pockets—an inserted pleat being adroitly introduced at the back of the coat, while some real Connemara and Harris tweed suits are so desirable that few seeing them will refrain from going a step further and purchasing.

Something New in Corsets

Before choosing a new spring frock everyone should choose a new corset—there being true economy in the idea since the success of the first hinges entirely on that of the second. A really good corset at a reasonable price is not the easiest of things to find, but a famous firm whose name for years has been synonymous with value has got it. Their "Ravissant" corset is every single thing a stay should be, running through the widest gamut of quality, style, and prices and in consequence suiting everyone, no matter what their requirements are.

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Big women, however, will specially welcome the "Ravissant" stay made for their particular benefit. This is so arranged in front that when the wearer sits down extra room is at once allowed. Standing up suspenders automatically restore it to place and everything is in position.

For war-workers there is the Tricot Ravissant, a very lightly boned stay, giving ample play and freedom and no more than 12s. 9d. in price. Then there is a Ravissant de Luxe, a stay of satin broché, model 33, for 63s., and many others, so that all sides of the picture are duly considered. Every detail of these stays, be they high or low priced, is carried out by an expert, and their patrons are bound to be content. An assortment will be sent on approval, but any new customers will facilitate despatch by supplying a London trade reference.

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Lately a great feeling has sprung up for folding things, but on every side it is perfectly understandable. The mere possibility of being able to fold up a thing and put it away enhances its value at once, for it is not everyone with roomy houses and space to spare—added to which, numbers of folk are now birds of passage.

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Everyone knows how difficult it is to keep forks really clean, especially when the domestic staff is not one of vast dimensions. Eggs and such like things have an untoward habit of staining between the prongs, with the unwelcome result that the dinner table is often not the immaculate affair it ought to be.

In the old order of things fork prongs were most obstinate to clean, requiring a considerable amount of time and labour to keep them anything like in condition at all. Now this is all changed, they can be kept perfectly clean and shining through the good offices of the simplest little contrivance, the "Unedit" Fork Polisher. This is easy to work and so immediate in its results that ten forks can be brought up to the mark in the space of one minute. Powder is put on the polishing strands, the prongs of the tork inserted between, and with a few movements up and down, the excellent deed is done. Backs and fronts are then just rubbed along a single strand and the whole prong of a fork is as bright and attractive as it should by rights be.

A few other details, all of the most uncomplicated character, combine to make this polisher the ingenious contrivance it is—and one upon which the inventor has every cause to be congratulated. Before the polisher is used forks should be washed and all grease removed. It costs 3s. 6d. post free, or will be sent accompanied by a tin of specially good plate powder for 4s.—powder, polisher and posting combined.

By Way of Information

Golf shaped woven knickers in stockinette or cashmere have long been easy to get, but women find it a different matter when they want the same shape in longcloth, cambrie or nainsook. Yet washing ones of this sort are often needed, and many a weary search has been made for them. A certain firm specialise in this particular type of *pantalon* from 4s. 11d. They are edged with embroidery and are one and all the quintessence of durable wear. Some are run at the waist into an elastic and very comfortable they are. Three different sizes are available.

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PASSE-PARTOUT

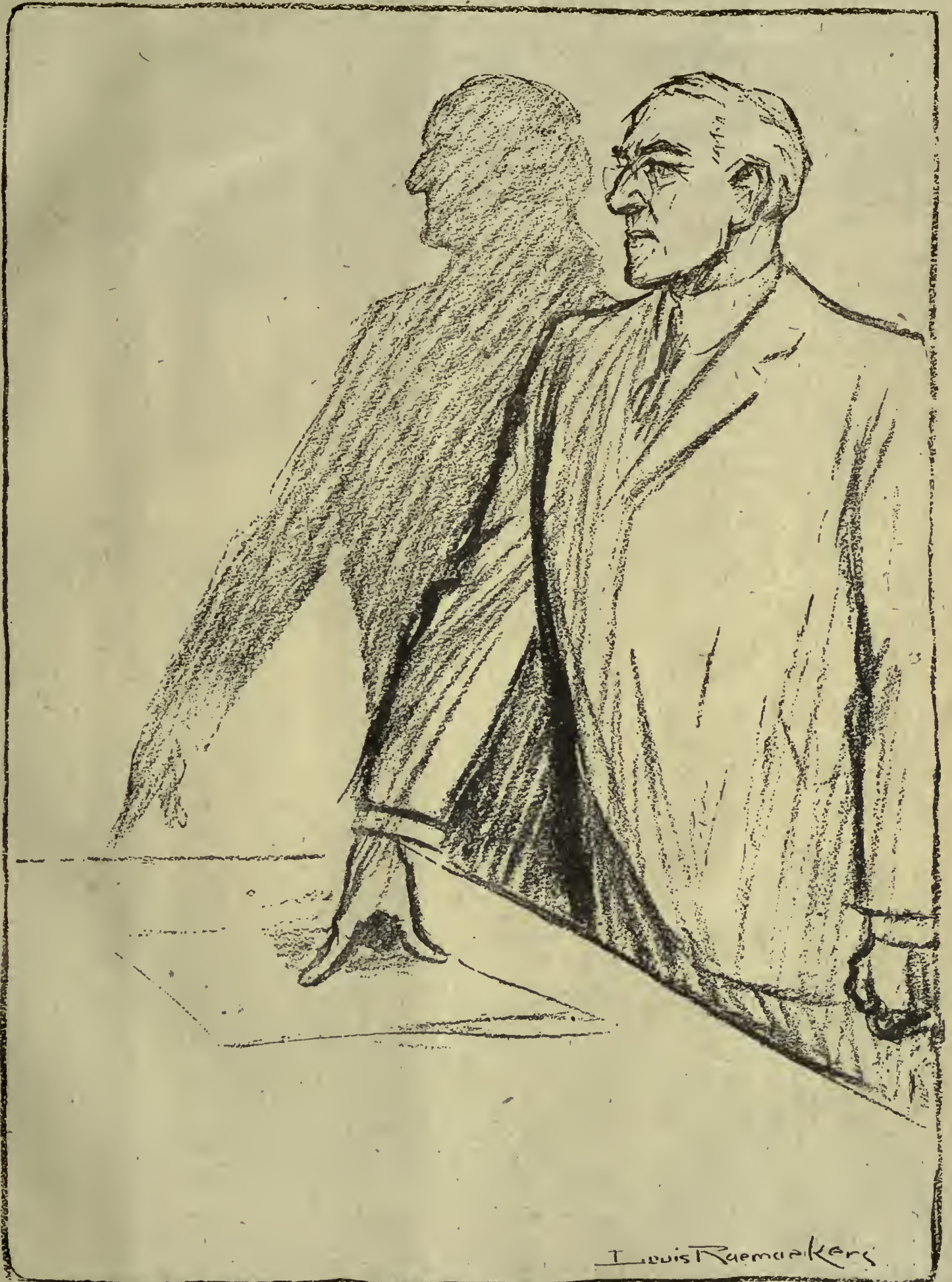
Provided D. H. Evans of Oxford Street have a say in the matter, nothing but praise can greet the hats of the spring. For the new models showing are all and everything a spring hat should be, and quite enough to make us even prematurely discard winter headgear. It is abundantly certain that brocade hats of all sorts and shapes will have it all their own charming way. Evans are showing any number of these, notably a dark blue and gold brocade model with something unusually clever in the way of a blue-beaded ornament. Then there are some delightful high-draped toques of satin, a high black satin one draped in precisely the right way just awaiting some uncommonly lucky owner. A hat of tegal and loofah straw in many different combinations of colouring and trimmed simply with a bow and tie of ribbon is cheapness personified at 18s., while novelty marks some hats of pedal straw for its own. These have clever little crochet bands finished off with a tiny beaded motif—are in all colours and cost no more than twenty-five shillings. Quite exceptionally charming, too, is a hat of basket straw in a picturesque Dolly Varden shape for 25/9. It is tied and bound with ribbon and boasts a bright little floral picquet. In rose colour it looks as charming as a hat can—but many other colours are also in the running and equally hard to beat.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1918

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Wilson's Answer to Hertling

The Spirit of Washington

A German Double-storied Pillbox



By Lieut. Paul Nash.
(An Official Artist at the Front.)

On view at the
Leicester Galleries.

This pillbox of reinforced concrete, a landmark in the Gheluvelt district, was a great obstacle to our advance before it was finally captured. Note halfway up on the right-hand side a 5.9 in. shell which is sticking in the concrete. It is now in British occupation

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1918

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The Outlook

ON Tuesday of last week there was a violent scene in the House of Commons, the significance of which was much greater than that attaching to most movements in this assembly. The Prime Minister was defending a policy decided at Versailles, also the impossibility of divulging its nature for fear of informing the enemy, when he appeared, in a phrase he chanced to use, to accuse Mr. Asquith of desiring such divulgence. This accident was but the spark which fired material already very explosive, and a curious combination of three very different elements, which between them made up a great mass of the House, raised a storm of protest.

The Prime Minister explained that his words did not bear the signification attached to them, but his apology was received in silence, and there followed direct accusations of his dependence upon a certain section of the Press, or at least of his connection with it. These accusations the Prime Minister in turn denied. Later, the matter which was in everyone's mind—the recent Press campaign against the Higher Command of the Army and in particular the Chief of the Staff—was alluded to, and the suspicion that this Press campaign was part of the Government's policy. Allusion was also made to Colonel Repington's exposure of this policy in the *Morning Post*.

The next day, Wednesday, a note was officially communicated to the Press (appearing in the daily papers of Thursday morning) that the Chief of Staff, Sir William Robertson, might vacate his post at an early date and take a position of high influence if he cared to do so. Again, the following day, Thursday, the Secretary of the War Office issued the further note that "no official authorisation exists for the statement circulated by the *Central News* (the agency through which the original statement had been made) with regard to Sir William Robertson. On Saturday, however, a third official message reached the Press, to the effect that the Government had with much regret accepted Sir William Robertson's resignation and appointed Sir Henry Wilson in his stead. The *Sunday Times*, however, published a statement, as given by Sir William Robertson to their representative, that the distinguished soldier had indeed refused to accept a new post at Versailles or to take another post, but that he had not resigned: the inference remained that he had been dismissed.

Meanwhile, the Government had decided to prosecute Colonel Repington and the Editor of the *Morning Post* under the Defence of the Realm Act, and on Saturday the case came on before the magistrate at Bow Street Police Court. It was adjourned until to-day.

The interest of the incident in the House of Commons lay, of course, in the fact which had been loudly and universally discussed for many weeks outside (for it was of common

knowledge) that the great newspaper Trust which has virtually governed this country for 18 months and more had been allowed to attack the Higher Command without any check from the Government. It had long been felt intolerable that public power should be vested in such hands, and that the real authors of policy were not the Ministers of the Crown but a power which could make and unmake such Ministers, and which was apparently immune from the general law governing us all in these times of necessary discipline.

The House of Commons only expressed in a very belated and rather chaotic fashion what public opinion had felt with rising anger for a long time past, and thus for the first time in many years acted in a fashion more or less representative of its constituents. So far as the House of Commons is concerned, the matter is of no great moment, but the opinion which was for once in a way represented by that assembly is of real moment at this crisis of the war.

The public is quite indifferent to the private quarrels of politicians. They have passed from being things of third-rate interest to being things of no interest at all. But it is acutely interested in the disastrous revolution in methods of Government which it has seen with dismay and has been apparently unable to check.

Briefly, this revolution consists not only in the deposition of this politician or the nomination of that, but much more in the framing of national and now even military policy by the newspapers referred to. This influence is not now in the main exercised by their circulation, but it is rather an influence which is exercised by putting unfair pressure upon individuals. And as its motives are nearly always personal, as its authors are often ill-informed, it is felt that such a situation has passed the limits of endurance.

The protest in the House proceeded, as we have said, from three bodies. A tiny handful of silly Pacifists; a rather larger group of professional politicians who would like to replace their present more fortunate colleagues in office; and a very large body of the rank and file who rarely speak and who are composed, as to their personnel, of soldiers, country squires and the rest, much more nearly representative of the English people than the small habitual troupe which occupies the stage of the House.

The Pacifist element in the demonstration, insignificant not only in numbers but in capacity, had the obvious motive of doing anything that could interfere with administration of any sort, and therefore with the conduct of the war. The rather larger professional group had the equally obvious motive of professional politics. But the great mass of members who joined in the demonstration, joined in it not so much as Members of Parliament, but as ordinary citizens, who had the advantage of expressing in that place what was felt by them and all decent men of similar education outside.

There is an unfortunate tendency in the newspapers to make the subject a matter of debate as though it were one of the old tawdry quarrels of small coteries for place and salary, already badly blown upon in the years before the war. There is a still more unfortunate tendency in one or two papers to represent it as a debate on the policy of Surrender. With the public there is no discussion of this kind.

The public at large is determined, if it can only find the power, that misgovernment by any section of the daily Press shall cease. Unfortunately, it does not possess organs through which to express that determination or to exercise that power, and it is hardly credible that the House of Commons, in the condition to which it has sunk, will continue to act in a representative capacity in spite of its little scene of the other day. It remains to be seen whether public meetings or the mere vague fear of consequence on the part of the culprits may effect the desired reform. At any rate, if it is not effected we shall lose the war and with it the liberties and the future of this country.

Just before dawn last Thursday the French Infantry stormed and occupied a small but awkward salient on the Champagne front between Taliure and the Butte du Mesnil. The attack was on a front of just under a mile and covered a depth of about the same extent, reaching and occupying the German third line. The immediate object was the reduction of this rectangular projection, the situation of which gave it the power of annoying the French line east and west of it, but this was not, of course, the main purpose of the operation, which otherwise might have been performed at any time in the last two and a-half years. The salient has existed since September 1915. The real motive was the training in co-operation of the new American batteries. These, with

certain British pieces in addition, furnished the barrage fire which covered the advance and the further fire cutting off the enemy communications. We are not told whether the heavy pieces of the Allies other than French heavy pieces were also concerned in the preparation.

This small operation was thoroughly successful, and it is interesting as being the first occasion upon which French and Americans have acted together upon any considerable scale.

The Court Martial sitting in Paris to try Bolo Pasha for treason brought in a unanimous verdict of "Guilty" last Thursday against the accused, upon all five counts:

- (1) Of having entered into communication with an enemy power, to wit, Germany—through the Ex-Khedive.
- (2) With having received money sent by the German Government to create a Pacifist movement in France.
- (3) and (4) With having received German money in 1915 and 1916 with the object of influencing French newspapers in the enemy's favour.
- (5) With having furnished a politician, Humbert, with enemy money with the same object.

Bolo was condemned to death, and his accomplice, or rather tool, Porchere, to three years imprisonment. There is a right of appeal on the form of the trial only. The verdict was given just after 7 p.m. A large crowd which had gathered during the evening outside the Law Courts loudly cheered the result of the trial.

As we remarked last week, the real interest of these affairs is the change which has come over the position of professional politics in France as elsewhere. Bolo, both from his financial position and from his connection with Parliamentary politicians, was the sort of man regarded as immune; and it would have certainly been impossible to condemn him, even to a mild sentence, before the change of temper produced by this great struggle. But any sign of showing favouritism to such people to-day when the great mass of the male population have been subject to the rigours of martial law for more than three years, would have provoked an explosion, and no one in the French Parliament intervened, openly at least, to shield the culprit.

The verdict marks an epoch on the history of modern parliamentarism, and the progress of the change will be noted with anxiety and interest as the trials of Humbert and Caillaux come on. These men being themselves parliamentarians and therefore less really powerful than the financiers behind them, are none the less more in the limelight and the public fear and anger lest they should receive privilege is more acute.

It is a curious example of the misunderstandings produced by the strain of the war that the methods employed by Bolo should have led to such different conclusions. The German money, as has now been proved, was employed in two distinct ways. It was employed to distribute Pacifist literature of the less sincere and more virulent type as widely as possible; it was also employed to purchase shares in the patriotic Press, and especially in the extreme sections of it. The latter manœuvre, in spite of its obvious motive, has been completely misjudged by those who have not compared dates. It had nothing to do with paying for extreme jingo statements in order that they might be used in Germany—as roundabout a way of doing one's country good as the supposed Government support of strikes! It was simply an attempt to get hold of the majority of shares in order gradually to change the policy of the paper, to spread doubt and dissension while still openly supporting a continuation of the war, and so to lead the large mass of readers who still believed the journal to be honestly run, into a mood of despair upon the issue.

What the trial has shown, and what presumably the further trials will also show, is that the enemy uses his money just as any sane man would expect him to use it. He does not subsidise obscure sheets written by fanatics and read by little cliques; still less does he indulge in fantastic combinations and plots for getting himself attacked in the hope that such attacks will somehow or other do him good by reacting on home opinion. He pays the corrupt Press of our time in two ways. First, by subsidising the distribution on a large scale of Pacifist literature when he finds a working chance of such a distribution; secondly, by getting hold of a controlling number of shares in a paper hitherto patriotic so that its tone may be imperceptibly changed, not to Pacifism, which would at once be spotted, but to dissension and doubt.

It is a curious commentary on life in peace time that the need for reorganisation due to scarcity should result in an actual improvement in the condition of large sections of the popula-

tion. This will be true of boots very soon, for the new standard boot is now ready, and it will be true of clothing when the scheme for the manufacture of standard cloth that has been produced by the Wool Textile Department bears fruit. This scheme is one of the bye-products of the War Control Board. Under that scheme the Board is directed to consider the interests of the consumer, and the Trade Union representatives argued that the Board could check profiteering in the civilian trade as it had checked profiteering in the making of officers' uniforms. The proposal was taken up. A plan has now been worked out and some of these standard suits will probably be on sale in three months' time. Those sections of the working classes who were formerly obliged to buy shoddy clothes will be better dressed in war than they were in peace.

The Board of Control was able to compel the manufacture of standard cloth by the simple device of consigning for that purpose a certain proportion of the raw wool at its disposal. By the use of its machinery for "costing" the Board could decide what was a fair price. To enforce a certain standard of quality was simple. The final arrangements have now been completed by the setting up of advisory committees of clothing manufacturers throughout the country which has been divided for this purpose into six areas. There are about 36 patterns for men's suits, so that there will be no lack of choice, and the price is fixed at 57s. 6d. Boys' suits are also to be produced. This interesting experiment may have important consequences in making men and women demand better quality in future. In the army thousands of men have had good boots and decent substantial clothes for the first time in their lives. We may doubt whether men who have worn army boots or these guaranteed suits will ever consent to put up with the scandalous articles that were forced on them before the war. In that way the war has altered the standard of dress for a large section of the nation and the producers will have to reckon with a more exacting public in future.

Reports from the country speak of agricultural operations being well forward for the time of year. It has been a much more favourable winter for the farmer than twelve months ago, and labour is more plentiful. One reason for the latter fact is that women have now settled in earnest to farm work; those for whom it was uncongenial or too strenuous have dropped out, where those who remain are proving themselves most efficient.

In those counties where operations have not been impeded by heavy snowfall, ploughing is well advanced, and the amount of pasture now under tillage is well up to the promised quota. Of course, it is far too soon to predict the results of next harvest, but everything up to now promises well. Meantime, the meat stringency is likely to rectify itself to a considerable extent, once rationing is general. The scale of rations has been fixed on home production, and if the Food Ministry will continue to take the advice of the Agricultural Department and to listen to agriculturists generally, there is no occasion to anticipate anything like a meat famine. In fact, everything points to more plentiful supplies once consumption is kept within reasonable limits.

This rationing will do the nation infinite good. The peoples of these islands have been accustomed from time immemorial to set no limit on their appetites, provided purchase-money was forthcoming. They are learning that thriftiness in dietary which has been common knowledge on the Continent for generations, the teaching of wars and the devastation of wars; these lessons in thrift should prove a valuable national asset in the future. They will certainly never be forgotten by the present generation, and it is to be hoped that the rising generation will receive practical instruction in them.

London is passing through another period of air raids, which have come to be regarded by its people as a matter of course under certain conditions of weather and moonlight. After every raid the same question is raised: what does the German High Command expect from these senseless attacks on a civilian population? Does it really believe that the slaughter by its trained moonlighters of a certain number of British women and children will induce peace? We hear much of the superiority of German education, but there is one branch of history which they have certainly never studied; it is the rise of the British Empire.

The British Empire would not have been what it is to-day if British women had not suffered and endured with equal courage and fortitude as the men. We have learnt in the last three years from the manhood of the country that the blood has not degenerated, and if further testimony to the truth were necessary, the women of London would furnish it by their calm attitude towards those night attacks.

The Meaning of Ukraine: By Hilaire Belloc

THE enemy is doing in Eastern Europe exactly what the argument we have so repeatedly set forth in this journal would presuppose.

He is defining point by point the portions of that Central European Empire which he has already called into being, and the survival of which, if we leave Prussia standing, is as surely our downfall as its division into really free nations is the test of our victory.

His first two actions in the matter are, the one accomplished, the other in negotiation; for he has signed his treaty with a new weak republic of his called "The Ukraine," and he is actively arranging—principally through ecclesiastics—for the erection of another to be called "Lithuania." Each is designed to reduce, the one by the south, the other by the north, the limits and therefore the strength of a diminished Poland, and so to make certain his full grip over the East.

Just as it is the test of Allied victory and the necessary goal of Allied effort to restore a strong Poland with access to the sea, so the enemy's whole effort in his present negotiations with the self-appointed mob leaders of what was once the Russian Empire is in the main directed to the further disruption, belittling and weakening of the Polish people. His reason for doing that is as clear as should be our reason for attempting, as one of the great objects of our victory, the exact contrary. He knows that a strong Poland is the only possible counter-weight to his power upon that side, and he knows that it would be the only possible barrier to his economic and political expansion and domination.

Those who have had any doubt that it was sound policy for the Allies to restore Poland—sound policy quite apart from common loyalty to their pledges—may learn from what is proceeding before their eyes.

The Polish nation alone represents, along all that great belt between the Baltic and the Black Sea which will be either the *check* or the *prey* of Germany, the strength of Western culture. The superiority of that culture gave to the Poles, during long centuries before the Partition, the mastery over borderlands where they were in places only a majority, in other places not even that. That culture with its chivalry, with its intense devotion to national principle, its Latin tradition, its military genius, was the opposite pole to Prussia.

Frederick the Great's act of murder, when he divided that ancient State as with a knife and compelled the reluctant Maria Theresa to her famous prophecy of what (even as she proceeded to it) this crime would breed, was insufficient to achieve its end. It was not a true murder; for Poland survived in fact, though it had disappeared from the map.

The present plot follows a more careful, a more subtle and a more dangerous plan. It contains the following elements:

First, the erection of a mutilated Polish Kingdom under some foreign dynasty. This is necessary, because the pretence that other autonomies, other make-weights, which are to be set up all around as a supply for German capitalism, would not stand unless some Poland or other were to be admitted as a member of the subject herd. Those provinces of Poland already subject for a century to the Prussian torture—the original seat of the Kingdom in Posnania and its access to the sea by the lower Vistula—are not so much as to be mentioned in the settlement. Prussian they are, and Prussian they are to remain. The Austrian Kingdom is to act as a lure; the superior Polish intelligence already dominated it; into its councils the new diminished Poland is to be admitted. The industrial districts of what were the Polish Russian provinces, probably Lodz itself, are to be cut off, but above all, every influence that a free and strong Poland might have over the less developed Borderland to the East is to be subjected and wherever there was debatable land, wherever the population was not homogeneously Polish, the doubt is to be decided in favour of the less Western, the less civilised, the less powerful, the inferior race. A Lithuania, flattered in its Catholicism (which it received from the Poles), is to be played off against Poland politically and to be set up as a small rival against Poland to the north. The Ukraine, this new republic, a mere colony for German enterprise, is made the active opponent of Poland, for it is given Cholm, and this not only to reduce Poland upon the south and east, but to offend the most sensitive Polish claim and to breed religious as well as racial trouble. For Cholm was always Polish and is Polish to-day. It is a test. There was to remain a Poland even further diminished and making but one among these subject States of the Borderland. Beyond, the anarchy of North Russia is to be fostered; supreme above all these divisions, the mastery of Prussia is to be secure.

That is the plan, and it is significant of the extreme peril

through which Europe is passing, of the divided councils which may yet ruin the Allied cause, that these things are here and there in this country (not yet elsewhere in the West) half accepted. Everywhere, whether they are accepted or not, they are treated as things distant and half-indifferent. They are no more distant in space than was that Eastern Mediterranean which was rightly the core of English foreign policy a generation ago. They are as acutely—more acutely—our business now as was the Levant and the integrity of Turkey in those past days. But men still fail to see the new thing, and the change is proceeding with terrible rapidity.

I know how unfamiliar the whole problem is, how strange its presentation may appear at this moment when all immediate attention is riveted upon the West and with an audience to whom all these names are still vague and, as it were, undiscovered.

The more do I emphasise it. It is vital.

There is in this matter a close parallel to that other matter of accepting the precedents of atrocity in war which Prussia desires to set up. It has often been argued here that these precedents, the bombarding of open civilian centres from the air, particularly of London; the indiscriminate murder by sea in the use of the submarine; the massacre of civilians by land; the enslavement of occupied populations; the killing of innocent hostages; the unlimited loot of private property—all those things to which we have become unhappily accustomed during the last three years—were not of their nature permanent. Even the use of poisonous gases in war, let alone the deliberate destruction of monuments and the burning of towns, had not necessarily come to stay. They would only become precedents, we have said over and over again, if the Allies by a negotiated peace allowed them to become precedents. Our victory could be used to prevent their becoming precedents. The allowing of them to go unpunished would be our defeat.

Effect of Habit

But Prussia has relied upon the effect of time and habit, nor has she wholly relied in vain. She has produced in a considerable number of publicists and politicians a state of mind which accepts these things as somehow necessarily concomitant to modern war. It is strange indeed that such a state of mind is chiefly to be found in this island—as yet only among a small number it is true, but still an influential group—although this island is the direct necessary and obvious victim of such methods, and will suffer from them or the threat of them in the future as no other province of Europe can suffer. Their admission in future warfare is plainly death to Britain with her supplies dependent upon the sea, her capital the largest and the most vulnerable of targets.

Well, there is a corresponding danger that the enemy's policy, as it is now presented in the east of Europe, will in the same way be taken for granted as an accomplished fact, as something which we cannot change, as something which has come to stay. If we so accept it we have signed our own death warrant. If we allow this new Empire of Central Europe, which is a Prussian Empire, to be set up and to remain with its satellites of small and nominally independent communities upon the Eastern border, the mass of economic and political power passes to Prussia for good, and that power will be used principally against ourselves.

It has been well said that the most straightforward and obvious conclusions on the largest lines of military policy are those of which it is most difficult to convince a general audience, and we find in this matter a singular miscalculation running through the attitude of many Western publicists. They speak as though, whatever might happen in the West, the Alliance which is fighting for European civilisation, the Western Allies and the United States, could not now affect the destinies of Eastern Europe. They even speak as though these destinies were something remote from us, which we could afford to neglect, and as though the great German victory over Russia, which so far has proved decisive and final (for it has destroyed the fighting force opposed to it, though that destruction did not take place in the field), was now a part of history and could not now be undone.

Such an attitude is, upon the simplest principles of military science, a grotesque error. The enemy's armies will be defeated if we are victorious; his military machine, if we are victorious, will be dissolved, while ours will remain intact. If both remain intact we are not victorious; we are defeated. If we are victorious (and the confident prophecy of victory may be left to those who enjoy such exercises) the destruction

of the enemy's military power gives us as full an opportunity for deciding the fate of Eastern Europe as it does for deciding the fate of Western Europe. Victory gained by the Allies will decide the fate of all Europe, and, for that matter, of the whole world. It will open the Baltic and the Black Sea. It will leave us masters with the power to dictate in what fashion the new boundaries shall be arranged; how the entries to the Eastern markets shall be kept open, garrisoned and guaranteed. One reads sentences such as this: "Though the German armies were driven out of Northern France and Belgium, and even beaten back to the Rhine, the German domination over Eastern Europe would still be secure."

Such a judgment—and it is typical of the whole of this school—is illuminative of the minds that framed it. They would seem never to have read military history or to understand what is meant by victory and defeat. There is no question of "driving the German armies out of Northern France" or "out of Belgium" or "back to the Rhine"—or to the Elbe or to the Vistula for that matter. The task is to defeat those armies; to undo them. Wherever they are defeated, whether upon the line they now hold or upon other lines, their defeat and our victory will leave us with complete power. If that task be beyond our strength then civilisation has suffered defeat and there is the end of it. If by some negotiation (involving of course the evacuation of the occupied districts in the West) the enemy remains undefeated, civilised Europe has lost the war and Prussia has won it.

Constitution of Ukraine

Have any of those who would deny so simple and obvious a truth considered even the large lines of this first German settlement in the East? Have they read the Ukraine Treaty with a map before them? If they have not done so let them get a good atlas showing the religions, the races, the languages, the economic opportunities of the district concerned and they will appreciate what I mean. Is the district which the so-called "Little Russians" really feel to be theirs consulted and rendered autonomous under the title of "The Ukraine"? Not a bit of it. Nearly four million of them are left under the domination of Austria. Is there any safeguarding for the large Polish population handed over as a make-weight? There is none. Does the artificial frontier follow a religious division—that great factor of difference in those regions? It does nothing of the kind. It throws together Uniate and Latin-Catholic minorities, a large dispersed Jewish population, and Orthodox. Does it concern itself with historical tradition? Still less. Historically the district of Cholm is Polish; historically the town of Kieff was the origin of Russia. It is an artificial arrangement imposed by the conqueror upon the conquered, deliberately designed to foster rivalry, and to curb the one great national power which Prussia fears.

The economic element is glaringly obvious. This new artificial satellite State has been compelled to sign an economic clause which brings in to the economic orbit of Germany, under a weak and necessarily subject government at Kieff, the navigable lower reaches of the great rivers, the great port of Odessa, the control of the Black Sea, much of the coal and nearly all the granary of that Eastern world.

We shall see the same story repeated in different terms when the next step is completed and an "independent" Lithuania appears. There it will be the Orthodox who will be subject to the Catholic, but the Catholic will be pitted against his fellow Catholic in what is homogeneously Polish to the West. There the Catholic of similar speech will be pitted against his Protestant fellow upon the Baltic Littoral. In Lithuania Germany will depend upon the poorer majority to protect her interest against the wealthier minority which is Polish in tradition.

Everywhere this congeries of new States will be artificially designed, as the Ukraine has been already artificially designed, in the interests of Prussia. Everywhere will there be deliberate division for the purposes of rule. No principle of nationality, of religion, of historical feeling, will guide the German carving up of these territories. In one district nationality and, not speech, in another speech and not nationality, in another religion to the neglect of both race and tongue, in another historical arguments to the neglect of all the other three, will be invoked, and everywhere one principle and one only will be the motive force, the natural principle of the conqueror; the principle that whatever serves Prussian interest must be used as a lever, though the racial or religious policy in one countryside be the flagrant contradiction of that imposed upon its neighbour. Over such a combination, mechanically arranged to the advantage of the victor, will come like a tide the organised economic force of the Germanies, Prussian in direction and spirit, and in effect one Empire will stand from the Baltic to the Balkans, from the Plains of the Volga to the Rhine and the North Sea.

Is it to be believed that Prussia thus doubled or trebled in extent and potential power, able to boast in the East of complete mastery, able to boast in the West of a successful defence and of having compelled those whom she had there challenged, invaded, insulted, ruined and subjected to every outrage, to leave her intact and strong, can be accepted by France and Britain for the future as a sort of easy neighbour? Is it to be believed that after such a peace there would be a general disarmament, or that if such a thing were designed upon paper it could be maintained? Men who can believe that can deny the testimony of their own senses. Indeed, so monstrous a proposition could not be made with regard to things tangible and near at hand. It is only made by those who think in terms of maps and printed matter, and who do not appreciate realities. Such a conclusion would at once command as an absolutely necessary task further armament and yet another attempt to save Europe. The whole of the West would be subject to continued preparation, and that without limit. It would mean permanent conscription, the permanent development of the greatest armed forces by air, by sea and by land which the humiliated older countries could compass. It would be but one of these disastrous breathing spaces (of which history has some record) between a first catastrophe and its successor.

The thing ought not to require debate or argument. It does unfortunately require strong debate and a reiterated argument, because history has been ill-taught among us; because a foolish tradition of invincibility has been the result of that false history, and because men's minds so naturally tend to live in the past and so slowly awake to great changes, especially when they are at once huge in scale and rapid in development.

There is this much of truth in the illusion that we can peacefully return to the old Europe the German peoples tolerated as neighbours: that if Western civilisation prove at last triumphant it will at least be the guardian of European traditions and will be able to restore the better part of those traditions and give them sanction. The three Western nations in alliance will remain strongly national and well organised. There does not apply to them the disintegration and chaos of the Russian marches and of that mosaic of Eastern peoples upon whose differences the Germans now play. Europe, if Europe is victorious, will rebuild upon good lines, and in the structure that will be erected certain major elements will reappear which we know to be necessary to security and to content. We shall have nations really self-governing. We shall have a true disarmament, and we shall have eliminated from our midst the insolent moral anarchy which would sacrifice everything to the aggrandisement of one Power. But the idea that by a mere cessation of hostilities such things could arise one might call madness were it not too foolish to call it a madness. It has none of the vigour of a madness. It is a mere ineptitude.

What does the German master now see when he looks around him? What does a man like Kuhlmann, his colleague and coadjutor Czernin, working in close co-operation with him, or what does a man like Ludendorff, the soldier, see?

He does not indeed see the mirage of immediate universal triumph which delights foolish and excitable men in his community. He does not flatter himself that the German races can for the moment hold in a military sense the littoral of the North Sea, still less that they can command the Straits of Dover. He does not believe for a moment that by a mere dictation of terms he can compel Britain to abandon her coaling stations or France her industrial eastern border with its remaining mineral deposits. He probably does not even believe that he can permanently support the Flemish peasantry against the French-speaking Walloons of Belgium and the governing elements of that country. He neither desires nor proposes further annexation of Italian-speaking land. He does not pretend to impose arduous economic terms upon us as the result of his victory and our defeat. But he does see things at least in this light:

All Central Europe—including the Western Russian plain—thoroughly established under Prussia; far stronger than any State or combination of States that can be opposed to it, and able through future development to attain all its ends.

We have not sufficiently realised the effect upon the enemy's mind of the main elements of the situation as it now stands.

In the first place, he fights on foreign soil which he has occupied. Think how we should read the news in Paris especially, and even in London, if the names of the ruined villages and occupied towns were German names: if it were Cologne, not Lille, of which the population were compelled to salute as they passed French and British officers and from in front of which the fire of artillery destroyed not Soissons or Rheims, but Frankfurt and Mayence; if we read of petty garrison details arranged for our troops in Treves; if we were disappointed at hearing that a recent great advance

sweeping the sources of the Danube and taking 100,000 prisoners and a thousand guns had unfortunately failed to reach Ulm; if the names of obscure hamlets in the Black Forest were substituted for the ruined huts and the clay ghylls of the Argonne; if there were no talk of action in the Narrow Seas, but raids, however futile, against the coast towns of the Elbe and Weser mouths.

It is an immense moral asset, this situation of the war upon alien soil. No careful observer will deny the difference in effect it has even among the Western nations, for all their determination, whether their own soil be occupied or no. No one can conceive the antics of our pacifists still tolerated with Durham and York burnt, and the enemy line stretching across England from Morecambe Bay. They would be in fear of their lives and correspondingly silent if we read daily in our papers news of English women enslaved for service in German camps, and of English men shot for refusing forced labour against their fellows. Yet that is what the French have felt for now three years. That is what the Italians feel to-day.

The German master sees then, first of all (however much of a pure strategist he may be, however much he may confine himself to purely military problems), that in point of fact he enjoys by his position on enemy soil an enormous moral advantage. He feels almost physically the pressure he is exercising, and above all he appreciates what an asset it is with the civilian population for the maintenance of his defence. They suffer, but they suffer as conquerors; and the blockade which makes them go hungry is a blockade at least maintained before lines which are upon the enemy's ground.

The second element in the judgment such a man forms is comparable to this, for it is mainly a moral element, though it has its material side as well. It is the fact that the vivid tactical points of the war appear to him, and still more to the populations whom he rules, as a series of great victories.

The Allies have enjoyed a success more important than any of his because it moulded the whole course of the war, destroyed the opportunity of immediate victory for the enemy, was won by inferior forces (that is, was the proof of the greater military genius), and to this day leaves the opportunity for our victory open. That tremendous business was the Battle of the Marne.

But the Battle of the Marne came at the very beginning of what has proved to be four long years of war. The memory of it is already old. Its final fruits are still ungathered. No other great tactical success, no other battle to which a name can be given and the result set down, no action of movement and recoil, can be written on the credit side of our account.

I am speaking, of course, only of what may be called the schoolroom side of war—the names of great actions—but they count. Now see what there is upon the other side.

The German can easily persuade himself that the Marne was but a check. Few guns were lost and few prisoners; a line was established and maintained after a comparatively short retreat. Attempts to recover the initiative in the West failed indeed. But that was negative. Positively the enemy can recount such a list as would, if we possessed it, wholly change the public mind. At Tannenberg, coincidentally with the Marne, he enveloped a Russian army, won a victory upon the scale of Sedan, captured whole divisions with their artillery, and achieved a local decision the like of which we have not yet known in the West.

Three months later, between Lodz and Warsaw, he saved himself when he was in his turn nearly enveloped, and retired intact with his prisoners from the pocket.

Next he advanced and cleared Eastern Prussia. Three corps of the enemy were dissolved; one wholly obliterated save for a remnant which fell back beyond the Niemen.

With the following spring he broke the Russian line east of Cracow, took prisoners in a few days by scores of thousands, and reached the San. He compelled his opponent to retire from the Carpathians. He re-entered Lemberg; retook Przemyśl. He broke the resistance upon the San; he converged by the south and by the north against Warsaw. Of the two great fortresses on the Vistula he compelled retirement from the southern; he stormed the northern one. Within little more than a year from his forcing of the war he had entered Warsaw. By the autumn he was at Brest. Poland had been overrun and occupied in its entirety. He only just failed to achieve a decision at Vilna.

Minor Modifications

It is true that all this was due to the incapacity of a primitive and agricultural people to munition itself as modern industry can munition great armies for modern war. It is also true that the Russian retreat was masterly; that most of its artillery was saved; that each great salient formed by the enemy in the Russian line seven times over was seven times

successfully emptied, and that right up to the admirable defensive movement which saved the salient of Vilna the organism of the Russian army remained intact. Under the circumstances the Grand Duke Nicholas proved himself a master of war; his conduct of that great retreat will stand in our text-books. But it remained with the enemy to say that he had a million prisoners and the whole of the Borderlands of Russia and of Poland in his hands.

Meanwhile two great attempts to break his line in the West as he had broken the Russian line in the East failed. He was shaken; he lost heavily in men and guns; but his line was not seriously modified. He turned against the Balkans and made himself master of everything down to the Greek border and beyond. He acquired a new ally in the forces of Bulgaria.

A second great attempt upon a larger scale than anything yet designed imperilled his line upon the Scmmc. There was a moment when it all but gave way—but it did not quite give way.

Another army entered against him, the Roumanian; he defeated it, overran more than half its country, occupied its capital.

In the third year of the war three tremendous battles, or rather successions of battles, wrested from him the heights upon which he reposed his Western line. He lost grievously. He knew that his future was imperilled by those losses. He feared their renewal. None the less his line remained intact. The most violent effort, that of the end of July, 1917, was held. He made that action (with some excuse) the subject for an ovation in his capital.

Lastly, at the end of such a series, he won the greatest victory of all; a victory the magnitude of which was unexpected even by himself, the victory of Caporetto. In a few days he thrust right into the Italian Plain, counted more than a quarter of a million prisoners, and perhaps half the Italian artillery as his trophies.

Against such a series nothing can be set but the reverse of an ally in Volhynia, where the guns lost were few and the numerous prisoners largely Slav; and he can say that it was German divisions which saved the situation.

At the close of all this he has been able to watch with contemptuous satisfaction the complete disintegration of one half of the Alliance against him and the falling of that society which he most feared, I mean the Russian, into the hands of a rabble of cosmopolitan anarchists.

All this does not mean that the chief observer from the German side, especially if he be a soldier, reckons with confidence upon a final victory. Far from it. But it is such a series of obvious external successes as would mean, if we reversed the position and considered our own emotions under similar circumstances, the atmosphere or tradition of victory.

The third element present to his mind is the political success upon the East, the fruit of his Eastern campaigns. Men trained in diplomacy and having behind them strong and disciplined nations have been able to play as they would with absurd emissaries sprung from nothing, worthless when they were sincere and part not even sincere—his own agents. He has been able to arrange new boundaries at will.

The thing has the more meaning to him because half, or more than half, of the history of Germany is the history of a German expansion Eastward and of a claim to dominion over and colonisation of the Slav. To this career of Eastward conquest by the German there has been but one great obstacle and check—the Polish people. That people he finds for the moment entirely at his mercy.

The German leaders looking at the prospect thus see before them a diverse alliance in the West and stake all the critical remainder of the war upon its diversity.

Whether they answer the questions which the situation puts to them as cheerfully as the mass of their subjects answer them we cannot tell. Probably they do not. Probably they regard the future with great anxiety, and certainly they know that if the differences between the Western Allies (differences of tongue, religion, and superficial interest on which the enemy relies) are not allowed to prevail, then the ultimate doom of Prussia is certain. But their hopes may well be high, especially as they are men who, even the best-trained and the most travelled of them, misunderstand foreign psychology.

It is the whole of our duty to disappoint that calculation. We cannot rival them in rigidity of action, in mechanical obedience, or in simplicity of direction, both because we are more civilised, more active and altogether of a higher type, and also because we are part of an alliance each member of which differs most sensibly from his neighbours in character. Further, we have none of those past trophies to hearten us which he can boast.

But the duty of unity is so clear, the goal which we have to attain so evident, and our power to attain it so evidently dependent upon nothing more than tenacity, that if we fail the failure is entirely voluntary, and history will record of our downfall that we willed it ourselves.

H. BELLOC.

An American Naval Critic: By Arthur Pollen

A SHORT study of the war at sea entitled "Naval Power in the War, 1914-17," has been sent to us by the publishers, the George Dorland Company of New York. The writer is Lieutenant-Commander Charles Clifford Gill of the United States Navy, and the work has grown out of lectures delivered at Annapolis and afterwards published in a New York magazine.

After a short chapter on the significance of naval power in the war and another on some definitions and an estimate of the situation the writer considers the opening activities—the action in the Bight of Heligoland, the Coronel and Falkland engagements, the Dardanelles operations, Dogger Bank encounter, and the battle of Jutland. He then has three chapters on the submarine war, on anti-submarine tactics, and a general study of the broad naval lessons. There is an appendix dealing with the relative strength of the Powers in 1914; another on the exploits of the *Emden*, and a third on America's part in the development of naval weapons and tactics by F. G. Frothingham, reprinted from the "Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute."

The book makes no pretence to being in any sense a history. It is avowedly a series of sketches treating of the general principles involved, and not the events. And as such it has a value. Many of the comments are excellent, and the summary of Jutland is impartial and generally correct. But the worth of the book suffers because the writer seems to have taken little trouble to get accurate information about several details that are both material and quite well known. The plans of the actions, too, are merely diagrammatic and make no pretence of being consistent even with the information contained in the published dispatches. Yet of at least two extremely important engagements, namely, that between *Sydney* and *Emden* and the action off the Falkland Islands; quite accurate plans are available. There is no reason to suppose that the *Times* plan of the first action is not substantially correct in almost every particular, and the plan of the latter engagement, published in the middle of August, 1915, by LAND AND WATER, was authentic. In some matters the misstatements are very far from being unimportant, and as this volume is to be used at Annapolis as a text book, it is worth while to see that the most obvious of these are corrected. It is stated, for instance, that the action between *Sydney* and *Emden* opened at 4,000 yards; whereas it is quite well known that *Emden* got *Sydney* under a very hot fire at 10,500 yards, and actually fired many hundreds of rounds in the first minute without a single salvo being more than a couple of hundred yards wrong for range. It was in this period that *Emden* made her only hits, smashed the *Sydney's* rangefinder, and inflicted the only casualties that *Sydney* suffered. Also *Emden* was armed with 4.1-in. guns, not 4.1 pounders.

Cradock's Decision

Again, in discussing the battle of Coronel the writer supposes that Admiral Cradock might well have been in grave doubt whether after he had got his ships into formation he should engage. "By bearing off sharply to the westward even at this late hour," he says, "the speeds of the two squadrons were so nearly equal that he could have avoided engaging that night, and by morning he might have joined the *Canopus* and fought the battle on a more equal footing. It would be interesting to add what thoughts flashed through the Admiral's mind and what prevailed upon him to make the fatal but courageous decision embodied in his signal to the *Canopus* at 8 p.m.: "I am going to attack the enemy now." But here, too, the known facts of the case leave little doubt as to the Admiral's frame of mind. It did not occur to him to break away from Von Spee and fall back upon the *Canopus*, for the simple reason that he had only a few days before deliberately left *Canopus* behind to go and look for the great Von Spee. Further, it was between two and three in the afternoon of November 1st, when his squadron was scattered over a very wide front and working northward, that one of his ships signalled to him that an enemy wireless had been tapped. Admiral Cradock at once ordered *Monmouth*, *Glasgow* and *Otranto* to close on the flagship, and then headed straight for the probable point at which the enemy would be found. And no sooner did he find him than he made the signal to which Captain Gill refers.

In the first paragraph of the chapter dealing with these events Captain Gill seems to have hit upon the only possible explanation of Admiral Cradock's actions. "At the beginning of the war," he says, "the British armoured cruisers *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, together with the light cruiser *Glasgow*

and the transport *Otranto*, were in Atlantic waters off the coast of the Americas. These ships rendezvoused off the coast of Brazil under the command of Sir Christopher Cradock and proceeded round Cape Horn, *evidently with the mission to find and destroy the German vessels.*" If to find and destroy was actually the Admiral's mission, there is nothing surprising in his leaving the *Canopus* behind, for, however useful she might have been in helping to destroy *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, she must surely have been perfectly useless in any effort to find them. Her presence would have made the whole of the Admiral's squadron equally ineffective for this purpose. Had the Admiral's mission been to cruise in certain localities and fight Von Spee if Von Spee attacked him, he would either not have left *Canopus* at all, or have fallen back upon her, as our author suggests. His secretary's letter, the last written before rounding the Horn, makes it quite clear that the general impression in the squadron was that everyone knew that they were on a task beyond their strength. It was, in short, a naval Balaclava, and the Laureate's tragic jingle makes it impossible to suppose that the heroic Cradock wasted any moments in reasoning or debate.

The Jutland Controversy

The author seems to have fallen into a very curious misunderstanding about the controversy to which the battle of Jutland has given rise. This arose, it will be remembered, not out of Admiral Jellicoe's original dispatch, but out of the astounding explanation which Mr. Churchill offered for the failure to engage the German Fleet at decisive ranges and destroy it. His reasons were, it will be remembered, first that there was no need for victory, because we enjoyed all its fruits without it, and, next, that whether we needed victory or not it was impossible to place battleships within range of torpedoes, because their under bellies were not protected. These two doctrines gave a new significance to the Commander-in-Chief's statement in his dispatch that "the enemy constantly turned away and opened the range under cover of destroyer attacks." Mr. Churchill went on to make counsel worse confounded by laying it down that the torpedo had had no influence upon the action at all! The issue in the controversy that arose was quite simple. Should Lord Jellicoe have disregarded the torpedoes, closed to a range at which in the light which prevailed his guns should have been effective, and so have done the only thing which would have given him a reasonable chance of destroying the German Fleet?

The arguments on either side need not be repeated here, but the issue is quite different from what Commander Gill seems to suppose. The disposition of the British Fleet "for the night," he says, "has been a source of much controversy in England . . . the question is whether or not the threat of torpedo and submarine attack was sufficient to justify losing all touch with the German Fleet, which was inferior in numbers, in gun power and in speed. Those who support Admiral Jellicoe in his decision not to close the enemy battle fleet during the dark hours maintain that inasmuch as naval superiority was essential to the Allied cause, it should not have been risked upon such a hazard as would have been involved by continuing the battle under the conditions which have been described. On the other hand, many hold the opinion that the destruction of the German Fleet was of such urgent importance as to justify this risk." I am not aware of anyone who has criticised the disposition of the British Fleet after darkness. There has been no criticism, partly because there is no information as to what the disposition was. Such dispute as there has been has been over the daylight tactics and not the night tactics.

The most interesting portions of the book are perhaps the introduction and the chapters dealing with the broad lessons of sea power, and portions of the Appendices. But I cannot agree that the use of the submarine against trading ships either should have been, or was, a complete surprise. There were ample warnings of such things being inevitable. In the nature of things, the more crushing the superiority of our surface navy, the more certain it must be that any enemy would seek to relieve the position by using whatever force that could evade it. The lessons of the war after Trafalgar and of the war of 1812—to look no further afield—were conclusive on the point that a *guerre de course* is not alone the necessary, but the only, alternative to a war of squadrons. Aube had pointed out thirty years ago first that the small size and high speed of the torpedo-boat would supply, in modern conditions, the power of evasion possessed by the privateer in old times, and secondly that the deadly character of her weapon



[Official photo.]

A Clyde Shipyard

would invest the *guerre de course* of the future with a ruthlessness so terrible as to make sea war impossible. The significance which the development of the submarine gave to these doctrines would have been patent had the application of these never definitely been made. But, as we know, Sueter in 1907 and, as Lord Jellicoe has just told us, Lord Fisher in 1912 did all they could to drive the lesson home.

Apart from this, Commander Gill sees no great surprises in the war. But surely no one anticipated that actions in which Dreadnoughts were engaged could continue hour after hour with so little damage on either side. It was a more general impression that a fleet action between all-big-gun ships would be a very brief affair indeed. Admiral Togo, it will be remembered, said that the Battle of Tsushima, which began at about half-past one, was decided at ten minutes to two. It certainly was a general impression that modern armaments controlled by modern instruments would at any range cut this time in two. Again, was it not something of a surprise that, although the torpedo threat has more than once had a great effect upon the imagination of commanders-in-chief, yet in a daylight action it has not yet succeeded in sinking a single ship? Commander Gill seems to be aware that the torpedo has in this sense been a disappointment, but not to have perceived the application of the lesson. All he says about the gun being the dominant weapon of sea force, and hence the battle fleet being the real palladium of sea power, is admirable. He says, too, that to those who possess a dominant navy the submarine has brought benefits so small as not to be worth consideration. Yet he seems to approve of America's pre-war naval programme, which preferred to build scores of submarines in the place of destroyers that would have been of priceless value to-day.

Methods of Gun Use

It is hardly, perhaps, fair upon the author, to treat a book which he probably intends only to be suggestive as if it were an attempt to produce a treatise on a naval doctrine. But there is one omission and, by a curious coincidence, a misstatement in Mr. Frothingham's summary of America's contribution to the principles of naval war which ought not to be allowed to go past without comment. In Commander Gill's chapter on gun power he weighs the pros and cons of calibre, range, accuracy, rate of fire, etc., but is entirely silent as to the importance of the *method* by which the accuracy and power of the gun are to be turned to warlike account in action. He is, that is to say, still in the pre-war frame of mind of being much more interested in the material of apparatus than in the technique of its use. And this is really more curious in the case of an American than of an English writer—which lends point to the extraordinary statement of Mr. Frothingham. This writer, in a brief survey of the Wars of Independence of 1812 and of the Rebellion claims the following as an impressive summary of "American contributions to the naval weapons and tactics of to-day":

The development of the all-big-gun ship.
The tactical superiority of the armoured ship.

The tactical superiority of guns in turrets—and of turrets aligned over the keel.

The tactical use of the torpedo.

The tactical use of the submarine.

Commerce-destroying as a factor in warfare.

Raids of an enemy's coast by an inferior navy.

Establishment of a legal blockade of a long coast line.

The invention and development of the airplaine.

It is instructive to examine Mr. Frothingham's foundation for the first claim, for it explains why he has omitted the greatest of all America's contributions to the art of sea fighting. Speaking of the war of 1812, he says:

"Our naval constructors, with an intuition almost prophetic, had built a class of frigates of which the *Constitution* is best known, and placed 24-pounders on them. Such an armament was ridiculed abroad, and it was predicted that such ships would be useless—but in the war of 1812 these frigates became the wonder of the world. Another extract from the *London Times* shows again the state of the public mind. 'The fact seems to be established that the Americans have some superior mode of firing.' . . ."

"The 'fact' that the *Times* could not understand was the great advance in naval construction shown by these frigates of the United States Navy. This advanced design by American naval constructors was the birth of the 'all-big-gun ship' idea, which was destined to dominate naval construction; and the *Constitution* may fairly be called the ancestor of the modern Dreadnought."

It is really hardly necessary to comment on this amazing passage. It is, of course, perfectly true that the American frigates not only carried more and heavier guns than ours, but were built of far stouter timbers. But it was not the weight of their metal that gave them their remarkable victories. Their victories were due entirely to the fact that their gunnery skill was of a kind infinitely superior to that of their British opponents. When Broke, who was as able and keen an artilleryman as any American, after having *Shannon* under his orders for over a year, met the newly-commissioned *Chesapeake* the series of American victories ended abruptly—and this although the *Chesapeake* was a heavier ship and armed with heavier guns than the *Shannon*. As in all the previous actions it was superior skill in the use of guns that decided the issue. It is especially noteworthy, and of special significance to-day, that superior skill meant not only more hits, but a freedom in the tactical handling of ships that made effective defence impossible. I am grateful to Mr. Frothingham for reminding us that a writer in the *Times* of that day perfectly appreciated why we had so uniformly been beaten. Howard Douglas, the real founder of naval gunnery, deals with this story in detail in his historic work. There is, indeed, no tactical development in the whole of naval history the exact character and importance of which has been more clearly demonstrated. And yet here we have Mr. Frothingham, telling us that the fact which the *Times* could not understand was the great advance in naval construction! Surely it would have been just as reasonable for him to have claimed the *Constitution* as the first Dreadnought because, for her displacement, her timbers were the stoutest yet seen in any ship.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Leaves from a German Note-book

THE strikes in Germany could not have taken the Government by surprise. As early as January 26 the Imperial Secretary of the Interior notified the Main Committee of the Reichstag that a handbill had been circulated calling on the workers to come out on strike. About the same time an appeal was handed to all men and non-commissioned officers released from the army to work in munition factories, and the tone shows perfectly well that the suppression of Ebert's speech was anything but an accident. The official homily runs:

To you who are released or discharged to enter the munitions industry an urgent warning is given always to bear in mind that by ceaseless labour you can contribute to the speedy and victorious ending of the war. The more arms you deliver for our troops the better will they be equipped with all that they require, the greater will the enemy losses be, the more useless his efforts, and the sooner will he be inclined for peace. *Any cessation of work, any strike, on the other hand, prolongs the war, for it weakens our defence and gives the enemy new confidence.* Every strike means a diminution in the output of weapons of defence, and must therefore be paid for in German blood. He who strikes now is sacrificing the blood of his comrades to his own selfish aims; he is increasing our casualty lists, increasing the number of dead, widows and orphans, depriving so many families of their bread-winner, and increasing the misery of war. The munition-worker who refuses arms to our defenders at a time *when from all sides enemies are endeavouring to carry spoliation and devastation into our country* commits not only a crime but also an incredible folly.

The ultimate cause of the world-war was the success of the labour of the German workman. "Made in Germany" has conquered the world and more and more driven English goods into the background. This is the real reason why *England years before the war began the policy of encircling Germany and inciting the whole world against us.* Anyone who stops work and thus endangers our victory is furthering the English object of destroying the German workman. Therefore avoid those who wish to incite you to strike. They are doing the enemy's work. They are to be considered enemy agents. Peace will not be brought nearer by strikes, but defeat and overthrow. Always remember that *England only won over her labouring classes for the war by saying to them "You will be richer by the wages which will be taken from the German workman."*

Endure privations, such as scarcity of food, coals, etc., in the consciousness that if you hold out a favourable peace is certain, which will secure your economic future and that of our whole people. But if we were to collapse now in face of certain victory, in future we should have to suffer not only privations but famine, for our enemies would force upon us a peace which would mean a future full of unemployment, misery, and despair. Therefore, comrades, work and endure; this is what honour and common-sense impose upon you, for it is the only safe way to a quick and successful peace.

Authority and the Strikers

All this goes to show that the authorities in Germany were fully aware of the gathering storm, and when Cabinet Ministers lent their support to the legend that English agents had stirred up the strikes, they must have been guilty of deliberate falsehood. The only evidence that was forthcoming was a cock-and-bull story published by the *Hamburger Nachrichten* which all through the war has made a special feature of printing lying libels about England in particular and the Allies in general. This newspaper alleged that in a certain street in Hamburg a well-dressed gentleman was seen dropping out of his overcoat pocket handbills which were of so violent a character that he must have been an enemy agent. He was not caught, however. That is all the evidence, and one cannot help wondering upon whom the paper desired to impose this fairy tale.

The German workers were certainly not moved by the story, for they came out on strike in practically every industrial centre in Germany. The strike was most extensive in Berlin, but reports from Munich, Breslau, Duisburg, Cassel, Halle and Leipzig show that in all these towns the strikers were not merely a few irresponsible youths. Their numbers ran into many thousands and their demands were specific enough. As in Austria, so in Germany, the men asked for peace, food, and democratic institutions.

But the authorities were adamant. The G.O.C. in the Berlin district, General von Kessel, who is an old man accustomed to the traditions of 1870 and out of all sympathy with modern movements, began by abolishing the ordinary courts and replacing them, under a law of 1851, by extraordinary military tribunals; and then he put seven of the largest munition works in Berlin under military control. He made it quite clear that he would not shrink from machine guns in order to crush the uprising. An uncompromising attitude was

also adopted by the Imperial Chancellor. This strike incident shows conclusively that the Militarists are firmly in the saddle, and Count Hertling cannot call his soul his own.

Austria and Germany

That was made abundantly clear by the contrast between Hertling's and Czernin's speeches. Czernin was mercilessly abused by the Junker Press, which seems to grow more impertinent daily. These papers asked Austria who it was won her victories for her? Who protected Lemberg and Przemyśl? Who froze in the Carpathians to safeguard the integrity of Hungary? Who cleared the Rumanians out of Transylvania? Who withstood the onslaught of the Italians on Trieste? The German army did all these things; and is Austria-Hungary now to be ungrateful? Will the Dual Monarchy carve out a path for itself? These questions must have rankled in Austria and Hungary.

In view of these somewhat strained relations it is not surprising that the Austrian Press puts the blame for the strikes on the Junkers and annexationists. And is there not justice in their plea? The ruling party in Germany—the crowned heads from the Kaiser downwards, the Ministers, the officials, the army—all belong to that reactionary clique. At the Conference of the Conservative Party held recently at Halle General von Liebert won the applause of the gathering he was addressing when he laid it down that

for us the watchword must be "might before right." We must not listen to sentimentality or humanity. We must be inconsiderate. We must retain Belgium and the North of France. That is the curse of God which has fallen on the French nation. Let us rejoice that we have nothing to do with such a criminal people.

Even their religion is tinged with the gospel of might. On a recent Sunday, a clergyman, Dr. Dibelius by name, gave a lecture in one of the Berlin churches on "We German Christians and the German peace." The reverend gentleman explained the meaning of brotherly love in these words:

Brotherly love in the first place implies love for our own suffering people. It is therefore a Christian duty not to reject indemnities and annexations for our own people. . . . What is the best security? Germany's power. The demand for a German peace based on strength has an ethical justification, it is only the recognition of success. Not Letts and Esthonians shall determine the fate of the Baltic lands, but the Germans only, to whom those lands owe everything.

Prussian Brutality

Brute force alone appeals to these people, and they are not ashamed of practising what they preach. A striking illustration of the depths to which Prussian Junkerdom can sink is furnished by the records of a trial held before a local court in Mecklenburg. This federal state is, even in Germany, admitted to be the most backward country in the world; and if the case in question is typical, it is surely sufficient to make decent people shudder. Herr Wilhelm von Oertzen is the squire of Raggow, near Neubukow, and he was the defendant in the case, the plaintiff being one of his farm labourers.

One day, recently, this labourer was found by the squire's principal beater cutting off ears of corn and placing them in a bag. The culprit admitted that he intended to grind the corn for use as a substitute for coffee. For this heinous offence the labourer was brought before Herr von Oertzen, who declared that he would whip him. The squire accompanied the labourer into the park, ordered him to strip, had his arms tied to a tree by means of a leather strap, and he himself let fly at the poor wretch with a riding whip. As the persecuted labourer attempted in his pain to loosen himself from the tree the Prussian Junker tied yet another strap round his body and continued the flogging. When the wretched man cried out the Junker threatened to stop his mouth if he were not quiet. Directly after the flogging the man was sent off to work, though his body was covered with blood. The Public Prosecutor demanded a punishment of three months' imprisonment for von Oertzen, but the Court considered one month a sufficient penalty.

It is remarkable that people should put up with treatment such as this; still more remarkable that lords of the manor in a so-called civilised country should have the face to treat their labourers in this fashion; and most remarkable of all that a court of justice in the twentieth century should take so light a view of so heartless a proceeding. So much for the *Kultur* and the justice of Germany. It is reminiscent of the social state of France in the eighteenth century.

John Rathom's Revelations

An account of a remarkable interview between Mr. Rathom and Captain Boy-Ed, and the wireless conspiracies which originated in Berlin



The Secretaries of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy at Washington

These men, with Dr. Dumba, the Ambassador, were all in the work of obtaining fraudulent passports. The method was this: Austrian labourers (chiefly longshoremen) who had become naturalized American citizens were instructed to apply for passports to Austria. When obtained these passports were bought by the Austrian officials and turned over to the Germans, who erased the names and substituted the names of German reserve officers and soldiers, who were thus enabled to return to Germany by way of Austria. In the group above, from left to right, are: Baron Erich Zweidinek, counsellor and Chargé d'Affaires and Prince Alfred zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, attaché; Baron Stephen Hedry de Hedry et de Genere Aba, Chamberlain to his Imperial and Apostolic Majesty; second secretary Consul-General von Grivicic; K. Schwenda, Josef Schoedel, Frank J. Sobotka, and Charles Pollak, all secretaries of chancellery.

Mr. John R. Rathom, in his opening article, amongst other things described how Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, falsely posed as the victim of the Foreign Office at Berlin and was compelled to carry out instructions that were distasteful to him. He was also most careful not to allow himself personally to be ever mixed up with the more dastardly outrages which he had himself helped to plan.

At the end of February, 1915, von Bernstorff spent several days with Captain von Papen and a lawyer, busily engaged in concocting a scheme of false affidavits in order to attempt to make Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, believe that immense quantities of dum-dum bullets were being shipped from American factories to the British War Office. There was never any ground for this accusation, which originated in the German Embassy. The day before the Ambassador went to Mr. Bryan with his alleged evidence he actually rehearsed his approaching visit to the Secretary of State in his own library, with one of his secretaries posing as Mr. Bryan. He said to this man at the conclusion of an impressed plea which lasted about five minutes—"Am I impressive enough? Is my statement forceful enough?" to which the man replied, "Most forceful, Your Excellency." "If it appears that way to you," replied the Ambassador, "we will have no trouble with the big-mouthed (*grossmaulichen*) gentleman."

A question that has been repeatedly asked ever since America entered into a state of war with Germany is: "How was it possible, with the precautions naturally taken by the Teutonic Governments and their agents, to get inside facts from the German Embassy and from many of the offices of the German and Austrian Consul-Generals?"

The answer, given here for the first time, is simple enough. While the entire story of the methods used in getting inside the Teutonic lines in America cannot be told at this moment, it is sufficient for present purposes to say that from the beginning of the European war, and for some months prior to that time, the *Journal* was able to bring to its aid the services of many Bohemians and Southern Slavs from every part of the United States. It was largely through the self-sacrificing activities and the remarkable mental equipment of many of these men that I was enabled from day to day to receive and tabulate information from the very heart of the German and Austrian propagandist system in the United States—both the Embassies and many of the Teutonic consular offices throughout the country.

These men (and women as well) not only took grave risks

in this work—for they were braving German vengeance—but gave up their time, and in many cases their own funds, without a shilling of compensation from the *Journal* or anybody else, in order to give the facts which would prove to the American people the manner in which they were being tricked and fooled by the German Ambassador and his fellows.

A large number of the men engaged in this work were lawyers and doctors. A great many of them were labourers in factories, some were publishers of Croatian and Bohemian newspapers, and the list included several hundred students in colleges and high schools. Every one of the men among them of age was an American citizen. It is impossible to pay too high a tribute to their energy and faithfulness.

It became apparent to both the German and Austrian Ambassadors, after these men had been at work for a few months, that the stories printed by the *Providence Journal* must have had their sources in some dangerous leaks. Count von Bernstorff—between May, 1915, and December, 1915—discharged one of the employees of the German Embassy on suspicion of having been involved in these leaks, and this man was immediately approached through friendly channels with the result that he has been on the pay roll of the *Providence Journal* Company ever since his discharge. The right man was never discovered by the Ambassador, nor, until the day he left for Halifax, did he have the slightest inkling as to who this man was.

Four months of listening on the Sayville and Tuckerton wireless stations through one of the best equipped and highest powered stations on the North American continent, from the day the European war began, had also brought to me an immense mass of information concerning the propagandist activities, not only of German and Austrian aliens in America, but also of hundreds of American citizens of German and Austrian birth. From many of the latter I was able to secure a great quantity of material, particularly when, as I was frequently able to do, I started many of them in active recrimination against one another.

On Sunday, May 2nd, 1915, some months after the *Providence Journal* had begun its series of exposures of German propaganda, which at that time very few people in the United States believed to be true, I received a telephone message at a New York hotel, where I was staying, from the steward of the German Club at 112, Central Park, South. After stating who he was, he said that two gentlemen, one of whom was Captain Karl Boy-Ed, were very anxious to have a chat with me, and asked me if I would see a representative of Captain Boy-Ed's, and accompany him to the clubhouse at eleven o'clock that morning. I replied that I would, and half an hour later a man, who was afterwards identified as Dr. Führ, one of von Bernstorff's New York spies, came to my

rooms, stating that he was from Captain Boy-Ed, and had a car at the door.

I went with him to the German Club and there, for the first time, met Captain Boy-Ed, who received me in a large private room.

He said he had one or two important matters to talk with me about, and that while he realised the *Providence Journal* was antagonistic to him and to the German cause, he felt that he wanted to state frankly what was in his mind, and try to establish better relations with us. He said that his people were not at all satisfied with the way in which the German side of the case was being presented through American newspapers, and he wanted to ask whether I believed from my experience that the fault lay with the character and method of presentation of the material itself, or whether the majority of the large papers were so biased against Germany that they would not print the matter submitted. I told him that, regardless of the sentiments of American newspapers, they were naturally and rightfully antagonistic to any movement that looked like a propaganda attempt to use their columns in any way, and that in my judgment the material with which newspaper offices had been flooded by the German Publicity Bureau was on its face so false and malicious that no decent newspaper could handle it. He said he felt that criticism of this kind was somewhat just, which led him up to what he stated was the first of the matters about which he wanted to talk with me. He then asked if I would undertake the supervision of a German News Bureau, having headquarters in New York, and with branch offices in Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco, which would issue regularly to the Press semi-official statements from the Overseas News Agency, and also regular translations of news stories and articles appearing in the German newspapers.

He said he would be prepared to pay £2,000 a month for the maintenance of these bureaus, which ought to be run by skilled American newspaper men having a large and friendly relationship among other newspaper men, and he would be glad to pay £400 a month for my personal services, and a bonus of £2,000 at the end of six months, and would also agree that I was not to be known personally in the matter at all, and that

I would be permitted so to arrange the installation and work of the bureau that nobody could suspect my connection with it.

I told him that it was absolutely impossible for me to undertake any such work or to suggest to him the name of any man who might undertake it.

After a few moments he said he was sorry, but that he had been instructed to lay the proposition before me, and had done so. He then said that there was another and vastly more important matter which he wanted to take up with me. "I know that you have an appointment in Washington at the White House with the President during the coming week, and in connection with that appointment I want to place a matter before you which comes from the Ambassador, who is now upstairs in the club. He does not feel that it would be wise to see you personally."

The following is, of course, not a shorthand report of the statement he then proceeded to make, but is very close to being as correct as if taken down in shorthand.

"We want you, when you see the President, to lay before him the suggestion that he reconsider his attitude regarding the embargo on arms. We want you to suggest to him that if either he or Mr. Bryan will go so far as to declare publicly to their fellow-citizens that, while there is no breach of neutrality in the making of arms, they would beg manu-

facturers not to indulge in the practice any further, he will very materially hasten the coming of peace by reason of our desire to meet him more than half way."

I said that I did not understand his meaning, and wanted some further light on his proposition. Captain Boy-Ed then continued:

"If the President will make this plea to American manufacturers, and if it results in the stopping of traffic in war munitions from this country, the German Government will set in motion at once the preliminary machinery for peace negotiations. The only basis for any present negotiations will be the stoppage of the arms and ammunition traffic between this country and our enemy. You can tell the President that this proposal is based on that proposition, and that if the embargo is carried through effectively, Germany will begin negotiations immediately, and will agree to withdraw from Belgium and from the occupied portion of France. We will not consider the payment of one penny in indemnity, nor will we consider giving up any part of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany will agree to rebuild, in as good a condition as they were before the war, all public buildings destroyed in Belgian towns, but that is all. We have a specific reason for wanting these facts laid before Mr. Wilson from outside sources. What do you think of it?"

I told Captain Boy-Ed that I thought he must be crazy, and suggested that if the German Embassy or the German Government had any proposition to make to the President of the United States they had their regular diplomatic channels through which to make it.

Captain Boy-Ed replied that the German Government could not directly or indirectly put itself in any position of making the first move, but if the President or Secretary of State could be induced to approach the German Ambassador or the German Foreign Office with a question based on the lines suggested, his Government would at once acquiesce and "go more than half way."

He added: "You don't realise what a tremendous influence we can bring to bear on Mr. Bryan, for example, through his church affiliations, and through many of our good friends who are close to the Administration. Anyway, we want you to make the suggestion to the President when you see him this week. You will

find a great many forces moving along in that direction before the week is over."

I asked Captain Boy-Ed how he knew I was going to see the President.

He replied: "We know whatever we wish to know."

I told him that if I did see the President I would tell him what he said.

Captain Boy-Ed broke in at once with the exclamation: "No, you must not say where this proposal comes from! All I want you to do is to throw out a suggestion as to how such an act on his part will be received by our Government. Tell him you have inside information. I forbid you to suggest to him that you have ever seen or talked with me."

I told Captain Boy-Ed that I should put the whole subject before the President, and should state exactly what the proposition was, and from whom it came.

This ended the conversation and I left the club.

On Wednesday, May 5th, the entire matter was laid before the President. On the same day the German propagandists all over the United States began a fresh campaign for an embargo on arms. The announcement was also made, on the same date, of the beginning of a campaign to finance a new German paper in New York to fight against further munitions shipments, and the Germans on that date also began an endless-chain petition to the President, urging an



Captain Karl Boy-Ed,
German Naval Attaché at Washington.

extra session of Congress to put an embargo on the shipment of arms.

The suggestions put out by Captain Boy-Ed were directly in line with four or five other attempts, made by the Germans in America through other channels, to keep the Administration at Washington under the belief that Germany was anxiously seeking some basis for peace.

Careful examination of our wireless reports showed a constant and suspicious connection between many large commercial and shipping houses in the United States and the German Foreign Office. Further investigation disclosed the fact that the code numbers and combinations of letters being used by the German Embassy in its messages to Berlin were in many cases duplicated by messages sent out from the Atlantic Communication Company (the ostensible owner of Sayville, the American wireless station), the Siemens and Halske Company of New York, the Hamburg-America Line and North German Lloyd Line, and many other concerns. Starting with this knowledge, it soon developed that the great strength of the German propaganda system in America was largely due to the fact that these great commercial houses were nothing more than outposts of the German Foreign Office, heavily subsidised and acting directly under the orders of their home offices, which in turn took their orders from Foreign Office officials.

One of the first discoveries made by the *Journal* was the existence of a chart drawn to resemble a family tree, the trunk of which bore the label of the Foreign Office. Spreading from this trunk were three branches, and at the bottom of each branch the words, "Telefunken Co." Spreading from each of these three branches were limbs bearing the names of electrical firms throughout the world.

This tremendous network of great electrical concerns, all of them in turn having sub-agencies and all being directly connected with wireless and telegraphic communication of every description, was continuously at the service of the German Government. Thanks to heavy Government subsidies these concerns were able to underbid, and did underbid, their competitors in the price of installation of wireless plants throughout the American continent, and we discovered in many cases before the construction of such plants that they had successfully imposed their will on various Central and South American Governments by insisting on selecting their own locations for the construction of these plants.

The most interesting discovery made in this connection by my representatives was that during the time that the United States Government was planning a series of wireless stations throughout the Philippine Islands the Gesellschaft für Drahtlose Telegraphie in Berlin, a branch of the great Telefunken system, sent to its branch in New York City and to its office in Manila (represented by the firm of Germann and Co., of Hamburg) a long communication setting forth that the wireless stations to be constructed by the United States Government in the Philippines must be bid for at such a low price by their agents that there would be no possibility of their losing the contracts.

A former manager of the Atlantic Communication Company notified me that the definite understanding with reference to this matter was as follows: "Our superior knowledge of wireless must be set forth in arguments to convince United States 'wireless' officials that the stations should be where we have designated them on this map, regardless of their own desires in the matter, so as to make it certain that if Germany comes into control of the Philippine Islands the wireless stations shall be in the most advantageous positions for the work of the German Government."

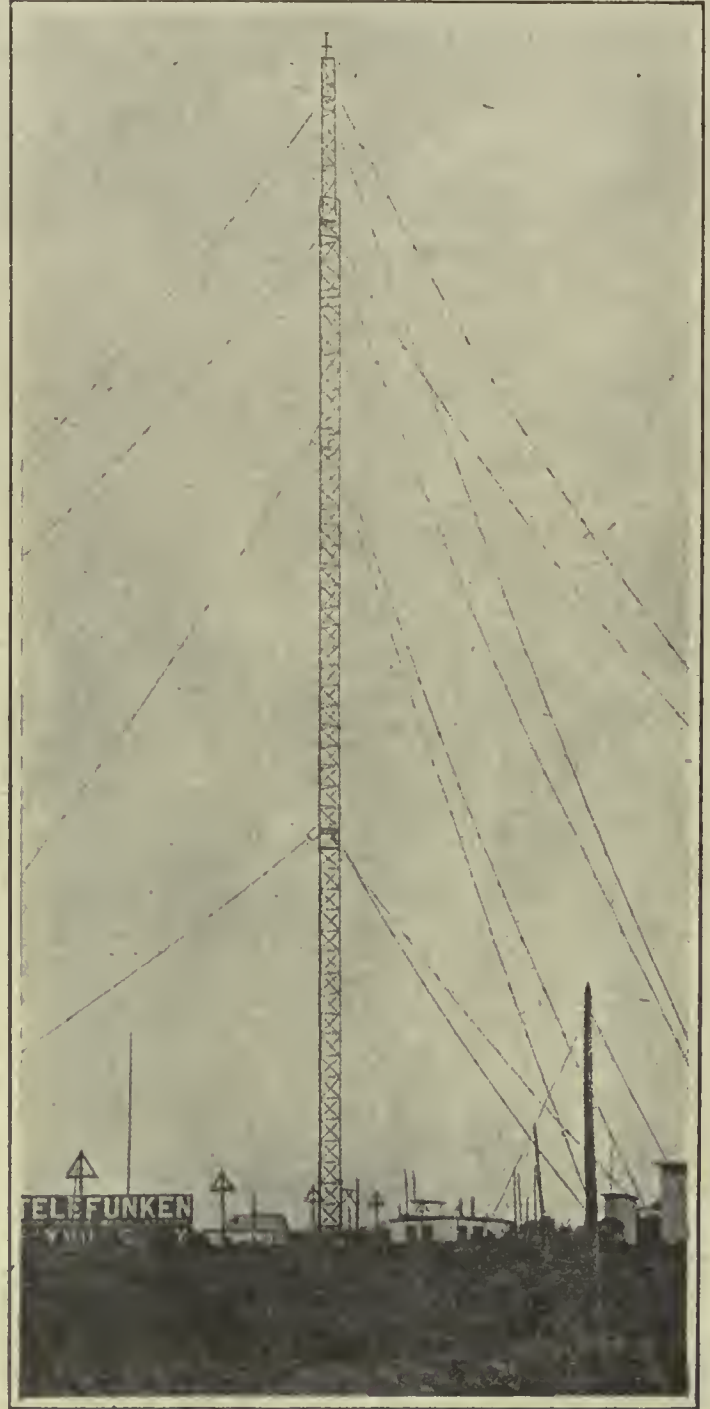
The Hamburg-America Line and the North German Lloyd Line, in addition to being under the direct supervision of Captain Boy-Ed (who practically had charge of the movements of all the ships of both concerns), made regular reports through their home office to the Foreign Office in Berlin. Among these reports were accounts of disbursements, not only for the legitimate outlay of a steamship company, but also for the upkeep of two large bodies of secret service men who took charge of all fraudulent passport work for the German Government, and who between the outbreak of the European war and the time of America's entry into the war shipped on Swedish and Dutch vessels a large number of German reservist officers, and also of German army officers, from America. The latter, through bribery, were allowed to escape from Siberia after having been captured by the Russians, and were brought through Japan or China into the United States, held in boarding houses in New York and shipped with false passports to Europe as opportunity offered.

These great corporations were used also for other purposes by the German and Austrian Governments and the Embassies in Washington. A plot to blow up the Welland Canal was worked out in the Hamburg-America offices by Paul Koenig, chief of the secret service of that company. In an attempt to fool the American Government, hundreds of wireless

messages, ostensibly relating to steamship matters, but really secret Government codes, were sent continually to the German wireless stations at Nauen and Elivese signed by these steamship and electrical concerns under orders from von Bernstorff, in whose office such messages originated.

The great majority of the men working in these establishments were German and Austrian aliens, but they invariably included, usually among their general managers or directors, several who had acquired American citizenship solely to permit them to conduct their propaganda work with more freedom.

Truly, the German Ambassador, von Bernstorff, was not



The Wireless Station used by the German Plotters

At Sayville, L. I. It was equipped with the German Telefunken apparatus and was owned by the Atlantic Communication Company before the United States Government took it over after it had been proved that it was being used to send military information to Germany in violation of our neutrality.

underestimating the boundless credulity of a democracy when he said once in his Embassy, in a burst of pardonable pride in his ability to make the American people believe what he wanted them to believe: "*In dem Lande der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten ist alles möglich!*"—"In this land of unlimited possibilities everything is possible!"

We regret to announce that publication of these articles by Mr. John R. Rathorn will have to be suspended at the request of the United States Authorities.

The Sleuth Hound: By Alec Waugh

"ERD the latest, Kid?"

"Nawh, Steve, what is it? Cap'n gone on leave?"

"No such luck. There's a chance of makin' twenty quid and getting a month's leave."

Private Walker sat up suddenly.

"What's that? Month's leave, did yer say? Not likely."

"Straight, though; just 'ad it from the Sergint; if anyone catches a Boche spy 'e gets twenty quid an' a month's leave."

Private Walker's face lit up suddenly, as one who has seen the beatific vision.

"Stuff to give 'em, ay," said his companion.

But he did not answer. There rose before him dreams of a resplendent future. A month's leave and twenty pounds to spend on it. Gawd, but what a time he would have! Cinemas and music halls, joy rides and restaurants. For four weeks he could live like a lord; but the secret must be kept fast.

"Now look 'ere, Alf," he said cunningly, "don't you go telling the chaps about this. We must keep this to ourselves like. Don't do to 'ave too many in the know."

"You're right there, Kid," said Steve; "dead right. This is our job."

"Yes," said Private Walker, and sank back into his dreams.

* * * * *

From that moment onwards Private Walker was a changed man. No one in the gun team could understand it.

"Look 'ere, you chaps," he said that evening. "I don't sleep so well 'o nights nowadays, and if any of you likes to turn in a bit longer, I don't mind doing an extra guard or two if anyone wants me to."

Six voices rose in one unanimous discordant wail:

"Me."

"Well, I can't do 'em all, you know; I'll take it in turns. You don't mind, do you, Corporal?"

From the end of the dugout a drowsy voice muttered that if anyone was fool enough to want to go on guard, they blooming well could. As long as some one was sentry over the gun, he didn't care a farthing who it was.

And so Private Walker mounted guard over the gun for twelve hours of the twenty-four; and the rest of the gun team, accepting gratefully the gifts of Providence, drank off their rum ration and slept.

As a sentry Private Walker had in the past been a sloppy, somnolent individual. Times without number Mr. Ferguson had found him at his post with his rifle unloaded; never had Captain Evans extracted from him a satisfactory explanation of the procedure necessary in case of gas. F.P. No. 2 had come his way with monotonous regularity. He was quite the dud man of No. 305 Machine Gun Company, and it was the fervent wish of every officer and N.C.O. in the company that, when the Brigadier paid one of his periodical visits to the gun, Private Walker would not be the man on guard.

But the miracle happened. From being lazy and sleepy-eyed, Private Walker became vigilant, keen, ruthless in the pursuance of his duty. He was the terror of anyone passing near him. On dark nights it was bad enough to be suddenly confronted with his fierce peering face, hoarse roar, and bayonet levelled at the throat. But it was worse on the clear nights, when the moonlight fell over long stretches of bleak moorland. For it did not matter how far away a figure was, he sentry's "Who are you?" thundered across the night; and it was no good for the man once spotted to shout back, "Signaller with a message for Division." Private Walker's word "Advance and be recognised," had gone forth, and there was no gainsaying it. The signaller had to come back the whole five hundred yards, and satisfy that sleuth hound of spies that he was not a Prussian guardsman masquerading as a "Jock." And like every man with a true sense of duty, rank and position meant nothing at all to Walker. Even the captain of the R.E.'s was dragged before the inscrutable tribunal. For a moment or two he had demurred.

"Look here; damn it, man," he had shouted back; "I'm in a hurry. It's all right. I'm a captain of the R.E.'s."

Private Walker said nothing; he loaded a round into the breach and fired into the night.

The captain came.

For a fortnight this went on; the gun team was relieved, and went back to detail, spent a few days there; then back into the line.

"Still like doing buckshee guards, Walker?" said the Corporal.

He nodded. He was one of those men who, when the hand is once set to the plough, do not turn back. His mind was only capable of holding one idea at a time, and at the present

moment it was wholly obsessed with the lust of thwarting the Boche.

The climax was reached two days later.

Major Dunstan had only a week back been promoted to the Divisional Staff, as Divisional Machine-Gun Officer, and the first days of his consulship were spent in the reconnaissance of the gun positions under his command; 305, being the divisional company, he left till last, and so till the time that Private Walker returned to the line his company as a whole had seen next to nothing of the major. Not having come into personal contact with him, they were merely aware of his existence, as they were of the General's—a remote being who was a necessary, but none the less insignificant, part of the establishment of a division.

And so the tall, angular figure that obeyed Private Walker's imperative summons to "advance and be recognised" was quite unknown to that indefatigable worthy.

"305th Company, aren't you?" said the major.

"Yes, sir."

"No. 36c gun position?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, let's see, where's the gun on your left?"

Private Walker looked at him suspiciously. What right had this man to be asking him all these questions? He wasn't one of his company's officers. Still, he was an officer.

"Over there, sir, behind that tree."

"Yes, exactly," went on the major, "and what's your target?"

Before answering, Private Walker gave him a very searching glance. This was suspicious. German spies often dressed up as officers. He had read about that; and who but a German spy would want to ask him all this? Still, he would make quite sure.

"Point on the Bapaume Road, sir, three hundred yards north of Thiepval."

"Yes, that's good," went on the major, happily, ignorant of the thoughts flooding tempestuously through Walker's mind. "And now what about your battle lines, supposing the Germans were to break through?"

That settled him, a bayonet flashed at the major's throat.

"'Ands up," shouted the sentry. "'Ere, Sergint, 'ere; I've got a spy!"

"But, damn it, man," spluttered the major, "is this a joke?"

"You'll find it a joke, when you're in one of them cages. 'Ere, Sergint, this is 'im!"

The sergeant looked a bit doubtful, remembering Walker's exploits in the past.

"Are you certain, Walker?"

"Yes, Sergint; 'e must go to the cap'n. May I take 'im?"

"But, look here, Sergeant," said the major, "we can't have this. We're at war now."

"Don't care what the 'ell we're at. You're a Boche; and I am going to get twenty quid and a month's leave. May I take him off, Sergint?"

The sergeant thought for a moment. Walker was a most abandoned fool, but then, if it were a Boche it wouldn't do for him to let it go; and whatever happened, Walker was responsible.

"All right, Walker. Take him off."

"Thanks, Sergint, you'll see me off on leave to-morrer, I expect. Come on, you!" he flung at the prisoner. And the major, resigning himself to the inevitable, followed dutifully. After all, he had a sense of humour.

Triumphantly Private Walker led his spoil before Captain Evans.

"German spy, sir! 'E approached my post, in a most suspicious way, sir; asked me a lot of questions, sir. Saw as 'ow it must be a spy, sir—"

He broke off in the middle. The captain was looking at him with a look that spelt 28 days' F.P. No. 1.

"Do you know who you've arrested, Walker?" he said, his voice dangerously cool.

"No, sir. Thought as 'ow it were—"

"It's Major Dunstan, the Divisional Machine-Gun Officer." Private Walker stood and gaped.

"You may go, Walker," said the captain.

He fled.

Next day he was once more on the field punishment list. Captain Evans had dealt out retribution lavishly.

"Well," said the sergeant, "What can you expect, making a fool of yourself like that? You've got what you deserve, of course; the captain's fed up. Think what sort of a name you've got the company."

But Walker made no reply; he sat solidly on a S.A.A. box, and no one could get a word out of him.

That night all his military enthusiasm had vanished. Fatigue parties walked within a hundred yards of him unchallenged. Signallers came and went undisturbed; and when he saw a figure, carrying a huge sandbag, loom up before him, he merely mumbled, "Who are you?" without getting up from the box he sat upon.

"R.E.," answered the figure.

And a long stout man with a huge moustache, like a Bairnsfather cartoon, plumped himself down beside him.

"Terrible war this, mate," said the Engineer.

"Oh, bloomin' terrible."

"What's your job?"

"Damn it all. I just sit 'ere over the gun; and if the S.O.S. goes up I fire."

"What's the S.O.S. now, mate?"

"Four greens. But it won't never go up. Boche won't never attack."

"Many of your crowd about?" went on the sympathetic fatigue-man.

"Yes, there's a gun over there, and another over there, and one behind the ridge. Four of 'em in all. Awful life, believe me. We 'ave to learn pages of stuff about what we'd do if the Boche breaks through."

"And what would you do, mate?"

"Drop a ruddy barrage just behind the wood in front, catch the Boche consolidating, or some rot. I don't know, and don't care. I'm sick of the war."

"You're not the only one," said the Engineer, rising.

"Well, I must be getting along. Cheerioh, mate."

"Cheerioh, Kid."

And the ungainly figure swayed away into the night.

* * * * *

"You've missed your chance right enough, Kid," said Steve, two days later.

"'Ow do you make that out?" grunted Walker.

"Why, 'aven't you heard there was a Boche spy over 'ere two nights ago? But he got away."

"Boche spy? What did he look like?"

"'E was a big fat feller, so they say, and 'e'd got a moustache like one of them fellows that cove Bairnsfather draws, carrying a sandbag, so they say—'Ere, what's up, mate? You look mighty queer."

"No, no. I'm all right; carry on with the yarn."

"Well, he came down the Bapaume Road, 'e did, and then went on towards Thiepval."

But Private Walker was not listening; for almost the first time in his life he was thinking very hard and very straight.

Effect of the New Reform Bill: By Jason

NO prophecies in politics have been made to look more ridiculous by the event than prophecies of the effects of Bills for the reform of Parliament. This applies alike to hopes and to fears.

The Duke of Wellington declared of the first Reform Bill that it proposed a new form of government incompatible with monarchy. Most of his followers took the same view that the Bill meant the destruction of the rule of law and—what was to them the same thing—the rule of property. Lord Grey took just the opposite view. "I am indeed convinced that the more the Bill is considered the less it will be found to prejudice the real interests of the aristocracy." He said on another occasion that it would give the whole body of the aristocracy "a general influence more congenial to their true character and more effectual for securing to them the weight that they ought to possess." For Grey, like Macaulay, believed, as Mr. J. R. M. Butler has put it, in his important book *The Passing of the Great Reform Bill*, that all that was necessary "was to open the gates of the Constitution wide enough to admit a manageable number of the besieging force and then to close them again firmly." Macaulay gave a philosophic basis in the manner of Burke to the general theory underlying the Bill, "the higher and middling orders are the natural representatives of the human race. Their interest may be opposed in some things to that of their poorer contemporaries, but it is identical with that of the innumerable generations that are to follow."

Amongst the Radicals there were some who took the same view as Wellington. They fought for the Bill as if it had been a Bill for enfranchising the workpeople and not merely the middle classes. They were the victims of an intoxicating illusion. This is the way of life; Nature loves to gild every object for which men strive, leaving them to discover its true worth when it has come into their eager hands. Francis Place, a man in many respects of great perception and insight, said: "It seems remarkably strange that Lord Grey, whose intention it always was to stand by his order, should have insisted on carrying out a reform of the House of Commons, the inevitable result of which could not fail to be the total destruction of that order, and of every other privileged order and person." Cobbett, whose confidence in his own judgment remained unshaken till the day of his death, went not less wildly astray, and the workpeople of the factories who streamed out of the mills to meet the coach that brought with it the new issue of his paper were taught to expect from that measure little less than the Millennium. He had little love for the Whigs, of whom he said that they had been led to church with a halter, but he made an idol of their Bill which they gave to England.

It was indeed the co-operation of the Radicals and the demonstrations of workmen who were themselves to wait another generation before receiving the vote that compelled the Lords to give way. The agitations of 1831 and 1832 were the result of a combination between two classes that had little love for each other—the middle classes and the working classes—and the Whig Government that forced the Lords to accept the Bill spent part of its time and energy in putting working-class reformers in prison.

The history of the reformed Parliament is a striking proof

of the justice of Macaulay's estimate of the effect of the Reform Bill. Most of us were brought up to regard the achievements of the reformed Parliament as an unqualified triumph. That Parliament seemed to have done wonders; it reconstructed the Poor Law, it set up representative government in the towns, it passed a Factory Act, it even made formal recognition of the claims of popular education by a small grant of public money. But if we want to understand why the Reform Bill had as powerful an effect in exasperating the working classes as it had in reconciling the middle classes, we have to consider what the conduct of that Parliament looked like to the idealists who had fought for the Bill as the promise of democracy. The new Government refused to make food cheaper, to make newspapers cheaper, to give the ballot. It did nothing to humanise life for the poor. It was only after five hundred men had gone to prison for a cheap press that the Government reduced the stamp duty on newspapers from 4d. to 1d. These were its omissions; some at least of its deeds were not less provocative.

The workpeople had found themselves becoming more and more, as the industrial revolution destroyed the old economy, the instruments of a great and inhuman power. The towns they lived in, the hours they worked, the wages they received, the general conception of the kind of life that was proper for them, which permeated all the institutions of society, stamped them as a subject population without dignity or rights. Reform was to put an end to this, but instead of emancipation reform brought the new Poor Law, the régime of the workhouse, the principle that the poor man must either starve or sell his handloom and seek the shelter of the nearest Bastille. Thorold Rogers said of the Poor Law of 1834 that it was necessary, harsh, inopportune, unjust. The middle classes saw its necessity, the working classes its injustice. When the Bill passed through the House of Commons, twenty men, led by Cobbett, Fielden and Walter, of the *Times*, denounced it, and 319 members supported it. It may be questioned whether the upper classes would ever have dared to pass such a Bill without the help of the middle classes, who had become, as Macaulay would have put it, part of the recognised garrison of the existing order.

This cruel disillusionment produced the Chartist movement. As a political revolt Chartism was a tragical failure, though it had important consequences seen in the legislation of the forties. It made Lord John Russell and many another politician appreciate the truth that the condition of the people of England was a question of urgent importance. It gave great help to Shaftesbury in his struggles with Lord Londonderry and the other opponents of his efforts to abolish the scandals of the mines. It strengthened the hands of Fielden in passing the Ten Hours Bill. But when the movement had been suppressed the enfranchisement of the workmen seemed as remote as ever. The story of the resumption of the struggle is told in Mr. George Trevelyan's admirable *Life of John Bright*. As Mr. Trevelyan points out, the defenders of the existing régime in 1866 would have been wise if they had acted on the principle on which Macaulay defended the passing of the Bill of 1832, if they had admitted into the garrison part of the besieging population. But the opponents of the enfranchisement of workmen adopted a policy that was

specially dangerous for a party that had to face John Bright, who, unlike Cobbett, in many respects had his power for chastising insolence. They drew a sharp and final line between class and class. The following famous outburst by Robert Lowe, who shared with Lord Robert Cecil (the late Lord Salisbury) the leadership of the resisting forces, did service in every pamphlet, in every speech in which the Reformers presented their demands:

"Let any gentleman consider the constituencies he has had the honour to be concerned with. If you want venality, if you want ignorance, if you want drunkenness, and the facility to be intimidated, or if, on the other hand, you want impulsive, unreflecting, and violent people, where do you look for them in constituencies? Do you go to the top or to the bottom?"

This passage recalling Pitt's outburst about the idle and profligate population of the northern towns was received with frantic applause in the House of Commons, which forgot that it was not exactly prudent to provoke too far a population that had long been conscious of its grievances and was becoming steadily more conscious of its strength. John Bright described these opponents very happily when he said that they took "a Botany Bay view of the great bulk of their countrymen," and Gladstone reminded the House of Commons that the men at the bottom were "our own flesh and blood."

In 1884 Mr. Gladstone, when defending his Bill for enfranchising the agricultural labourer, gave an estimate of the numbers of people enfranchised at different times:

"In 1832 there was passed what was considered a Magna Charta of British liberties; but that Magna Charta of British liberties added, according to the previous estimate of Lord John Russell, 500,000, while according to the results considerably less than 500,000 were added to the entire constituency of the three countries. After 1832 we come to 1866. At that time the total constituency of the United Kingdom reached 1,364,000. By the Bills which were passed in 1867 and 1869 that number was raised to 2,448,000. Under the action of the present law the constituency has reached in round numbers what I would call 3,000,000. This Bill, if it passes as presented, will add to the English constituency over 1,300,000 persons. It will add to the Scotch constituency, Scotland being at present rather better provided in this respect than either of the other countries, over 200,000, and to the Irish constituency over 400,000; or in the main to the present aggregate constituency of the United Kingdom, taken at 3,000,000, it will add 2,000,000 more, nearly twice as much as was added since 1867 and more than four times as much as was added in 1832."

The interval between the first and second Reform Bills was 35 years, between the second and third 17 years, and now the fourth Bill has come just 33 years after the third. The new Bill, according to an estimate given by Mr. Arthur Henderson, will increase the electorate from 8,000,000 to 16,300,000. The Bill, though it more than doubles the electorate and destroys for the first time the disqualification of sex, has passed with infinitely less excitement and friction than any of its predecessors. The reason, of course, is to be found in the war. It was obvious to anyone who was in the least degree sensitive about national consistency that we could not proclaim to the world that we were fighting for the cause of democracy while refusing to acknowledge that cause in our own system of representation. There are a few people left who think that men can legislate for women just as Pitt and Castlereagh thought that the rich could legislate for the poor, and as Macaulay thought the middle classes could legislate for the workman. But nine people out of ten have been convinced of the necessity and the justice of enfranchising women by the devoted and heroic service that women have rendered during the war. It was difficult in a world which knew something of the facts described in the Reports of the Work of the Munition Factories for anyone to speak with scorn of the claims of the war worker to the rights of a citizen. Thus the atmosphere of the war has given soberness and dignity to the final chapter of a discussion which has had many fierce and undignified pages in its past.

We have seen that the Bill of 1832 was followed by legislation, which took account and gave expression to the wishes and the interests of the new electorate. We see the same tendencies in the legislation that followed the other Reform Bills. It is no accident that the enfranchisement of the workman was followed by the Acts that gave Trade Unions their power, as well as by the granting of the ballot and Forster's Education Act. It was not until the agricultural labourer had been enfranchised in 1884 that Bills were adopted by Governments recognising—however imperfectly—the need for rural reform. We may take it therefore that the addition of 6,000,000 of women to the electorate and the increase of the voting power of the working classes which will follow from this Bill will give a special character to legislation.

If the argument that has been developed here is correct the new electorate will demand, above all things, a more civilised life for the ordinary man and woman. This

demand is the chief inspiration of the war. In all times of agitation and revolution men and women come to measure their institutions by a new standard, to apply to their society a new test. The customs and traditions of men and of classes are a kind of screen between their minds and the more brutal realities. In a great disturbance like the war those customs and traditions lose their power, and men and women look around them with a new curiosity and a new independence. That is happening all over Europe. The more Europe has had to suffer the more passionately have men and women come to question their accepted beliefs.

The degree of violence with which men shake themselves free from the restraints of old habits and the patience and tolerance of the settled life of a society depend on conditions of race, time and politics. If men cannot get from their society, as it is constituted, conditions that seem indispensable to their happiness and freedom, that passion takes the form of revolutionary violence. A perfectly detached and impartial survey of the state of mind of the workpeople in each European country at this moment would be a document of overpowering interest. At present we have not the material for passing judgment on the state of mind of the workpeople of any country; whether Bolsheviks, German strikers, bread rioters in Austria or Italy, or even the workmen of our own country. But in considering of any one case whether or not discontent will take the form of actual revolution, we may certainly attach some weight to the capacity of existing institutions to satisfy these new demands. The Soviets have been defended as a means of collecting and expressing the will of the workpeople in a more effective form than any provided for the Russian workman in the new representative institution of his country. Critics of the Parliamentary system will watch, presumably with interest, the actual working of this method, if it survives. In our own case the passing of the Reform Bill provides at a most critical moment in our domestic history an opportunity for adapting our Parliamentary institutions to the needs of the time; for strengthening the arguments of those who think that the men and women who are anxious for a new life should use rather than break the machinery of Parliament.

Likely Reforms

If, then, the workpeople use their power to get from Parliament what they want we may hope to see a new spirit inspiring all our public policy. The Bradford City Council is considering a scheme for building ten model suburbs on its crest of hills. We may expect to see a great impetus given to a generous and constructive policy of housing and town building. The wildest ambitions of the days before the war will seem to be paltry in this new atmosphere. One reform that is certain is the shortening of the factory day, and other reforms will follow from that change. The industrial town is the home or the lodging of a race that spends its daylight in the mill. If you rescue some of the daylight for a man's life, you will have to change the town, for then it will be not merely the place where he sleeps and eats, but the place where he spends his leisure. A Parliament representing the new electorate will have to satisfy this new craving for a humane and more various life.

The special influence of women will be seen in a new sense of responsibility for children and in a new interest in those aspects of life in which women are specially concerned. But it will have one more general effect on policy. Women are the housekeepers of the nation. They understand the painful science of saving and the skilled art of spending. For the housekeeper the war has been a stern school. Women who have spent hours in the queues have learnt as much in one way as men who have spent hours in the trenches have learnt in another. Now it is obvious that social developments are tending more and more to encourage the organisation of the producers. This movement is prompted partly by the business instincts of the modern industrial world, partly by its social and its spiritual discontents. The cartel is the symbol of the one; syndicalism and the doctrines of the Guild Socialists are the symbols of the other. The organisation of the producer is in itself a welcome development. It represents the triumph of larger views. The Industrial Councils, the concrete form in which the best practicable interpretation of this spirit is taking form, will, if they are wisely directed, improve the whole tone and quality of industrial life. But there is an obvious danger, the danger that these Councils will give too much power to the producer, and some critics have attacked the constitution of the Potteries Council on this ground, for in the statement of objects there is included a clause about maintaining selling prices. At such a moment, then, it is specially significant that 6,000,000 women should be added to the electorate, for their enfranchisement means a striking increase in the political power of the consumers.

English Treasures in Russia: By G. C. Williamson



View of Northumberland House, London.

RECENT terrible events in Russia have caused grave apprehensions in the minds of connoisseurs respecting the fate that has overtaken the art treasures of that vast country.

It is feared, and with good reason, that most of the wonderful things have perished in the Revolution, and in that case the world is infinitely the poorer. In recent visits to that fascinating country I have had unusual opportunities, owing to the gracious kindness of the Emperor, of seeing the Imperial possessions, including those contained in private apartments seldom opened to the foreign visitor, and a few notes with reference to them may be of interest.



A "Memento Mori" Watch, by Quare.

To take first those connected with England. The visitor to the Imperial Court may not at first remember the intimate connection that has existed between the commerce and artistic productions of the two countries since the days of Edward VI. It might not occur to him that the Emperor Ivan IV. made

amongst these missions were these of 1571, 1581, 1604 and 1620. In consequence Russia contained, especially in the Museum in the Kremlin, but also in the Winter Palace and at Gatchina, Livadia, Peterhof, and in the Anitchkov Palace, fine examples of English silver from Tudor times downwards, as well as specimens from all the important countries of the Continent. A Tudor cup of 1557-8 is the earliest English piece and it is one of the so-called font-shaped cups of which only about half a dozen are known to exist. More wonderful perhaps are the five great vase-shaped wine bottles, nearly two feet high, called pilgrims' bottles, and mounted with chains; but there are also gourd-shaped cups, steeple cups, standing cups, flagons on high feet of unusual size, tankards, wine cisterns, salts, tumblers, jugs, candlesticks and dishes, all of rare beauty and remarkable value. Perhaps the most imposing are a pair of silver leopards with massive chains standing a yard high, intended to be placed on the top of the staircase on either side of the throne.

All of the vast store of silver, unparalleled in its extent by that possessed in any other country, has been catalogued in admirable fashion in richly illustrated volumes, privately printed, and copies of these books, gifts from the Emperor himself, are before the writer.

Not nearly so well known, however, as the silver and very seldom inspected by any student is the famous collection of mezzotints of unequalled splendour. Acting under the wise advice of Charles, ninth Baron Cathcart, the English Ambassador to her Court, the Empress Catherine II. placed instructions in the eighteenth century with the principal print dealers of London that they should send her, as they were issued, their finest examples. The commissions were carried out, and in a series of solander boxes are the engravings still, or were when I examined them, each with its own piece of greyish-blue tissue paper on which was very faintly set off the outlines of the print, and in many instances with the original bills of the English print dealer, showing the very moderate prices charged for the prints in question. The bills, which are numerous, have never been folded and are with each parcel. They are from Sayer, Doughty, Jones, Hodges, and others, and the prints start at 10s. each and go on up to £5 and £10 apiece. In one special instance I remember noticing at the foot of one of Sayer's invoices a memorandum apologising

overtures for the hand of Queen Elizabeth and desired to enter into a treaty with her, and that the Queen, declining the position of Empress for herself, proposed in 1581 that the Emperor should marry Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. This episode would have had far-reaching effects but for the fact that Lady Mary declined the Imperial hand, but from that time Queen Elizabeth and her successors took a keen interest in the Czar of Muscovy, sent over various missions to his country, and by the hands of these missions sumptuous presents of silver ware. Notable

for the fact that seven prints of the same subject had been sent, but adding that they were all proofs in different states, and that of three of the proofs Sayer was sending the only impressions that had been taken. He therefore hoped that Her Imperial Majesty would consider he had done right in forwarding them! These wonderful prints had been so seldom shown to visitors and were so scrupulously tended that their velvety surface was in marvellous condition, and the chief workers in mezzotint were represented in these boxes by their choicest examples, all with full margin, many of them far exceeding in merit even the famous examples in the Cheylesmore collection in the British Museum. Periodically each, with its own bit of tissue paper, had been exposed to light and air and then returned to its shelter, and so, treated with the utmost discretion, the prints were in absolutely unequalled condition.

Another branch of English art which interested the Empress Catherine was that of horology, and to see the grandest examples of the art of the English watchmaker of the eighteenth century it was necessary to travel to the Winter Palace. I have had all the examples in my hands. There were no finer watches in Europe. The movements were all by the greatest English makers—Quare, Tompion, Graham, Wagstaff, Harrison, East, and others—and of the highest quality, while many of them were set with jewels of great value and adorned with chate-laines, pendants, and chains of equally rich ornamentation.

Several were musical watches or repeaters, many with double and even triple cases, most of them with diamond thumb-pieces, and a great many set with emeralds and sapphires of surpassing brilliance and glory.

The Empress was also much interested in English ceramics, the great service which she had made by Wedgwood, and which was considered of sufficient importance to warrant a book being written specially about it, being of unusual value. This service was at Peterhof, and it fell to my lot to be the means of its rediscovery in an underground pantry where it had been forgotten, given up for lost for nearly 100 years. Over 700 pieces still remained out of the thousand which comprised the service, and each piece was ornamented with views of English houses and landscapes, while many of the larger pieces had upon them many such views.

These decorations, charmingly executed in a dull mauve colour, illustrated the great houses of the English countryside, ruined castles, village churches, and especially remarkable buildings in London, a large proportion of which have now passed away.

There were unique representations of London Bridge, Somerset House, Mile End Road, the Mall, Northumberland House, Alnwick, Appleby, Wardour, Holkham, Kirkham,

Fountains, York, Windsor Castle, Berkeley, Kew, Hampstead, Stanton Harcourt, and many other places which give information how they looked in Wedgwood's time, and for which in many instances we have no other drawings for comparison. That great service was not, however, the only set I saw in Russia. There were at least four other important services of Wedgwood ware that I inspected, besides dinner services of Chelsea and Worcester porcelain of the grandest quality, and shelves full of fine examples of Bristol, Bow, Chelsea, Swansea, Salopian, Derby and Nantgarw ware, and one cupboard entirely full of the best examples of salt glaze.

Amongst the Emperor's own personal collection of treasures I saw two fine examples of early English metal work and rock crystal which by critics have been given to as remote a period as that of Anglo-Saxon times, one a cup, the other a sceptre or mace, and many other fine objects in rock crystal and silver or gold, the most notable of which was a crystal cup made to the order of Henry VIII. and sent out by his messenger to Anne of Cleves, and which in some mysterious manner had found its way to Russia. I also noticed



English Silver Cistern.

Once the property of the Duchess of Kingston.

some good English carvings in horn and in woodwork. One palace in Russia has always been known as the English Palace, and in it there were many fine examples of English furniture, some of which Lord Malmesbury referred to, in his Letters. There were some splendid oak tables of Elizabethan and Stuart work, and many choice examples of the work of Chippendale, Sheraton, Ince and Mayhew, and Hepplewhite, while in one of the southern palaces I saw a suite of Stuart

furniture of unique importance.

Another room was entirely devoted to Chippendale's most extravagant Chinese style of furniture, four-post bedstead, table, chairs, cabinet, stools and writing tables.

The English pictures in Russia were in most instances the paintings which came from the fine Walpole collection at Houghton Hall and a few others sold to the Empress by Dr. Crichton. Amongst them were important works by Reynolds, a celebrated portrait of Cromwell by Walker, and fine paintings by Gainsborough, Lely, Dobson, and Kneller. In the Emperor's own library at Tsarkoe



Ruins of Iona Cathedral, Isles of Mull.

Selo I saw many English books, first editions of some of the most notable of the eighteenth century writers.

Colour prints made their appeal in Russia. There is no such set of Wheatley's Cries of London, no such group of Morland's Lætitia series, no such examples of Cosway coloured prints as in one solander box in the Winter Palace, and I have never handled colour prints of such glorious colour, or with such margins as those which the Empress Catherine had from London when they were being produced in their glory, and which ever since were retained for the delectation of the favoured few and were kept in perfect order.

German War Medals: By Hilaire Belloc

HERE has been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. a notice of the Commemorative Medals struck in Germany during the course of the war. It is written by Mr. G. F. Hill, the Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals in the British Museum. It is amply illustrated by photographs of the casts exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington. It costs sixpence and is, for the quiet student of history, the best sixpenn'orth I have ever come across.

Nothing is more difficult than to draw attention to the bad. When it is positively comic one can stir the reader to attention. So one can when it is in some way morally abominable. But mere badness in art, mere evidence of incapacity, is a very difficult thing to emphasise and to present. Turning over these few pages (there are 32 of them) and considering by what a vast distance the graphic power of the German has declined in modern times, I have wondered whether it was possible so to put the thing in print that I could translate my emotions to my reader. Perhaps I shall fail, but there is a parallel that will help me. Read these two passages consecutively:

"When she discovered he would not return
She ceased to hope for him, and went about
Her household business showing no concern,
Although she felt acutely."

Having read this, peruse the following:

But *thou*, not poppy nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Can woo thy soul again to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Both these passages are in heroic unrhymed English iambic pentameters. The first is exceedingly bad; the second is exceedingly good. If you were told that the writer of the second had, after some changes in his morals and way of living, come to be capable of writing the first you would rightly decide that he had become degraded.

Now modern Germany, inspired by Prussia, has declined just as far in the matter of plastic art from the oldest and highest German standards as the distance between the first and second of these quotations. Even under the tremendous stress of this war it can only produce this amazing collection of medals. That is the real interest of the pamphlet; that is the real lesson it conveys.

Why is it? Something of the sort was to be expected, perhaps, by anyone who had seen the building and sculpture of modern Germany—that is of the Germany which grew more and more degraded in the last fifty years. There is a contrast of the same sort between the Old Palace in Berlin



The Sinking of the *Lusitania*.

and the Reichstag or the Alley of Victory—the last of which is much worse than the old Westminster Aquarium. There is a still more startling contrast between the early nineteenth century centre of Munich and the modern quarters of that town. One could give innumerable instances.

Why is it? Without trying to answer this question I will digress for a moment upon the term of all this. Things cannot go on getting worse indefinitely. A lower stage of national art than that which these medals show has never been reached and cannot, I think, be reached.

I have read, especially in the English Press, many denunciations of the immorality of those who could issue a medal to commemorate the sinking of the *Lusitania*. I have never quite agreed with these criticisms. If the religion or philosophy

of society permits it to acclaim the sinking of a passenger ship and the murder of women, children, and neutral civilians, without warning as an act of war, the acclamation will take many forms, and evil though its motive is might take the form of fine art. The excesses of the French Revolution were undoubtedly immoral and even grossly immoral; but they produced a great deal of magnificent rhetoric and a few bits of really good verse. What is remarkable in these German efforts is not the perversion of their motive—we are all familiar with that, and we all expect it—it is their inability to create anything above the very lowest level which, one imagines, plastic art could touch. One feels that the modern German might have the noblest motives and yet be equally inept. This famous *Lusitania* medal* was, of course, intended by Götz, its author, for nothing more than propaganda. It was an error to say, as many said, that it was an official commemoration. But I do not see what



The German Crown Prince.

On the reverse is "Young Siegfried" attacking a chimera-like monster with four heads—Bear for Russia, Unicorn for England, Lion for Belgium, and Cock for France.

difference that makes. It ought to be impossible for any white man making a medal at all to model as badly as that, or, at any rate, for his friends to allow him to issue such impossibly bad material. And the curious thing is that this debased standard is found throughout the whole series, even where the subject lends itself to reasonable treatment.

For instance, there is a medal to commemorate the martial ability of the Crown Prince, who is compared to Hercules. That, of course, is purely conventional. It is exceedingly unlikely that any Royalty of the modern sort should have the highly specialised capacity required of a great General; and the weak profile of the young man (accurately given but rather more startling than life) would at once put an end to any such claim. None the less, there is nothing unusual or absurd in these conventions.

There is one exception to all this. It is the medal (the roth of this series) which commemorates the German advance on Paris, struck in the first days of the war when foreign conquest was admittedly the German aim. It bears the legend "To Paris, 1914," upon the one side, with a naked figure upon a horse holding what I think is a torch in the left hand; upon the other side is the face of the ablest of the German Generals, Von Kluck. It is not a good piece of work, but it is normal and tolerable.

Mr. Hill suggests that this medal may have been withdrawn. It is obviously inconvenient, politically, that it should remain in circulation after the Marne. He tells us that it has, at any rate, proved difficult to obtain in neutral countries. That is a pity, for it is much the least disgraceful of the series. Its author is a certain A. Löwental; and perhaps the German authorities (who carefully collect all foreign criticism, and before whose eyes this humble notice will pass) will give him orders for further work during such interval as may remain between the present time and the moment when German medals upon the war will no longer appear. Upon the evidence of this pamphlet, at least, this A. Löwental would seem to be the only man capable of reaching in the art of the medallist the level reached in, say, English prose, by the sober announcements of our Post Office.

There are those who think that bad art is a proof of national greatness. They may increase their admiration of Prussia by studying her medals.

* Replicas of the *Lusitania* medal can be obtained from the Souvenir Medal Committee, 32 Duke Street, Manchester Square, the proceeds being given to St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind.

Life and Letters, by J. C. Squire

Merry England

ENGLISHMEN fairly well informed about modern history frequently show a deplorable lack of curiosity about what England was like before the Guilds were broken up, the sheep ate up the fields, the new learning and the new scepticism came in, and Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell had been forced by their exquisite religious consciences to batter down the Abbeys and "sequesterate" their lands. And even those who do study the Middle Ages have concentrated too largely on (first) their constitutional and (later) their economic history. The *Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation* (Cambridge Press, 15s.) with which Mr. G. G. Coulton has followed up his *Mediæval Games*, is, therefore, doubly to be welcomed. It is a work that has all the merits of the academic and none of the faults.

It opens, as such a book should open, with passages on Land and Folk. The best of them are taken from Trevisa's fourteenth-century translation of the work Higden's Latin *Polychronism*. He gives what he deems the most important facts about the three Kingdoms: their climates, characters, manners and marvels. He has a partiality for the men of the South, the northerners being harder and talking, also, in a most uncouth way "that we southerne men may that longage unnethe understonde." His passages on Scotland (which he describes as full of "moyst rivers") is delightful. The Scots "love nyghe as well death as thraldome," but:

Though the men herre semely ynough of fygure and shape, and fayre of face generally by kind, yet theyre owne scotlyshe clothyng dyes fygure them full moche. . . . And, bycause of medlyng with englishe men, many of them have changed the olde maners of scottes in to better maners for the more parte, but the wyld scottes and Iryshe accounte greate worschyppe to folowe theyre fore fathers in clothyng, in tonge, and in lvyng, and in other maner doynge.

"They repute," he concludes, "no man, of what nation, blondde, or puissance so ever he be, to be hardy and valiant but themselfe." The Irish he found given to idleness and evil manners; they paid no tithes and, though chaste, were drunken and unreliable; but "good men among them (theis there beeth but feive) beeth goode at the best." Our own praises of England may be set against the more detached observations of foreign visitors. Mr. Coulton gives most interesting extracts from an Italian account of the end of the fifteenth century. The Italian essay said:

The English are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them; they think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that "he looks like an Englishman," and that "it is a great pity that he should not be an Englishman"; and when they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner, they ask him, "whether such a thing is made in his country. . . . They think that no greater honour can be conferred, or received, than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves; and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person than a groat to assist him in any distress.

One would like to quote the whole of this description. Amongst the Venetian's *obiter dicta* are "They generally hate their present, and extol their dead sovereigns"; "The people are held in little more esteem than if they were slaves" and "If the King should propose to change any old-established rule, it would seem to every Englishman as if his life were taken from him."

Mr. Coulton classifies his extracts in sixteen sections, covering the whole range of social life. If you want to find what the Middle Ages thought about art or architecture you will find all the documents together. This is very convenient for reference; but the reviewer cannot be systematic with so large a subject, and one can only dip in here and there for characteristic and human things. The novice in such records will find all the colour and robustness he expects. He will also probably find far more commonsense than he expects, if he has shared the common unimaginative habit of conceiving the Middle Ages as inhabited by grossly superstitious people inferior to ourselves in intellect as well as in knowledge and lacking, altogether lacking in the finer feelings. Frequently when we smile at the "naïvete" of a mediæval writer we smile not because he is wrong, but because he has put the bones of the truth more baldly than we should do, or because he is discovering things that we, being later, take

for granted. It would not be easy for a modern writer to compose an essay on "The Father" with sentences like:

The fader is dyligent and besy, and lovyth kindly his chyldre, in so moche that he sparyth his owne mete to fede his chyldren. . . . The more the chyldre is like to the fader, the better the father loveth hym. The fader is ashamed, if he here any foule thing told by his chyldren. The father's herte is sore greved if his chyldren rebel agenst him.

At the same time we should not fail to observe that no generalisations could be sounder and that a great many modern discussions on politics, education and domestic life entirely lose sight of them. Much the same simplicity may be observed in the tribute (if that is the word) to what Mr. Coulton terms "A familiar beast to man":

The flee is a lyttell worme, and greveth men mooste; and scapeth and voideth peril with lepyng and not with reunnyng, and wexeth slowe and fayleth in colde tyme, and in somer tyme it wexeth quiver and swyft; and spareth not kynges.

There are all sorts of other things to be told about the flea: its measurements, phrenology, sub-species (if any), nervous system, etc. But the most important and—I may say in a strictly etymological way—salient things are here. And this scientific terseness and directness may well be connected with the general mediæval habit of mind, with the mediæval directness and bluntness of speech, with a stable order of society, a clean-cut code of morals, and an accepted religion.

I think that even some who fully appreciate what the Middle Ages did in architecture will be surprised to find a mediæval writer consciously talking, at Lincoln Cathedral, of "those slender columns which stand around the great piers, even as a hey of maidens stand marshalled for a dance"; for it is commonly assumed that the mediævals were a sort of mechanical barbarians who built greatly like insects and without knowing what they were doing. Their manners, in some regards, were rough. It is not now necessary on the playing fields of Eton to keep "prepositors in the field when they play, for fyghtyng, rent clothes, blew eyes, or siche like"; still less, I trust, "for yll-kept hedys." But there are places where their roughness was a great virtue. If, in our time, a man sells bad food we fine him ten pounds; if he sells a very great deal of bad food we make him a lord. The Government might well take a tip from proceedings of 1364 and 1365. John Penrose, who sold red wine "unsound and unwholesome for man, in deceit of the common people, and in contempt of our Lord the King, and to the shameful disgrace of the officers of the City; to the grievous damage of the Commonalty," etc., was compelled to drink a draught of his poison, "and the remainder shall then be poured on the head of the same John." John Russell who at Billyngesgate exposed for sale thirty-seven pigeons, "putrid, rotten, stinking, and abominable to the human race," was put in the pillory whilst the pigeons were burnt under his nose.

This is the sort of book that schoolboys should be given as soon as they have learnt the skeleton of English history. They may be told any amount about, for example, the struggle between the English and Norman tongues; but they will never properly realise it until they see original passages like:

Children in scole, agenst the usage and manere of alle othere nacionns, beeth compelled for to leve thire owne langage, and for to constrne thir lessonns and there thynges in Frensche, and so they haveth seth the Normans come fust in to Engelond. Also gentil men children beeth i-laugh to speke Frensche from the tyme that they beeth i-rokked in their cradel an kunneth speke and playe with a childe's broche; and uplondisshe men wil likne thym self to gentil men, and fondeth with greet besynesse for to speke Frensche, for to be i-tolde of.

That may be said of hundreds of other truths which these documents vitalise. It may be said of the greatest and most moving truth of all, our continuity: the permanence of the land, the long succession of eyes that have looked on it and wondered and fallen to dust. Five hundred years ago an Englishman wrote of "Stonhenge by sides Salisbury":

There beeth grete stones and wonder huge, and beeth arered an high as hit were gates i-sette upon other gates; notheles hit is nought clerliche i-knowe nother perceyved how and wherfore they beeth so arered and so wonderliche i-hoged.

We, at least, who have stood by Stonehenge in the twilight and looked at those great slabs against the sky, as it were gates set upon other gates, those words move and stir more than all the records of battle and pageant that ever were.

The Will and the Way

Pelmanism as an Educational Factor

By SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

BY coincidence a book I opened in the Tube train told me the story of a man so despondent, though deserving, that he thought himself "beleaguered by all the circumstances of his life." He even found a name for his condition. "I'm beset," he thought, as many another is thinking dolefully at this minute. For "nothing had ever gone right with him." He had had "no luck." Fate always seemed against him. "He was the most conscientious worker in the office, but other clerks had been promoted over his head. The manager was always finding fault with him for being so slow. Perhaps he *was* slow," he thought.

Part of the coincidence was that I had been thinking that very afternoon of the many deserving people who mean well and try well but never "do well," and I had been reflecting again why it was. What blocks them? What keeps them in the dismal groove of unsuccess? It is so easy to blame them, so tempting to feel disdain for them, but Heaven forgive me if I do! I have long known that the distance between success in life, as people call it, and failure, is no great gulf; I have long been aware that success and failure are near neighbours, that may at any moment merge the one into the other; for only

thin partitions do their bounds divide,

at any rate, up to fifty or fifty-five years old.

I turned the page—success is often a matter of turning a page—and read on. The unsuccessful clerk was not happy even at home. "Emily was a good wife in many ways, but she was so abominably careless about vital details." Of course she was, for so few women, relatively, have had the help of the right education yet. "She could not realise the importance of method and accuracy either in housework or cooking." It takes several generations of wise forbears to breed accuracy and method into us, and if we are not born with a necessary quality we must acquire it, or fail. "He was always being forced to remonstrate with her, but he never improved. And all these worries seemed to be steadily accumulating. He had never a moment now that was not filled by the necessity to counter some new difficulty." I shut the book,* and seemed to see that man and his wife sinking into the slough of despair deeper, as the habit of non-success grew upon them day by day.

Yes, one knows people like that. The woman who sits basking by the fire, when she feels that she should not, and says "I suppose I must be getting ready," but is still there half an hour later; and then says more weakly, "I *shall* be late!" yet does not stir. The minutes tick by, until presently she says, "I don't know that it's very important. . . . It's so late now—it wouldn't be much good going now, would it? I shan't be the only one not there. . . . It's so late now—I don't think I'll go, would you? . . . It won't matter for once!" And in a few years that "once" becomes every time.

The man, too, who hardly ever keeps an appointment punctually, and misses many a chance of getting on a little, simply because never, even by accident, does he arrive anywhere five minutes early. And the other kind of man, who believes in doing "no more work than you're paid for," and not that much if possible, and therefore is seldom long in employ. The man, too, who blames his memory, or his schooling, or his start in life, for his non-success; who blames everything and everybody but himself. Heaven forbid that I should be scorning such folk, or boasting as one that putteth his armour off because the fight is won; what I am really trying to do is to indicate a mode and a place of help.

* * * * *

The very day I opened that book I had been visiting such a place. It is rare, and I think unique; it exists as a place of business, and is not run as a place of philanthropy, *gratis*; but it is philanthropic in its business, which is to help the unsuccessful and only partly successful to learn how to help themselves. I had visited the *Pelman Institute*, that is, I had tested the men and the methods there; I had satisfied myself that the men are neither unpractical visionaries nor advertising charlatans; I had verified the testimonials which they publish and the names of well-known people among their clients; I inquired into the methods they use in a way which only one who is himself a teacher could do; I procured and have studied the books they issue to their clients; I examined the queries they put the schedules they work by, and the degrees of individual effort they require to be put forth. I went there rather sceptical. I went away rather enthusiastic. And because the more I think about it the more I feel that "Pelmanism" is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day I am writing these pages. "Pelmanism" is no fake, no dodge, no knack of temporary influence only, and it is not for the few alone. It is not for the relatively few whom Nature has endowed with the successful qualities, who cannot help "getting on," and who get on early because the many do not compete with them; it is for the many whom Nature has endowed with all qualities for success except the instinctive knowledge of how to use them aptly. There is no mystery about Pelmanism, except that it is not ladled out to all and sundry, and is kept as a secret for those who wish to have it, those who will work as well as pay. I thought the training might be mere mnemonics or artificial memorizing only; I thought that the development of will-power might be done by hypnotic suggestion, perhaps; but no suspicion which I harboured was justified by my inquiries, searching as I think they were. Every facility for a thorough investigation was placed at my disposal by Mr. W. J. Ennever, the Founder of the Institute.

I am myself a trained, experienced teacher, and know the drawbacks of schools. I know the faults of the class system; how if the class or form be large the teacher must lecture rather than teach; and how if the class be small, even, it is still too large, for the most effective teaching is done when the tutor has one pupil and only one; in teaching, the effectual thing is to help each lame dog over his own particular stile, and that is what class-teaching can seldom do. I also know that if the pupil does not wish to learn, he will not learn, though you teach at him ever so brilliantly and assiduously. And therefore I know that most of the defects which adults discover in themselves are defects which cannot be removed from the average person while a boy or a girl at school. I also know that the instruction received from another is nothing like so valuable as the education which one can gain for oneself.

* * * * *

Therefore it delighted me to discover that the *Pelman Institute* works along lines which at a hundred public meetings on education I have ventured to lay down. Places for lecturing, coaching, and preparing people for examinations are valuable, and many; so are places in which the tuition goes on by post, between tutor and learner, and when the learner is in earnest the effect is sure to be good. But this is not a place for thus imparting general or examinational information; it is a place for indicating *how* to learn, how to live and learn and how to learn and live. Here any willing, earnest applicant may get just the books, papers, hints, suggestions, advice, and "leg-up" which he needs for himself. But he must use them faithfully and assiduously; if he does not, his fee is returned with a polite note indicating that he has not shown himself suitable—that is, worthy of the help which the system can give. Compulsory continuative education has not been tried in England yet, and one cannot say how it will work out; but voluntary continuative education—self-education—with aid from counsellors and guides, philosophers and friends, has a great future in this country, I am sure. Every year the number of adults who discover that it will be worth while to go on getting educated increases.

Most people leave school too early to be able to know while at school what education is *for*; that knowledge seldom comes to anybody earlier than the age of puberty, and most young people leave school before that age. The fact is that the schools can do little to incite a habit of continuative education, except in the naturally gifted few; what the schools do is teach boys and girls "how to use their mental knives and forks," so to speak; the appetite for the meal comes later, if at all.

Life is the real school, therefore, it is also the sternest schoolmaster; how it raps our knuckles when we blunder, how it lashes us with hot shame when we fail! To me the saddest street sight—worse than some accident which may end or prevent years of life not worth the living—is the broken down, elderly failure of a man who comes faltering along. He has had his chance, his time, his lifetime almost, and he has not known, nor cared to learn how to know, how to use them; and no chance now comes his way. There are people who believe in one life only; there are happier people who believe in another; both kinds of people ought surely to make as much of this present life as they may. Both ought to educate themselves—the one because this life may be the only sphere, and the other because this life may be the probation for another. Living is "a serious art," and we need to be artists in living; we ought to master the secrets of living; and obviously we should begin to do so pretty young, while the door stands open. Yet how many of us fail!

—we give

*All life to learning how to live,
And die in ignorance, the gloom
Around us to the very tomb.*

For few of us continue our education seriously, day by day.

Suddenly, at sixty or so, the man who has neglected to use the school of life while he could, discovers that he has failed. He discovers it "too late," as he says—his chances are all gone. He may try to comfort himself by talking of his "bad luck," or the people who were always "against him," and he may belittle what others have successfully done; but it is poor comfort. Indolence, feebleness, indetermination, follies, vices, blindness to chances are much alike in their effects, and every effect had a cause.

* * * * *

Pelmanism is not for the self-satisfied; nor for the easily satisfied, content with any way of life, no matter how narrow and poor; nor for the sluggish, too inert; nor the laggard, too idle. It is discipline, and many a client has found it to be just the training he needed. It is a means of energizing, and energy is the master-force of everything. I do not believe in conclusive natural disability, except when it is due to incurably bad health; I do not believe that up to the age of fifty and more it is ever too late to mend; I am sure that mental effort prolongs and fortifies bodily life. I have seen so many men fail whom everybody expected to succeed, and so many succeed in spite of apparent cause and excuse for failure, that I have no faith in what is called destiny or fate. I have seen many men go dull with the monotony, along some groove with high walls to it, who being afterwards kicked out of the groove, so to speak, by something which seemed a stroke of ill chance, have begun to get on, directly they were out of that groove. One can't jump out of it all at once, as a rule; success seldom comes all at once, without preparation for it; but out of the groove, sooner or later, that man will climb who studies how to try.

The clerk who does not "get on," the salesman, the commercial traveller, the shopkeeper who does not sell successfully; the underling, "the most conscientious worker in the office," who is, nevertheless, too slow; the teacher not successful in a peculiarly difficult vocation; the would-be writer who always gets his manuscript (it should be typescript) back again; the solicitor who might as well be his own clerk; the doctor who vainly waits for patients; the briefless man at the Bar; the curate never offered a benefice; and many another, would find the discipline, guidance, and training of *Pelmanism* help them on. When peace comes again competition in life will be fiercer than ever, for men will return from the great, stern University of the War with qualifications developed that they did not previously know they possessed; I have passed most of a life-time in trying to help on the cause of education, but I am glad to say that I shall not have to run the gauntlet of the sterner competition to come. I suspected *Pelmanism*; when it began to be heard of, I thought it quackery; with self-satisfaction and vanity, I supposed that I needed nothing of the kind. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first. It

—spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

Pelmanism is fully explained and described in "Mind and Memory," which, with a copy of "Truth's" remarkable report on the work of the *Pelman Institute*, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of LAND & WATER who addresses The *Pelman Institute*, 39, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.



Position of the Landowner: By Sir H. Matthews

"Where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry it multiplieth riches exceedingly."—BACON.

HOW little do the crowds that throng the streets of our towns and cities realise their indebtedness to the landowners of this country. Even to-day, although the home production of food, which was made possible by the sacrifices of this class, has stood between these crowds and shameful humiliation, how many are aware of what they owe to the senior partner in the business of agriculture? Had it not been for Coke of Norfolk, Lord Townshend, the Earls and Dukes of Bedford, Lawes and Gilbert and scores of others, whose far-sightedness and practical energy were devoted to improving their estates, and to increasing production from the land, we must have sued for peace with our enemies. The brilliant example set by these pioneers was generally followed by the rank and file of owners, until the amount expended in buildings, drainage, fences, and roads, aggregated hundreds of millions sterling. Of course their object was primarily to increase the value of their property, but incidentally they made our agriculture what it is—as good as any, and better than that of almost any other country in the world. They and their descendants reaped the benefit of enhanced incomes, and a flourishing tenantry for many years, but of course with certain exceptions—always putting back into the property in the shape of new equipment and renewals, a large percentage of their income.

In the late 'seventies, however, the severe agricultural depression began, accentuated by the calamitous year of 1879, with its ruined harvests. Tenants felt the full effects of this first, because the heavy drop in the price of all their produce—except milk—lessened their returns much faster than their outgoings could be reduced. They went bankrupt, or retired from farming, in scores of thousands in a very few years, and then owners had to bear the brunt of it. Farms were left vacant in a deplorable condition, and capital had to be found to work them; while such tenants as remained were only induced to do so by huge reductions in rent. More buildings, or expensive alterations, were demanded to equip them for dairying (the one branch of farming not swamped by dumped farm produce), heavy outlay for laying down land to grass, and for the consequent fencing was incurred, and such repairs as had been done by tenants were taken over by owners, whereas mortgages, settlement charges, and similar outgoings, remained at their old levels, while taxation, and especially death duties, were heavily increased.

The result has been that owners with incomes derived from other sources kept up their estates in the old way, and poured money into them without getting any return. Scores of properties showed no net income whatever, and the great majority have done no more than give from 1½ to 2 per cent. on outlay for recent equipment. Others less fortunately placed sold their estates at greatly depreciated rates to wealthy business men, many of whom bought for sporting purposes, and devoted the land to game. Others still let their houses if they could, or shut them up if they could not, and turned their attention to more profitable businesses.

In previous articles it has so chanced that the topics dealt with mainly concerned the tenants, but the senior partner, as I venture to call him, deserves more attention than he has yet received. The landlord (it is the agricultural owner that is referred to throughout this article, not the town landlord) occupies a position in this country which is not generally understood. He is very seldom the mere rent-receiver,

enacting homage from trembling tenants, as pictured by certain political papers. Looked at in an economic sense he happens to be a capitalist, owning stock in the shape of land. Other smaller capitalists wishing to become food producers offer him a certain percentage per annum for the use of a definite portion of his stock, in order that they may be enabled to use their own capital to the best advantage. If they cannot find an owner willing to lend them such stock, their only alternative, if they persist in their desire to produce food, is to purchase land themselves. The principal difference between the owner of land stock and other capitalists is that the former is usually prepared to accept a much smaller return on his capital than are other owners of wealth. That is the real relation between agricultural landlords and tenants. Arising out of the greater intimacy between them than is possible between urban owners and tenants, a feeling of friendship has generally grown, which has developed into a paternal interest on the one hand, and too great a tendency to look for help on the other; unfortunately this paternal interest has been carried so far that a certain type of tenant has come to look upon what are in fact only acts of generosity as their right. This will be referred to later.

It is peculiarly difficult for the general public to know anything about owners collectively. They are not known as such in official reports, or books of reference; even the Census Returns which make such searching investigations into our private affairs, and label us into groups, ignore owners of land as a class. The Income Tax Office knows more of him than anyone else, but this knowledge is not used to benefit the landowner, or for the gratification of public curiosity. If we are to believe socialist speakers and writers, or the politician who is out for urban votes, a personality will be conjured up which is as much unlike the average as it is possible to conceive. If on the other hand we look for any statement by owners as to any part they have taken, or are taking now, in the industry of agriculture, we find little to guide us. With very few exceptions (mention must be made of the Duke of Bedford's book, *A Great Agricultural Estate*) agricultural landlords have just carried on, regardless of financial results, and have treated political mud-throwing with silence.

It would be almost impossible to form any association of owners which could represent most of the land of England, because they are so frequently not individuals at all. Thus the County Councils collectively are believed to be the largest owners in the country. Municipal authorities, Urban District Councils, Colleges, Hospitals, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Insurance Companies, Building Societies, and various charities all own large areas of land, and the Crown itself is not quite a small owner. These soulless landholders make it still more difficult to describe owners as a group.

An interesting point in this connection is that these absentee landlords, who are mere rent-receivers, have no votes, as owners, and consequently a very large area of land is actually disfranchised. The "Land Taxers" are fond of saying that most of the land of this country belongs to a very small number of individuals. No figures are quoted here, because the numbers vary according to the taste of the speaker or writer, but if it is true the peers will account for a large proportion of this land. But they too have no votes. Some owners have inherited properties so far apart that it is physically impossible for them to record their votes for some portion of them. Taken altogether, it is evident that a very large area of the country is disfranchised, so far as the owners' votes are concerned. In every constituency owners, even if a homogeneous body, are so few that they do not hold the balance of

power, and are so scattered that the value of their votes is lost. As a voting power, therefore, they are a negligible quantity. They cannot concentrate, because their properties and consequently their votes are fixed.

We might learn an interesting bit of English history by reading the Duke of Bedford's book, which tells of that fertile tract of land situated chiefly in Bedfordshire, and partly in the adjoining counties. The fascinating stories of Hereward the Wake comprise all that most of us know of that district, and lovers of Kingsley may regret the loss of romance which vanished with the waters and desolation of this area; but the Earls and Dukes of Bedford did more for England by driving off the water, and reclaiming—no, not reclaiming, but making—the land which is now one of our chief food-growing districts, than ever Hereward accomplished. In 1630–33 Francis, Earl of Bedford, spent £100,000 (equal to about £300,000 to-day) in draining. And that was merely the beginning, vast sums having been spent since in larger and better drainage schemes. Between 1816 and 1895 the outlay on the land was £4,240,539, yet at the time of writing (1897) the estate accounts showed an annual loss of over £7,000 per annum, apart from any expenditure on Woburn Abbey, park, or experimental farm; while the average net income from Thorney for 20 years previously—without allowing anything for death duties, was only 2½ per cent. on the capital outlay on new works which between 1816 and 1895 amounted to £65,155. In the same period the net return from the Woburn estate was only one per cent. on the capital outlay on new works, which amounted to £537,347.

The financial history of these estates is typical of hundreds of others, but the degree of loss in this case is probably heavier than the average, and there are certain points worth noting. For instance the initial outlay of over £4,000,000 was much greater than average, and this outlay ought (and did) put the property into a better condition to meet the shock of depression than most. The annual expenditure on equipment and upkeep was larger than most estates could incur, and the size of the property would render the establishment charges less per acre than on smaller ones. There was no single case of disturbing a tenant, and thus insecurity of tenure did not conduce to bad farming. During the period of 20 years referred to four or five years are included before the depression became really acute, which makes the real loss greater than is apparent.

One may well ask why, under such circumstances, did owners continue, not merely to own, but to pour out money over land which brought in no return? It was unsound business, it was commercially and economically indefensible. Hundreds of families impoverished, hundreds of men drawing wealth from other sources, and sinking it in agriculture. But they kept the flag of agriculture flying, and faced every attack (which were numerous) with the pluck that carries through a forlorn hope. The general result was that for thirty years the consumer was fed at a price below the cost of production; supplied with cheap bread, cheap meat, milk, butter and cheese, cheap clothes, and cheap boots at the expense of the British landowner, and at the end of that time he (the consumer) has come to look upon these abnormally low prices as an inalienable right.

It is not suggested that among owners there was general recognition of the fact that they were gratuitously presenting the populace with the necessaries of life at uneconomic rates. It was a case of circumstance acting upon unorganised units; but the great majority of those units had been trained in a school which imbued its scholars with the idea that *noblesse oblige* is the guiding principle of life. When, therefore, they found not only their income, but capital as well, rapidly disappearing, they instinctively held on, for they had ties they could not break; sentiment, perhaps foolish sentiment, which bound them to the homes of their ancestors, and to tenants they would not forsake; and often, they could not sell even if they desired.

The vivid imagination of certain politicians depict them as a rack-renting, overbearing set of tyrants, ruling their tenants as despots. Or they are lazy, living lives of indulgence and amusement, or wasting their time in hunting or other sport. Luckily the country gentleman is usually a sportsman. If he had not been a hunting man, a supporter of hurdle-racing, and a breeder of racehorses, the country must either have spent large sums of money every year in maintaining a horse supply for the army, or the outbreak of war would have found us without remounts.

The first legislative proposals towards reconstructing agriculture are contained in the Corn Production Act, and while some of them are good, others are anything but happy. The best feature is the bracketing together of a minimum wage for the workers and a guaranteed minimum price for certain of our principal crops; the worst is the cynical provision that landowners shall not reap any benefit from

enhanced prices for agricultural products. The former was opposed by that section of politicians who stand to gain by sowing dissension between classes, their reason, it must be supposed, being that it gave proof of the identity of interest between employer and employed, which mutual interest they have always denied. The same group supported the provision which prevents owners gaining any advantage, the reason (we are justified in assuming) being that as a class they are political opponents. Those whose financial interests are in foreign production or in transport, were among the most vocal of that group. It has among its friends many who are fond of talking loudly about the "duties" of landowners, ignoring the fact that no less than other classes they may also have rights. Some of them urge that because land is limited in quantity no individual has a right to own any of it, as such ownership implies power to prevent public access to it. Do they imagine, if the State owned it, that public access would follow as a matter of course? What a grotesque idea! The State now owns plenty of land for experimental purposes. Let those who hold these views endeavour to obtain public access to this land as a demonstration.

If this Act had provided that owners were to gain some part of the benefit of enhanced prices, even if it were only to recoup them in part for the losses of previous decades, there would be some ground upon which to talk of duties, and there could then be no question as to the Government having the right to dictate how a man should use his property; but when it decides that he must bear all the losses without sharing in any advantages there is no logical ground for talking of duties. As a class they have done their duty in a way that offers a shining example to every other section of the community.

Peasant Proprietors

This latter provision of the Act will have—is indeed already bringing about—a change quite unforeseen by those who so eagerly helped to carry it through Parliament. For years they have opposed any proposals for legislation which would help to increase the number of owners. While urging the creation of small holdings, which are to be held by tenants at a perpetual and never-lessening rent, the proposal that sitting tenants should be aided in purchasing their farms, or that peasant proprietors should be created, has always met with their hostility. Now the large owners are offering their land for sale, and, to a very large extent, it is being purchased by the tenants. A certain type of farmer is objecting to this change taking place, and they are urging that sales should be prohibited until after the war, giving as their reason that such sales create a feeling of unrest among tenants, and thereby tend to inferior cultivation. Such an attitude is not difficult to understand.

The paternal interest of owners has already been referred to, as having given tenants a sort of prescriptive right to the benevolence of their landlords. They have enjoyed this benevolence so long that they naturally prefer to go on as tenants, getting higher prices for their produce, and with rents fixed at the level of the lowest period of the depression, but still with a landlord whom they can call upon to keep their places in order. Many others would like to gamble on the terms of "heads I win, tails you lose," but it is unreasonable, and un-English, to ask for such confiscation.

It is not surprising that so many landlords having been forced to take up other businesses, they are now applying better business methods to their estates, than did those of the 'eighties and 'nineties. It is much wiser to sell now than it was to hang on then, while every sale gives tenants an opportunity to obtain the most perfect form of security of tenure possible, by purchasing their own farms. Owners of land have only one other alternative of avoiding a continual loss, and that is to farm their estates themselves. Let them take a lesson from Denmark, and farm extensively. It will decrease the cost of production, and farming generally would, under such conditions, be more productive than ever it has been.

For the sake of brevity all reference to the continuously increasing burdens upon land in the shape of rates and taxes, mainly borne by the owners, has been omitted. It is a long story, and a somewhat dry one, for all but the sufferers, but it would be easy to show that owners have borne more than their fair share of such burdens for the last forty years. Moreover, they have shouldered voluntary burdens in addition to those imposed upon them by law; especially has this been the case in connection with the cost of national education. It is a curious but interesting fact that among the strongest opponents to the financial provisions of the Education Bill of 1902 were landowners, who would have been relieved of a voluntary rate, amounting in cases to many hundreds of pounds per annum, in place of which they would have had to pay a much smaller education rate. It had become a sort of hereditary burden, and those who could afford it resented its removal.



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

Collapsible Hats

Few people travel now-a-days unless they can really help it, but if by chance they have to take the railroad and do not expect to be away more than a day or so, they travel what is called in the vernacular "light." The main difficulty generally in the way is the auxiliary hat. Many women prefer to have something other than the hat on their head—but where can it go? Most hats take up a considerable amount of room, some even demanding an extra box simply and solely for themselves.

With the hats in question, however, no such problems bother. Attractive though they are and suitable now for any occasion, they can be packed absolutely flat. Without bearing the least resemblance in shape, they are indeed much on the old principle of a man's opera hat, so thoroughly do they collapse, and so little space do they take.

Naturally they fit into the normal sized suit case supremely well without any bother or fuss at all. In some models the brim is rather a stiff affair, so that this is unlikely to get out of shape; at the end of the journey out comes the hat, the crown then pushes into its rightful shape, and there it is, ready for prompt and effective use!

A charming black silk hat of the kind with a plaited tie of ribbon was in every single way the summit of smartness and simplicity. Very effective, too, was a dark blue silk hat, the brim outlined with a close clipped dark blue ostrich feather *ruche*—particularly *comme il faut*. Many other materials and colours also have been dressed into the service with wonderful success.

Sugarless Sweeteners

Some months ago the Sugarless Sweeteners hailing from a well-known Scotch pharmacy were mentioned on this page. They were useful then, but they are trebly so now on account of the need to save sugar for jam making. It seems as if the allowance of sugar allotted to fruit growers last year would not be available this, and at first sight as if a great deal of fruit in consequence would be wasted.

The wise housewife, however, will undoubtedly save sugar from her sugar rations against the jam making season, using in its stead some substitute. This the Food Controller has specially said she is at liberty to do, the sugar thus saved not being "hoarding." A great deal of care, all the same, must be exercised, it not being every sugar substitute that can be voted reliable. These sugarless sweeteners are perfectly wholesome, and they sweeten very thoroughly—each tiny tablet being equivalent to a heaped teaspoonful of sugar. Save sugar and use sugarless sweeteners when possible instead, is advice worth following—it being quite extraordinary how even a small amount saved from the ration each week adds up, and how eagerly prized it will be once the fruit is ready.

People not liking too sweet coffee or tea will find half a tablet a cup amply sufficient, others of course will drop the entire little tablet in. For cooking it is often useful, two sweeteners giving ample sweetness to most puddings. Another point is that they will be forwarded post free, one hundred costing 2s. 6d., two hundred 4s. 6d., and five hundred 10s. 6d.

The pharmacy concerned have an array of flattering testimonials to show, both from people who have used the sweeteners themselves and from others hearing of them from their friends and wishful to make their experiences their own.

Sugar and Saccharine Boxes

Our ancestors flaunted patch or snuff boxes; but never with such an air as we shall ours for sugar, sugar boxes being the latest concession to the times in which we live. And charming they are,

whether they be of a fairly large variety calculated to take lump or moist sugar or a small affair suitable for the saccharine tablets so many people take about instead.

A clever firm, always more than abreast of the times, have prepared all kinds of silver sugar boxes—just the most opportune present anyone could possibly make. As a wedding present nothing could be more acceptable or up-to-date, while could there be a more fascinating token to someone with a sweet tooth now perforce obliged to carry their sugar as of yore the travelling tribes carried their tents. Design and workmanship are alike *sans reproche* as the firm's productions always are, and the little box, besides being a supremely useful thing in itself, will, in happier years to come, serve as an interesting souvenir of the times when all lived and ate under the sway of the Food Controller.

The small boxes for saccharine tablets and the like are the kind many people will annex, but there are boxes for lump sugar also; while an attractive affair of engine-turned silver divided into two compartments, one to take lump sugar and the other moist, is a sugar box of the superlative type.

Something Fresh in Face Powder

Face powders of an ill-chosen kind can be so disastrous in their results that the latest one to appear seems to merit more than passing notice. This is "poudre fine"—its makers claiming it combines all the virtues of a skin food with the refreshing qualities of powder.

It has been proved over and over again that some face powders clog the pores of the skin. "Poudre fine" is heralded not to do this, and it is a natural looking powder into the bargain, so that anyone not satisfied with the kind they already have in use could not do better than cast it aside and give the newcomer a trial in its stead.

To have a powder that is a tonic as well as a beautifier seems almost too good to be true, being such a complete reversal of the days when sundry souls decreed powder as bad for the skin, and were very often right, the powder being indifferent enough to abet them. Besides, "poudre fine" has other points to commend it. It is fragrant, having just the perfume a really attractive powder should have—not too strong and yet with its own particular faint scent. It is sold in four tints, *rachel*, *naturelle*, *rosée* and *blanche*, is packed up in something specially charming in the way of a box, and costs two and six.

A Frock for the Spring

The new frocks for the spring have already made their debut; and it is abundantly evident that the more successful among them will be those described in one word "practical."

Very much of this character is one of the latest springtime suggestions, a long gabardine tunic slipping on over a satin underdress. Dark blue and black always succeed combined, and the frock in dark blue gabardine and black satin looks particularly well, though other colourings are available.

The slip is a sleeveless and very simple affair, the tunic equally uncomplicated, going on straight over the head without a single hook, eye, button or any other fastening. As in the preceding example, a sash gives all the shape required—that in this case being of black satin.

Such is the frock complete, but the tunic can be bought separately and used separately—a concession many will be glad to hear of. It could be worn over a frock past its first youth, but of which the skirt part is still wearable, so that it has interest from the renovator's point of view. These long over-tunics have long been mooted, and now they have arrived are gaining nothing but praise. In heaps of ways they are invaluable, being hardwearing and very sensible, yet not losing by one iota the elusive quality of charm. Anybody buying the frock in question and using the tunic over other frocks besides with the slip supplied will certainly profit by the transaction, since nothing else yet suggested this year is quite so invincibly useful.

PASSE PARTOUT.

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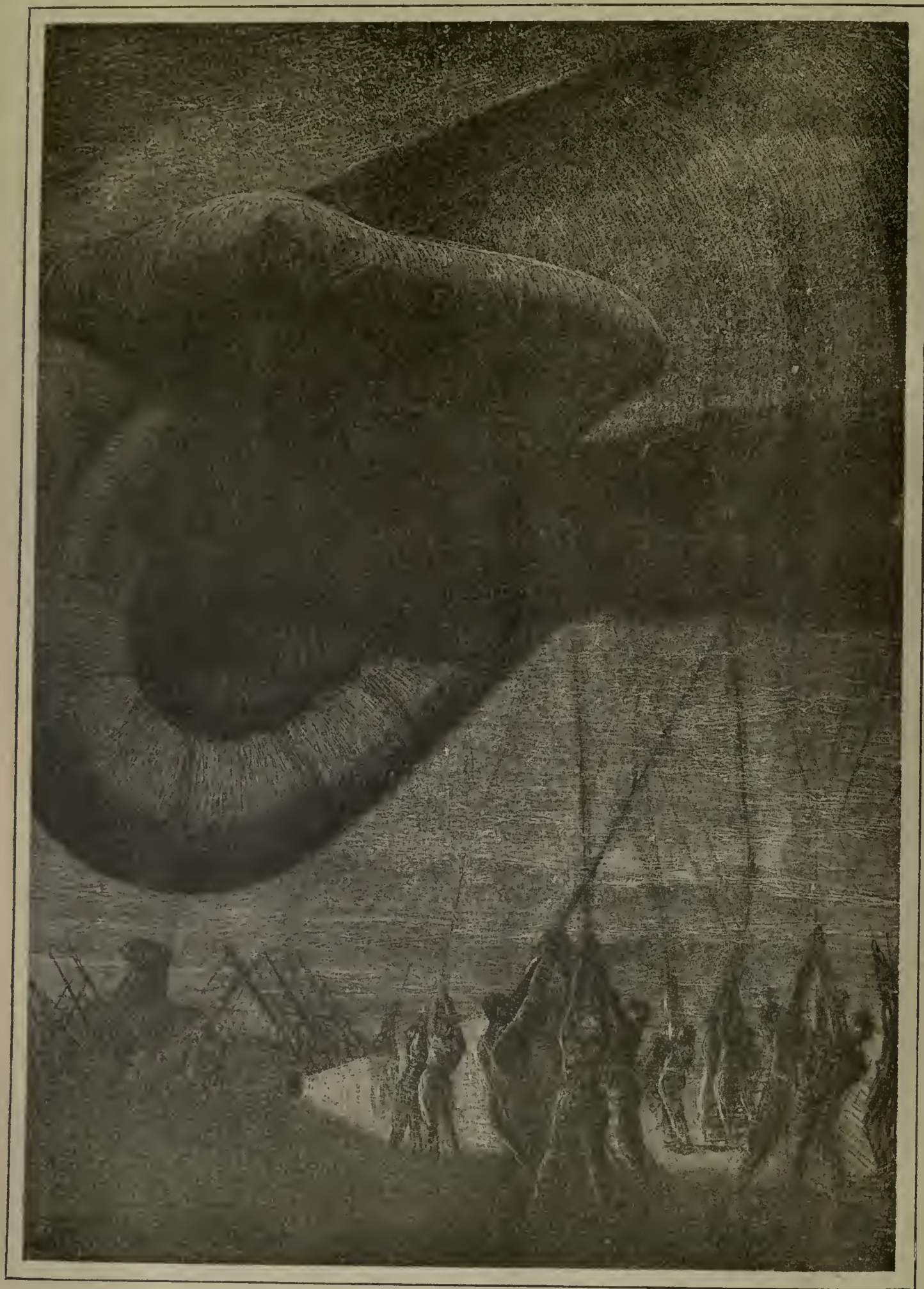


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Socialism in Germany

Balloon Section, R.F.C.



Hauling down an Observation Balloon at night

By C. R. W. Nevinson, Official Artist at the Front

(An exhibition of Mr. Nevinson's work opens at the Leicester Galleries on Saturday)

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1918

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The Outlook

IN the early part of last week it was officially announced that Sir Henry Wilson had taken the chief command, vacated by the dismissal of Sir William Robertson. Other changes in the commands of the Army were expected by the public but have not taken place at the time of writing. Meanwhile the prosecution of Colonel Repington and the Editor of the *Morning Post* for the publication of an article dealing with the reserve army in a fashion which the censorship regarded as a breach of its direction was undertaken. Both defendants were fined the nominal sum of £100, and the incident was thus closed. It came out during the hearing of the case that the reserve army, the existence of which the British censorship desired should not be mentioned, had already been amply discussed in the German Press.

Certain questions were asked in the House of Commons during the course of last week concerning the attitude of the Government towards other papers, notably towards the one-man group of numerous and varied organs. To these questions various answers were returned. Some repeated the old formula that "the law officers of the Crown had advised an action would not lie." Other answers were that "the matter was under consideration." The educated public is not concerned, of course, with fictions of parliamentary procedure. The interest of the incidents lies entirely in the questions and the state of mind which they indicate.

Unfortunately, though these questions (put down by individuals more daring than most of their fellows) accurately represent the mass of opinion outside the House of Commons, they have had no sequel in the shape of parliamentary action. The House shirked such action. In other words, the individual members composing it each thought it to his private advantage to do nothing, and the practical result was a final abdication of authority on this last and critical test to which that assembly has been submitted.

The most curious commentary on this affair is the criticism directed towards it by most of our contemporaries. They speak of "collusion" between one section of the Press and the politicians. They darkly hint that particular newspapers, especially those of popular circulations, are "inspired" by individual members of the Government. They talk of the "Government Press" and so forth. All that is putting the cart before the horse. It is of common knowledge that the order in which these things stands is exactly the other way. It is not the politician who makes the newspaper. It is the newspaper who makes the politician.

A policy is not first decided on in Downing Street, and then communicated to Printing House Square. It is decided in Printing House Square and there is no necessity of communicating with Downing Street at all. The newspaper man stands in no dread of any politician, but every politician stands in terror of the newspaper man. If we ask ourselves why the thing has been put in a topsy-turvy way, and why the Press is treated as the servant when it is really the master,

the answer would not be easy to furnish.

Probably the nearest to the truth of the many answers that might be given is the natural conservatism of the journalistic profession. For so long a time past have men been writing of this or that newspaper as the "supporter" of such and such a politician or policy that they have not yet framed a new set of phrases to express the new state of affairs.

Not so many years ago the prestige and corporate power of the House of Commons would have sufficed to put an end to the whole business. The offence would have been insisted upon in debate. If the individual professional politicians whose duty it nominally was to undertake such prosecution proved impotent because they were themselves the servants and not masters of the people whose punishment they demanded, a motion demanding prosecution would have been briefly discussed and passed by a large majority. To-day it is quite hopeless to expect any such virile action or indeed any action at all from the House of Commons.

As an organ of Government the House of Commons is dead and it is very doubtful indeed whether it can be revived. Its moral authority had disappeared long before the present war, through its own foolish toleration of financial scandals and through the indecent haste of its most prominent members to guarantee themselves from punishment. But war, which is the great bringer out of realities, has put the final touch to the process of decay. The best evidence of the nullity into which the House of Commons has sunk is the new Reform Bill. This measure would, if the suffrage were a living reality, and the House of Commons, which proceeds from the suffrage, were still an organ of Government, be a revolution more thorough by far than any constitutional change of the past. It actually doubles the electorate, suddenly includes millions of women, and even in its details involves a complete change. Yet none pays the slightest attention to it. No one is interested in its fate, and for a very simple reason: everyone knows that the electorate cannot do anything more than vote for Caucus candidates and the resulting House can have no representative authority.

It matters little or nothing which of the Caucus candidates happen to be thrown together to form a House of Commons. They will form nothing representative of the nation. They will in any case be a body of men each for the most part using their position to advance their private affairs, and enjoying the privilege of immunity when those private affairs are of a doubtful character.

The careful observer of public opinion during the last few months will have discovered that the effect of newspapers upon public opinion is small. It is less than it used to be, and even at its height it never affected much of the population outside London. The real strength of this new kind of Government lies in its power of terrorising by threats of exposure and corrupting by promised advancement individual politicians, coupled with its effect upon other organs of the press. The weapon of the boycott is also very strong. It is particularly true of the professional politicians that lack of advertisement is death.

It is this grip, upon individuals not upon the public, which is the true mainspring of our latest constitutional change, and it is this contemptible character in it which makes it happily certain that this singular epoch in English public life will not be long-lived. Sooner or later there will be not only a protest but vigorous action. For the moment the culprits are immune from the law, but that cannot last. The weakness of the position is already apparent in the impossibility of inflicting serious punishment upon those who are now beginning to attack this way of governing the country. A nominal fine is the worst they have to fear, and it is tantamount to an acquittal. Meanwhile, though the evil is a passing one, it happens to coincide with the gravest moment in the history of the country. That is the kernel of the whole affair.

England will succeed or fail in the next few months. Her future will be decided in this year 1918, and though general disgust at our new form of rule will undermine it and perhaps destroy it before the end of the year, its incompetence may in the interval have decided the fate of the country.

After the breaking off of the negotiations between the Solny Soviet (the body which has usurped authority in Northern Russia and reigns there by terror), the German Government ordered the advance of its armed forces beyond the lines of the Dvina on which the Baltic, or left, wing of those forces had reposed for more than two years—a repose broken only by the facile occupation of Riga a few months ago. No effective resistance could be offered, of course, by the half-armed mob to which what were once the Russian armies have now been reduced by the little group in the capital, and,

in any case, it is probable that the numbers of the men in the Russian uniform still to be found in that front have been so far reduced by desertion as to render them incapable of any serious effort, even if they were still an army.

A rumour was current that the Solny Soviet, or rather its handful of cosmopolitan masters, would make immediate peace with the enemy and even go to the length of paying them a considerable indemnity, although they had already repudiated the just debts incurred to the Allies while their country was still being defended at the expense of those Allies. This rumour has been confirmed. There is nothing to prevent the enemy walking into Petrograd and restoring order if he thinks it suits his book politically, and we may take it for granted that any terms he chooses to impose upon the masters of the Soviet (some of whom are his agents) will be accepted. Meanwhile, these gentry have sent yet another message through the wireless which they control to the effect that all the enemy now asks of them is the cession of Livonia and Esthonia; peace with the Ukraine and with Finland (that is the withdrawal, if possible, of the Revolutionary agents from those districts); the re-imposition of the Turkish yoke upon the Christians of Erzeroum; the internment of the Russian battleships, of *our own* ships, which we sent to help Russia before the usurpation of her present ephemeral rulers.

There has been a very considerable increase in the policy of bombing the Western German towns since Christmas. And the authorities issued in the course of last week an interesting table of the results. From this we find that during the first fifty days of the year there was a continuous bombing of the whole zone immediately behind the German lines, with the exception of the second week of January, and rather more than a fortnight at the end of that month and the beginning of February, when weather conditions were unfavourable.

The large town of Mannheim (290,000 inhabitants), a somewhat distant point, was twice visited in the interval with a very heavy bombardment, and it is satisfactory to note that Trèves, an important railway and manufacturing centre, and an especially important point of concentration for troops, was bombed with great thoroughness no less than seven times in less than four weeks. These details refer to the British service alone. Meanwhile, there has also been a continuous series of raids upon such railway centres of Lorraine as lie behind the enemy lines, and particularly the big junction just outside Thionville; the steel works in that town were also bombed, and these and the railway received a very heavy weight of projectiles no less than seven times in five weeks. It is to be hoped—and we think to be presumed—that this policy has not interfered in any way with the normal work of aircraft within the fighting zone, which is, of course by far the most important function the service has to perform. There has always been a danger since the recent and accelerating changes in our methods of Government at home that the subsidiary work of bombing centres behind the lines—work which is essentially in the nature of reprisals—might trench upon the only vital and necessary function of flying machines, which is, like that of all military engines, the weakening of the enemy's armed forces.

Our warranty for believing that the science and common sense of the soldiers has here overborne the folly of the politicians and their maintainers lies in the objectives chosen. No doubt the civilian population of these German towns was terrified, which is an excellent thing. Positively it weakens the enemy; and negatively it will make him more amenable to give up this particular form of fighting which he invented. But it would be deplorable if such a side issue were in this stage of the war to take the place of effective military action or to diminish it. Every one of the places visited contained an objective of a strictly military character, and as much the greater part of the raids took place by day these objectives could be accurately located.

The Austrian Government has made an ambiguous declaration with regard to the fate of the province of Cholm, which it had proposed to hand over to the newly-constituted subject State of Ukraine. It has, for the moment, said that it would "postpone" any decision, and it has done this in view of the very considerable movement aroused in Poland by the proposed policy of annexation.

The declaration as it stands is, of course, worthless. Its sequel will depend, like everything else, upon the issue of the war. If the enemy can compel the Western Allies to accept their victory in the East of Europe and their continued supremacy upon the Continent, especially if their victory is sealed by concessions made to us upon the West, the obvious policy of the Central Empires will be to erect a new diminished and weakened Polish State, and to create as many sources of division as possible between the other artificial States which they propose to erect all along its Eastern border. If, on

the other hand, the Allies succeed in defeating the Prussian military machine, then all the Prussian plans regarding Eastern Europe will be forgotten and the arrangement of those districts will lie, not in the hands of Prussia, but of the Western Powers.

The House of Lords was the scene last week of an almost mediæval ceremony when the Prince of Wales was introduced and took his seat. Those who were privileged to witness it were for the moment transported from these sombre sorrowful days, not so much by the brightness of the robes, which had something of a theatrical touch, but by the quaint stateliness of the language of the proclamations which the Clerk of the House read out. They carried the mind backward and a thought that must have been present with many, was that never has a Prince of Wales, not even Edward the Black Prince, seen so much of war as this Edward has beheld.

The day afterwards the Prince went first to Wales and then to his Duchy of Cornwall to inspect the industrial side of this vast combat. Like all members of the Royal House, he has an insatiable thirst for facts, and he entered with spirit into the various operations of mine and factory. His three years at the Front have given him confidence in himself; he has never been obsessed by the mere externals of his position, and he has acquired a charm of manner, which brings out more plainly the strength of character that lies behind it, and makes for him personal friends wherever he is known.

The application of compulsory rations¹ to approximately a fourth of the British population, which began this week, is an interesting experiment. We shall learn to what extent discipline still holds sway over the democracy of these islands. Those who predict a complete collapse of the scheme are not wanting, but, in our opinion, their opinions are not based upon a wide enough knowledge of their own countrymen or on the extent to which voluntary and involuntary rationing was already in force. Grumbling, of course, there will be, and at first the machinery is bound to work badly, but we shall be much surprised if the country is not astonished at the ease and quickness with which the populace adapts itself to the new conditions, that is, of course, assuming that the rations permitted are available.

At the same time, we view with distrust the new powers which are being granted to the Ministry of Food for entering private houses in order to ascertain whether there is waste. These powers, so contrary to the spirit of this realm, should only be utilised under most exceptional circumstances. We believe it to be true that no nation is freer from "graft" than ourselves, but because of this to argue that all subordinate officials are adamant against a discreet piece of silver or a judicious rustle of a "Bradbury," is to talk arrant nonsense. This sort of appetite grows with eating. Lord Rhondda will do well to remember the sequence of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil," and will not try to reverse it by endeavouring to deliver us from evil by leading us into temptation.

The vote of the engineers is a serious event but not yet in any sense disastrous. Roughly the situation is as follows. The Government have introduced a Man Power Bill which overrides certain agreements made with the Trade Union. The A.S.E. stipulated for a separate conference on the subject, and as a matter of formal right their case was good. The other unions involved objected to any separate agreement between the Government and the A.S.E. Thus the problem was complicated by jealousies between unions as well as by strained relations between the A.S.E. and a Government department. The ballot taken on the acceptance of the Bill was in the main a test of the men's determination to insist on a separate conference. The adverse majority is overwhelming but this vote does not commit the engineers to a strike; it is only at present a demonstration.

The committee, under the chairmanship of Sir John Lavery, formed to obtain a characteristic example of the work of Ivan Mestrovic for a public collection, has decided to apply the amount already subscribed, £350, towards the relief in wood, *Descent from the Cross*. It is hoped that some heroic group in the round, like the *Mother and Child*, originally thought of, may be secured in happier times.

To complete the purchase of the relief a sum of £200 is still required, and the committee appeals with confidence to those who have been moved by the measureless sacrifice of the Serbian race and the tragic expression given to it in the art of the Serbian sculptor. The example chosen is a fitting symbol of the first, and would, it is believed, be welcomed among our national treasures as representing a remarkable side of Mestrovic's art.

The Public Mood: By Hilaire Belloc

A S we have already had occasion to remark in these columns—it is the key to all useful writing upon the war at this moment—the situation in Europe has passed from being mainly military to being mainly political.

That situation may be reversed at any moment. Great operations upon the West resulting clearly in our favour, or in the enemy's, would certainly reverse it. On the other hand, a delay in the beginning of such operations or a lack of conclusion in their character would prolong it. Meanwhile the balance so remains and will probably so remain for some little time: the political situation overshadows the military one. The political elements of civilian tenacity and of civilian conditions play a larger part in the present calculations of the war than the estimates of numbers and of reinforcement which were necessarily the chief elements in our judgment so long as the Russian State still existed, and so long as the enemy was therefore still in a state of siege.

Under these circumstances the best service that can be rendered by the publicist is an estimate of the political elements present. Most of our publicists have recently taken refuge in one or two forms of activity: exhortation to tenacity on the one hand and exhortation to surrender upon the other. In spite of the laudable character of the first and the natural irritation of the public against the second, I cannot believe that either of these kinds of writing is much to the purpose. It may be of some value to keep up a constant stream of exhortation to tenacity, but the nation is in no great need of it. It may do some little harm for a few exceptional individuals to preach the doctrine of brotherly surrender, and describe the love for the English which is felt by the mass of the Germans (if only we would approach them in a friendly spirit!); but the harm cannot be very great because the bulk of our people are in a state of mind in which this sort of thing goes off like water from a duck's back. They do not like the Germans one little bit, and they are not getting to like them any more as time goes by. Nor will they readily believe that the Germans like them.

What does seem to be to the purpose is to draw up an estimate of the political position as accurately as one can, much in the same spirit and with the same intention as one drew up those estimates of numbers and losses which we published regularly for three years, and the exactitude of which events have since proved and continue to prove.

There are two difficulties at the outset of making such an estimate, one of which was partly, though only partly, present in our former military calculations, and the other of which was entirely absent from those calculations. The first of these is the fact that one cannot speak of one's own side with the same liberty as one can speak of the enemy's. The second is that a political situation is not susceptible of measurement as are the component parts of an army, or distances and obstacles upon the map.

I say that the first of these difficulties was present even in military calculation. But it is less felt there than in a political estimate. Though one might not speak of numbers upon one's own side when one was making a military calculation, yet educated opinion was fairly informed upon the subject, if only by the method of analogy.

For instance, when we showed in these columns that the German military dead of all kinds were about one million and two-thirds (or a little more) at the moment, in the spring of last year, when the official German lists only allowed for under a million and the German statesmen were privately assuring the American Ambassador that they were less than one million and a half, the educated reader could guess that the losses of the other originally fully mobilised nations were much the same in dead, in proportion to their population, and that the losses of the nations which mobilised only partially and later, during the course of the war, were proportionate to the average size of their armies since their entry into the war.

But when we are talking of a political situation we have no such advantages. Each reader must read for himself into what is said his own judgment of our own side in those matters which cannot be publicly discussed.

The second difficulty is equally formidable, and what is worse, weakens all judgment of this kind by making it in a great measure personal.

When one has to explain what the losses of an army are in military dead, up to a certain date, one can put before one's readers proofs of the number and of the margin of error, which proofs he is as well or better able than oneself to appreciate. One can give statistics of the private and parochial lists, of the rolls of honour, etc.; one can show the gaps in the official lists, their nature and so forth. But when it comes to making

an estimate of a political situation, though there are certain calculable elements, the ultimate judgment is necessarily a personal one, and therefore weakened by the personal element of error.

However, I will make the attempt.

The best way of approaching the problem is to tabulate its various parts.

There are three great factors in the political situation to-day. The first alone is susceptible of some sort of calculation. It is the comparative situation in the power of the two parties to provide themselves with civilian and military necessities, including recruitment of men. This element, when it is carefully gauged, shows a certain balance in our favour. That is the first great thing to seize. It is nothing like the balance it was before the final and decisive success obtained by the enemy upon his Eastern front as the political result of his military operations. But a balance it is, and one which should, other things being equal, increase in our favour.

The second element is simplicity, unity and immutability of purpose. Here, for reasons I will estimate in a moment, the moral balance appears to be upon the enemy's side.

The last element, morally the most important, because it is the one in which there can be most variation, may be grouped under the general title of "information," internal and external; the latter divided into neutral and belligerent. With the first element upon the whole in our favour, the second against us, it is this third which may well decide the issue.

I.

The situation in regard to the power of finding food and other necessities for all and of providing men and material immediately required for the armies shows some such balance sheet as the following:—

The enemy has these advantages to his credit:—

(a) His communications are entirely by land, and are for the moment nowhere subject to attack.

(b) They are shorter by far than the communications of the Allies. This point is insufficiently appreciated. If we take the average journey which material must take from the point of production to the point of consumption including material in civilian use as well as material in military use, the distance which the Allies have to deal with is *certainly ten* times greater, probably more than fifteen times greater, than the corresponding mileage of the enemy.

For instance, Westphalia and Silesia must supply Bavaria and Hungary with coal, but *we* must supply not only ourselves and Northern France, but Southern France and Italy and our armies in the Levant as well. Wheat never has to travel more than a few miles in the Central Empires; to feed ourselves, the French and the Italians it has to travel thousands of miles. It is the same all through the list of materials.

(c) The enemy commands a very considerable population which he has enslaved. There is here a direct economic advantage to him which the Allies lack.

(d) All his recruitment is on the spot. He is not trammelled by lengthy maritime communications to support his fronts, to evacuate his wounded, to reinforce his units, etc. So far as the recruiting field practically open to him for 1918 is concerned, he will, if we eliminate the Eastern front, probably have till the latter half of that year a slight superiority, but after next autumn an increasing inferiority.

On the other hand, there is against him and in our favour the following list:—

(a) Much of his material is limited in continuous production far more than is the corresponding material of the Allies. He has a heavy advantage over the Allies in Europe if you multiply the amount available by the inverse of the distance to be travelled, in coal and in iron, possibly in foodstuffs other than fats, and a very great advantage in certain chemical products; but he is at a disadvantage in most metals other than iron, while for tropical and sub-tropical products (such as cotton, india-rubber, etc.) he is now dependent upon existing stocks.

(b) The situation in men, though showing an apparent slight preponderance in his favour for the next few months, has these two elements to his disadvantage: (i) that his extreme exhaustion, which may be compared to that of the French, cannot be relieved by rotation; that of the Allies in a large measure can be so relieved. Even if it be true that the number of men that can be maintained at any one moment in Western Europe by the United States is strictly limited by the available tonnage, it is also true that the withdrawal of losses and their replacement by new blood can be continued almost indefinitely, and it is also true that this country has not approached to anything like the same degree of exhaustion

as the original fully conscript belligerents. Only domestic difficulties stand in the way of a considerable addition in recruitment here; (2) he cannot use his alliance in the West at will. Here we have a reversal of his former advantage in the East. There the whole weight of the Prussian group told at once. In the West it must count almost alone on Germany.

(c) Though our communications are far longer than his and very vulnerable, whereas his are secure, yet the critical factor in this, which is tonnage, is slowly moving in our favour. The effect of this will not be felt for some months, but ultimately it must be felt if the national will of the Allies, and especially of this country, where privation is sudden and serious, prove sufficient to tide over those months.

(d) In general material, looking down the whole list of articles of ordinary consumption, the Allies (granted an ultimate sufficiency of tonnage) have an indefinitely larger field to draw upon than the Central Empires, even though we grant these an ultimate admission to markets of the Don, Volga and Caucasus beyond their present Eastern front. The situation of such an article as wool illustrates what I mean.

The general truth in this department of the situation—mere production and supply—may perhaps be best stated thus: Neither side is yet even in sight of applying actual compulsion, through lack of supplies, to the other. Each is concerned with nothing more than the relative tenacity in will which each may display, under what is for both a severe strain. Neither party can yet or for a long time "starve the other out" using the word "starve" in the extended sense of cutting off things necessary to the conduct of war and the mere support (under no matter what privation) of the civilian population. It is strictly a conflict of wills rather than of material.

How true this is will certainly appear in the last phases of the campaign. For if or when a war of movement is restored, whether by the enemy's failure or our own, it will at once be apparent that the victorious party, though it will be suffering then more privation than it is suffering now, will readily accept the sacrifice in the immediate prospect of victory. The psychological difficulty of maintaining at its proper standard of tenacity the national will in the present phase of the war is due mainly to the stagnation and inaction of the moment.

II

Simplicity, unity and immutability of purpose is the second great factor and a purely moral one. The advantage is here necessarily with the enemy and that for the following reasons:—

(a) His whole combination is dominated by one national group: the various German-speaking polities, most of which are grouped directly under Prussia and all of which are heart and soul with Prussia. Outside this the only considerable body is the nine million Magyars—for the Slavs of Bohemia, Prussian Poland, the Drave and the Danube, are geographically divided and in any case subject; the Bulgarians have to consider only defensive action on a comparatively short front; the loose Turkish Empire, even under its present deplorable administration, cannot but continue to depend upon the will of the Central Empires.

(b) As against this situation the Allies consist of four independent and sharply differentiated nations whose objects in entering the war were not identical and whose motives of continued action are not even identical to-day; who have suffered in very different degrees; and in whom, therefore, the reactions produced by suffering are very different; whose historical attitude towards the Germans and whose judgment of them differs enormously, and whose direct cause for desiring a complete victory differs still more. Luckily for the Allies the Germans have themselves, by their abominable contempt for Christian morals, helped to unite these different elements, and they have aroused a high degree of indignation in men living thousands of miles away, who have not seen, nor even by imagination half realised, what the tortures, and burnings, and murders and rapes and thefts in Belgium and Northern France have been. But still, it is one thing to feel indignation about these things when you read them in connection with a distant and foreign country, and another thing when you know that they have happened to your own flesh and blood.

(c) Unity of purpose again is singularly served in the case of the enemy by a similarity of historical tradition throughout all that counts in his territory. Every German and every Magyar has inherited for centuries the conception that he was standing up against the Slav flood and was born to master it. Most modern Germans at least have inherited or have been indoctrinated with the idea that if the West conquers them it conquers them thoroughly, and treats them as the inferiors which history has proved them to be. It sounds a paradox, but it is perfectly true that, closely intermixed with the modern German pride (which is nearly insane), and with the extraordinary perversion of history which ascribes to

German origin institutions wholly civilised in their beginning, and proceeding from Italy and from England and from France (a perversion eagerly welcomed in our own universities), there exists a real and practical knowledge, born not of theories but of defeats, that the West is naturally superior, and that when it wins it wins thoroughly. In other words, there is at bottom a feeling of nervous self-defence against the West hidden away in every German mind, overlaid but not destroyed by a contradictory attitude of self-sufficiency—which, after all, only dates from fifty years ago.

(d) There is further in this war the very real unity of purpose produced by the spirit in which it was undertaken; the failure of its original plan and the mood which has been aroused throughout civilisation against the Germans as the result of its conduct. All Central Europe knows that if it is defeated punishment will follow; it is fighting to prevent such chastisement. If it can prevent it it will feel, and rightly feel, that it has made good. Every nation except the United States is fighting for its life in this war. But whereas the effects of defeat will be felt indirectly and the ebbing of national life would only proceed by degrees among the Allies should they accept defeat, it would be felt immediately, directly and by every individual in Prussianised Germany (to a less degree in Hungary and the German Austrian provinces) if they were defeated. To take the least of all the instances which prove this. Consider what would happen to the Magyar if the Slavs whom he oppresses were released. Look at the map and conceive of the position. He could no more voluntarily release the Slav without further consequences following than a man can release a wolf which he has by the ears. We can release the Slav nations by victory. Nothing else will do it.

III.

The third, and, as I have suggested, what will perhaps prove the decisive, element is *information*. I include under this term propaganda in neutral and even in enemy countries, but I mean by it especially the information of the public at home.

As to propaganda abroad among neutrals, it has largely lost its importance since the entry of the United States into the war. We used to hear too often of the marvellous organisation the enemy maintained abroad and its triumphant effects. I am personally no very good judge of such things, for I have an insufficient knowledge of modern languages. But from what I have seen it seems to me that each of the belligerents has been almost equally slow and silly in his method of propaganda among neutrals; and certainly the Germans were not successful in their chief effort, which was to capture opinion in the United States.

Of propaganda in enemy countries I cannot speak, because its effects are in no way apparent. We know, speaking generally, that Prussia would shoot men whom we allow to go at large, and we also know that the different countries of the Alliance practise very different degrees of severity towards men briefed for the enemy. But we remark upon the other hand that the enemy propaganda has had very little effect among ourselves, and I fear we must add to that our own propaganda has hitherto had very little effect in his countries.

The real "variant" in the problem, the place where there is room for expansion and where we can be perfectly certain that hitherto we have been inferior—especially in this country—is in the department of domestic information. Our people have not been told what defeat would mean; why victory is a necessity; what victory is; nor what its tests are, by which they may recognise it. On this account there has been the fluctuation of opinion which caused more concern a few months ago than now, and on this account also there has been proposed as our object in war a number of policies incompatible one with another, e.g. we cannot punish the murderers of Dinant with the approval of German "democracy." For German "democracy"—or populace—revels in the story of Dinant.

Here it must be remarked that the enemy Government has a natural advantage in the matter of information which we cannot obtain. He has only to tell his people that if they give way they will be severely punished for their crimes and made to work to repair them, and his people at once understand so simply and obviously true a proposition. Our people are in no such situation. We cannot instruct them by the repetition of so crude and self-evident a truth, for they have not committed these crimes. There is no wanton damage which they could be asked to repair at the expense of long years of hard work for others, nor have any of our commanders or men bad consciences, and the resulting fear of consequences in the future.

That is a very real difference between the two sides. It makes the task of the enemy in the matter of information infinitely easier. In the same way it is easier to persuade a man to hang on when he has a precipice below him, than it

is when there is only a short drop; though you happen to know that this short drop would be fatal to him from the condition of his heart.

Still, with all this disadvantage, we fall far behind the standard we should have set for ourselves in the matter of information.

Of course the kind of information one means is not at all that which is looked for by men whose only object is to sell newspapers. So far from wanting more picturesque description of war we could do without it altogether politically, and the public, I think, would be exceedingly grateful to get a rest from it. So far from demanding other details which the enemy particularly wants to hear we should, as a matter of mere commonsense, demand the immediate punishment of those who reveal anything of the kind.

But the other type of information: information upon the State of Europe, upon the past development of Prussia, upon the crimes of the enemy, his mood whenever it is ailing or weak, his real divisions—that kind of information we cannot have too much of—and hitherto we have had very little.

It is no good telling people what is false or even what is exaggerated. They find you out because the facts do not correspond to what you have said. There is also this Nemesis attached to such a method, that after you are found out you are afraid of repeating the same kind of thing, even when it is true. But there is the greatest possible use in spreading broadcast throughout the populace what men of special experience have long known, and what are the commonplaces for those who discuss the ultimate fate of Europe.

For instance, there is the position of Poland which has been insisted upon over and over again in these columns, which Mr. Hyndman, on the whole the best informed of our public men upon European matters, insisted upon at last week's meeting, and which every historian and every diplomatist takes for granted.

You cannot expect the man in the street to understand that the fate of Poland is the test and the keystone. He may very well have never heard of the place. He may connect it vaguely with Jewish tailors in the East End. At the best it will be nothing to him but a name in a geography book.

Again, how are you to expect the average man, even if he be of high education, to understand the meaning of the iron

fields which the Germans annexed by force from the French in the course of the nineteenth century? There was not one man in a hundred among the best educated in the country who knew anything about this question before the war; there is not one in twenty in the same class who can give you even the roughest outline of it to-day. Yet so far as material factors are concerned it is overwhelmingly the most important. Compel the Germans to disgorge this prey and you have cut off the right hand of the German Army. Leave it in German hands and you are deliberately presenting your enemy with a weapon with which he will kill you in the near future. There is no space in which to set down the list even of the most elementary points—the command of the narrow entries to the inland seas, the neutrality of the North Sea coast, etc. What we can determine in conclusion is method.

There is obviously neither time nor opportunity for teaching history. There is not even time or opportunity for teaching the perfectly simple outstanding lesson of all history, that military defeat has a spiritual consequence and that the victor imposes his soul upon the vanquished in the great decisive duels of the world.

But for the main facts and their interpretation we have the Press and some sort of public control over special articles in it. The Press receives from time to time suggestions or commands often negative but sometimes positive in character. They are useful. What is there to prevent a staff of competent men (one wonders a little who would appoint such a staff in these times!) from sending out similar suggestions upon the political conditions of the war. Why should not articles be communicated explaining what the Italian claims are; the position of Lorraine and its iron mines, Poland, the entrance to the Baltic and all the rest of it. So far the effort has been voluntary, subject to the chaos of competition and of editorial judgment. Information of the sort I mean has only reached a very few. The mass of readers it has not reached at all—and that is why you may have before you know it a certain conviction that the war is after all only a match like a sort of prize fight or game of football which you "win" or "lose" or "draw" and then go about your business as you were before. Whereas it is in reality something more solemn and fundamental than a man's own trial for his life in a court of criminal justice.

H. BELLOC.

The Russian Fleet: By Arthur Pollen

THE political and military results of the Russian surrender to Germany, and now of the German advance towards Petrograd, may have a profound influence upon the naval war. The fall of Riga in September, followed a month later by the naval occupation of that Gulf, were the preliminary steps which secured the necessary line of communication before an advance on the whole front from Dvinsk northward. Without the transport facilities that an unbroken chain of sea supply could give from the German Baltic ports to a series of advanced bases on the east coast of the Gulf, the difficulties in the way of the march on Petrograd would have been very great indeed, whereas with such a line of communications the thing was made comparatively simple. Before this is in print it is therefore highly probable that Reval will have fallen and possible that Kronstadt will have surrendered. Both are inevitable events, whether they happen soon or late, and with these surrenders the Russian Fleet—if intact—must fall into German hands. For it cannot take refuge in Helsingfors, which seems to be virtually under German control already, and there seems therefore to be no third possibility. How will this affect the situation in the North Sea?

We have first to ask what are the constituent ships of the Russian Fleet at the present moment. The first Dreadnoughts of the Russian 1910 programme, *Poltava*, *Sevastopol*, *Petro-pavlovsk* and *Gangoot* were all completed, fully commissioned and in a high state of war efficiency before the end of 1914. These four ships were laid down, two in July, one in August and one in October, 1911. They had been completed therefore in approximately three years. At the end of 1912 and the beginning of 1913 the four battle cruisers *Borodino*, *Ismail*, *Kinburn* and *Navarin* were laid down, I think, on the same ways that the four battleships had previously occupied. They were due for completion by the end of the summer of 1916, but I am unaware of any reliable information that any of the four was commissioned before the Revolution of a year ago. But none of the four can be very far from completion, and if the Germans seize Petrograd they will get the Galerny and Baltic works, and all the Imperial arsenals, and will therefore have no difficulty in finishing their equipment for sea, assuming that no irreparable damage has in the meantime been done to them. Besides these capital ships there are two

modern light cruisers of between 4,000 and 5,000 tons and with a speed of over 27 knots, *Mooraviev Amursky* and *Nevelskoy*, that should have been completed soon after war began, and there were four others displacing about 2,000 tons more each, the *Sviellana*, *Grieg*, *Bootakof* and *Spiridof*, which, like the battle cruisers, were due in 1915 and 1916, and are presumably either ready for commission or nearly ready. Hardly less important are the destroyers of the 1912 programme, 36 in number, all of which I believe were at sea early in the war. The foregoing, then, Dreadnoughts, battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers, are the completed or nearly completed modern vessels which constitute the main assets of Russian naval force. Of the older craft the two pre-Dreadnoughts *Imperator Pavel* and *Andrei Pervosvanni* are not without value, and two of the older class of protected cruisers, the *Admiral Makaroff* and the *Bayan* still survive. The armoured cruiser *Rurik* is, in modern conditions, of very little use.

If the Germans can immediately reinforce the High Seas Fleet with the four Dreadnoughts, our enemy has at a stroke increased his main battle strength by at least 20 per cent. in numbers and by considerably more than 25 per cent. in gun-power. The four three-gunned turrets of our late ally's battleships are placed along the centre line, so that the whole 12 guns can be used as a broadside over an arc of about 130 degrees. Of Germany's possible 24 battleships, 13 have a broadside fire of only eight guns; the four *Koenigs* have ten, and if the *Worth* class are finished, it is supposed that they will have eight only, but all of larger calibre. An addition of 48 guns in the line of battle, then, would be nearly equal in fire effect to the addition of six ships of the *Kaiser* class. This is manifestly a very formidable reinforcement.

If the four battle cruisers become available, the addition to the German main scouting force is necessarily more important still. So far as we know from pre-war information, the German strength in battle cruisers available during the war were the seven built for the German Navy and *Salamis* building for Greece. Of these *Goeben* is at Constantinople, *Lutzov* and *Salamis* (re-named *Pommern*) were lost at Jutland, and there have been persistent rumours that *Von der Tann* was sunk sometime before Jutland. That would leave the German Fleet in possession of *Derfflinger* and the third ship of her class, supposed to

have been named *Hindenberg*, with *Seidlitz* and *Moltke*. Both of the latter carry only 11-inch guns, though with a possible broadside of ten at a small arc. The addition of the four *Borodinos*, then, would add an artillery strength much greater relatively than the *Gangoots* would add in the case of the battleships. The only disadvantage of the Russian battle cruisers is that their speed, namely $20\frac{1}{2}$ knots, is inferior to that of the ships which von Hipper commanded at Jutland. It is quite unnecessary to dwell at length on the value of light cruisers and modern destroyers. The importance of additional light forces is immense in the phase of war now going forward in the North and Narrow Seas, and were there to be a fleet action it would be greater still.

When Riga fell I wrote an article in the *New York Tribune* pointing out that, if there were the faintest chance of the Russian ships being surrendered to Germany an entirely new value would be given to the help that the American Battle Fleet could afford in Northern waters. It has been a constant matter of comment that the public has heard of no such concentration of Allied naval battle strength in the North Sea as has taken place on land, in the case of the military forces. There were two obvious reasons against such a concentration being made. First, it was unnecessary so long as the British Fleet possessed the immense preponderance that has existed since the beginning of the war. Secondly, while the co-operation of an English and a non-English speaking naval force was feasible in such operations as took place off Gallipoli in the spring of 1915, there would be enormous difficulties in securing a similar co-operation in the case of fleets manœuvring at sea. Especially would this be the case when ships are for more than half their time at sea working in close order and in the darkness. The secret of successful naval tactics is to be found in bringing the means of communication to perfection. The difficulties that have stood in the way of an Admiral making himself promptly understood—and obeyed—by all the vessels under his command is the explanation of so many naval actions having proved inconclusive in the past. It was perhaps the greatest of all Nelson's triumphs that he surmounted this difficulty as it never had been surmounted before. And he did it less by the invention of the more intelligible signals than by making signals so largely unnecessary. With every captain knowing precisely what was in the Admiral's mind, the most effective co-operation of every unit was generally secured without further ado. And as we know from the Jutland dispatch, the co-operation of the light cruiser squadrons with the battle cruisers on that eventful day was practically perfect, just because it was instinctive. Again and again the Commander-in-chief's wishes were anticipated by his rear-admirals and commodores, because long and intimate intercourse had made his wishes in any set of circumstances easily divined. Now mutual understanding of this kind might, indeed, ultimately be reached between a British Admiral and a division of French or Italian warships, but it could only be obtained after long and difficult training. If then it has not been attempted to incorporate considerable French or Italian units in the British battle and cruiser fleets, it may be chiefly because the situation did not make it necessary, and there seemed no likelihood of it becoming necessary—so that the difficulties of securing homogeneity of signals, and so forth, did not in fact even have to be faced.

But should the Germans gain the immediate reinforcement of the Russian battleships, with the prospect at a later date of being able to add four battle cruisers as well, a position that a year ago was entirely unexpected will have arisen, and new naval dispositions will become imperative. There can be little doubt that this will take the form of American co-operation on the greatest scale. Fortunately in this case the difficulties presented by French or Italian co-operation would be absent. The differences in tactical methods and in the formulæ of signals and of their significance are real—but unity of language would soon bring about unity of method.

The United States Navy, as has often been pointed out in these columns, could reinforce us immediately with three divisions of four ships, with a reserve of two, if not three, to replace any unit temporarily under repair. They are magnificent ships, so exceptionally armed, manned and officered, as to promise a high standard of war efficiency after the briefest possible period of special training in war conditions. And, let it be added that, were Admiral Mayo ordered to join Sir David Beatty with the whole of his fleet, it would be a decision that would give infinite satisfaction to the whole of the American Navy. Against a possible addition to the German Fleet of eight ships, there would therefore be a corresponding increase of the Allied main fleet by no fewer than 14. And, once more, we must make the point that the American ships are more powerfully gunned than the Russians, so that while restoring the old relative strength in numbers, the relative gun superiority would also be maintained.

It must not be assumed that we have to look upon the incorporation of the Russian ships with the German Navy as a certainty. Some patriotic officers, if any survive, may succeed in destroying them first, and if they are not destroyed, they may be in such ill repair that it would take a long time to make the four battleships seaworthy and fit for action. In the case of the battle cruisers, the delay in their being fit for use might be greater still. On all these points the Government has no doubt the latest and best information. There may be no danger at all; it may be a danger which cannot materialise for many months. The only satisfactory feature of the situation is that, if it does materialise, the American Fleet alone can restore the balance.

Lord Jellicoe's Speeches

It is in some ways a great pity that Lord Jellicoe's series of speeches has not been more fully reported. It is true that in the first of them he told the schoolboys at Ealing that sailors were trained to act and not to speak, and that they should not be too impressed by the talkers. But ever since he has been engaged in convincing a great number of the public that, despite the early education of which he complains a sailor can talk to the high satisfaction of his hearers and do a good deal towards making people appreciate the vast scale of the Navy's achievement and the splendid spirit which Great Britain at Sea—whether in naval ships or merchantmen, or in fishing craft—has exhibited during the last three and a half years. That appreciation of these great things should grow and intensify is a very vital matter indeed, so that it seems all to the good that Lord Jellicoe should continue addressing his fellow-countrymen on a subject no one can discuss with more intimate affection than he, and of which no British audience is ever likely to tire, when it is presented to them by one whose long and devoted service must invest his words with quite exceptional significance.

The most important and the most closely argued of Lord Jellicoe's addresses was that delivered on Wednesday last at the Aldwych Club. It was a delivery of quite exceptional interest for many reasons—not the least of which is the speaker's impersonal detachment while criticising Admiralty Boards, of which he himself was so influential a member. In the first place we learned, what I confess was new to me, that in August 1914 the German light cruiser programme was overhauling ours, and that the enemy's ocean going submarines and destroyers were equal if not superior to our own in numbers. Inexplicable as our neglect of light craft had been, few of us could have realised that the situation was indeed as the ex-First Sea Lord has now revealed. And his explanation of how this dismal state of things came about is not less interesting than the revelation itself. It is that the public thought only in terms of Dreadnoughts and that money could not be obtained for anything else! It seems then that the sea lords, responsible for preparing the Fleet for war, must repeatedly have urged the necessity of more cruisers and more destroyers, but without succeeding in persuading the Cabinet to ask the House of Commons for the means of supplying them. We must therefore, one would suppose, regard it as a quite extraordinary piece of good luck that an exception had been made in favour of the 16 *Arethusas* and *Calliopes*. It makes one tremble to think where we should have been had these cruisers not been approaching completion just as the war broke out.

In a previous speech Lord Jellicoe told us that in 1913 Lord Fisher had awakened him and his colleagues to the reality of the submarine menace to commerce, a thing that he might very well have done, for it is to be presumed that he knew then, what we know now, that Germany's larger, wide radius submarines were actually more numerous than our own. One wonders if it was at the same time that representations were put before the Board for protecting our Fleet bases in the north from the attentions of this redoubtable fleet of submerged cruisers—for to them the few hundred miles that divided these bases from the German ports were, of course, a quite negligible interval. Of the long-distance possibilities of our own submarines we were fully informed, for we had sent many to Australia. The danger therefore was patent. One is tempted to ask whether the individuals who lacked courage to ask Parliament for cruisers and destroyers were the same that declined to protect the main bases of our fighting squadrons? For that matter it would be interesting to know precisely who were the individuals so impervious to the seamen's arguments in favour of such obvious necessities of war. It is a germane inquiry, for Parliament, I believe, has never been known to refuse provision the sea lords have demanded on the ground that the safety of the country made it necessary. Perhaps we are to understand that the civilian chief of the Admiralty realised that there was a general limit

of expense beyond which it would be dangerous to go, and persuaded himself that it would be better to spend the money on Dreadnoughts than on cruisers and destroyers and measures for safeguarding the bases. If it was the civilian chief who took this line, one is left wondering exactly what the seamen did about it. And here certainly Lord Jellicoe can enlighten us, for of the nine years preceding the war he spent, if I remember rightly, no fewer than six and a half at the Admiralty—two and a half as Director of Naval Ordnance, two as Third Sea Lord and Controller, and nearly two as Second Sea Lord. This last period of office was from the end of 1912 till he took command of the Grand Fleet almost on the day war was declared. It is hardly credible that he and his professional colleagues stood by without protest and trusting to luck while utterly inadequate provision was being made in the matter of light forces—without which a battle fleet cannot operate—while our bases were being left absolutely open to submarine attack, and while no measures of any kind were being concerted for a protection of trade against U-boat warfare. Surely there must have been protests and strong protests, and the public has a right to know when and by whom these were overruled.

And is it not just a little hard on the naval historians that Lord Jellicoe should, in the vernacular phrase, blame this Dreadnought delusion of the public on to them? It is true that the historians, or some of them, have thrown into very vivid relief the incidents of the great naval battles, but surely the lesson of this emphasis was not that battleships only were wanted. I prefer to think that their reason for dwelling on these great events was of a different kind altogether. Not the least interesting part of Lord Jellicoe's speech was his statement of the objects to achieve which sea power exists, and first of the three he put the destruction of the enemy's

armed forces. We are certainly getting on in the development and teaching of naval doctrine. Two and a half years ago the then First Lord of the Admiralty published a brilliant letter on the naval position, and in it set out categorically the purposes for which a navy is brought into being. It was considered remarkable at the time that it did not include the destruction of the enemy's navy amongst the five or six purposes it enumerated. Little more than a year later an ex-First Lord, in an apology for the events of May 31, told us first that there was nothing we could obtain by destroying the enemy's forces which we did not possess without their destruction being accomplished, and then went on to tell us that the destruction of these forces was impossible, because the risk to our own ships was prohibitive. It is a good thing for the public education that so high an authority as Lord Jellicoe now tells us that victory is the first and the main purpose of sea power. It is a truth that was not only familiar but ever present in the minds of our forefathers. And if the historians in describing the amazing achievements of the seamen of old had dwelt more upon their battles than upon any other topic, was it not precisely because it was battle and nothing else that they were always seeking, and seeking because it was to bring battle about that all their other efforts were directed? It has no doubt taken some years of war for the public of to-day to relearn these ancient and obvious truths. And they cannot be reassured too often, as Lord Jellicoe assured them a week ago, that they might be perfectly confident that our battle fleet would "on the next occasion" do its very best to inflict the kind of defeat upon the enemy's fleet which would carry with it to-day—as it always has in the past—that nearer approximation to a complete command of the sea, which without battle cannot be possessed at all.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Hunting the U-Boats: By Herman Whitaker

Mr. Herman Whitaker, the narrator of this thrilling story of the work now being done by American destroyers round the coasts of the British Islands, is a novelist of high reputation in America and was recently a special correspondent in Mexico. A Yorkshireman by birth, he served for three years in the British Army, afterwards went to Canada, and did pioneering work in Hudson's Bay territory. Twenty-two years ago he settled in California and devoted himself to literature and travel.

When Commander Farragut issued to his fleet at Mobile the famous order "Damn the torpedoes; steam right ahead," he could not foresee that fifty years later it would become the everyday watchword of a combined British and American Fleet.

"MAY you visit the American flotilla base?" Admiral Sims repeated my question before acceding to it with a hearty, "To be sure!" He also granted a further request to go for a cruise on a destroyer.

From the train window approaching the Base I obtained my first astonished view of the flotilla. The last time I had seen it the ships were painted a modest grey, but now they glared and blushed in "dazzle" paint. Barred, striped and ring-straked in vivid pinks, arsenic greens, violent blues and reds, they put to shame all leopards, zebras and giraffes that were ever gathered together in the world's greatest menagerie. The exception to this blazing colour scheme, a new arrival, looked in her dull lead paint like a Puritan maiden that had fallen into a company of painted Jezebels.

The object of this wanton display is, of course, to fool Fritz of the submarines. That it might, by hurting his eyes or shocking his artistic sensibilities, none would deny; but I found it quite hard to believe that such rainbow colours could change their visibility. Yet they do. Whereas the Puritan maiden showed a clear black outline at sea the following day, the Jezebels presented at the same distance, a blurred, wavering mass of colour. It were difficult to tell bows from stern at four miles, or to judge their course.

The vessel chosen for my cruise had struck America's first blow in the war by sinking one of the submarines that attacked our transports in mid-Atlantic. The thought was warm in my mind when, after boarding her, my eyes wandered from the knife-like bows back over the spotted guns, grim torpedo tubes, along the low rakish hull to the stern where depth mines hung poised for instant use. She looked the part—fit and dangerous.

From the bridge I watched her slip like a slender arrow out through the harbour heads to join other destroyers that were combing the offing for U-boats. They made a beautiful sight shooting at full speed like a school of flying fish over the long green seas: now careening on sharp turns; now coming

about on swift circles; laying always the white lace of their wakes over sixty square miles of sea. Within a number of miles of the lightship that formed a pivot for their bird swoopings, a number of U-boats lie on the bottom, and while we manœuvred over their graves, I heard their stories.

One had been sunk by a "P" boat that chanced upon his wake. The "P" had only an old-style fifty-pound depth charge, but took a chance and dropped it at the head of the wake. Then he listened around for a while. Presently he heard caulking hammers at work on the bottom, and knew that Fritz was down there making repairs. So he wirelessed for a destroyer that came up and dropped a three hundred pound charge squarely on top of the "sub." Oil came up in gushes, and next day it was found by a diver, lying on its side like a dead whale, split open from stern to stern. Others had gone to their ends in similar ways, and while I was listening that ceaseless combing of the offing went steadily on. Words cannot describe the thorough watch that was kept upon the sea. Not an inch of it that escaped constant scrutiny, yet—this strenuous eye-searching failed to find Fritz lurking below.

For two days he had been lying there in wait for the convoy which was now filing through the heads, and when he attacked, it was like the leap of a wolf at a sheep with the subsequent rush of shepherd dogs at his throat. We had passed over him, and as he rose to take his sight, the destroyer next in line almost ran him down. Indeed, it was in going full speed astern to avoid collision that his periscope showed. We did not see it. Neither did the second destroyer. But sharp, young eyes on the third picked up the "feather" it made on the water. Rushing along the wake—for Fritz dived at once—this destroyer dropped a depth mine that wrecked half his machinery, blew off his rudder, tipped his stern, and sent him two hundred feet straight down on a headlong nose dive.

Afterward, the commander said that he thought he would never be able to stop till he was crushed in by deep sea pressure. To do it he had to blow out all four water ballast tanks, and so came shooting back up and leaped clear of the water like a breaching whale. Instantly the second and third destroyers opened fire. Out of control, with no rudder, the U-boat could only "porpoise" along, the conning-tower now up, now down. Every time it showed a shell whistled past it. Perhaps half a dozen had been fired when a man popped out of the hatch waving a white shirt. On his heels the crew came pouring out and ranged along the deck with hands held up.

Undoubtedly they must have opened the sea valves first, for the U-boat sank under their feet before they could be taken off by the destroyer that ranged alongside. They had to be hauled on board by lines—all but one, who could not swim. In vivid contrast to the German practice, two of our men

jumped into the water to save him, and they did bring him in—only to die a few minutes later.

It had all happened very quickly. From the dropping of the first depth charge, till the prisoners were aboard, no more than ten minutes had elapsed. It fact it was over before I had time to realise what was going on. How I should like to have talked with the prisoners! But a large convoy is not to be held up for a correspondent's chatter. We moved on, leaving one destroyer to take the prisoners back to the Base.

But I heard of them on our return. The bag comprised one Captain-Lieutenant, one Lieutenant, one Ober-Lieutenant, one Ober-Engineer, and thirty-six men, who could be ill-spared by the Kaiser at this juncture in his naval affairs. As this U-boat had come from its base straight to our port, moreover, it carried down a full complement of twelve torpedoes; a greater loss than the vessel.

The prisoners were all cross-examined, of course, and from a plentiful chaff of misinformation was gleaned a few kernels of knowledge. The commander said, for instance, that no submarine officer who knew his business would waste a torpedo on a destroyer. But in the course of an intimate conversation with the ensign in whose charge he was placed he let out the fact that two torpedoes were always kept set for a depth of six feet.

The piece of information that interested us most came in a wireless message some hours later—the Base Port was "closed." The poor, harmless U-boat that "would not waste a torpedo on a destroyer" had mined the offing. All of our bird-like swoopings, lively evolutions, had been performed in a nest of mines! This interesting news, however, was presently eclipsed by a wireless message we picked up in transit between a patrol and the Base. "Submarine has just fired a torpedo at us. We have dropped a depth mine at head of his wake."

Another green commander!

This was the Base-Admiral's busy day. The next message we picked up came from a British patrol boat that had engaged a submarine in an artillery duel earlier in the day. It appeared that the "P" had plumped several shells into the "sub" and did not wish to be robbed of her prey; hence a polite inquiry as to whether our "capture" was not due to injuries and disabilities previously inflicted by her? She was assured of the contrary, and as no U-boat ever travels in any direction but the bottom with six shells in her, the little "P" received credit for a sinking.

The next message brought an S.O.S. from a merchant ship that was being shelled by a submarine. She was too far away for us to render assistance, but it drew an interesting reminiscence from the executive officer whose watch I was sharing on the bridge.

"If she puts up as good a fight as the old 'L—,' she will stand a fine chance to be saved. We were ninety miles away when we got her S.O.S., and while we smoked it over the ocean, just hitting the tips of the waves, she kept us posted on the fight "Bridge shot away! On fire! Fire extinguished! Shell exploded in engine room! We have thrown code books and papers overboard!" We were still thirty miles away when that happened, but we wirelessed her not to surrender, and received a reply that would make a fine sub-title for a movie melodrama—"Never!" And she didn't—thanks to the naval gunner who kept on firing after the captain thought it time to haul his flag down.

"But all of them are not so lucky. You should have seen the boats of an oil tanker we picked up one day. The U-boat had thrown a shell into each and dead and dying men lay in their bottoms. Some had been cut in two by shells. Half the body would be there, the rest had gone overboard. It was awful. Yet though bloodier, for pure devilry it was surpassed in another instance when the U-boat commander took away all the oars, sails and provisions from the boats of a ship he had just sunk. He even had the water kegs emptied. Then he steamed away, leaving the unfortunate crew to die, as he thought, of hunger and thirst, hundreds of miles from land. They were picked up, but I do not doubt that there have been others who were not so fortunate. After you have seen a few things like that, you don't feel very tender toward Fritz—though there is one German submarine commander operating around here who is really a gentleman."

Thus it was that I came to hear of Kelly, the sporting U-boat commander, who forms the shining exception to Hun barbarity. Whether Kelly—as he signs himself in the humorous notes he sends out through the danger zone—is really a Sinn Feiner in the German service, will probably never be known. But in one thing he is truly Milesian—he loves his joke. Sometimes he will notify a local paper or personage by letter that he will be present at a certain public meeting. A few days later will come a second letter criticising and showing an intimate acquaintance with the business transacted. When he pops up alongside an Irish fishing boat, Kelly always pays for the fish he takes. Also he warns ships, when possible, before sinking them, and invariably gives the boats their courses to the nearest land.

After fighting a duel with an American "tanker," that only surrendered when her ammunition ran out, Kelly ran alongside and congratulated the naval gunner. "That was a beautiful fight you put up, sir. Sorry to have to sink you, but get into your boats and I'll tow you to the nearest land." He seems, also, to have an intimate knowledge of the whereabouts of American destroyers, and knows all the captains by name. "Pull in such and such a direction," he told one boat's crew; "in three hours you will meet the American destroyer, C—. Give Captain N— my compliments and tell him he has a loose propeller blade. I heard it when he passed over me this morning. It makes me nervous. Ask him to have it repaired please."

After an unsuccessful attack on a Canadian transport that had Red Cross nurses aboard, he sent a wireless message after the fleeing ship. "Sorry you must go. Give my love to the nurses." It is said that the transport returned answer: "Same to you!"

From these and other tales of Kelly, I judge that, like most personages who achieve the limelight, he is gathering unto himself all the sporadic human impulses that crop up in the submarine zone. The lively sailor imagination, moreover, is not above adding a few of its own. Kelly is really in danger of evolving into a myth that will flourish and endure long after the inevitable depth mine has been dropped on his head. In the meantime he remains to shame by his fair fighting the bloody records of his brother commanders.

While we were talking, the sun had rolled down its western slant and hung poised for a few minutes in a cloud glory of crimson and gold before it slid down into a purple sea. Above stretched a flaming vault, dappled in rainbow colour save where, in the west, a great tear in the radiant tapestries revealed a sky wall of pure jade. It was intensely beautiful, so lovely that the mind refused further commerce with the quarrels of man; would not picture the sea murderers that lay in wait beneath all that beauty. But they were there. The officer on the bridge chuckled as he read me a "wireless" picked up in transit.

"Listen to the chattering of the little 'subs'! Have you seen any ships to-day? The ocean seems empty. I am afraid those damned destroyers have sunk Muller. He does not answer my calls!"

"Muller" was, no doubt, the "P" boat's victim, for our Captain-Lieutenant, now at the Base, answered to another name.

All that evening the messages came in a constant stream. Some were calls for aid; others merely reports of U-boat movements. One told of a torpedoed derelict that had been picked up and safely beached by the patrol. And no one of them that did not produce some tale from the officer on the bridge. Usually tragic, recording the loss of fine ships and the deaths of brave men, their grimness was short, with here and there a gleaming thread of humour.

Such was the case with the M—, an American munition ship with a million dollar cargo, torpedoed a hundred miles out from the Base. The Base-Admiral sent out an anxious inquiry as to her condition and progress to the destroyer that had her in tow and received in reply: "We are making three and a half knots, but it is a long way to Tipperary." It was, alas! She foundered at sea.

Take also the "Lovely Lucy," a trim steamer that had strayed from her convoy during a fog. A wireless came in that evening from a destroyer that had picked up the stray: "What *did* you do to the 'Lovely Lucy'?" Found her at dusk, without an escort, zig-zagging wildly through the fog."

Some told of Homeric encounters between British and German "subs" as when two collided underwater one evening, then backed away, fired a torpedo apiece, and lost each other in the dark. Another Englishman came up alongside a steamer that was being sunk by shell fire. Sinking again, he waited till the German came sailing around then put a torpedo in his solar plexus. Fritz had piled some cases of beer on his deck, loot from the steamer, and when he went up—using the graphic language of the British commander—"the air was full of beer, blood, Boches, and broken bottles."

That evening displayed destroyer life at its best. A brilliant moon—which the "Bridge" fluently cursed for an ally of the Boche—laid a path of silver along a sleepy sea. Our boat laid her long, slim cheek softly against the slow swells. From the deck below, the tinkle of a mandolin and guitar ascended to the bridge accompanying a mixed repertoire of rag-time and those sentimental ballads the sailor so dearly loves. It had quite the flavour of a Coney Island picnic but, once an hour, a constant reminder of the grim realities of war, a dark figure raised and lowered the guns and swung them around the firing circle. The gunners were taking no chances of "freezing" through cold-stiffened grease.

This remarkable weather—which the "Bridge" was kind enough to attribute to me—held till we dropped our convoy well out of the danger zone, and picked up another homeward



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Crew of a U-boat Surrendering to U.S.S. "Fanning"

bound. We had expected to leave this in home waters that were usually "safe," but on the eighth morning out we received a wireless that they were "closed." Fritz had broken in and was shooting right and left like drunken cowboys on the Fourth of July.

This meant that each ship in the convoy must be delivered at its individual port. While this was in course, submarines were operating all around us. Often we crossed their courses; we must have been under their observation most of the time. But though they torpedoed five ships, two of which were safely beached, they would take no chances with our destroyers. Already the "blimps," hydroplanes and patrols were after them like swarming hornets. The piratical nest would soon be exterminated. In the meantime, we lived amidst alarms. Twice we were called to "General Quarters" in the night—to find the alarm was due to porpoises charging the ship along phosphorescent wakes. Each time a certain correspondent's hair stood on end, but without hitch or mishap we delivered our last ship and started back to pick up a third convoy and take it back to our Base.

All that last day the wind had been stiffening, and as we sat at supper in the wardroom, the twinkle in Admiral Sims' eye was suddenly recalled when, with celerity that equalled sleight of hand, the tablecloth slid with its load of food and dishes gracefully to the floor. The casual manner in which the steward cleared up the ruin betrayed perfect familiarity with the phenomenon. Next time we held the cloth down and had got in safety to the coffee when, with cup poised at his lips, the commander tobogganed on his chair-back to the transom. Swallowing the coffee while hanging in balance, he came back to us on the return roll. Profiting by experience, the executive officer, who sat opposite, had hooked his feet around the table legs—and so took it with him on the opposite swing. Its further journeyings were then restrained by a rope lashing; but that, alas, had no effect on the motion, which grew worse and worse.

By midnight the vessel was rearing like a frightened horse and rolling like a barrel churn, a queer mixture of metaphor and motion. A western bronco was nothing to that boat. She would rear, shiver with rage as though trying to shake the bridge off her back, then plunge forward in a wild leap and throw her sorrows high in the air. It was sickening. When she did her best and beastliest, the waves would drop from under; leaving her standing on her heel, two-thirds of her length exposed; then when the thousand tons of her fell flat on the water, she lifted everything, animate and inanimate, that was not bolted down to the deck. I, for instance, spent a large fraction of the night in mid air above my bunk; am now quite convinced of the possibility of levitation. By morning my sides were sore, my bones ached, my skin was bruised from blows and shaking.

I confess to making a modest breakfast on one green pickle, and while I was engaged in the gingerly consumption thereof, the skipper comforted me with a vivid description of a "real gale" they had been out in for nine days on a previous trip.

"You could neither sit down, stand up, walk nor sleep. I was thrown off that transom eight times in one night, and

each time I fell almost plumb to the opposite side. I might just as well have dropped down a well, I was so bruised and shaken that I gave it up after that, though I was dying for sleep. When she'd rear up and fall, we always expected her to break her back, and she'd quiver like a shaken lance for five minutes afterward. The waves were enormous; bases dark green, tips light jade against the sky and so clear that we often saw porpoises shooting along like fish seen through the plate glass of an aquarium. When we tried to signal another destroyer only three hundred yards away, we'd get out a couple of letters, then down she'd go, lost to the tips of her masts in the trough of a wave. Next day it grew worse. The wind blew a hundred and twenty miles an hour; the ocean was one huge mountainous sea. Our decks were swept of every movable object, tool chests, boats, everything. All of the living compartments were flooded and the thermometer was below freezing point. For thirty-six hours we had to ride it out, hove-to, before we could go ahead with our duty; and in all that nine days, we had neither bath, wash, shave, nor a hot meal." He concluded this Homeric recital, "If a destroyer had been sent out in such weather before the war, the man responsible would have been court-martialled for needlessly imperilling the lives of his men. But we go out in it and stay out now as a matter of course."

I will admit that my storm was not quite so bad as that. Nevertheless, the ends of the bridge seemed to be dipping when I climbed up there after—after the pickle. At every plunge her nose would go under a solid sea. The tips of the waves were veiled in water mists. All night we had been shoved along by a heavy sea. It was now impossible to "take a sight," so just as a lost boy might inquire his way from a policeman, we ran inshore to a lightship to find out where the dickens we were at.

The keeper bellowed through a megaphone directions that amounted to this in unofficial language: if we would proceed so many city blocks to the northward, then take the first turning to the left after we passed a lighthouse, we could come into the harbour where lay the convoy we were to take back to our Base. We did, and as the ships came filing out to join us, I saw for myself one of the humorous flashes that lighten the gloom of wireless messages. In answer to a polite inquiry from our skipper as to whether she would not avail herself of our escort, a vessel that had remained at anchor made equally courteous answer.

"Thanks very much. Think I'll stay in. I was torpedoed yesterday."

The delivery of this convoy at the Base completed my cruise. In ten days we had escorted a total of fifty-six vessels a distance of sixteen hundred miles through the danger zone without a mishap. These vessels were one small item in a total of thousands that have been convoyed by the destroyers with a loss of only one-eighth of one per cent. In the course of its duty the flotilla has steamed over a million miles in eight months, a distance equal to the circumnavigating of the earth forty times; and these journeyings have been made constantly in mined seas subject to the attacks of submarines. Than this no better testimony could be given, either to its labour or the worth of the convoy system.

America's Part: By J. D. Whelpley

THAT America would contribute money, supplies and men to the war in vast amounts, quantities and numbers has been taken for granted by the people of the Allied nations, though even in these directions foreign expectations have been exceeded. That American military representatives in France should, however, be able to present a workable plan for the Higher Command and present it with an argument that eliminated other plans from consideration may have come as a surprise to many. In his speech in the House of Commons last week the Prime Minister said:

I hesitated for some time as to whether I should read to the House the very cogent document submitted by the American delegation which puts the case for the present proposal. It is one of the most powerful documents I have ever seen submitted to a military conference. I do not read it because it is so mixed up with the actual plan of operations that it would be quite impossible for me to read it without giving away what the plan of operation is. If I could only have read it there would have been no necessity for me to make this speech at all.

The American Generals came fresh to the problem with no political or constitutional limitations to hamper them and the history of the past three years and a half to guide them in their elimination of possible error. They also brought to the Council table those peculiar gifts, apparently characteristic of American enterprise, the faculty of the "bird's eye view," the courage to make quick decisions and those talents for organisation in evidence in the widespread machinery of great businesses conducted so successfully in home and foreign trade. The principles underlying successful American business are unity of control, organisation and speed; and it is apparent that these same principles are to be employed in the making of war and their undoubted value impressed whenever possible upon America's partners in the enterprise.

The world is being very frankly told from day to day what America is doing in a material way in the war. Admiral Sims says that everything in the American Navy that could be of use is now in European waters and that the American Navy is not only co-operating but has become an integral part of the Allied Naval forces. The American Secretary of War says that a half-million American soldiers will be in Europe early this spring, in fact most of them are here now, that there will be a million before next winter, and another million in training at home. The United States Government has already lent nearly one thousand million pounds sterling to the Allies and is increasing this amount with every passing month.

Food and Supplies

The larger part of the food and supplies now being imported by the Allies is coming from America, and it is only a question of ships to increase the quantities. Mr. Hoover, the Food Controller, has called upon the American people to decrease their already restricted consumption of bread, meat and sugar by another ten to twenty per cent. to furnish cargoes for the rapidly increasing number of new ships carrying supplies to the Allies. What America asks of the Allies is that consumption of staples shall be reduced as low as possible so that all ships needed for troops will be set free. It has in fact become a question of whether the Allies prefer a ton of food or a ton of men, and the decision is left in their hands.

The building of new ships is well under way and the tonnage figures of 1918 will make a remarkable showing. This building of new ships is not only of vital importance to the world at war, but the safety and comfort of all nations depend upon a large tonnage being available immediately after the war to keep the food supply going and to re-stock exhausted stores of raw material for industry.

There is no question but that the American people now realise fully that they are at war and that this is a conflict calling for the entire reserve strength of the nation in men, money, materials, labour and high spirit. They also realise that for some time after the war the people of Europe are going to look to them for help in the rebuilding of a broken world. It is with this in mind that the United States Government is providing for after-the-war control of prices, production, railroads, shipping and exports that the needs of foreign countries may not be exploited by private enterprise. It has been tacitly agreed by many Governments so that the world will be run on a more or less communal basis until at least an appreciable normal state of affairs once more prevails after a day of peace has dawned.

As American influence is increasingly felt in the war the line of demarcation between military and political enterprise,

so sharply defined by President Wilson, becomes more apparent and his purpose more intelligible. The President is determined if possible to confine America's effort in Europe purely to military and economic assistance and to stand aloof from all political discussions. He wishes to avoid even the appearance of dictation in European affairs, and above all he does not want the Government of the United States through the presence of a large number of American representatives in Allied Councils to drift into the position of a referee or a "balance of power."

The original idea as conceived in Washington was for the Allies to agree as to their needs and for America to supply them as best she could. It was found, however, that this plan has grave disadvantages, and that it was absolutely necessary that Americans should be on the spot in London, Paris and Rome to discuss ways and means at length when occasion arose. It is significant that the return of Colonel House to Washington from his visit to Europe was followed by a decided broadening in the operations of the American Government abroad. This astute and unofficial adviser to the President grasped the situation as usual. Commissioners were appointed, delegates to Conferences appeared in London, Paris and Rome, and the American Government, through carefully selected men of high character and reputation, entered into closer personal relations with current European affairs than heretofore. These men are working in closest co-operation with representatives of the Allies, and they are in a position to achieve a real understanding of the necessities of the day, the order of precedence to be given to these necessities and to keep the Washington Government informed daily as to the progress of events. All this is more or less distinct from the purely military situation, for that lies in other hands and has nothing to do with national or international politics.

President Wilson has been so careful not to give even the appearance of attempting to play a part in European politics and not to allow the United States Government to become the arbiter in inter-Allied affairs that he has created an impression of American aloofness from the war. It is important therefore to understand that this aloofness applies only to matters not directly concerned with military or economic operations and that it is but the expression of an American foreign policy, the only principle held and practised consistently since 1776, that of non-interference in the political fortunes of other Powers. There is no aloofness from the war itself, for America has entered into that with all the ardour of a people engaged in a sacred cause, and the nation is led in this by President Wilson himself with words that have been voluntarily adopted by the Allied Governments as a complete expression of their own ideals and purpose.

Several speakers in England have recently referred to the wonder of American participation in the war "in spite of the Monroe Doctrine."

There seems to be a slight misunderstanding here, for the so-called "Monroe Doctrine" was simply the enunciation of a purpose to the effect that no foreign Power should be allowed to acquire landed possessions in the Western Hemisphere other than those already there. It is well understood in America that if Germany won this war in Europe the United States would shortly be called upon to defend the Monroe Doctrine against an all-powerful and victorious Germany. American soldiers in France are now, in a sense, fighting for the Monroe Doctrine on a far-flung frontier.

It was not President Monroe, but President Washington, in his farewell address, who advised his fellow countrymen against "entangling alliances" with foreign Powers, and this warning was adopted as an important feature of American foreign policy from that time on. By entangling alliances Washington meant those "offensive and defensive" treaties which in the past have dragged unwilling Governments and unhappy peoples into wars not of their making, but if Washington was President of the United States to-day he would undoubtedly hail with satisfaction any suggestion of foreign alliances of sufficient strength to ensure the peace of the world.

The presence of an American army in France to-day is but an expression and a culmination of all President Washington fought for and interpreted to his people. It might have been him and not President Wilson who said the other day that to the vindication of human liberty the American people "are ready to devote their lives, their honour and everything they possess. The moral climax of this, the culmination and final war for human liberty, has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity, to the test."

A Prevalent Inconsistency: By L. P. Jacks

THOSE who study the working of their minds in the present crisis—and it is wise to do this occasionally—will perhaps join me in confessing to a measure of inconsistency. I am not speaking of logic, but of temper—of changing moods: as when, for example, a man is by turns depressed and exalted. There is no reason to be ashamed of such discords, for consistency of temper can hardly be reckoned a human virtue at all. At one extreme it is a prerogative of the gods, at the other a limitation of the brutes; so that if ever we encounter a being whose moods are never in conflict we may conclude that he is either supra-humanly wise or infra-humanly stupid—probably the latter. For my part I find human nature most lovable and interesting precisely at those points where it is hardest to understand, that is, when its moods contradict one another. There is really nothing to deplore in these conflicts—not even when active in the mind of society at large, as they are at the present moment. They are a source of energy; powers that move the world come out of their clash. A man or an age whose temper never varied would be a nonentity in the world of action.

There are a good many of these inconsistencies now in evidence, all interesting, and all bearing witness to the rich complexities of human nature. But the one which seems to me most worthy of attention at the moment is that strange mingling of the *sense of power* and the *sense of powerlessness* which arises in most of us as we view the course of current events. On the one hand we feel ourselves to be taking part in a series of the greatest actions ever performed by man, and the feeling is our sense of power. On the other, we seem at times to be in the grip of vast forces over which we have no control whatsoever, powerless as atoms in a whirling vortex. Our minds oscillate between the two attitudes, mastership and helplessness. Some would call this a glaring inconsistency. But I doubt if it often glares, though unquestionably it does so sometimes. More frequently it *lurks*, and is to be found only by those whom Nature has endowed with a good memory for their changing moods—by those, I mean, who when they have seen themselves for a moment in the glass of self-knowledge do not "straightway forget what manner of men they were."

There are moments when the sense of power rises to an extraordinary height and possesses whole multitudes of men at once. When, for example, a new idea, like that of a League of Nations, first gets possession of our minds we are like men intoxicated. We feel that a magic sword has been placed in our hands, and it needs only that we lay about us with vigour to bring a whole world of wrong and error tumbling down. Many examples might be given of men whom the advent of new ideas has thus intoxicated with the sense of power—the French revolutionists, the Positivists, the Malthusians, the Darwinians, the mid-Victorian Radicals, the scientific materialists, the followers of Henry George, the early Socialists. The Bolsheviks provide a contemporary example. They, too, are out to move mountains. We call them fools and madmen; and so they may be; but are there no ideas of our own to which, at one time or another, we have attributed an equal measure of wonder-working power?

This mood of masterful confidence, which is quite sincere while it lasts, is our public attitude; the side of our minds we show to one another. We find it in the speeches of statesmen; in the Proclamations of Emperors and the Notes of Presidents; in the programmes of political parties and schools; in propaganda of all kinds; in the literature of social reconstruction. All these breathe the spirit of mastership.

World Dominion

There is an expression lately come into evil prominence which curiously reflects these feelings. It is the phrase "world-dominion." The idea of world-dominion has many forms, and we are unjust to the Prussian militarists in treating them as its solitary exponents. We are all addicted to the notion that the world can be dominated—indeed we are all trying to get it dominated by our own ideas of what is good for it. World-dominion has been claimed at various times for various things—for religion (or for some particular doctrine of religion); for philosophy (as in Plato); for the Goddess of Reason, for science, for socialistic ideals, for Labour. And always the claim has been made by men who, from one cause or another, were intoxicated or—if the word be disliked—exalted by their sense of power. Some men are thus exalted always. All men are thus exalted sometimes. It is a frame of mind which craves publicity and usually issues in a programme of world-

dominion, either of this kind or of that. Such programmes are plentiful at the present moment, and they have more in common with one another than appears at first sight. The League of Peace, for example, is obviously a scheme of world-dominion, and differs from the Prussian militarists only as to the methods to be applied. So, too, when war broke out in Heaven, as narrated in Milton's *Paradise Lost* (which, by the way, is the best of war books for present reading), the belligerents were agreed on the general necessity of world-dominion. They differed as to the principle of domination and fought to settle the question.

Masters of the World.

The idea of world-dominion, now prevalent everywhere in one or other of its many forms, seems to indicate that in some sense we are masters of the world—a view of ourselves which implies an enormous sense of power. This, however, is only the public aspect of our mentality. In every age, certainly in our own, there is a side of human life from which reporters are excluded, or rather, from which reporters exclude themselves because it fails to provide them with marketable copy. It is the existence of this unreported side which makes history difficult to write, and often untrustworthy when written. The sense of powerlessness belongs to it. It naturally tends to hide or at least to express itself in whispers and undertones. When a man believes that he is captain of his soul, or (like the Kaiser) a ruler of other men's destinies, he can hardly keep his feelings to himself; but when misgivings assail him and he feels as though the bottom were dropping out of the world, he will say as little about it as possible, both in the public interest and in his own. I think, therefore, that we should be wrong in concluding that the sense of powerlessness is non-existent because so little of it gets reported in books, in public speeches, in documents of one kind or another. The future historian will misrepresent the men of to-day if he stops at describing them as amazingly cocksure. He will misrepresent them by telling only half of the truth. They are amazingly cocksure; but woven in with all this self-confidence there is a strain of profound misgiving as to the general state of the world. For the evidence of this we must look to the unreported side of human life—the conversations of statesmen after dinner, the confessions of intimate friends, the talk of the club and the railway carriage; the outcries of imaginative men who lie awake at night—things which, from the nature of the case, are not intended for publication.

These two strains, the sense of power and the sense of powerlessness, unquestionably co-exist, the one public, the other private, and each speaking in opposite tones. The one talks proudly of science, and persuades us that with science at our elbow we can move mountains; the other reminds us that science itself has got out of hand and become an implement for the self-destruction of mankind. The one points to the miracles of effort and organisation which the nation can accomplish when, as now, it is inspired by a unitary motive; the other replies that a unitary motive may play all kinds of damnable tricks; for example, when it takes the form of Pan-Germanism and threatens to wreck civilisation. The one proclaims that we are partners in mighty actions directed by the intelligent purpose of the common mind; the other answers that these mighty actions are forced upon us by circumstances over which we have no control; that the world is full of violent, unpredictable, explosive forces; that we are in the grip of elemental powers; that we are like men who eat and drink while an earthquake is rocking the house. The two views are interwoven in the consciousness of all of us; the one giving rise to public utterance, the other to private thought. Here it is that we are not consistent with ourselves.

The causes which have given rise to the sense of power are well known, the achievements of science being the most obvious. The causes of the opposite feeling are less familiar, though no less deserving of study. One of them is especially worthy of attention at the present moment, because it seems likely to issue in important political developments. It proceeds from a state of things which one might expect to contribute to our sense of power, but which oddly enough is beginning to have the opposite effect—I mean, the enormous mass and volume of the modern State. As an exhibition of power, what could be more impressive than a statistical account of one of the great empires of the world—its population, its wealth, the immense volume of its civil and military machinery? Not without reason do they call themselves "Great Powers." But the sense of power in the people is

not the knowledge that national power exists, but that they, the people, have it in their own control. If the power exists, but is uncontrolled in its action or subject to control which is not in their hands, then its existence will only serve to spread the sense of powerlessness in the people who stand in its presence. This is the actual state of things at the present moment.

If one were asked to name off-hand the outstanding feature of our present political life the answer would probably be "the growing power of the masses"; and there is an obvious sense in which the answer might be accepted as true. It correctly describes the fact that policy is becoming less dependent on the wills of a few and more susceptible to forces which originate with the masses of the people. But if it were offered as an account of our political psychology, as meaning that the average citizen is *conscious* of growing power as a political unit, I should be inclined to question its truth, even to say that it is the reverse of true. In the consciousness of the citizen, whether working man or any other, it is the sense of powerlessness and not the sense of power which for the moment has the ascendancy.

There is a widespread feeling at work that the human world of to-day, the world with which high politics is concerned, has grown too big to be manageable by any existing methods of political control; that neither representative government nor government of any other type is competent to deal with the immense and incalculable forces of which modern communities are the seat. This feeling, which is only just beginning to reach the stage of an articulate idea, is a consequence, unforeseen by early political thinkers, of the enormous increase of mass, measured in terms of population, which has taken place in all the great empires of the world. On every hand the signs are multiplying that policy, seeking to control the destinies of these masses, is unable to cope with its problems. In the expressive vernacular of a working man with whom I was recently discussing these questions in a Northern town, "the Governments of Europe have all bitten off more than they can chew"; and he went on to speak, with much intelligence, I thought, of the Russian revolution, and of Russia itself as a country whose very bigness rendered it unmanageable. Needless to say the war has given a new vitality to these thoughts.

Whatever the true causes of the war may have been, the peoples of Europe know very well that it is none of their doing, and this has greatly deepened the feeling of helplessness, the sense that they are at the mercy of elemental powers—and that not in one class alone, but in all. It is a complicated state of mind and full of strange possibilities for the future history of the world. One might expect that a man would gain a new sense of power in remembering that he is an active member of a community of fifty or

a hundred million souls. Just now it serves rather to remind him of his powerlessness. What can he do as a mere unit in a totality so enormous? He seems to himself a scarcely noticeable atom, impotent to affect the destinies of the State one way or another. What wonder that his patriotism is apt to be confused, or to disappear altogether, as it seems to have done in Russia.

Concurrent, then, with the sense of power, expressed in our many schemes of "world-dominion," we have to reckon with an opposite tendency—a growing lack of faith in the value of political action, and in the efficacy of what has hitherto been called "government." What the outcome of these opposing currents will be it would be dangerous to forecast. Much will depend on the precise form in which the war comes to an end. A German victory would unquestionably tend to perpetuate the existing political system of Europe, a system profoundly distrusted, and for good reasons, by the people. There would be more centralisation than ever. And that not only on the part of Germany; for the defeated empires would do their best to consolidate their vast territories and populations with a view to the subsequent overthrow of the conqueror. A victory of the Allies, on the other hand, would open the way to a drastic revision of the whole structure of modern empire. I use the word revision rather than revolution, in the coming of which I do not believe; and I hazard the guess that it would take the form of decentralisation on a principle of world policy.

It is certain that one of the chief forces which accounts for the growth of great empires, and maintains them in their enormous unities, has been the necessity, real or supposed, of resisting each other's aggression. If the war ends in such a way as to ensure the future peace of the world—and this it can only do by the victory of the Allies—the fear of mutual aggression will be removed; which is as much as to say that the military reason for the existence of the present empires will be open to revision. What will follow? What I imagine is not a revolutionary attack upon existing Governments but a movement *working behind them* towards a new grouping of mankind, which will cut across the present territorial divisions of the world, and lead to the creation of many new communities. Into this movement the Governments themselves will be swept sooner or later; they will, in fact, be called upon to direct it, and overthrown only in the event of their proving incompetent to the task. The sense of power and the sense of powerlessness have both to be reckoned with. Just because the people are aware of their power they will not endure a day longer than is necessary the state of powerlessness to which the political system of Europe has reduced them. So long as the war lasts they will probably endure it, refusing to follow the abortive and bad example of Russia. But afterwards?

Zeal: By Etienne

[N.B.—Though this story is based on an actual incident, the characters as described here are wholly imaginary.]

"MY DEAR NAP," said the captain of H.M. destroyer "Bloodhound" to his First Lieutenant, "zeal is excellent in its right place. In the abstract it is, I suppose, always a desirable trait in either one's own or anyone else's character, but in real life it is often a dashed nuisance."

Lieutenant-Commander Airmach lit another cigarette, and continued:—

"Take the Gunner."

At these words Lieutenant Clambos, sometimes called Napoleon, from the shape of his head, but more often known as "Nap," stirred uneasily on the settee upon which he was lying and murmured something that seemed to be in the nature of a prayer.

It was evident that thinking of the Gunner moved him somewhat.

"Look at his effort the other day," gloomily remarked Airmach.

"Do you mean the grabby's* dinner-party we gave?" inquired the recumbent First Lieutenant.

"Great Scott! there's not been anything else since, has there?" anxiously demanded Airmach.

"Oh, only last night he fired a rifle bullet across a flag-officer's barge, which was taking the old boy back from a dinner-party in the flagship. The boat had engines that make a noise like a fashionable night club's rag-time band, so of course the coxswain never heard the hail and our Mr. Cocker assumed it was 'a Turkish destroyer or other 'ostile

craft' and fired a shot across his bows. The flag-officer was in the stern sheets digesting, and though he was a hundred yards off, it was quite easy to see the colour of his face by the light of his cigar, they harmonised somewhat," eloquently concluded Clambos.

"Well it might be worse," remarked the skipper. "He didn't hit anyone, did he?"

"We haven't had the Service letter about it yet," said the First Lieutenant, "so he may have done for all I know. Lord! It is blasted hot in this place. When is it our turn to patrol the Straits?"

"To-morrow at dawn my boy, will see you hauling the hook up on the fo'c'sle. We've got to patrol the West flank from 9 a.m. for twenty-four hours. I hope that perishin' field gun on Gaba el Wad has been flopped out by the Anzacs. Johnnie Turk will catch us bending with it one day. I bet they've got some swine of a Hun spotting for them."

"A propos of that gun," remarked Clambos, "Mr. Cocker told me he had a scheme for silencing it."

"No doubt he has," replied Airmach. "Our Mr. Cocker has a scheme for most enterprises. I shouldn't object to them if they didn't invariably recoil on my head," with which remark he rang the bell, and asked if there was any soda on board.

Mr. Carlo Bimpero, Maltese steward, second class, answered the summons and replied in the negative.

"Have we any beer?" demanded the Captain.

"No, Sah!" briskly replied Carlo.

"Why not, confound it," indignantly demanded the Captain. "Didn't I tell you last Thursday to get some from the store ship next time we were in the base?"

"Yes, Sah! and that did I do. I tell you Signor I go myself to the store ship and I bring the beer. It was Monday, Signor. I remember the day, Sah, because I getta a lettah from my wifa

* Sailors' nickname for a soldier.

Rosetta. She tell me I haf a baby, a bello bambino, a verra fine—"

"Confound your baby, what about the beer?"

"Yes, Sah, certainly, Sah. I say, Signor, I bring de beer to zis ship, and then what 'appen? I tell you, Sah. Dat damfool Giuseppe he putta de beer on de after boiler-casing, and de heat it affect de beer, Sah, and de beer maka de pop-bang, and, Santa Maria, in a meenit he has gone! It gives me great regret to tell you dis story, Signor. It never shall happen again."

"You'll sack Giuseppe when we get back 'to Malta," announced Airmach.

"Oh, Sah! he verra good boy. His mother and my Rosetta are sistahs, Signor."

"Oh get out of it, Carlo," wearily remarked the Captain, and Signor Bimpero, knowing Lieutenant-Commander Airmach, deemed it advisable to withdraw.

"No beer, no whiskey, no nothing. I'm going to repose in my cabin. Let me know if any ciphers come through." And with a colossal yawn the skipper left the sweltering ward room for the slightly cooler shelter of his upper-deck cabin, on the forebridge.

Lieutenant Clambos re-read *La Vie Parisienne* for the third time, cursed his lack of application to the study of the French language in the earlier days of his youth, cursed the heat, the flies, Gallipoli, and life in general, and then gently dropped off into an uneasy sleep.

The perfect peace which brooded over the destroyer as she lay on the glassy surface of her base amidst half a dozen of her sisters was only broken by the low persistent rumble of the guns which rolled across from the blood-stained peninsula and echoed and re-echoed dully on the rocky and sun-dried shore of Rabbit Island.

The whole ship's company seemed asleep, and though her bare iron decks were unpleasantly hot to the hand, recumbent figures were scattered fore and aft in such shadow as her ventilators, funnels and torpedo tubes afforded. There was one notable exception to this state of slumber.

The exception was Mr. Cocker, Gunner (T). This gentleman was sitting in his cabin right aft, attired in a pair of duck trousers and a vest, and sweating profusely. Every few moments he absently-minded dabbed his forehead with a piece of Service blotting paper. His dampness was due to two causes: first the Gallipoli sun, secondly, he was writing a letter. When it is added that the letter was to a girl, much is explained. Mr. Cocker was a big man, and looking at him in his cabin one was irresistibly reminded of those model ships you see inside bottles, which are used to adorn so many public houses.

On this very hot afternoon, Mr. Cocker was endeavouring to write a letter to a certain young lady in Plymouth for whom he had a deep and abiding affection. It was a lamentable and deplorable fact, from Mr. Cocker's point of view, that this affection was not entirely reciprocated. The young lady's affections wavered between Mr. Cocker and Quartermaster-Sergeant Basher of the R.M.L.I., recently awarded the Military Medal for having throttled a Hun in a trench raid on the Western Front. It was this medal that seemed to lie like a shadow between Mr. Cocker and his adored one, as he savagely bit his pen in his tiny cabin; for the young lady had intimated in a letter which lay before him that the gallant Basher was pressing his claims per medium of field postcards, and that although she did not withdraw all hope from the more distant Alfred Cocker, yet her patriotism told her that his chances would be considerably improved were he to achieve some martial glory. "At least, Alf," she concluded, "if you really love me you will get mentioned in despatches. Bill has sent me his photo taken with the medal on. He looks a hero."

"Blinkin' Turkey*; flat-footed grabby, that's what he is," muttered Mr. Cocker as he continued to wrestle with the problem of convincing the damsel that he belonged to a service noted for its silence and in which potential V.C.s might blush unseen and unheard of.

Mr. Cocker had been aware of the lady's partiality for heroes for some months, and when he had left England in the spring to join the "Bloodhound" he had registered a mighty oath to distinguish himself in some manner or other.

The power of love is great, and in the two months he had been in the ship he had certainly distinguished himself, but not in a manner likely to bring a medal to his manly breast or even a mention in despatches.

His first exploit had been to arrest and confine in the afterhold for three hours an individual who had strolled on board the ship at 4 p.m. one day in plain clothes in Malta Dockyard. On Airmach's return from the club at 7 p.m. he had instantly ordered the release of the prisoner, and a dishevelled apparition, smelling strongly of tar, paint, and new rope, had emerged

from the manhole. When it *could speak*, it transpired that Lieutenant-Commander Airmach had entertained unawares a highly respectable Member of Parliament, on a commission travelling through Malta to the Far East.

This episode was but the first of a series culminating in an awful *faux pas* at a military dinner, which cannot be described even here, and lastly he had only the night before committed the *bêtise* of adhering strictly to the letter of the regulations in a matter concerning a flag-officer. At 6 p.m. Mr. Cocker completed his labours and took to his bunk, there to revolve in his active brain fresh schemes whereby he might impress his captain with a proper sense of Alfred Cocker's efficiency.

* * * * *

The next day at dawn, as ordered, the "Bloodhound" weighed anchor and proceeded towards the peninsula.

At 6 a.m. Mr. Cocker came up to relieve Clambos, who warned him before turning over that it had been definitely established that German submarines had arrived, and a look-out was to be kept accordingly. Mr. Cocker's face lit up on the instant, and who shall say what visions flitted through his optimistic mind. Imagine then, if it be possible, what his feelings were when at 6.30 a.m., distant half a mile on the port bow, he sighted a small dark projection apparently standing up about a foot above the water. To ring "Full speed ahead" and starboard his helm was the work of an instant.

At ever-increasing speed the "Bloodhound" bore down on the suspicious object. Trembling with excitement, Mr. Cocker, with glasses glued to his eyes, prayed the object would not dip. When they had but three hundred yards to go Mr. Cocker dropped his glasses in amazement, then, staring wild-eyed, shrieked out at the top of his voice: "Submarine with four periscopes right ahead."

As Airmach reached the bridge the "Bloodhound" reached her quarry, and there was a slight bump and a perceptible report.

"We got her. I got her. We got her!" exulted Mr. Cocker, executing a species of war-dance round the bridge.

"Got what, Mr. Cocker?"

"Submarine, Sir! With four periscopes. Four of 'em, Sir! Saw 'em with my own eyes. Must be one of their latest. Rammed her fair and square."

"Nonsense," said the captain.

"But didn't you feel the bump?" indignantly demanded the Gunner.

"Yes, I did feel something," admitted Airmach. "Turn the ship round at once," he concluded.

"Did you see anything, Johnson?" queried Airmach, addressing the coxswain.

"Yessir! I see four hobjects, a sticking up in the water, and we 'it 'em fair and square. Likewise I felt the blow and 'eard a noise, a kind o' underwater bang like."

"Great Scott! What an appalling stench!" remarked Clambos, who arrived on the bridge at this juncture.

"Heavens! what on earth is it?" said the captain, as a fearful odour began to pervade the atmosphere.

The next instant everyone who had a handkerchief was applying it to his nose. After a few moments of agony, Clambos muttered through his handkerchief, "It seems to come from fore'ard, Sir."

An A.B. was despatched to explore, and cautiously making his way on the fo's'cle, leant over the side.

He speedily withdrew his head, and speaking with difficulty was understood to shout that "we've gone and got the innards of an adjectival animaul round our bows."

It was at this juncture that Mr. Cocker really established his reputation. Without hesitating for an instant, he jammed both telegraphs to full speed astern. The "Bloodhound" came to rest, and then slowly gathered stern-way.

As she did so the honoured remains detached themselves from the bows and the Mediterranean absorbed the carcass of a mule which had died for his country some weeks previously on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and had been drifting about with his legs in the air ever since.

As a result of this adventure Mr. Cocker had a long interview with Lieutenant-Commander Airmach. The Gunner emerged therefrom wreathed in smiles; exactly what transpired was never officially published, but it may be noted that at the date of writing Lieutenant-Commander Airmach is a godfather in the Cocker family, that Mrs. Cocker cherishes an official "strictly private" letter from Lieutenant-Commander Airmach which speaks in glowing terms of her husband's unremitting attention to duty and his stupendous zeal. It also insinuates that it was only Mr. Cocker's extraordinary modesty that stood in the way of his being recommended for a V.C.

Mr. Cocker is still serving with Lieutenant-Commander Airmach, so it may be presumed that his zeal has abated somewhat.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Basher is still throttling Huns in France with added viciousness.

* Sailors' nickname for a marine.

The Sense of London : By Charles Marriott



Greenwich Hospital. View from Observatory Hill over River Thames

[By Edgar Wilson.

WE are apt to forget that London was not built in a day. This often leads us into insincerity, as when we try to find excuses for a slum because it happens to please our sense of the picturesque.

If we remembered that very likely when the slum was built it was reasonably well adapted to the conditions of life prevailing then, we could indulge our liking for the picturesque without finding it necessary to pretend that the slum is tolerable now. Just as dirt is only "matter in the wrong place," so a great many abominations are only wrong in time. This is almost a truism as regards human virtues and vices; everybody, for example, sees that the great fault of the Germans is that they are obsolete; but I do not think it is generally recognised of places and institutions, and so public nuisances are allowed to remain because they were once public benefits.

There are some parts of London, however, which, though they were built a long time ago, do not seem to have outlived their convenience, and therefore need no insincerity to justify our affection. Particularly the parts that lie beside the Thames. On the whole, though with unhappy intervals, they have been altered less than any other parts of

London, and they do not seem to need alteration. Often grimy and ramshackle, they are not really slums. A slum is dead matter, like dead tissue in the human body, and these places are alive. I think that one reason why they have kept, so to speak, up to date is that they are mostly concerned with crude necessities: coal, timber, fish, flour; for which the demand, though increasing with population, does not greatly change in character from one century to another. Nor does the means of supplying it. The river flows con-

tinuously, one tide follows another without interruption, and with all the successive changes in motive power a barge is still a barge. These places are alive, then, because they serve persistent needs and because they are constantly in touch with the country and the sea. They are organic parts of the body politic and not excrescences.

It is our luxuries and pleasures and the means of gratifying them that change rapidly and so leave the town behind. The consequence is that those parts of London which are associated with luxury and pleasure look much more old-fashioned,

and degenerate more rapidly than do the places I have mentioned. They were never alive in the sense of serving life. Compared with the West End the City still serves its purpose, and looks it. So long as it is big enough a warehouse will last a good many centuries, and however it be elaborated, business is still a matter of buying at twopence and selling at twopence ha'penny; but a restaurant or a theatre must be within a year or two of our notions of social enjoyment or dramatic entertainment if it is not to become an anachronism. So far as looks go Piccadilly belongs to the period of "Champaigne Charlie," or thereabouts. The West End wears



Springtime. View from Old Chelsea Embankment

[By Edgar Wilson.

badly because it is not built closely to the needs of London as Hammersmith and Upper Thames Street are built closely to the particular needs they serve. In order to look up to date Piccadilly and Bond Street would have to be rebuilt about once a year.

Consequently they are not really characteristic of London. The whole of the West End, except a corner of St. James's, an enormous proportion of London, indeed, could be swept away without affecting its individuality among cities. Size

does not make character. If you were to disentangle from the mass of what is called "Greater London" the elements that distinguish London from all other cities you would reproduce the map of the seventeenth century or thereabouts; just as if you were to disentangle from the sayings and doings of an acquaintance the things that really distinguish him as an individual you could put them down on the proverbial half-sheet of notepaper. Most of London is mere padding; and you cannot see London by "seeing London" in the sense advertised on the cars. You have to poke about, to use the expressive phrase of childhood.

But the irreducible minimum is unlike anything elsewhere. Scattered along the Thames, and enclosed in the boundaries of "the City," there are patches of what may truly be called "London particular." They have always appealed to artists and writers; and I believe that the reason is not so much that they are picturesque—very often they are not—as that they are characteristic. Art is said to be selection, and above all the selection of character to the disregard of what is irrelevant. But not every artist has the power of selection, for many have painted London and written about it without getting anywhere near its essential character. So far as one can make out, the power must be exercised unconsciously, for pictures and books that set out to give the essence of London almost always fail to do so. Apparently there is no guide in the appearance of things, and age does not seem to have anything to do with it, for many of the older parts of London are not in the least characteristic. Nor does familiarity help much. I have known a person born and bred within the radius mistake Holborn for London; and, on the other hand, I remember a little girl coming up from Cornwall for the first time who stood in the middle of Regent Street and said disappointedly "Is this London?" Without being told she knew that it was not. No, the sense of London seems to depend on some obscure faculty like that of the "dowser" for metals or water.

Mr. Edgar Wilson, some of whose etchings* are reproduced here, undoubtedly has it. These etchings are all the more remarkable when one remembers his other work as a decorative designer.

Not that the etchings are not well designed from a pictorial point of view, but that the designs are so closely dependent on character that they seem to have grown rather than to have been made. They share with the places themselves the effect of keeping in close touch with what is being done there. However old the corner of London represented it does not look dead. I do not know anything about Mr. Wilson's habits of work, whether he draws from the scene directly or from a series of preliminary studies; but these etchings give very much more the impression of having been drawn from something felt than from something observed. They have the character of last rather than first impressions, like those queer memories that persist almost against one's will and lie hidden through the waking hours to come out clearly in dreams. They belong to the underworld of impressions. There is a lurking character about them as there is about London itself.

Perhaps the secret is not other than that expressed in Rodin's remark that the artist should draw "with his eye grafted on his heart." Certainly the power to find and represent or describe London seems to depend more upon affection than upon skill or knowledge. The sense of London that comes out in Johnson—or Boswell's version of him—Lamb and Dickens is not matched by any capacity to create

the atmosphere of other places; and I should doubt if either Turner or Whistler were trustworthy—granting all their other gifts—away from London. But conscious affection is not enough. Henry James undoubtedly loved London, but though I am a fervent admirer of his work I could never admit that he succeeded in creating the atmosphere of London—except perhaps in "Princess Casamassima." On the other hand he gives you vivid portraits of certain places on the Continent. Literary skill seems to count for nothing. The novels of Sir Walter Besant are not considered to be good, I believe, but nobody has got nearer to the atmosphere of the Thames east of London Bridge. As for deliberate purpose without affection the work of George Gissing might serve as a warning. His people are alive, but you are never convinced for a moment that they live in London.

What is true of the writers is equally true of the artists, and of the many who have drawn and painted London very few have given us anything more than streets and houses and weather. And among the few who have succeeded in atmosphere are several who are not good artists in other respects. What is needed can only be described as the sense of London; something that does not depend upon knowledge or observation, but appears to be inborn—as people are said to be born Cockneys in a different meaning from that of the register. When, as in the case of Mr. Edgar Wilson, the sense of London

is combined with technical skill the results are important for civic reasons.

As Professor Beresford Pite pointed out the other day, artists are not necessarily the best guides in questions of civic improvement. They are apt to be beguiled by unrehearsed effects of the picturesque. At the same time they ought to be consulted in any scheme. The important thing seems to be that they should have a sense of character, not only as applied to architecture generally but to the architecture of particular places. The truth is that town planning is a very ticklish business, particularly when it is a matter of improving an old city. Character must be preserved, and it is not always easy to see wherein character resides. Neither age nor architectural dignity should protect a nuisance, but it is highly important to

make sure that the nuisance is not really caused by later additions. Many of the older parts of London would serve all the needs of healthy modern life if the streets surrounding them were cleared away. They are the live patches in a mass of dead building material. A great deal of London is quite irrelevant, and could be re-planned with a positive gain in character. But, to use a homely simile, there is always a risk of pulling out the wrong tooth. It is here that such pictures as Mr. Wilson's would be valuable. Being concentrated studies of character, they help to suggest the lines on which London should be improved; as involuntary evidence they have something of the weight of history.

The last word is important. History as well as geography, hygiene and æsthetics must be consulted in any enlightened scheme of town planning. London badly needs improvement, but we should be very careful that we do not improve it away. History is enshrined in stones and trees as well as written in books, but it is not everybody that can read it at first hand. Pictures are a sort of halfway stage between the actual memorial and its written description; and fortunately we have good pictures of London by artists of many periods, from Wenceslas Hollar to Mr. Edgar Wilson. On the whole I am inclined to think that artists are more valuable for the unconscious appreciation of London that comes out in their work than for any conscious æsthetic advice they might give.



(By Edgar Wilson.)

The Old Crane, London Bridge

* These etchings are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, The Twenty-One Gallery, York Buildings, Adelphi.

Life and Letters, by J. C. Squire

A Corner of Old England

IT has been maintained that war is indispensable because it teaches people geography. I will not discuss the merits or the defects of that doctrine here, and I freely admit that in August, 1914, I knew nothing of the situation of Brest-Litovsk or Bourlon Wood. But the illumination of war is only local, and, since I have to mention the Southern Appalachians, I had better explain what they are. They are a range of mountains or, rather, an extensive mountain district running from the Pennsylvania border, through the Virginias, Kentucky, the Carolinas, and Tennessee into the northern parts of Georgia and Alabama. Here Mrs. O. D. Campbell and Mr. Cecil Sharp (to whom we owe the recovery of many of our old country songs) have been hunting for English Folk Songs. The results of their explorations are published at 12s. 6d. net by Messrs. Putnam; the book is a romance.

The Southern Appalachian region is a large one, larger than Great Britain. Mr. Sharp has, therefore, covered as yet no more than small portions of it, chiefly in the "Laurel Country" of North Carolina. In that region he had experiences which, to an imaginative man, must have been as thrilling as anything that has ever happened to an explorer in Central Africa or Borneo. It is mountainous, thickly wooded, and very secluded. There are few roads, except mountain tracks; and scarcely any railroads. "Indeed, so remote and shut off from outside influence were, until quite recently, these sequestered mountain valleys that the inhabitants have for a hundred years or more been completely isolated and cut off from all traffic with the rest of the world." I suppose this is a slight exaggeration: that, for instance, these Arcadians, however fortunately sequestered, imported doctors, clothes, and tools. But one knows what Mr. Sharp means. Coming into their midst the travellers found themselves in a "pocket" of an old England which has disappeared. They found a strong, spare race; leisurely; easy and unaffected in their bearing, and with "the unselfconscious manners of the well-bred." They are mostly illiterate, and each family grows just what is needed to support life; but they are contented, quick-witted and, in the truest sense, civilised. Their ancestors came, apparently, from the north of England; their religion is Calvinistic. Generations of freedom in America has undoubtedly modified some of their original characteristics. They drink and smoke very little and "commercial competition and social rivalries are unknown." But though in some regards they have customs peculiar to themselves, in others they are more faithful transmitters of old English tradition than are the English of to-day:

Their speech is English, not American, and, from the number of expressions they use which have long been obsolete elsewhere and the old-fashioned way in which they pronounce many of their words, it is clear that they are talking the language of a past day, though exactly of what period I am not competent to decide.

In that antique tongue they sing the old songs that their ancestors brought over from England in the time of George III and perhaps still earlier. Here in England the folk-song collector always has to make straight for the Oldest Inhabitant. The young know few of the old songs, being supplied with music-hall songs from London and Berlin and rag-times from New York. In the Appalachians, where cosmopolitan music is unknown, the folk-song tradition is as strong in the young as in the aged, and Mr. Sharp has, on occasion, drawn what he wanted from small boys. There, in log-huts and farmsteads, hundreds of miles west of the Atlantic coast, on uplands lying between Philadelphia and St. Louis, he found this people strayed from the eighteenth century, using such phrases as "But surely you will tarry with us for the night," and singing, with a total unconsciousness both of themselves and of their auditors, of woods and bowers, milk white steeds and dapple greys, lily-white hands, silver cups, the Northern Sea, London Bridge, and the gallows. He heard from these mountain singers *The Golden Vanity*, *The Cherry Tree Carol*, *Lord Randal*, *The Wife of Usher's Well*, *Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight*, and scores of less well known ballads and songs, versions of which the collectors have for years been painfully picking up in Sussex, Somersetshire, Yorkshire and Cornwall. It is a strange reflection that, had we left it a little later, we might have had to go to America for old folk music which had been totally lost on English soil.

Mr. Sharp does not make it quite clear which of his songs are hitherto altogether unrecorded; he includes several ballads not in Child's collection, but Child may have deliberately rejected them and they may have appeared elsewhere. Remarkably, he got no ritual songs, songs associated with harvest home, morris and sword dances, or the coming of English spring and the primroses. His hundred and twenty-two texts include only one carol and few songs touching on religion. The English rituals were not transplanted; the festivals died out; the doctrines of the mountaineers deprecated dancing; and the spring of their new country was not the spring of their old. They are strongest in ballads, and in songs (like *Shooting of His Dear*) with stories in them, which things lose nothing by transplantation across a hemisphere; and the songs are still living in the old way, growing and changing with the whims and memories of individual singers, yet always retaining the essential kernel. Nearly all the tunes are in "gapped scales," scales with only five or six notes to the octave; as always with folk song they are predominantly melancholy, and many of them are exceedingly beautiful.

That Mr. Sharp's texts—or indeed those of folk songs as a whole—are in the bulk great poetry I will not maintain. At its least polished the folk song sinks to the level of this (sung by Mrs. Tom Rice, at Big Laurel, West Carolina):

They hadn't been laying in bed but one hour
When he heard the trumpet sound.
She cried out with a thrilling cry:
O Lord, O Lord, I'm ruined.

This, possibly, is a corruption of something originally a little more rounded; a process similar to that which works upon all folk songs and which (in the Appalachian versions of *The Golden Vanity*) gives the name of that good ship variously as the Weeping Willow Tree and the Golden Willow Tree and provides a sister ship with the names of Golden Silverree and Turkey Silverree, which might strike even an Appalachian as an odd name for a vessel. We do not know in folk songs, as a rule, what is "original" and what is not; usually there has been so much accretion that there can hardly be said to be an "original" at all. The process is not productive of great verse, comparable with the masterpieces of form produced by poets with surnames, fountain pens and identifiable tomb-stones, though often there is a poignancy about individual lines and stanzas which makes them very effective even when divorced from their exquisite tunes, which are the real triumphs of folk-production. Mr. Sharp's American collection is certainly not, textually, superior to the English collections. But it does contain some fine things. It must have been queer to listen to *The True Lover's Farewell* coming from the lips of a woman in the American backwoods:

O fare you well my own true love,
So fare you well for a while,
I'm going away, but I'm coming back
If I go ten thousand mile.

If I prove false to you, my love,
The earth may melt and burn,
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn
If I no more return.

Ten thousand miles, my own true love,
Ten thousand miles or more;
The rocks may melt and the sea may burn
If I never no more return.

And who will shoe your pretty little feet,
Or who will glove your hand,
Or who will kiss your red rosy cheek
When I'm in the foreign land?

My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hand,
And you can kiss my red rosy cheek
When you return again.

O don't you see yon little turtle dove,
A-skipping from vine to vine
A-mourning the loss of its own true love
Just as I mourn for mine?

Don't you see yon pretty girl
A-spinning on yonder wheel?
Ten thousand gay, gold guineas would I give
To feel just like she feels.

The end lets one down with a jerk; but the construction is perfect. Mr. Sharp is pursuing his researches now in Kentucky; and his occupation is enviable.

Foot-Sloggers : By Ford Madox Hueffer

WHAT is love of one's land? . . .
I don't know very well.
It is something that sleeps.
For a year—for a day—
For a month—something that keeps

Very hidden and quiet and still
And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado; and that shakes
The whole of the soul.

II.

It is omnipotent like love;
It is deep and quiet as the grave
And it awakes
Like a flame, like a madness.
Like the great passion of your life.
The cold keenness of a tempered knife,
The great gladness of a wedding day,
The austerity of monks who wake to pray
In the dim light,
Who pray
In the darkling grove.
All these and a great belief in what we deem the right
Creeping upon us like the overwhelming sand,
Driven by a December gale,
Make up the love of one's land.

III.

But I ask you this:
About the middle of my first Last Leave.
I stood on a kerb in the pitch of the night
Waiting for 'buses that didn't come
To take me home.

That was in Paddington.
The soot-black night was over one like velvet:
And one was very alone—so very alone
In the velvet cloak of the night.

Like a lady's skirt
A dim, diaphonous cone of white, the rays
Of a shaded street lamp, close at hand, existed,
And there was nothing but vileness it could show,
Vile, pallid faces drifted through, chalk white;
Vile alcoholic voices in the ear, vile fumes
From the filthy pavements . . . vileness!
And one thought:
"In three days' time we enter the unknown:
And this is what we die for!"

For, mind you,
It isn't just a Tube ride, going to France!
It sets ironic unaccustomed minds
At work even in the sentimental . . .

Still
All that is in the contract.

IV.

Who of us
But has, deep down in the heart and deep in the brain
The memory of odd moments: memories
Of huge assemblies chanting in the night
At palace gates: of drafts going off in the rain
To shaken music: or the silken flutter
On silent, ceremonial parades.
In the sunlight, when you stand so stiff to attention,
That you never see but only know they are there—
The regimental colours—silken, a-flutter
Azure and gold and vermilion against the sky:
The sacred finery of banded hearts
Of generations. . . .

And memories
When just for moments, landscapes out in France
Looked so like English downlands: that the heart
Checked and stood still. . . .

Or then, the song and dance
On the trestle staging in the shafts of light
From smoky lamps: the lines of queer, warped faces
Of men that now are dead: faces lit up
By inarticulate minds at sugary chords
From the vamping pianist beneath the bunting:
"Until the boys come home!" we sing. And fumes
Of wet humanity, soaked uniforms,
Wet flooring, smoking lamps, fill cubical
And wooden-walled spaces brown, all brown,
With the light-sucking hue of the Khaki. . . . And the rain
Frets on the pitchpine of the felted roof

Like women's fingers beating on a door
Calling "Come Home" . . . "Come Home"
Down the long trail beneath the silent moon. . . .
Who never shall come. . . .

And we stand up to sing
"Hen wiad fy nadhau. . . ."

Dearest, never one
Of your caresses, dearest in the world,
Shall interpenetrate the flesh of one's flesh,
The breath of the lungs, sight of the eyes, or the heart,
Like the sad, harsh anthem in the rained-on huts
Of our own men. . . .
That too is in the contract. . . .

V.

Well, of course,
One loves one's men. One takes a mort of trouble
To get them spick and span upon parades:
You straf' them, slang them, mediate between
Their wives and loves, and you inspect their toenails
And wangle leaves for them from the Adjutant
Until your Company office is your home
And all your mind. . . .

This is the way it goes:
First your platoon and then your Company,
Then the Battalion, then Brigade, Division,
And the whole B.E.F. in France . . . and then
Our Land, with its burden of civilians
Who take it out of us as little dogs
Worry Newfoundlands. . . .

So, in the Flanders mud,
We bear the State upon our rain-soaked backs,
Breathe life into the State from our rattling lungs,
Anoint the State with the rivulets of sweat
From our tin helmets.

And so, in years to come
The State shall take the semblance of Britannia,
Up-borne, deep-bosomed, with anointed limbs. . . .
Like the back of a penny.

VI.

For I do not think
We ever took much stock in that Britannia
On the long French roads, or even on parades,
Or thought overmuch of Nelson or of Minden,
Or even the old traditions. . . .

I don't know,
In the breathless rush that it is of parades and drills,
Of digging at the double and strafes and fatigues
These figures grow dimmed and lost:
Doubtless we too, when the years have receded
May look like the heroes of Hèllas, upon a frieze,
White limbed and buoyant and passing the flame of the
torches

From hand to hand. . . . But to-day it's mud to the knees
And Khaki and Khaki and Khaki and Khaki. . . . And the
love of one's land

Very quiet and hidden and still. . . . And again
I don't know, though I've pondered the matter for years
Since the war began. . . . But I never had much brain
And less than ever to-day. . . .

VII.

I don't know if you know the 1.10 train
From Cardiff:

Well, fourteen of us together
Went up from Cardiff in the summer weather
At the time of the July push.
It's a very good train;
It runs with hardly a jar and never a stop
After Newport, until you get down
In London Town.
It goes with a solemn, smooth rush
Across the counties and over the shires
Right over England past farmsteads and byres
It bubbles with conversation,
Being the West going to the East:
The pick of the rich of the West in a bunch,
Half of the wealth of the Nation,
With heads together, buzzing of local topics
Of bankrupts and strikes, divorcees and marriages
And, after Newport you get your lunch,
In the long, light, gently-swaying carriages
As the miles flash by
And fields and flowers
Flash by

Under the high sky
Where the great cloud towers
Above the tranquil downs
And the tranquil towns.

VIII.

And the corks pop
And the wines of France
Bring in radiance ;
And spice from the tropics
Flavours fowl from the Steppes
And meat from the States
And the talk buzzes on like bees round the skeps
And the potentates
Of the mines and the docks
Drink delicate hocks. . . .
Ah, proud and generous civilisation. . . .

IX.

For me, going out to France,
Is like the exhaustion of dawn
After a dance. . . .
You have rushed around to get your money,
To get your revolver, complete your equipment,
You have had your moments, sweeter—ah, sweeter than
honey,
You have got your valise all ready for shipment :
You have gone to confession and wangled your blessing,
You have bought your air-pillow
And sewn in your coat
A pocket to hold your first field dressing
And you've paid the leech who bled you, the vampire. . . .
And you've been to the Theatre and the Empire
And you've bidden good-bye to the band and the goat. . . .
And, like a ship that floats free of her berth
There's nothing that holds you now to the earth
And you're near enough to a yawn. . . .
" Good luck " and " Good-bye," it has been, and " So long
old chap,"
" Cheerio : you'll be back in a month." " You'll have driven
the Huns off the map."
And one little pressure of the hand
From the thing you love next to the love of the land
Since you leave her out of love of your land. . . .
And that little, long, gentle and eloquent pressure
Shall go with you under the wine of the shells
Into the mire and the stress,
Into the seven hundred hells
Until you come down on your stretcher
To the C.C.S. . . .
And back to Blighty again—
Or until you go under the sod.

X.

But, in the 1.10 train,
Running between the green and the grain,
Something like the peace of God
Descended, over the hum and the drone
Of the wheels and the wine and the buzz of the talk
And one thought :
" In two days' time we enter the Unknown
And *this* is what we die for ! "
And thro' the 'square

Of glass
At my elbow, as limpid as air,
I watched our England pass. . . .
The great downs moving slowly,
Far away,
The farmsteads quiet and lonely,
Passing away ;
The fields newly mown
With the swathes of hay,
And the wheat just beginning to brown,
Whirling away. . . .
And I thought :
" In two days' time we enter the Unknown
But this is what we die for. . . . As we ought. . . . "
For it is for the sake of the wolds and the wealds
That we die,
And for the sake of the quiet fields,
And the path thro' the stackyard gate. . . .
That these may be inviolate,
And know no tread save those of the herds and the hinds
And that the South-west winds
Blow on no forehead save of those that toil
On the suave and hallowed soil
And that deep peace may rest
Upon its quiet breast. . . .
It is because our land is beautiful and green and comely,
Because our farms are quiet and thatched and homely,
Because the trout stream dimples by the willow,
Because the water lilies float upon the ponds
And on Eston Hill the delicate, curving fronds
Of the bracken put forth where the white clouds are flying,
That we shall endure the swift, sharp torture of dying
Or the humiliation of not dying
Where the gascloud wanders
Over the fields of Flanders
Or the sun squanders his radiance
And the midgets dance
Their day-long life away
Above the green and grey
Of the fields of France.
And maybe we shall never again
Plod through the mire and the rain of our winter gloaming,
And maybe we shall never again
See the long, white, foaming
Breakers pour up our strand.
But we have been borne across this land
And we have felt this spell. . . .
And, for the rest,

L'ENVOI.

What is love of one's land ?
Ah, we know very well.
It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,
For a month, something that keeps
Very hidden and quiet and still
And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave,
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado, and that shakes
The whole being and soul ;
Aye, the whole of the soul.



The Roads of France

By C. R. W. NEVINSON, Official Artist at the Front

Books of the Week

In the Days of Victoria. By THOMAS F. PLOWMAN. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d. net.

The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills. By Edith Wherry. John Lane. 6s.

Our Miss Yorke. By EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS. Cassell. 6s. net.

Scandal. By COSMO HAMILTON. Hurst and Blackett. 6s. net.

BOOKS of well-told reminiscences are peculiarly welcome in these days, and hearty greetings will be accorded to Mr. Thomas Plowman for his *In the Days of Victoria*—a poor title, by the way. The author writes almost entirely of Oxford; here he was born; coming of age he was elected a freeman of the

City; later he became associated with the University. Hardly any event of importance occurred in Oxford, or any personality of note visited Oxford, without Mr. Plowman being a spectator or auditor from 1850 onwards. In November 1864 he was present in the Sheldonian Theatre and heard Dizzy's famous "I am on the side of the angels" speech—a phrase which set all England laughing, but which nevertheless rendered good service to the cause for which it was uttered. This was Dizzy's peroration spoken amid an impressive silence, and it seems to



The Fight for the Parliamentary Championship in the 'Sixties

have peculiar significance in these disturbed times:

When the turbulence is over—when the shout of triumph and the wail of agony are alike stilled—when, as it were, the waters have subsided, the sacred heights of Sinai and Calvary are again revealed, and amid the wreck of thrones and tribunals, of extinct nations and abolished laws, mankind, tried by so many sorrows, purified by so much suffering, and wise with such unprecedented experience, bows again before the Divine truths that Omnipotence in His ineffable wisdom has entrusted to the custody and the promulgation of a chosen people.

Dizzy's great rival Gladstone, Mr. Plowman heard on many occasions; "for real genuine oratory of the Demosthenes school Gladstone, when at red-heat was unsurpassable."

We reproduce from this volume a political cartoon of these times; it is drawn in a different spirit to political cartoons to-day. Not a little of the social history of the University town is related in these pages; of course, glimpses are given of Gown and Town rows; the author was present at the first theatrical performance permitted by the University; and there is a capital story of how Thackeray lost a Parliamentary election when everything seemed in his favour through a hot night and an open window at the Mitre. The last free election in 1868, when Sir William Harcourt, one of the sitting members was defeated, lasted a fortnight, and cost £12,000. We have changed that!

* * * * *

Originality is apparent in the title of Miss Edith Wherry's latest novel, *The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills*, and the promise of the title is fully confirmed by the book itself, which is thoroughly original, and must rank as one of the really important novels of the year. The story is that of a Chinese woman, whose baby girl, in accordance with the custom of

infanticide at one time prevailing among certain of the Chinese, was drowned by its grandparents, whereupon fate sent to its mother a tiny boy, the son of a family of missionaries. This boy was trained up by the Chinese woman as a scholar, being destined by her to take the place of laureate in the highest examinations at Peking. To this honour the boy attained, only to find in the very day of attainment that he was not her son.

The story, being devoid of the conventional "love" interest as a main motive—for the Chinese woman's love story is but a slight incident—is also unique in that it is a picture of Chinese life and customs drawn by one who knows China as few people know it. The old teacher, the widowed woman stealing the boy from the foreign devils, the avaricious Lu and his fiend of a wife, and all the inhabitants of the village of Benevolence and Virtue, are made real to the reader. There is shown, too, the different conception of life that rules in the East, as compared with precepts and practices of the West, and the net effect of the book is that one feels nearer to an understanding of the Chinese race, with its—to westerners—twisted views of life. The story, which ends as a matter of course in tragedy, since it concerns a hybrid being of European birth and Chinese training, never loses its grip on the reader; story and scene are equally compelling, and the result is a book of rare charm and, one feels, almost photographically clear presentment of people and things little known outside the land of their origin.

* * * * *

It is claimed for *Our Miss Yorke*, by Edwin Morris, that it is the first novel in which the business woman has played the leading part; the claim is, as Mark Twain said of the report of his death, greatly exaggerated, but Miss Yorke is, all the same, a very entertaining person, more especially for the time that she confines herself strictly to business, in which she is a decided success. It is to be noted that the author does not attempt to make of her a super-woman, nor does he introduce business schemes which might strain the credulity of the reader. He is content to select his material from the ordinary routine of a well-conducted business office, and to show how by the exercise of initiative and common sense a woman may succeed just as well as a man. But, being himself a man, he is careful to show also that the business career, no matter how well a woman may succeed in it, can never be her real sphere of activity—it is at best a substitute, although she may fit herself for it so well as to compel the admiration of the men with whom she comes into contact, and may be just as capable as a man of seeing a deal to its best termination.

A curious psychological phenomenon comes to light toward the end of this book: the author, having been concerned with making his heroine a good business being, and then turning to make the reader realise her as a woman, fails to convince; it is not his fault, but is more the limitation of the work of fiction of normal length, in which is not space for picturing fully the many sides that go to make up a character. Our Miss Yorke as business woman is quite convincing and not a little attractive; the same woman concerned with the real business of a woman's life is unconvincing, and not nearly so interesting.

* * * * *

When Mr. Cosmo Hamilton turns his hand to comedy the result is usually good; in his latest book, *Scandal*, the comedy is very good indeed—it is a book to bear in mind for the holiday season—if ever such a season should come again. Beatrix Vanderdyke, a spoilt American heiress, in order to get out of a scrape that had come about through a surreptitious series of visits to a set of bachelor chambers, pleaded a secret marriage with another man who had chambers in the same building, and persuaded the other man to play up to the part of her husband before her parents. The complications following on this extraordinary step are rather impossible, but they make the gayest and most exciting reading though all the time one has the impression that even the author himself did not know what to do next with regard to his characters. Therein lies the only complaint one can possibly make against the book—the hand of the writer shows at times, rather than the characters themselves. But it is all very witty, and not a little wise; the angered man, intent on getting even with the girl who entrapped him into confessing to a marriage that had never taken place, gradually develops—as he ought—into one wishing the marriage had taken place, and the book ends with a satisfactory solution to the problem set by Beatrix. It is among the most amusing of recent books.

FOR GOGGLES WIND-SCREENS & WINDOWS

T R I P L E X

THE ONLY SAFETY GLASS

The Cradle of Polo: By Lewis R. Freeman



A Typical Ladakh Maidan or Village Green



Masqued Revellers after a Polo Match

The writer of this article has travelled very widely; his experiences of the Roof of the World are probably unique for an American. Mr. Freeman, R.N.V.R., is at the present time attached to the Grand Fleet.

THE antiquity of polo is much more definitely established than is the region of its origin. As far back as the sixth century B.C. the praises of a mounted "ball game called chaugan" was sung by the Persian poets, and Omar Khayyam's

The ball no question makes of eyes and noes,
But here and there, as strikes the players, goes.

indicates that something of the kind was played in that ancient empire at the time of the old astronomer-poet of Nashipur. Persia's claim to having been the birthplace of polo, however, is disputed by the Chinese, who point out that one of their philosophers, writing a thousand years before the time of Christ, compared the ups and downs of life to the ebb and flow of the tide of the "horse-and-ball game."

An attempt to "back track" the path of polo from the frontier of India—from which country it reached the Western world by way of England—gives no indication which of the rival claimants is the legitimate one. The Mohammedans—probably the hordes of Ghingis Khan and Tamarlane—brought the game from somewhere to Tartary, whence it found its way to India by one or both of two routes—through Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass, and (or) across the Roof of the World and Kashmir. The tracks on the former trail have disappeared, but along the latter—village by village, valley by valley—the footsteps of polo may be traced from the Vale of Kashmir to Gilgit and Hunza-Nagar, over the Hindu Kush or Karakoram and down to the plains of Yarkand and Kashgar, where they are lost in the desert. The secret of its birth place is lost in the shifting sands that have piled above the cradle of the Aryan race.

The nearest thing to polo that one encounters in Central Asia to-day is a game of the Khirghiz in which each of the mounted sides endeavours to carry the body of a calf to opposite ends of the field. No ball or sticks are used, but the contest resolves itself into an equine rough-and-tumble which requires no end of dare-devil horsemanship, and is almost as hard on the mounts as on the fiercely-striven-for anatomy of the calf. Across the Pamirs to the south, however, the game begins to take shape, and there is no difficulty in recognizing the progenitor of modern polo in the fierce mounted contests of the hillmen. Wherever there is room between the soaring slide-scarred mountain walls and the foam-white glacial torrents that tumble through the narrow valleys, each little community of stone huts has its maidan or village green upon which the "pulu" games are played, usually rough informal bouts between the villagers themselves.

These mountain maidans are always cut up by streams and often littered with rocks and broken by jagged outcrops of native granite, all mere trifles, however, to men and ponies who have been spending all their strenuous lives upon the serried ridge-poles of the Roof of the World. Untrammelled by off-side rules, unmenaced by threat of penalties for fouls, undismayed by sticks in the air, rocks of the earth

or waters under the earth, the Himalayan polo player is free to concentrate heart and head and body upon banging the battered chunk of willow or bamboo root between the two little cairns of razor-edged slate slabs that serve him as goal posts.

The game is as free from restrictions as proverbial love and war—literally, all is fair. To shoulder an opponent and send him raking along a jagged wall of rock is considered creditable and clever, but the acme of finesse in riding off is to force him over a cut bank into an icy stream. "Hooking across" for an opponent's mallet is rated good polo, but not nearly so much so as hooking the man himself off the precarious pad of sheep-skin which serves him as a saddle, by catching him under the chin from behind. Blows are often dealt with the stout sticks, but not quite indiscriminately. One player will belabour another to make him miss the ball or cause him to give ground in riding off, but otherwise he will not waste the effort. An action that will enhance the chance of making a goal is its own excuse. Himalayan polo furnishes the most striking example of singleness of purpose of any game on the roster of out-door sport.

The keenness of the hillmen for their "pulu" is something amazing. Once on the upper Indus I saw half a dozen players follow a ball into a roaring torrent, at the imminent risk of being carried down by the swirling current, for the slight advantage incident to "passing" to their team mates on the bank. Just as the ball was bobbing out of reach, the foremost rider, lunging desperately, swept the crook of his stick under the buoyant chunk of willow and sent it flying back to the maidan. The long reach and the floundering pony upset his balance, however, and he toppled into the roaring waters and was carried away in an instant. Not for a moment did the game halt. Not a player gave the unlucky wight a look, and by the time the pluckiest swimming had just enabled him to grasp a jutting log in the wreck of an old cantilever bridge on the opposite bank, the centre of conflict was raging in a cloud of flying pebbles in front of his opponent's goal. Did he give a thought to the fact that the wind, drawing down from the ice caps of the Pamirs with the sting of a whip-lash in every gust, was stiffening the saturated folds of his felt jacket and woollen breeches? Apparently not. Floundering up to a little terrace of cultivation where a couple of fellow villagers toiled in a barley patch, he seized one of their goat-skin swimming bags, kicked his way across the stream upon it, and was on a pony and back in the game in time to make a hair-breadth "save" as the shifting tide of the game put his own goal in danger.

It was in another game on this same maidan that a rather awkward player, unhorsed in a whirlwind scrimmage, was left lying among the rocks with a twisted knee. The pack swept on unheeding, and even among the spectators I seemed to be the only one who took his eyes off the play long enough to note the movements of the rumpled figure left in the wake of the flying ruck. Twice he tried to rise and mount the dancing little pony whose reins he had pluckily retained in his fall, but both times the injured knee bent sideways and let him down. Releasing the pony in disgust, he pulled himself up together and began closely to follow the progress of the play.

Twice or thrice as the mob clattered by I saw him lean forward eagerly, but it was not until one of his opponents, riding free on a clean run with the ball down the field, came charging almost across his prostrate form that he made a decisive move. Lunging sharply forward, he thrust his short stubby mallet between the forelegs of the galloping pony, and an instant later two limp figures instead of one were lying in the middle of the stone-tittered maidan.

The fringe of spectators, who up to this moment had confined their applause to chesty grunts of approval, broke into a wild yell of delight and approbation as the second rider was overthrown, and I noticed that the men in a group standing near me were roaring with merriment at the comments of one of their number.

"What is he saying, Gunga?" I asked my Punjabi bearer, who betrayed in an unwonted smile, evidence of being amused himself.

"He say, Sahib," was the reply, "that Mulik play the better polo from the earth than from the horse."

So keen is the hillman for his "pulu"—the word is from the Tibetan, by the way, and means a willow ball—that he no more thinks of foregoing it for lack of a field than does the street urchin his cricket for lack of a pitch. If topographical exigencies forbid a maidan, he plays in the village bazaar or up and down the solitary street. These are the wildest exhibitions of all.

"What in the name of common sense did you bring those old polo balls along for?" I asked the young British officer of an Indian regiment who had accompanied me on shikar in Kashmir. We had followed up the Sind from Srinagar, crossed the lofty Zoji La, and were in camp at Leh, the capital of Ladakh. With the country for hundreds of miles in every direction tipping one way or the other at an angle of forty-five degrees, my question was a natural one.

"For your especial amusement," was the reply. "Tossing a polo ball into a Ladakh bazaar beats throwing copper coins to famine sufferers for excitement. Come on down and see for yourself."

Tibetan, Ladaki and Nepali shouldered Pathan, Khirgiz and Dogra, and the gossip of half a continent buzzed in Leh bazaar as, pushing between ponies and yaks, goats and sheep, B—— and I picked our way to breathing room in the centre of the little square. Shouting something in his fluent Hindustani, my companion held the battered ball aloft for a moment, and then tossed it upon the cobbles among the vendors of grains and pack gears.

The effect was electric, explosive. The vendors seized armfuls of their stock and bolted for shelter, hillmen of a dozen races came running with stubby mallets in their hands, and, mounting the nearest pony, pressed upon the ball. Yaks grunted, goats and sheep bleated, ponies snorted, women chattered and screamed and men yelled. Now a dozen ponies were stamping the tough lump of bamboo root into the stones, now a score. The air was black with flailing sticks, and their resounding thwacks, as they fell on man and beast alike, mingled with the bedlam of cries. Now the ball was kicked from the press and a quick wrist stroke sent it flying out of the bazaar and down the narrow street. A fugitive Tibetan girl with her arms full of strings of turquoise hair ornaments blundered in front of the leader, fell sprawling, and half the clattering pack passed over her felt-padded anatomy without doing apparent harm to anything but the scattered stock of jewellery.

Every able-bodied pony in the bazaar was seized, mounted and sent in pursuit of the flying throng. There was no endeavour to resolve into sides. Each man strove only to hit the ball as hard and as often as possible—where it went was a secondary consideration. Wayfarers and loiterers seemed to understand what was coming, and the street cleared as before the charge of a troop of cavalry. Most of the traffic bolted to safety through windows and doors, but a small flock of fat-tailed sheep, which refused to be driven into someone's front parlour, was fed into the vortex of hoofs like meat into a sausage machine, to emerge in about the same condition. A couple of unhorsed hillmen, scarcely distinguishable in their sheepskin coats from the bodies of the trampled wethers, were left floundering in the shambles as the press swept on. A blind side-swipe sent the ball through an open window, and the iron-shod hoofs struck sparks from the flinty cobbles in the rush to be first upon it as it was tossed out. Then a quick-eyed Tibetan on a shaggy rat of a Tibetan pony got away for a clean run, and hitting the ball time after time as it shuttled back and forth between side-wall and pavement, carried it out of sight round a corner.

And I, already late for tea at the Commissioner's, had reluctantly to forego following further in the wake of the avalanche we had set in motion. As an aftermath, however, we were called upon that evening to give audience to a "damages deputation," and, after an hour's parley, paid for five fat-tailed sheep, half a dozen sets of shattered hair ornaments,

several bags of grain and a number of minor losses. The claims, strange to say, were entirely reasonable, amounting to less than thirty rupees in all, and the fun, especially for one interested in polo, was cheap at the price.

This will give some idea of what early Indian polo must have been, the polo that was passed on from the Himalayan hill states to the sport-loving nobles of Ra putana and the Punjab. It was the game as developed by these latter that came to be known as "the game of kings," for the manly Nawabs, Rajahs and Maharajahs of these war-like States, ever used to taking personal lead in battle and the chase, were not content to remain passive while any contest of strength or skill was going on. Some of the best polo players the game has ever produced have been rulers of one or another of the native states of India, nor, indeed, need I use the past tense in making that assertion.

A Burma Polo Ground

One of the most striking instances of polo enthusiasm I recall ever having encountered was that of a number of planters and army officers near Mergui, in the southern "panhandle" of Burma. That district, with the lower end of the Malay Peninsula, was experiencing a rubber boom, and incidental to clearing a stretch of dense tropical jungle it was planned to make a polo field. All that cutting and burning could do, however, was to get rid of the lighter brush and timber. Several giant stumps still remained, together with a half-dozen forty or fifty-foot lengths of prostrate trunk, while straight across the middle of the field meandered a little perennial streamlet for the diversion of which no practical means was discovered. Several years would have to elapse before the timber and stumps would be dry enough to burn, and the expense of building an underground conduit for the streamlet was prohibitive; so the plucky enthusiasts, with true Oriental philosophy, simply did the best they could with the facilities offered. The stream, except when it ran away with the ball, as happened every now and then, was not a serious handicap, and the stumps could generally be avoided; but the great prostrate trunks seemed to get mixed up in every run. Of course there were a good many accidents at first, both to man and beast, and the feelings of one plantation manager—he was a Dutchman, from Sumatra, and had scant sympathy for sport of any kind—regarding the demoralisation of his staff of assistants incident to the game as played, was summed up in the statement that "haff of mine men vas haff kilt, und all of dem vas all crazy."

At the end of a few weeks of this steeplechase polo the casualty list had increased to an extent that left neither ponies nor players enough to make a game, and before two full teams were ready again elephants and dynamite became available. Between these two irresistible forces stumps and logs were soon blown up and dragged out of the way. When I visited Mergui five years ago, this remarkable field was two feet deep under water from the monsoon rains, but I was assured that in the dry season, "though a bit soggy, it was really a very sporting bit of turf."

The story is told of a polo field at one of the North-Western frontier posts which was so near the Afghan border that the festive Afridis used occasionally to lie safely hidden among the rocks of their own hill sides and indulge in long-range target practice at the flying figures on the plain below. This was back in the 80's. Scant attention was paid to pot-shooting, for the Afridis, though excellent marksmen, were rarely able to do much damage at long range with their "ten rupee jezails." Polo went on as usual until one day some of the first fore-running Mausers from the yet undeveloped Persian Gulf smuggling trade fell into the hands of the tribesmen at this point. It was a Saturday afternoon, a game was on with a visiting team from Peshawar, and the players were just beginning to straggle out for a preliminary warming up. One of them—the visiting captain—was in the act of carrying a ball down the field at an easy canter, when there came the shriek of bullets in the air, and the rider went tumbling from his horse, shot through the chest almost before the ringing cracks from the distant hill-side told the players that there were modern high-power rifles trained down from the brown rocks which they had so often before seen overhung with the drifting smoke-wreaths of the harmless old jezails.

I could tell the story of a tiger that was shot and killed one night almost between the goal posts of a polo field in Upper Burma, where he had dragged and was eating at leisure the body of the post's crack pony, or of how some rhinos came down early one morning to a polo ground in Upper Assam and, in endeavouring to reach the fodder that was stored for the ponies, completely wrecked the stables, but I hardly need further to multiply instances to show the splendid sporting instinct which must imbue the Anglo-Indian poloist to lead him to play the game under such untoward conditions.



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

Blighty Tweeds

follow it up further.

Everyone hearing the usual name asks the inevitable question "What is a Blighty Tweed?" and heaps, once hearing, by buying them will in all right with a distinct gain to their well-being and comfort. "Blighty Tweeds" are woven only by discharged soldiers and sailors and a flourishing industry is already started. The greatest kindness anyone can do to men invalidated out of the services is to give them some congenial occupation and make them feel self-supporting as far as can possibly be done. They at once lose that feeling of helplessness so cruelly hard to bear, and thus are helped in just the needed way.

The success of "Blighty Tweeds" proves that but for the war many an embryo weaver might have wended his way unseen. Hand-weaving is a regular art, one, it might be thought—none too easy to acquire, but the men employed have very quickly made it their own. The "Blighty Tweeds" are capital—of that there is no shadow of doubt. They are durable, wear-resisting, and in a great many delightful designs and colours. Glancing through the look of patterns too, is a most interesting proceeding, since each pattern has a ticket affixed to the back on which the name of the man who has woven it is written.

A famous London firm have taken the whole output of "Blighty Tweeds" and are selling them by the yard, besides coats and suits already made up. They are quite as suitable for women as for men.

An Economy Frock

Nobody wants to be fussed over anything very intricate in the way of a frock now-a-days, and the majority of folk will be delighted with a new and charming frock just evolved practically devoid of fasteners. All the fastening indeed that it has is in the sash, and yet it is far removed from being shapeless, fitting the figure in fact in the neatest possible way.

The model shown is of soft black satin bordered at the neck and wrists with white, the sash being white lined so as to emphasise still further the scheme. The frock slips on much in the same way as an overall, the sash slots through a slit to one side, is brought round the figure, and knots in some pretty way, one side of the skirt is drawn over the other and there is the whole frock complete—as practical and pretty a dress as anyone could see. This frock is called by the firm responsible their *Economy Frock* and the name is a merited one. Not only does it eliminate the necessity for a maid's help, but it can be worn for all kinds of occasions, not looking too overdressed for one or not enough of a frock for another. Then too there is nothing to get easily out of order or become "dashed." Other combinations of colour are available, for this frock will be made to order to any tone required—navy blue with beige being one very acceptable suggestion.

Workmanlike Straw Hats

Some spring straw hats, just the thing to take the place of the ubiquitous velour, are well worth womenkind's consideration. They are that ideal type of hat, not too elaborate, not too dowdy, striking indeed that difficult mean "the happy medium."

These hats are of pedal straw and English made and are, moreover, almost invariably becoming, taking a very pretty outline on the head. They are close clipped enough to keep trim and taut in a wind; if they get wet they dry easily, and are quite reasonable regarding price.

All the trimming needed or vouchsafed is a simple tie and bow of ribbon blending with the colouring of the hats. These colours happen usually to be fascinating, including yellow, brown, tomato, navy blue, emerald green and a rather delightful neutral looking hay colour. Anyone wanting a strictly practical yet withal exceptionally pretty hat, one moreover, that can confidently be expected to wear, should

meet these hats, since they in every way are undoubtedly just the very thing they want to find.

A Novel Night-wrap

On chilly nights something additional in the way of a night wrap is a possession anyone would relish, and the realisation of this has led a clever firm to bring forward just the thing required. It is a night-wrap, the sort anyone can slip on over a nightdress and sleep in all night with a distinct gain to their well-being and comfort.

These night-wraps are of nuns veiling in white or in some pretty pale colour, notably pink. They are kimono shaped and either scalloped or trimmed with an attractive veining. In either case simplicity and charm is their motto, and a well conceived legend it chances to be.

These night-wraps are well worth buying now, in case next winter brings a shortage of this sort of thing. A point in their favour is the ease with which they wash, it being perfectly easy indeed to laundry them at home and thus make no further encroachments on the washing bill.

An Ideal Plate Powder

One of the really satisfactory lessons we are learning is the art of "doing without," and a plate powder which can be used without additional moisture of any kind is yet another footstep on the way. Many kinds of plate powder need a little methylated spirit if the best polishing results are to be attained, and methylated spirit is untowardly difficult to get, indeed in many places can simply not be got at all.

The "Brytenall" cleaning powder can be sprinkled on the article needing cleaning just as it is, straight out of the tin. The tin, it may be mentioned, aids and abets this, for it is fitted with a very neat sprinkler top so that the process is facilitated in every possible way. Then if a rub is given with a leather the whole easy cleaning is done and a bright shining polish is the satisfactory result.

The makers guarantee that the powder contains no acids, so that it is not injurious to anything it should touch. This, as it happens, is a point to emphasise, lots of plate powders being positively harmful to silver and plate. Nor can its polishing powers be over-exaggerated, it polishes so quickly and effectually that it is a positive labour-saver, imparting the brightest, most sparkling shine. Tins of the powder will be sent post free for 1s. 3d., and all housewives would be well advised to give it at least a trial.

PASSE-PARTOUT

N.B.—Owing to the number of letters received, and the mass of correspondence involved, it is impossible to guarantee letters addressed to "Passe-Partout" being replied to within less than 48 hours.

Pearls have played an important part in all history. Imagination can linger over a pearl as over no other jewel, dwelling with delight on its lustre, its orient, the shades of colour it betrays as if it were—as some people aver—in truth alive. To possess a beautiful rope of pearls is the bounden and natural ambition of many a woman. Yet a string of pearls would be beyond the reach of all but the favoured few were it not for the good services of Sessel of 14 and 14A, New Bond Street. The Sessel pearls are so like natural pearls in each and every particular that one cannot be distinguished from the other. Side by side with pearls of price it is impossible for even an expert to detect the difference. The Sessel booklet is well worth studying.

Whatever other opportunities may pass us by, the White Sale at Derry and Toms of Kensington High Street must by no mischance be among them. It is just the kind of thing a woman with an eye to the future simply cannot afford to neglect. First and foremost it gives a superlative opportunity to buy house linen and secure at reduced sale-prices articles which, before much water has passed under the bridges, in all probability cannot be got at all. This white sale begins on Monday, and lasts to the end of March.

A golden opportunity is a job line of damask cloths showing slight weaver's damages, the kind of thing that in countless cases can hardly be detected with the naked eye. Table cloths are being sold from 19s. 11d. each, and table napkins from 21s. 9d. the dozen. Worth special heed, too, is a delightful bedspread, a copy of an old filet lace one, 80 by 100 inches, and costing only nine shillings each. Cretonnes, originally 1s. 11½d., will be down to 1s. 3½d. a yard, so that there is a chance for spring curtains and covers impossible to overestimate. Lingerie of all kinds falls beneath the sale's sway, giving scope for bargain after bargain, some Llana cashmere stockings costing 2s. 11½d. being a case in point, besides any number of attractive camisoles at three shillings. And there are blouses, sport coats and gloves.

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Survivors at Arras

By C. R. W. Nevinson, Official Artist at the Front.

(Mr. Louis Raemaekers' Cartoon appears this week on pages 12 and 13).



An Artillery Encampment

French Official



When the Floods are Out

French Official

LAND & WATER

5 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1918.

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The Outlook

At 4 of the morning of Tuesday, February 26th, His Majesty's hospital ship "Glenart Castle," of about 6,000 tons, was sunk, probably by submarine, in the Bristol Channel, off Hartland Point, on the North Devon coast. The vessel was fully lighted as a hospital ship at the time and was outward bound—happily (though the enemy would not know it) with no wounded on board. She sank very rapidly by the stern in less than ten minutes, and a heavy loss of life has been involved. A matron and seven nursing sisters, 5 doctors and 42 men of the R.A.M.C., two chaplains, and 124 officers and crew were the total on board.

There is no positive proof of this outrage being the work of a submarine, but the probabilities are in favour of that supposition, for the explosion took place nearly amidships from the side towards the open sea, and lights very low down on the water had been seen on this same starboard side shortly before the blow was struck. The hour was one which would increase the list of those who have gone down with the ship, while the weather was so bitter and the sea so rough that any long exposure suffered by the survivors must have proved fatal. The single boat saved was found by a French vessel seven hours after the tragedy and was only kept afloat by continual baling out of icy water. The engine-room suffered less in proportion to the rest of the crew because the explosion happened as shifts were changing.

Custom has rendered familiar incidents such as the destruction of this hospital ship, and has unfortunately dulled the indignation with which they were received when the enemy first began to perpetrate these crimes. All the more ought we to insist upon them and to keep them vividly before the public mind. We should never be tired of repeating the plain truth that abominations of this kind were unknown to Europe until the modern Germans made themselves responsible for them. They are not "the product of modern war." There is nothing about them of a "development." They have not even come by some slow and therefore facile degradation of our moral standard. They do not lie upon the conscience of Europe at all, for such things have never before been done in Europe or by Europeans.

They are the novel and characteristic acts of the German people at war. They are committed by Germans at sea with the approval and support of the German people at home, and they are committed under the influence of a pride in themselves and a contempt for our civilisation which may indeed be insane but which must none the less be destroyed if Europe is to survive. They are not the work of individuals or of a special system or of a military caste, but of the German people as a whole, who thoroughly applaud them and consistently demand their pursuit. Such a state of mind is, of course, a moral anarchy, and the only fruit of it, if it remained unpunished or rather undestroyed, would be the dissolution of that high European civilisation which the Germans have

only partially acquired, and which their barbarism now menaces with extinction. This point of view Raemaekers emphasises in his cartoon in this issue.

On Monday, February 25th, Count Hertling, the Chancellor of the German Empire, delivered a speech upon the attitude of the German Government towards the war and the terms upon which it would accept peace. He opened by a statement that public speeches of this sort were not of very great utility; next quoted his agreement with Mr. Runciman's speech in the House of Commons earlier in the month, when that gentleman said that we should be nearer peace if a meeting could be agreed upon for discussion, and proceeded to define the attitude of his Government towards the question of Belgium. With regard to this he affirmed the disinterestedness of that Government, their desire to avoid the annexation of Belgian territory, but the necessity of preventing it from being used as a basis of attack against Germany. He added that he would welcome a separate discussion with the Belgian Government at Havre.

He next dealt with President Wilson's message of February 11th (which he criticised as being excessively long). He summarised its proposals under four heads, all quite abstract, and reducible to the excellent principle that the inhabitants of each territory should decide their own fate in the settlement. With this abstract principle the Chancellor also declared himself in agreement. He required it, however, to be affirmed by all the belligerent nations, not by the head magistrate of one alone, and asserted that the chief obstacle to such a settlement was the English desire for conquest. The speech contained no concrete propositions and was of little value either to the speaker or to his opponents.

A reply to this speech was delivered upon the following Wednesday in the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour in his reply had little to deal with save the obvious, but he dealt with that effectively. He pointed out that there never had been any question of using Belgium as a base of aggression against Germany, and he might have added that the Belgian plain has never been used as a base of aggression by any Western Power against any German State in the past, and in the nature of things could hardly be so used. He pointed out that the German Chancellor had said nothing about restoration or reparation, and further that the account which would have to be settled with Prussia was something very much larger than this one Belgian item, effective though it might be as a touchstone.

Mr. Balfour further remarked, with great justice, that whenever modern Germans talk of "security of frontiers," they mean, in effect, the annexation and domination against their will of populations to whom Prussia was repugnant. He alluded to the shameless partition of Poland in favour of the new artificial Ukraine State, but went too far in saying that a concession had been made, and that "the new frontier was apparently going to be modified." All that has happened is that the Austrians have promised to talk about the affair some other time, and the new frontier will be decided according to the success or ill-success of the enemy in arms.

Mr. Balfour concluded by pointing out that Turkey had entered the war with the object of recovering Egypt, that is, for conquest; and contrasted the foolish claim of humanity made for the German interference in Russia with the notorious German cruelties in Belgium and France.

In the same debate, which was upon the Vote on Account, Sir Herbert Samuel spoke in support of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's recent remarks upon the relations between politicians and certain sections of the Press. He asked what the Government intended to do in the matter, but received no reply, Mr. Bonar Law's following speech dealing only with the general ground of confidence in the Government. Upon this point Mr. Bonar Law made in great detail an extensive defence of the present small War Cabinet, and contrasted its efficiency in Government with that of the larger Cabinet which had preceded it, and of which he was also a member. This portion of the debate was of no great interest.

Indeed, far more attaches to the remarks made by the same Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, at a meeting of the Aldwych Club the day before, when he urged the great business firms represented in his audience to make a special effort for a renewed increase in the sale of War Bonds. The appeal appears to have had a great success, and to confirm the present policy of day-to-day borrowing involving the postponement of any great loan.

In the House last Thursday, Mr. Samuel contrasted the First Lord's statement of the 2nd ultimo—that merchant

shipbuilding was "increasing rapidly"—with the later official statement that, whereas over 130,000 and 150,000 tons had been completed in November and December, only 50,000 tons had been so completed in January, and that the figure for February would be no better. The rate of construction for a third of a year then promises hardly more than a million tons for the twelvemonth, which is about what we did in 1917. Mr. Bonar Law, admitted labour troubles were largely responsible for this.

The situation is more unpleasant from the fact that nobody really seems to know what the situation is. Sir Eric Geddes, it is clear, did not on February 2nd know of the collapse of shipbuilding in the previous month. *Lloyd's List*, necessarily the best-informed journal of shipbuilding, in trying to strike a balance between losses by enemy action and new construction in 1917, confesses that it is reduced to pure guess-work, and finds Sir Leo Money's statement that our net loss in 1917 was 598 ships of over 1,600 tons, and that British tonnage available was now 20 per cent. less than it was, quite unintelligible.

There are, then, two salient features of the situation. First, that those who should know most of the subject—the First Lord of the Admiralty and the premier shipping journal—cannot make head or tail of it; next, that those who handle labour—that is, their own leaders and the employers—cannot succeed in getting continuous and energetic work. We venture to think that the first of these phenomena explains the second.

There can be little doubt now that the Government has made a grave mistake in trying to disguise, minimise, or conceal our loss of ships by submarines and mines. In the early part of 1915 we were told the names and tonnage of each ship lost and the approximate locality of every sinking. When this information was set out graphically in these pages—that is, by chart and diagram—to enforce our naval contributor's argument that the historic defences of convoy and patrol should be adopted, the localities of the sinkings were at once suppressed, and further argument along this line was stopped by the censorship. When the more vigorous submarine campaign reopened in August, 1916, we were forbidden even to tabulate the monthly results in diagram form. When the ruthless campaign began thirteen months ago, all information, except the bare number of British ships sunk, was suppressed.

There may be two reasons for secrecy. The first is to prevent the enemy getting information that will help him to sink more ships; the second is to suppress alarm that would be discouraging to ourselves or to our Allies—and, incidentally, any criticism that exposes responsibility for the events which cause the alarm. The first is a legitimate reason for absolute secrecy for a certain period, but a month after the event, the name, tonnage, and locality of the sinking would tell the enemy nothing useful. The mere suppression or disguising of bad news for fear of its effect is a thoroughly bad reason for secrecy, for it gives the country and our Allies a totally false sense of security, while leaving the enemy free to get the full propaganda value of any wildly exaggerated statements he chooses to circulate.

Mr. Barnes made a remarkable statement in the House of Commons last week upon the present state of shipbuilding. The speech included certain preliminary statements by this Minister upon the 12½ per cent. bonus, of which we have heard so much, its effect upon labour, and the discussions which had risen upon it in the workshops. Important as this policy has proved, and grave as are the problems raised by what has followed upon it, it is one exceedingly difficult for the general public to deal with justly.

We do not know, because we are not told, exactly what part of the new policy was due to the initiative of the Ministry of Munitions or how much to the initiative of the Ministry of Labour. And no one can possibly tell, except those immersed in the immensely complicated details of labour and munition administration at this moment, what the full effects have been or are likely to be. What is important is that Mr. Barnes ascribed a recent unsatisfactory decline in the rate of shipbuilding to the labour ferment, and traced this ferment, in part at least, to the policy of the bonus.

The words he used were significant and grave. He told us that during January less than half of the estimated tonnage had been actually turned out, and that February would show the same bad record. He added the remarkable (and, in dealing with foreign affairs, unusual) phrase: "America has failed us so far as shipbuilding is concerned."

Mr. Barnes is a Minister of the War Cabinet, and it is the

first time during the course of this struggle that such words have been used with regard to an Ally by any responsible member of any administration in any of the Allied countries. The phrase is, of course, rhetorical and exaggerated; but it is none the less to be regretted. Its object was undoubtedly excellent, since it was designed to make the public understand the gravity of the situation; but it was very unfortunately put.

The Man-Power Bill was considered by the miners at their adjourned conference last week. A resolution from Lancashire recommending immediate measures to supply the recruits from the mines was rejected. On the other hand, a resolution from Northumberland recommending the Government to open negotiations with the Central Powers was also rejected, and the conference decided to refer the question to a ballot.

In the case of the engineers, the result of the recent ballot, though the majority was large, is inconclusive for the necessary proportion of members did not vote. The situation has been made much more difficult by the methods of the Government, for obviously it was most important that the national need should be made clear, whereas the authorities seemed to think it was better tactics to try to set one union against another. The industrial world is full of suspicion, but there is no weakening of the main purpose, and the workmen are quite ready for sacrifices when the necessity is put plainly before them.

An important agreement has been come to between the Japanese and the other Allies. It is to the effect that the Japanese are to have a free hand to protect the large accumulation of stores in the East of Siberia, and particularly at Vladivostock, which had been provided by the Allies for the defence of Russia while that nation still existed. The Japanese Government, which in this matter has been specially approached by the French, will have full support of the Allies in occupying and policing the districts threatened by the present anarchy in Eastern Siberia, and will be able, it is hoped, to salve no small part of the material now imperilled. It is rumoured that a very large number of German and Austrian prisoners in Siberia have been given arms by the Revolutionaries, and that this renders the action of Japan the more necessary.

The incident is a curious commentary upon that state of mind which confidently prophesies the future in international affairs. It is not 20 years since what was then the Russian Empire was regarded as the necessary heir to European influence in the far North-East, and when its power there was regarded as specially menacing to the interests of this country. It is not 15 years since this so-called "inevitable process" was checked by the Japanese declaring war. In all the possible endings to that rivalry which the wisest observer could imagine, such an ending as the present was not and could not have been conceived.

A change of considerable importance has long been effected in the Austro-Hungarian service. A complete study of it has recently appeared on the Continent, and its effects will be interesting to note in the fighting of this year. Even allowing for the large number of Slav prisoners which that service has lost, the majority of its recruitment is still neither German nor Magyar in race, but Slav, with a certain small proportion of Rumanian (about 7 per cent. of the whole).

In the first part of the war, when recruitment was local and fairly homogeneous, these subject and discontented elements all mustered together in the same unity, gave active opportunities for revolt and organised disaffection, as also for general surrenders—especially to the Russians. In the latter part of the war nearly every non-German or Magyar unit has been thoroughly leavened with German or Magyar elements, while Slavs have been dispersed into many units of non-Slav origin. This policy has been pursued even in the case of the officers. The result is that actively organised opposition or mutiny is more difficult to produce and has almost disappeared. Moreover, the defeat of Russia has helped the process.

On the other hand, the best units have lost their old quality under this policy, and there is a sort of dilution affecting the whole army, and lessening its vigour and driving power. Some special corps—for instance, the Mountaineers from the Tyrol, have remained untouched. But these are exceptions. The mass of the forces have suffered the process described. It has given political, though very short-lived, advantages, at the expense of purely military considerations.

The German Offer: By Hilaire Belloc

IN the course of last week the German Chancellor of the moment, Hertling, delivered yet another of the series of speeches upon peace terms with which Europe has now grown familiar. It was replied to by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on Wednesday last, February 27th. Mr. Balfour made the best that could be made out of such very thin material, but the truth is that the enemy's declarations (for they cannot be called terms) hardly afford matter for debate. The situation is so clear, has been of such long standing, and is now so generally perceived even by the mass of the public, that these official statements and counter statements are little more than a waste of time and are attracting less and less attention.

The central fact of that situation is the anxiety of Prussia, the master of the Central Group which we are fighting, to cry off while her army is still intact—to be left unhampered in her training of subject Slavs of her service. It is as simple as that.

In pursuing this end, Prussia relies upon forces in our Western civilisation vastly stronger than those of the numerically and intellectually insignificant Pacifists. She relies chiefly upon something common to all human nature, which is the tendency to act unreasonably under a strain. She also relies upon the contrast between her own knowledge of Slav problems (which is naturally extensive and accurate) and the general ignorance of them in the West. She further relies upon the necessarily diverse character of the several nations arrayed against her dominion. All these things are in her favour. But a statement of plain fact is not in her favour. The facts now known to every one—though they have taken a long time getting known—are utterly against her moral claim—which is now that the war is but a sad misunderstanding. Those facts are also, happily, against the probability of her final victory. In other words, if Europe calls in its intelligence to correct its moods, Europe will win and barbarism will be defeated.

The position has, therefore, two clear elements:—

(1) Prussia and her dependents have gained a great and decisive victory against the alliance on its isolated Eastern front; which victory, if it can be left undisturbed, will double her power in a generation.

But (2); he and they are perilously exhausted—far more exhausted than is the West; and Prussia sees little chance of any further accident which would relieve the growing pressure against her. She perceives that if the war is maintained in spite of the heavy strain on *us*, the strain on *her* will break her.

First, the Central Empires under the leadership of Prussia have won a complete and decisive victory upon the front between the Baltic and the Black Sea; added to which victory, and as a consequence of it, they obtained a recent military success in Italy upon a scale so stupendous (the greatest single capture in men and guns of all military history) that though no decision was then obtained, the moral effect was overwhelming in the enemy's countries and very serious in our own.

To such an atmosphere of success—which in the case of the Slav countries is much more than an atmosphere—Prussia and her subjects stand now with a record of three and a half years' successful resistance between the Alps and the North Sea. This successful resistance has involved—by a mere mechanical accident, it is true, but none the less has involved—the great moral factor of fighting upon enemy soil. Until the air raids began to develop, the war was, for the German at home, a terrible trial compensated for by the triumph of ordering and subjugating portions of the civilised West. This was more than a moral asset; it was a material asset as well. If the Western siege line had crystallised in the fluctuations of 1914 upon German instead of upon French and Belgian soil, the enemy would have been handicapped by having to spare as much as possible what lay behind our lines, while we would have had the pleasure of destroying without any great compunction all that lay behind his. If St. Quentin were Cologne, for instance, or Douai Bonn, they would be uninhabited to-day.

This first element, then, is the fact that Prussia and her dependents are the heirs of a gratifying and very great success, the last and most striking proofs of which are immediate and vivid. The Italian victory is only five months old; the occupation of Reval is not a fortnight old. And it simply lies with the enemy when he may choose to occupy St. Petersburg in the North and Kieff in the south.

But the second counterbalancing element, of which far too little is made, is more serious in the eyes of soldiers and in the eyes of statesmen. It is the degree of exhaustion from which the German Empire and Austria-Hungary are suffering.

Of the belligerent nations upon the European side, the side of civilisation, the only one to enter the war fully mobilised was the French Republic. We know what four years of war have done to the effectives and to the civilian man-power of that nation. Well, that same four years have done more, not very much more, but more, to the civilian man-power, and still more to the effectives, of the two Central Empires. These also entered the war from the first moment fully mobilised. In other words, they have been standing a maximum of losses from the beginning.

Great Britain, with her Colonies and Dependencies, developed her resources with marvellous rapidity, but still the pace was limited by sheer physical necessity, and the average numbers in the field were correspondingly smaller than those of any nation entering the war fully mobilised on its first outbreak. We have been publicly told, upon official authority, that our casualties of all kinds are, so far, perhaps one-third of the French, and that the casualties of all kinds from these islands alone are perhaps equal to the French dead alone. On that basis we can contrast the German position, in particular among our enemies, with the English position in particular among the Allies.

Actual German Losses

The Germans have now buried (killed, prematurely dead from disease, and from wounds) something like three million of those drawing military rations; perhaps somewhat more. They have lost much more than three million males dead, over and above the average rate in peace time. And there are other factors in the position which are sometimes forgotten. The German military system depended upon a caste of officers. That caste has been half destroyed by the war, and the gaps have been supplemented in various ways: by temporary commissions only granted after expressed limitations of rank and authority; by giving non-commissioned officers commissioned duties; by reducing the proportion of command to rank and file, etc. With all these supplementary methods rather grudgingly used, the handicap from which Germany suffers in a long war remains. The jealous regard of the military caste for its position has prevented in Germany what France has done naturally for a century, and what England has successfully, though experimentally, done in the last three years—the creation of a body of officers chosen and promoted almost without regard to social rank in peace.

At the same time, the enemy is suffering from a more severe economic exhaustion than the Western Allies, and he has been suffering from it for a much longer time. There are in this province anomalies and discrepancies. Civilian rationing, for instance, has come upon Great Britain suddenly and severely, though only on a few articles, whereas in the Central Empires it has been at work almost from the beginning—though covering many more articles. Certain necessities are perilously near the margin with us which in the enemy's country are more abundant. But, striking a balance, that balance is heavily against him and in our favour. Our real difficulty is transport—principally maritime, and therefore vulnerable and slow, while the distances to be travelled are also very long. His transport is short, invulnerable, and rapid. But the ultimate fact is available supply, and in this the enemy is far worse hit than his opponents. He can use, not without great friction, the civilian power of Belgium and of a small strip of Northern France. He can use, on a scale which so far has been but an insignificant part of the whole, certain industrial centres in Poland; but against this we have the mass of British industrial power, the complement to the fact that the British armies were mobilised more slowly and less fully than those of the French; further, we have the production of the world behind us, especially of the United States.

There is one last point to be considered in this economic exhaustion of the enemy: a point to which allusion has often been made in this journal—the complete cutting off of tropical and sub-tropical products from the Central Empires. We have just had one striking example of its effect in the difficulty the enemy has to provide efficient gas masks from lack of rubber; but it is something running

do not know, for instance, when the dearth of such an essential as cotton (which ought to have been strictly contraband from the first day of the war) will not appear with the same severity as the dearth of rubber.

This second element, then, the element of exhaustion, is the counter-balancing one which is compelling the enemy so anxiously to seek some way out to a negotiated peace before he loses the fruits of his recent great successes.

It is too often forgotten that military science proceeds by calculation. The Higher Command of every army in the field to-day thinks mainly in terms of curves and figures. It has no choice but to do so, for to do so is the essence of its trade, and to be right about those curves and figures is the test of its efficiency. A soldier can no more think in the rhetorical or sensational vagueness of the popular journal and politician than a merchant can think in terms of fine houses and luxurious display. The commander can no more escape from the calculation of losses and effectives, of material and production, of transport, of hospital returns, of climatic statistics concerning weather and soil, of degrees of accuracy in artillery fire and its results, of radius of action in aircraft and missile weapons, than the merchant can escape from the calculation of prices, costings, and quotations.

The Militarist State

Now, the German organisation is an organisation of soldiers, not very military in spirit, for it is neither chivalric nor adventurous, but still entirely of soldiers. Prussia is an army with a State attached and subordinate to it, whereas the Allies are States using armies subordinate to civilians. The mere essentials, therefore, of the military art are the very core of the enemy's action. What the German commanders think is what directs all German policy, and what the German soldiers want is the thing that is done by the German civilians, Chancellor and all.

Well, the German soldier has made his calculations, and in his mind all the talk about the continuation of the war being "useless," the German Army being "invincible," the "shining sword," and the rest of it are balderdash. They are used by courtiers and by public speakers in the hope of impressing the enemy. But the motive force behind them, the reason they are used for impressing the Allies, and persuading them to a negotiated peace, is a mass of exact calculations which the commanders make and follow. The people behind the German policy of peace are watching the curves. They know better than we do (though we know pretty accurately) exactly what the submarine loss is. They know what crews they can get and at what rate to replace losses. They have a curve for that and a curve for the real damage to tonnage; a curve for the margin of error in this (seeing that the submarine officer does not know what he is hitting unless he first summons it, or unless it is a hospital ship with distinctive marks). They keep most accurate curves of their dead; of their recruitment; of their losses of every kind; of their hospital returns. They have innumerable other curves of production and consumption in civilian necessities; in the output of munitions; in the condition, wastage, and numbers of railway wagons; in the dwindling supply of lubricants—and all the rest of it. It is the lesson taught by these curves which produces in their various forms, from the grotesque—like the request that we should give up our coaling stations—to the merely futile—like quotations from St. Augustine—these perpetual appeals for peace.

The elements favourable to Prussia are fortuitous and incalculable. There *may be* a civilian breakdown in some one other country of the Alliance, such as that which has taken place under alien and cosmopolitan direction in the capital of what was once Russia. There *may be* quarrels among the Allies. There *may be* discovered an unexpectedly weak sector such as that the collapse of which led to the enormous victory of Caporetto last October. It is such accidents as these which have on three separate occasions restored, when it seemed hopeless, the Prussian position. But no soldier gambles upon continued luck. All soldiers calculate. And the calculation of the future is against Prussia. That is why Prussia continues and will continue to seek the earliest possible peace. Subject to the necessity she is under of holding all she can of what she has already grabbed and of remaining potentially a strong military power—and whatever scheme of disarmament were proposed on paper, a strong military Power she will potentially remain, unless she is beaten in this war.

I say "the necessity she is under" because it *is* a necessity. Those who talk of a democratic Prussia are using a contradiction in terms. Those who conceive of Prussia in the future as one of many happy States all in agreement and form-

ing a sort of common civilisation, have perhaps not even seen a map of the German Empire. Prussia is not a State; save for a certain nucleus of governing families, half Slavonic, half German, it is not a race. It is a system. When one talks of "Rhenish Prussia," for instance, that is a term which, if Prussia were a State or a race, would be about as meaningless as the phrase "Scotch Connaught" or "Irish Aberdeenshire." Prussia, if it were possible to regard it as a State or a race, would mean a bare thinly populated district mainly Slavonic in blood lying on the extreme north-east of the German speech, antipathetic to most Germans; never yet fully civilised, and run by a class of large land-owners, whose dependents are little better than serfs. But the Rhine Provinces are hundreds of miles away from that territory. They are the most civilised part of Northern Germany; they still retain a tincture of the Roman tradition; they have proved very amenable in the past to Western influence; they enjoy great economic freedom, and, though they are now badly spoilt by industrialism, they repose upon a basis of free peasants. The idea of such a place being "Prussian" in any racial or national sense is nonsense. Yet the term "Rhenish Prussia," once we read the word "Prussia" aright, is not nonsense at all, but has a very real meaning. It has a very real meaning when we read it to mean what it does mean—which is this:—

"The administration by a military system of those Western Marches of the Germanies from which aggressive action can be taken against France, the two Netherlands, and Britain."

We are not out to destroy Prussian militarism or any other "ism." We are out to destroy Prussia. This action is not the destruction of a nation, but of a creed. It is a creed the whole vitality of which depends upon victory. It is a creed which would collapse at once upon defeat, and which, unless it is destroyed, will itself destroy the high civilisation of Europe in all its provinces, but in particular our own.

Enemy Inferiority

This element of exhaustion, which is the root cause of Germany's anxiety for peace, is accentuated by her rulers' perception of the necessary growth of superiority (for the third time, and probably for the last time) upon the side of civilisation, and the corresponding decline upon the side of its enemies. The Great War has seen three cusps or waves of the sort. First came the unprovoked, unexpected, treacherous, and exceedingly rapid attack which took us all unawares. It was checked and broken at the Marne; held in front of Ypres and on the Yser; and in the succeeding six months, as Europe began to take breath and recover itself, the superiority of Europe against the barbarian became apparent. The rate of munitionment, the improvisation of armies from Britain, the astonishing development of work in the air; the production of heavy artillery upon a quite unheard-of scale; in all these new things, civilisation—which is always potentially superior to barbarism—drew rapidly up in the race and began to get ahead of the enemy.

Let me give an example:—

In August, 1914, the clumsy but very large howitzer which the Austrians had produced and the Germans adopted for siege work, and the calibre of which was between 16 and 17 inches, was first employed. It reduced, with other lesser but very large siege pieces, the ring fortresses upon which French theory reposed. The Germans, who alone were thoroughly preparing for war and were planning it, had worked out the effect of such fire—*when it could be regulated by the new and hitherto impossible method of observation from the air*. But for observation from the air, the ring fortress would have stood indefinitely against any assault. Therefore it was that the Central Empires began the designing of this piece about the time of Agadir in 1911, and had it ready at the moment which Prussia had decided upon to be the moment for her successful surprise, immediately after the harvest of 1914—three years ahead. Three years was the time taken to develop the new machinery and its accessories, and the training of its crews. The same period applies to the enlarging of the Kiel Canal and to many other tests of their preparation.

Now, these very great engines were somewhat in the nature of a surprise—at least, their effect was. Their mere existence was, of course, familiar. But there were no conspicuously difficult problems to be solved. The howitzer fires at a high angle; the absorption of recoil is proportionately easier. It pretends to no great mobility, since its function is to reduce siege works. But if you had told any German in 1914 that he had to produce, and that the Allies *would* shortly produce a land gun of the same calibre, pos-

sessing great mobility, he would have thought you were laughing at him.

Well, that was in August, 1914. In February, 1915, I saw the castings of that very gun already in being—the great French 400. I had to hold my tongue about it, of course, and did, until the piece appeared in the field. What I said to those who were showing it to me was what I think anybody would have said who was interested in such subjects: That the mere making of such a gun for use on land was, of course, possible, though it could have no such platform; but that I could not conceive how the recoil could be absorbed. Further, I said that it could not have any mobility, and yet mobility was essential to the use of such a gun. The last question was immediately answered. The gun would move upon railways of the normal gauge. This, I said, solved the problem of mobility, but made still more impossible of solution the problem of absorbing the recoil. I could not be told the secret of this last and essential solution, but I was told it had been made, and, as we all know, these enormous pieces came forward in the second year of the war; they completely absorbed their recoil. The first few shells from this piece, by the way, destroyed the railway station of Peronne, in which three trains were standing packed with troops.

That is only one example of what I mean when I say that after each unexpected enemy success civilisation catches up.

Innumerable other examples will occur to every technical reader of these pages, and I think to most other general readers as well. The enemy introduced poison gas to the horror of civilisation; but the civilised nations quickly beat him at his own game. He had prepared defensive methods against such a gas. We elaborated better ones. He came into the field with a just appreciation of the machine-gun and of trench weapons, in which we were hopelessly behind-hand. We produced more, if not better, of the one, and certainly better of the other. He took it upon himself to bombard civilians in open towns from the air—another abomination hitherto unheard of, and indeed strictly forbidden by conventions to which he had put his own hand. We devised defences against such action superior to his own and we are now appearing as his superior even in that last deplorable development, which he himself chose, inaugurated, and must now suffer from.

Now of all this the enemy is just as well aware as we are.

We were catching him up foot by foot and passing him when he got his first respite through the inability of the Eastern Slavs to munition themselves, lacking as they did industrial power. He got his second when he brought in the King of Bulgaria after the usual diplomatic treachery and promises of neutrality, and the rest. But that advantage was in its turn countered. The West began to pour munitions into Russia; the advance to the Mediterranean was held; the Turkish forces, which he was now able to organise and munition through Bulgaria, were beaten in their attack on Egypt, and were gradually pressed back on their own soil. His double offensive in the West—Verdun and the Trentino—failed. Our counter offensive pressed him and exhausted him throughout 1916.

His third and greatest respite he has just obtained. Following upon the heavy effect of the submarine warfare before we had begun to catch up on *that* also, he enjoyed what was for him the good fortune of the Russian Revolution, and the subsequent disintegration of the Russian State.

We all know the fruits of that last and most important of his successes. They were apparent in Italy, and they are apparent in the present concentration upon the Western front. But the process by which the superior invariably dominates the inferior at last, in spite of any accident or any surprise, the process, but for which civilisation would long ago have disappeared under the attacks of barbarism, is again at work. Again we find the process exasperating us by its slowness, but again, if we will regard it as a necessary inevitable growth, we can watch it in security. The production of machinery and of munitions, of offensive and defensive armament catches up. If you had before you the curves representing, for instance, submarine warfare, or the building of new tonnage, or the recruitment of American soldiers, or the rate of their transport to Europe, any one of the many incidental curves upon which the future is calculated—you would see *in their aggregate* (in spite of fluctuations such as the fall in tonnage since January 1st) this movement of increasing strength against the corresponding curves of the enemy. And the enemy has those calculations before him just as we have; though we know our own figures more accurately and he his own. This third element in the situation is, even more than the rest, compelling him to seek a negotiated peace.

H. BELLOC.

A Battleship at Sea: By Lewis R. Freeman, R.N.V.R.

So vivid a description of the watch and ward which the British Fleet keeps round these islands in all weathers has not before been published. Lieutenant Freeman, R.N.V.R., narrates his actual experiences in a winter cruise on a battleship in the North Sea.

THE collier had come alongside a little after seven—two hours before daybreak at the time of year—and I awoke in my cabin on the boat deck just abaft the forward turret to the grind of the winches and the steady tramp-tramp of the barrow-pushers on the decks below.

On my way aft to the ward-room for breakfast, I stopped for a moment by a midships hatch, where the commander, grimed to the eyes, stamped his sea-boots and threshed his arms as a substitute for the warming exercise the men were getting behind the shovels and the barrows. He it was who was responsible—partly through systematisation, partly through infusing his own energetic spirit into the men themselves—for the fact that the "Zeus" held the Blue Ribbon, or the Black Ribbon, or whatever one would call the premier honours of the Grand Fleet for speedy coaling. Not unnaturally, therefore, he was a critical man when it came to passing judgment on the shifting of "Number 1 Welsh Steam" from hold to bunkers, and it was not necessarily to be expected that he would echo my enthusiasm when I told him that this was quite the smartest bit of coaling I had ever seen west of Nagasaki, something quite worth standing, shivering tooth to tooth, with a raw north wind, to be a witness of.

"It's fair," he admitted grudgingly, "only fair. A shade over 300 tons an hour, perhaps. 'Twould have seemed good enough before we put up the Grand Fleet record of 408. Trouble is, they haven't anything to put 'em on their mettle this morning. Now, if some other ship had come within fifty or sixty tons of their record this last week, or if we'd had a rush order to get ready to go to sea—then you might have hoped to see coaling that was coaling."

All through my porridge and eggs and bacon the steady tramp of the barrow-men on the quarter-deck throbbed along the steel plates of the ward-room ceiling, and it must have been about the time I was spreading my marmalade (real marmalade, not the synthetic substitute one comes face to face with ashore these days) that I seemed to sense a quickening of the movement, not through any rush-bang acceleration, but rather through gradually becoming aware of increased force in action, as when the engines of a steamer speed up from "half" to "full." In a few moments an overalled figure, with a face coal-dusted till it looked like the face of the end-man in a minstrel show, lounged in to remark casually behind the day before yesterday morning's paper that we had just gone on "two hours' notice." A half-hour later, as the gouged-out collier edged jerkily away under the impulse of her half-submerged screw, the commander, a gleam of quiet satisfaction in his steady eyes, remarked that "it wasn't such a bad finish, after all," adding that "the men seemed keen to get her out to sea and let the wind blow through her."

The ship's post-coaling clean up—usually as elaborate an affair as a Turkish bath, with rub down and massage—was no more than a douche with "a lick and a promise." Anything more for a warship putting off into the North Sea in midwinter would be about as superfluous as for a man to wash his face and comb his hair before taking a plunge in the surf.

Once that perfunctory wash-down was over, all traces of rush disappeared. What little remained to be done after that—even including getting ready for action—was so ordered and endlessly rehearsed that nothing short of an enemy salvo or a sea heavy enough to carry away something of importance need be productive of a really hurried movement. Just a shade more smoke from the funnels to indicate the firing of furnaces which had been lying cold, and the taking down or in of a few little port "comforts" like stove-pipes and gangways, forecasted imminent departure.

The expression regarding the fleet, squadron, or even the

single ship ready to sail at a moment's notice is as much of a figure of speech as is the similar one about the army which is going to fight to the last man. A good many moments must inevitably elapse between the time definite orders come to sail and the actual getting under weigh. But the final preparations can be reduced to such a routine that the ship receiving them can be got ready to sail with hardly more than a ripple of unusual activity appearing in the ebb and flow of the life of those who man her. No river ferry-boat ever cast off her moorings and paddled out on one of her endlessly repeated shuttlings with less apparent effort than the "Zeus," when, after gulping some scores of fathoms of Gargantuan anchor chain into her capacious maw she pivoted easily around in the churning welter of reversed screws, took her place in line, and followed in the wake of the flagship toward the point where a notch in the bare rounded periphery of encircling hills marked the way to the open sea.

Nowhere else in the temperate latitudes is there so strange a meeting and mingling place of airs and waters than where we were. The butterfly chases of sunshine and showers even in December and January are suggestive of nothing so much as what a South Pacific Archipelago would be but with fifty or sixty degrees colder temperature. Dancing golden sun-motes were playing spirited cross-tag with slatily sombre cloud-shadows as we nosed out through the mazes of the booms, but with the first stinging slaps of the vicious cross-swells of a turbulent sea, a swirling bank of fog came waltzing over the aimlessly chopping waters, and reared a vaporous wall across our path.

Line Ahead

The flagship melted into the milling mists, and dimmed down to an amorphous blur with just enough outline to enable us a sight to correct our position in line. In turn, the towered and pinnacled head-on silhouette of the third ship grew soft and shadowy, and where proper perspective would have placed the fourth was a swaying wisp of indeterminate image which might just as well have been an imminently wheeling seagull as a distantly reeling super-dreadnought. The comparison is by no means so ridiculous as it sounds, for only the day before a naval flying-man had told me how he once started to bring his seaplane down on sighting a duck (which was really some hundreds of feet in the air) because he took it for a destroyer, and how, later, he had failed to "straighten out" quickly enough because he thought a trawler was a duck in flight.

The lean grey shadows which slipped ghostily into step with us in the fog-hastened twilight of three o'clock might just as well (had we not known of the rendezvous) have been lurking wolves as protecting sheep-dogs.

"Now that we've picked up our destroyers," said the officer who paced the quarter-deck with me, "we'll be getting on our way. Let's go down to tea."

Smoke, masts, funnels, and wave-washed hulls, the Whistleresque outlines of our swift guardians had blurred to blankness as I looked back from the companion-way, and only a misty golden halo, flashing out and dying down on our port bow, told where the flotilla leader was talking to the flagship.

Tea is no less important a function on a British warship than it is ashore, and nothing short of an action is allowed to interfere with it. Indeed, how the cheerful clink of the teacup was heard in the prelude to the diapason of the guns was revealed to me a few days ago, when the commander allowed me to read a few personal notes he had written while the light cruiser he was in at the time was returning to port after the Battle of Jutland. "The enemy being in sight," it read, "we prepared for action stations and went to tea." A few minutes later, fingers, which had crooked on the handles of the teacups were adjusting the nice instruments of precision that laid the guns for what was destined to prove the greatest naval battle in history.

Tea was about as usual with us that day, save that the officers who came in at the change of watch were dressed for business—those from the bridge and conning-tower in oil-skins or "lammy" jackets and sea-boots, and the engineers in greasy overalls. A few words of "shop"—steam pressure, revolutions, speed, force and direction of the wind, and the like—passed in an undertone between men sitting next each other, but never became general. The sponginess of the new "potato" bread and the excellence of the margarine came in for comment, and some one spoke of having rushed off a letter just before sailing, ordering a recently advertised "self hair-cutter." A discussion as to just how this remarkable contrivance worked followed, the consensus of opinion being that it must be on the safety-razor principle, but that it couldn't possibly be worth the guinea charged. All that

I recall having been said of what might be taking us to sea was when an officer likely to know volunteered that we would possibly be in sight of land in the morning, and some speculation arose as to whether it would be Norway or Jutland. A recently joined R.N.V.R. provoked smiles when he suggested Heligoland.

The cabin which I had been occupying in port was one located immediately under the conning-tower, and used by the navigating officer when the ship was at sea, the arrangement being that I was to go aft and live in his regular cabin while we were outside. Going forward, after tea, I threw together a few things for my servant to carry back to my temporary quarters. Groping aft in Stygian blackness along the windward side of the ship, I encountered spray in clouds driving across even the lofty fore'sle deck. The wind appeared to have shaken off its flukiness as we cleared the headlands, and, blowing with a swinging kick behind it, was rolling up a sea to match. I did not need to be told by the sea-booted sailor whom I bumped on a ladder that it wasn't "goin' t' be no nite fer lan's," to know that there was something lively in the weather line in pickle, probably to be uncorked before morning.

The grate, robbed of its chimney, was cold and empty when I went in for seven o'clock dinner—half an hour earlier than in port—and there was just the suggestion of chill in the close air of the ward-room. An engineer-lieutenant who started to reminisce about a winter cruise he had once made in the Arctic was peremptorily hushed up with a request to "talk about something warmer." A yarn about chasing the *Königsberg* in the lagoons of East Africa was more kindly received, and an R.N.V.R.'s account of how his ship carried Moslem pilgrims from Singapore to Jeddah on their way to Mecca brought a genial glow of warmth with it. There was something strangely cheering in his account of how, when there was a following simoon blowing across the brassy surface of the Red Sea, the Lascar stokers used to go mad with the heat and jump overboard in their delirium. The air seemed less dank and chill after that story. I ventured a "sudorific" contribution by telling of the way they made "desert storms" in the California movies with the aid of buckets of sand and a "wind machine." The whole table showed interest in this—probably because it was so far removed from "shop"—and sat long over port and coffee planning a "blower" that would discharge both wind and sand—in sufficient quantities to give the "desert storm" illusion over the restricted angle of the movie lens—at the turning of a single crank. One does not need to be long upon a British battleship to find out that the inventive genius of the Anglo-Saxon race is not all confined to the American branch.

Between officers on watch and those resting to relieve, the after-dinner gathering around what had once been a fire was a small and rapidly dwindling one. As I got up to go to my cabin, the captain of marines quieted the pet cockatoo on his shoulder long enough to say, as we would probably be at action stations early in the morning, I might find it of interest to come up to his turret, where he had a "jolly smart crew." "We usually do 'B.J.2' at daybreak when we're out," he said, "just on the chance that we may flush some sort of a Hun in the early light. Quite like snipe-shooting, you know."

A middy whom I met outside said something about the way the barometer had been chasing its tail on the drop ever since we got under weigh, and when I turned on the light in my cabin I noticed that the arrows on the navigating officer's instrument indicated a fall of thirty points since noon. The keen whistling of the rising wind shrilled with steady insistence, and the wide swinging swells from the open sea were lock-stepping along with a tread that was just beginning to lift the great warship in a swaggering Jack Tar roll.

On the floor of the cabin was a flannel bulldog with "manipulable" legs and a changeable expression. Its name was "Grip" (so "the pilot" had told me), and it had been his constant companion ever since it was presented to him on the eve of his first sailing as a midshipman. The only time they had ever been separated was on the occasion a colleague, who had borrowed it as a mascot in a game of poker, threw it overboard in chagrin when the attempt to woo fickle fortune proved a failure. Luckily, the ship was lying in a river, and the dog floated back on the next tide, and was fished out with no damage to anything but the compression bladder which worked its bark. The navigating officer left the companionable little beast in his cabin, so he explained, to give it the proper home touch for my first night at sea with the British Navy. Cocking "Grip" up in the genial glow of the electric grate in an attitude of "watchful waiting," I crawled into bed, pulled up the adjust-

able side-rail, and was rocked to sleep to the even throb of the turbines and the splash-splash of the spray against the screwed-down port.

"We aren't having 'B.J.I.' this morning," some one explained facetiously when I reported for "duty" at seven o'clock, "because we already have 'B.B.S.'" This last meant "Boreas Blowing Eight," he said, and I was just "nautical" enough to know that a wind of "8" in the Beaufort scale indicated something like fifty or sixty miles an hour.

"No U-boat will want to be getting within 'periscopic' distance of the surface of the sea that's running this morning," said a young engineer-lieutenant who had been in the submarine service, "and even if one was able to get a sight, its torpedo would have to have some kind of a 'kangaroo' attachment to jump the humps and hollows with. Fact is, it's rather more than our destroyers are entirely happy with, and we've just slowed down by several knots to keep 'em from dipping up the brine with their funnels. Hope nothing turns up that they have to get a jump on for. A destroyer's all right on the surface, but no good as a submarine; yet an under-sea diver is just what she is if you drive her more'n twelve into a sea like the one that's kicking up now. Barometer's down sixty points since last night, and still going."

Breakfast that morning had little in common with the similar festal occasion in port where, fresh bathed and shaven, each immaculate member of the mess comes down and sits over his coffee and paper much (save for the fact that the journal is two days old) as at home. Several places besides those of the officers actually on watch were empty, and by no means a few of those who did appear had that introspective look which is so unmistakable a sign of all not being well within the citadel. Even the *Poldu*—the daily wireless bulletin of the Navy—had a "shot-to-pieces" look where "static" or some other esoteric difficulty was responsible for gaps in several items of the laconic summary. The last word in super-dreadnoughts does not have table-racks and screwed-down chairs. She isn't supposed to lose her dignity to the extent of needing anything in the way of such vulgar makeshifts. The fact remains that if the mighty "Zeus" had chanced to have these things, she would have saved herself some china and several officers from "nine-pinning" down one side of a table and piling up in a heap at the other.

With the staid ward-room doing things like this, it was only to be expected that the mess decks would be displaying a certain amount of shiftiness. I was, however, hardly prepared for the gay seascape which unrolled before me when I had worried my way through the intricate barricade of a watertight bulkhead door in trying to skirmish forward to the ladders leading to the upper decks. For several reasons—ventilation and guns have something to do with it—it is not practicable to close up certain parts of a battleship against heavy seas to anything like the same extent as with the passenger quarters on a modern liner. It is only in very rough weather that this may give rise to much trouble, but—well, we were having rough weather that morning, and that little bit of the Roaring Forties I had stumbled into was a consequence of it.

Oilskinned, "sou'-westered," sea-booted men, sitting and lying on benches and tables, was the first strange thing that came to my attention; and then, with a swish and a gurgle, the foot-deep wave of dirty water which had driven them there caught me about the knees, and sat me down upon a pile of hammocks, or, rather, across the inert bodies of two men (boys I found them to be presently) who had been cast away there in advance of me. Clambering over their unprotected anatomies, I gained dry land at a higher level, and at a tactically defensible point, where a half-Nelson round a stanchion steadfastly refused to give way under the double back-action shuffle with which the next roll tried to break it. With two good toe-holds making me safe from practically anything but a roll to her beams' ends, I was free to survey the shambles at my leisure. Then I saw how havoc was being wrought.

With a sluddering crash, the thousand-ton bludgeon of a wave struck along the port side, immediately followed by the muffled but unmistakable sound of water rushing in upon the deck above. To the accompaniment of a wild slap-banging, this sound came nearer, and then, as she heeled far to starboard under the impulse of the blow that had been dealt her, a solid spout of green water came tumbling down a hatchway—the fount from which the mobile tidal wave swaggering about the deck took replenishment. Two men, worrying a side of frozen Argentine bullock along to the galley from the cold-storage hold, timing (or, rather, mistiming) their descent to coincide with that of the young Niagara, reached the mess-deck in the form of a beef sandwich. Depositing that delectable morsel in an inert mass

at the foot of the ladder, the briny cascade, with a joyous whoof, rushed down to reinforce the tidal wave and do the rounds of the mess.

I was now able to observe that the sailors, marooned on the benches, tables, and other islands of refuge, were roughly dividable into three classes—the prostrate ones, who heaved drunkenly to the roll and took no notice of the primal chaos about them; the semi-prostrate ones, who were still able to exhibit mild-resentment when the tidal wave engulfed or threatened to engulf them; and the others—some lounging easily, but the most perched or roosted on some dry but precarious pinnacle—who quaffed great mugs of hot tea and bit hungrily into hunks of bread and smoked fish. These latter—hard-bit tars they were, with faces pickled ruddy by the blown brine of many windy watches—took great joy of the plight of their mates, guffawing mightily at the dumb misery in the hollow eyes of the "semi-prostrates" and the dead-to-the-world roll of "prostrates" with the reelings of the ship.

Sea-sick Sailors

If there is one thing in the world that delights the secret heart of the average landsman more than the sad spectacle of a parson in a divorce court, it is the sight of a seasick sailor. Since, however, the average landsman reads his paper far oftener than he sails the stormy seas, the former delectation is probably granted him rather more frequently than the latter. At any rate, the one landsman in Number X Mess of H.M.S. "Zeus" that morning saw enough seasick sailors to keep the balance on the parsons' side for the duration of the war, and perhaps even longer.

I made the acquaintance of one of the "prostrates" marooned on the beach of my hammock island through rescuing him from the assaults of a tidal-wave-driven rum tub. He was nursing a crushed package of gumdrop-like lozenges, one of which he offered me, murmuring faintly that they had been sent him by his sister, who had found them useful while boating at Clacton-on-Sea last summer. Endeavouring to start a conversation, I asked him—knowing the "Zeus" had been present at that mighty struggle—if they had had weather like this at the battle of Jutland. A sad twinkle flickered for a moment in the corner of the eye he rolled up to me, and, with a queer pucker of the mouth which indicated that he must have had a sense of humour in happier times, he replied that he had only joined the ship the week before: "'Tis my first time at sea, sir, and I've come out to—to—this."

I gave him the best advice I could by telling him to pull himself together and get out on deck to the fresh air; but neither spirit nor flesh was equal to the initiatory effort. Looking back while I waited near the foot of a ladder for a Niagara to exhaust itself, the last I saw of him he was pushing mechanically aside with an unresentful gesture a lump of salt pork which one of the table-roosting sailors dangled before his nose on a piece of string.

Three flights up I clambered my erratic way before, on the boat deck in the lee of a launch, I found a vantage sufficiently high and sheltered to stand in comfort. The sight was rich reward for the effort. Save for an ominous bank of nimbus to westward, the wind had swept the coldly blue vault of the heavens clear of cloud, and the low-hanging winter sun to south'ard was shooting slanting rays of crystalline brightness across a sea that was one wild welter of cotton wool. I have seen—especially in the open spaces of the mid-Pacific, where the waves have half a world's width to get going in—heavier seas and higher seas than were running that morning, but rarely—not even in a West Indian hurricane—more vicious ones—seas more palpably bent on going over, or through a ship that got in their way, rather than under, as proper waves should do. And in this obliquity they were a good deal more than passively abetted by a no less viciously inclined wind, which I saw repeatedly lift off the top of what it appeared to think was a lagging wave and drive it on ahead to lace the heaving water with a film of foam or dust the deck of a battleship with snowy brine.

But it was the ships themselves that furnished the real show. Of all craft that ply the wet seaways, the battleship is the least buoyant, the most "unliftable," the most set on bashing its arrogant way through a wave rather than riding over it, and—with increasing armour and armaments, and the crowding aboard of various weighty contrivances hitherto unthought of—this characteristic wilfulness has tended to increase rather than decrease since the war. As a consequence, a modern battleship bucking its way into a fully developed mid-winter gale is one of the nearest approaches to the meeting of two irresistible bodies ever to be seen.

The conditions for the contest were ideal that morning. Never were seas more determined to ride over battleships.

never were battleships more determined to drive straight through seas. Both of them had something of their way in the end, and neither entirely balked the other; but, drawn as it was, that battle royal of Titans was a sight for the gods.

The battleships were in line abreast as I came up on deck, and holding a course which brought the wind and seas abeam. We were all rolling heavily, but with the rolls not sufficiently "synchronized" with the waves—which were charging down without much order or rhythm—to keep from dipping them up by the ton. If the port rail was low—as happened when the ship was sliding down off the back of the last wave—the next wave rolled aboard, and (save where the mast, funnels, and higher works amidships blocked the way) drove right on across and off the other side. If the port side had rolled high as an impetuous sea struck, the latter expended its full force against the ship, communicating a jar from foretop to stokeholds as strong as the shock of a collision with another vessel.

Our own quarter-deck was constantly swept with solid green water, and even the higher fore'sle deck caught enough of the splash-up to make traversing it a precarious operation. But it was only by watching one of the other ships that it was possible to see how the thing really happened. If it was the wallowing monster abeam to port, the striking of a sea was signalized by sudden spurts of spray shooting into the air all the way along her windward side, the clouds of flying water often going over the funnels and bridge, and not far short of the foretop. She would give a sort of shuddering stumble as the weight of the impact made itself felt, and then—running from bow to stern and broken only by the upper works, and occasionally, but not always, by the turrets—a ragged line of foam appeared, quickly resolving itself into three or four hundred feet of streaking cascades which came pouring down over the starboard side into the sea. Watching the vessel abeam to starboard, the phenomenon was repeated in reverse order. Save for the swaying foretop against the sky, either ship at the moment of being swept by a wave was suggestive of nothing so much as a great isolated black rock on a storm-bound coast.

Fighting in Bad Weather

But the most remarkable thing about it all was the astonishingly small effect this really heavy weather had upon the handling of the ships. Evidently they had been built to withstand weather as well as to fight, for they manœuvred and changed formation with almost the same meticulous exactitude as in protected waters. A gunnery officer assured me that—except for momentary interference in training some of the lighter guns—the fighting efficiency of the ship would hardly be affected more than a fraction of 1 per cent. by all their plungings and the clouds of flying spray. Their speed was, naturally, somewhat diminished in bucking into a head sea, yet no lack of seaworthiness would prevent (should the need arise) their being driven into that same head sea at the full power of their mighty engines. The reason we were proceeding at somewhat reduced speed was to ease things off a bit for the destroyers.

Ah! And what of the destroyers? There they all were, the faithful sheep-dogs, when I came up, and at first blush I got the impression that they were making rather better weather of it than the battleships. That this was only an optical illusion (caused by the fact that they were farther away and more or less obscured by the waves) I discovered as soon as I climbed to the vantage of the after superstructure, and put my glass upon the nearest of the bobbing silhouettes of mast and funnel. Then I saw at once, though not, indeed, any such spray clouds or cascades of solid water as marked the course of the battleships that she was plainly a labouring ship. A destroyer is not made to pulverize a wave in the bull-at-a-gate fashion of a battleship, and any exigency that compels her to adopt that method of progression is likely to be attended by serious consequences. If one of the modern type she will ride out almost any storm that blows if left to her own devices; but force her into it at anything above half-speed, and it is asking for trouble. Even before the destroyer I was watching began disappearing—hull, funnels, and all but the mastheads—between crest and crest of the onrushing waves, it was plain that both she and her sisters were having all they wanted; and I was not surprised when word was flashed to us that one of our brave little watch-dogs was suffering from a wave-smashed steering gear, and asked for permission to make for port if necessary. The permission was, I believe, granted, but—carrying on with some sort of a makeshift or other—her plucky skipper managed to stick it out and see the game through to the end.

There were a number of other ships in difficulties in that neck of the North Sea at this moment, and every now and then by the wireless—word would come to us from one of them. Mostly they were beyond the horizon, but two were in sight. One (two smoke-blackened "jiggers" and a bobbing funnel-top beneath a bituminous blur to the east) was apparently a thousand-ton freighter. An officer told me that she had been signalling persistently since daybreak for assistance; but when I asked him if we were not going to help her, he greeted the question with an indulgent smile.

"Assistance will go to her in due course," he said, "but it will not be from us. That kind of a thing might have been done in the first month or two of the war, but the Huns soon made it impossible. Now, any battleship that would detach a destroyer at the call of any ship of doubtful identity would be considered as deliberately asking for what she might jolly well get—a torpedo."

Another ship which was plainly having a bad time was some kind of a cruiser whose long row of funnels was punching holes in a segment of sky-line. There was a suggestion of messiness forward, but nothing we attached any importance to until word was wirelessed that she had just had her bridge carried away by a heavy sea, and that the navigating officer had been severely injured. The latter was known personally to several of the ward-room officers, and at lunch speculation as to what hurt he might have received led to an extremely interesting discussion of the "ways of a wave with a man"; also of the comparative seaworthiness of light cruisers and destroyers. The things that waves have done to all three of them since the war began (to say nothing of the things all three have done in spite of waves) is a story of its own.

The barometer continued to fall all day, with the wind rising a mile of velocity for every point of drop. The seas, though higher and heavier, were also more regular and less inclined to catch the ship with her weather-rail down. The low cloud-bank of mid-forenoon had by early dusk grown to a heavens-obscuring mask of ominous import, and by dark, snow was beginning to fall. The ship was reeling through the blackness of the pit when I clambered to the deck after dinner, so that the driving spray and ice-needles struck the face before one saw them by even the thousandth of a second. The darkness was such as one almost never encounters ashore, and it was some time before I accustomed myself to close my eyes against the unseen missiles (when turning to windward) without deliberately telling myself to do so in advance.

Into the Stygian pall the vivid golden triangles of the signal apparatus on the bridge flashed like the stab of a flaming sword. One instant the darkness was almost palpable enough to lean against; the next, the silhouette of funnels and foretop pricked into life, but only to be quenched again before the eye had time to fix a single detail. So brief was any one flash that the action in each transient vision was suspended as in an instantaneous photograph, yet the effect of the quick succession of flashes was of continuous motion, as like the kinema. From where I stood, the heart of the fluttering golden halos, where a destroyer winked back its answer, were repeatedly obliterated by the inky loom of a wave, but the reflection was always thrown high enough into the mist to carry the message.

Returning to the ward-room by the way of the mess-decks, I saw the youth who had offered me the anti-seasick lozenges in the morning. Now quite recovered, he was himself playing the pork-on-a-string game with one of the only two "prostrates" still in sight. The following morning—though the weather, if anything, was worse than ever—all evidences of "indisposition" had disappeared.

* * * *

For some days more we prowled the wet seaways, and then, well along into a night that was foggier, colder, and windier than the one into which we had steamed out, we crept along a heightening headland, nosed in the wake of the flagship through a line of booms and opened a bay that was dappled with the lights of many ships. A few minutes later, and the raucous grind of a chain running out through a hawse-pipe signalled that we were back at the old stand.

And since, like all the rest of our sisters of the Grand Fleet, we were expected to be ready to put to sea on *x* hours' notice, there was nothing for it but that the several hundred tons of coal which the mighty "Zeus" had been snorting out in the form of smoke to contaminate the ozone of a very sizeable area of the North Sea should be replenished without delay. A collier edged gingerly out of a whirling snow-squall and moored fast alongside as I groped forward to retake possession of my cabin under the bridge, and I went to sleep that night to the grind of the winches and the steady tramp-tramp of the barrow-pushers on the decks below.

Food for Thought: By Charles Mercier

IN a recently published little book on Education I have insisted on the desirability of teaching children to think, and to think clearly, and have indicated the way in which this can be done. Such a startling and heretical doctrine naturally excited the ire of schoolmasters, and perhaps was not presented in a manner calculated to soothe them; but there is, after all, something to be said for it, and evidence in its favour is furnished by a controversy on pig-breeding that has been recently carried on in *The Times*, and has spread thence to *The British Medical Journal*.

The controversy is as to whether pig-breeding is or is not desirable in the present circumstances of shortage of food, and of destruction of food ships by the German submarines. And the arguments are as follows:

A Committee of the Royal Society has proclaimed that to keep the average man in active work, the minimum daily ration necessary is protein 100 grammes ($3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.), fat 100 grammes ($3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.), and carbohydrates 500 grammes (rather more than 1 lb.). The allowance of meat prescribed by the Food Controller is sufficient, when supplemented by the protein in pulses, beans, and cereals, to provide the necessary minimum of protein. The pulses and cereals, of which there is no serious shortage at present, furnish the carbohydrates (starch and sugar), but there is a deficiency in fat, an ingredient the want of which is felt acutely. The problem is, how are we to provide the necessary fat?

The answer of Mr. C. B. Fisher is, "Breed pigs, for pig-breeding is the quickest and most profitable way of producing fats." To this the Royal Society's Committee answers, "Breed no pigs, for pigs consume 7 lb. of barley meal in producing 1 lb. of fat, and this is wasteful. Far better let us human beings consume the 7 lb. of barley meal than give it to pigs and get only 1 lb. of fat in return. If we give the barley meal to pigs, we are wasting 6 lb. of food out of every seven. Shocking!"

The answer seems conclusive enough—if we do not think. But a little clear thinking, such as the Committee of the Royal Society omitted to bestow upon it, puts a different complexion on the matter. What we are short of is not cereals, of which barley is one, but fats; and though pigs can easily turn 7 lb. of barley meal into 1 lb. of fat, it does not follow that human beings can do so. For a pig, 7 lb. of barley meal is equivalent to 1 lb. of fat, but they are not necessarily equivalent for a man, and for some men they are certainly not equivalent. Common observation shows that men differ very widely indeed in their capability of transforming food into fat. Some men grow fat on a very moderate diet; others could not transform a cwt. of barley meal into 1 lb. of fat; and if they could, they would have to do for themselves, at a certain cost of energy, what the pig does for them at a much less cost of energy. In short, the pig cooks our barley meal into fat for us; and if we consume the barley meal ourselves, we must do our own cooking; and some of us have no skill in this kind of cooking, and cannot cook the barley meal into fat; and even those who do possess the skill still have to do the cooking, and so expend energy that might be more usefully employed.

What a man wants is not barley meal that he can turn into fat, but fat itself, ready made; and when he is eating his 7 lb. of barley meal, he is not eating 1 lb. of fat; he is eating only 2 oz. of fat, for that is all the fat that 7 lb. of barley meal contains. The rest of the fat needed he must make for himself; and if it is wasteful for the pig to turn 7 lb. of barley meal into 1 lb. of fat, is it not equally wasteful for a man to turn 7 lb. of meal into less than 1 lb. of fat? It is true he would be putting some of the meal, which is mostly carbohydrate, to other uses to which carbohydrates are put; but this is not to the point. The point is that his ration is deficient in fat, not as yet in carbohydrates; and whatever meal is used as carbohydrate cannot go to the formation of fat, so that he does not get his pound of fat out of his 7 lb. of meal.

So far, it seems that the Committee of the Royal Society has not thought very clearly. We want a pound of fat; and the Committee gives us 7 lb. of barley meal, and says we ought to be content. Cooks—English cooks, at any rate—are wasteful; and English pigs resemble other English cooks in this matter, and waste six out of every seven pounds of food that is entrusted to them to cook. But there is another point on which a little clear thinking is necessary. It seems obvious that if the pigs waste six-sevenths of their food, men must waste at least as much; but, after all, is the six-sevenths wasted? It takes 7 lb. of meal to make 1 lb. of pork, or bacon, or lard. Well and good; but what becomes of the other 6 lb. of material? Does it vanish into

thin-air? Some of it does, no doubt. Some of it is burnt up into carbonic acid and water, and after helping to sustain the pig's bodily temperature, is exhaled from his lungs as gas. But what becomes of the remainder of the 6 lb.? Is it wasted? That depends on whether the meal is consumed by pigs or by men. If it is consumed by pigs, it is not wasted. *It goes to make manure*, which, being applied to the ground, produces more cereals, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold; but if it is consumed by man, it is not utilized in this way. Part of it is deposited in the North Sea; other parts of it go to pollute rivers, streams, estuaries, and the sea round our coasts; but little of it is utilised as manure, and what is so utilised goes, for the most part, to produce cabbages, rye-grass, and other crops that have not the food value of cereals.

A farmer in my neighbourhood keeps three hundred pigs, and after fattening them on 7 lb. of barley meal per pound of fat, sells them for a price that just covers the cost of breeding and fattening them, but yields no profit. He makes no profit at all out of the sale, but it pays him well to sell them at cost price, for by this means he obtains large quantities of manure, which is his profit. The manure goes to assist the production of various crops, among which cereals are conspicuous; so that to speak of 7 lb. of barley meal being required to produce 1 lb. of fat, though it may be quite true, is so small a part of the truth as to be in practice false. It is very misleading, and it misleads for want of clear thinking. The proper way to state the process is that 7 lb. of barley meal produces 1 lb. of fat and so many pounds of agricultural produce; and we want both, but it is the fat that is produced first.

Professor Starling and the *British Medical Journal* take *The Times* to task for aspersing the fair fame of science by saying: "Scientific calculations about food are a very untrustworthy guide to practice, because the data on which they are based are quite inadequate to justify the conclusions drawn from them," but in this case it seems that *The Times* is not so very far astray. It would have been more accurate, however, if it had said, instead of "scientific calculations," "the calculations of men of science." As, in a humble way, a would-be scientific man myself, I should be the last to cast aspersions on science or on scientific calculations; but the mischief is that the calculations of men devoted to science are not always scientific calculations.

Professor Starling tells us, truly enough, that science is nothing but practical experience accurately noted, recorded, and classified; and the *British Medical Journal* pats him on the back, and says, "Bravo!" But it is because science is nothing but practical experience that it cannot afford to neglect practical experience, the practical experience of the cook and the farmer, as well as of the physiologist. Professor Starling tells us, moreover, that when we are faced by an acute food shortage it is idle to discuss large ideals of agricultural policy. It may be, but surely it is not idle to discuss how best to utilise what supplies we have, which is what Mr. Fisher does.

Mr. Fisher is a practical agriculturist, immersed in the practice of producing food, and accustomed, therefore, to take into his calculations all the data that are necessary in calculating the production of food. The highly scientific men, as the Committee of the Royal Society, are physiologists, immersed in the study of physiology, and accustomed to take into their calculations all the data necessary in calculating what becomes of the food after it is eaten. But the problem before us concerns not only the production of food, but also the consumption; and not only the consumption of food, but also its production; and neither the farmer nor the physiologist is in a position to dogmatize on the whole problem. Either they should combine together and issue a joint report or they should both lay their evidence before an independent tribunal for its decision.

I am neither farmer nor physiologist, and, so far, am independent; and it seems to me that if the case is stated fully and clearly, as I have tried to state it, the farmer has the best of the argument; but I do not presume to express a dogmatic opinion. I have shown that, for want of clear thinking, the men of science have omitted to consider certain data that vitally affect the problem. I am no expert, and there may be other data that I also have omitted; but those I have added must be apparent to every one who applies his mind to the problem; and all I wish to insist upon is the primary and vital necessity of clear thinking, even about pigs.



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Sinking of the Hospital Ship "Glenart Castle,"
By



Louis Raemaekers.

Copyright, "Land & Water."

Bristol Channel, at 4 a.m., Tuesday, February 26

raemaekers

Leaves from a German Note Book

THE war has wrought great havoc on Germany's population. Not only have the losses in the field been stupendous, but the people at home have suffered to such an extent that the number of deaths per annum now exceeds the number of births. Germany's population is declining, and there is no doubt that this problem is, and will continue to be, one of the most serious which the rulers of Germany will have to face. So urgent has the matter become that two new measures have just been introduced in the Imperial Parliament for the purpose of ameliorating the situation. One is directed against venereal disease and consumption, and the other will punish with pains and penalties the artificial restriction of births.

It is generally admitted in Germany that the British blockade has in the long run tended to reduce the vitality of the German people. Underfeeding for a period of over three years could not but undermine the national health, and the resort to food substitutes only made confusion worse confounded. There are at present over ten thousand food substitutes in use in Germany, beginning with substitutes for ordinary bread and including substitutes for well nigh every other eatable. Bread made of maize, barley, oats and potatoes was to be expected; but bread in Germany is also made of straw, hay, wood-flour, beet, Iceland moss and mushroom-flour. Incredible as it may sound, there are also substitutes for meat, made of congealed blood or wood glucose dyed red. There are substitutes for eggs, milk, lemons, tea and coffee, all for the most part harmful to the system. Despite official action to check the growth of this evil, food substitutes continue to spring up and the national health declines in consequence.

The ravages of consumption are becoming fearful, and the toll of venereal disease immense. The combined result of all these forces is to send down the birth-rate; and to improve the birth-rate will be the main purpose of German statesmen. There is much discussion already as to possible measures for achieving this result.

One of the bills already referred to will aim at healing the diseases which have eaten into the nation's vitals. Bonuses are to be allowed to all parents who have at least three healthy children living; sanitary and comfortable dwellings are to be erected, especially in working-class districts, and taxes are to be levied on bachelors.

Germany "Victorious"

Despite these and other difficulties at home, the Junker Militarists are puffed up more and more by their "victories" on the Eastern front. Their invasion of Russia even in their view needs a decent excuse, and you may trust the Prussian militarist to have an excuse ready for the meanest action. The Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* knows the character of its Ally and pleads sarcastically for some one to make a compilation of Wolff's lies. Wolff, be it noted, is the telegraphic mouthpiece of the rulers of Germany.

How does Wolff—more familiarly known as W.T.B. (Wolff's Telegraphic Bureau)—smooth over the continued invasion of Russia now when negotiations are supposed to be in progress? In the first place, the peace with the Ukraine imposes upon Germany the necessity of safeguarding the frontiers of the new State. She can only do so by driving the Russian armies further inland. Secondly, there is a danger that both anarchy and cholera may infect Germany from Russia. It is therefore necessary to push these as far from the German boundaries as possible. Thirdly, the people of the Baltic Provinces and of Finland are urgently calling on the Germans to succour them. Finally (and here the cloven hoof peeps out), the invasion is not of the ordinary kind, for will not a purely Socialist State, Ukraina, benefit by it? How then, can the German Socialists have any objection?

Even so illustrious a personage as Prince Max of Baden, who appears to have sprung into sudden fame as a result of the war, sinks to the level of Wolff's argument. He stated:

It has always been Germany's historic mission to be a dam against the destructive forces that come from the East. We did this in 955 at Lechfeld, in 1241 at Liegnitz, and in 1914 at Tannenberg. Hindenburg's victories were not only Germany's victories, they were Europe's. Anyone who has not grasped this fact has not grasped the real basis of our anger against England. . . . We must again be on the watch against the great danger that threatens from the East. A moral infection is on the move. When cholera and plague are imminent, all civilized States take common quarantine measures. To-day, infected Russia desires to carry her disease into healthy States. Counter measures are therefore urgent.

One of these measures is to conclude peace, and Prince Max lays down four principles to govern peace discussions:

- (1) Germany must insist on the freedom of the seas, which means that non-combatants should be kept out of the war by sea and land. A blockade of starvation must in future be impossible.
- (2) The world must not be divided into two opposing camps, each arming against the other.
- (3) There must be no economic war after the war.
- (4) Africa must be opened up to the white races on a just basis and the black races must be allowed to develop.

It will be seen that all four "principles" will tell in favour of Germany. Prince Max has not a word to say about Germany's misdeeds throughout the war, about her violation of Belgium, about the *Lusitania* and hospital ships crime, about aerial attacks on defenceless women and children. Freedom of the seas forsooth! Of course, Germany would like to achieve a state of affairs where she might be safe from starvation or economic boycott. But what does Prince Max offer in return? Only that Germany will condescend to discuss peace terms.

Prussia Puffed Up

The truth is, that events in the East have filled the Prussian Junkers with pride. They regret only one thing—the resolution of July 19, 1917. The twenty-fifth meeting of the German Agrarian League illustrated the extent of this pride. There was the old tone of joy in brutal force, the old conviction that the Germans are the salt of the earth. A few extracts from the speeches may be of interest.

As long as the enemy sees the majority resolution of July 19 supreme, we shall have no peace.

Germany's future can only be secured by a strong monarchy and a mighty army.

What we have lacked hitherto is a healthy national selfishness.

One cannot get away from the impression that God must have been angry when he made this man (Bethmann-Hollweg) Imperial Chancellor.

Only fools believe in a reconciliation of the peoples.

The ruffians in and out of Germany who stir up bitter feeling against Hindenburg and Ludendorff are not worthy to tie their shoe laces.

This war is a struggle for world-domination.

This pride manifests itself in a large part of the German Press. "The First Victorious Peace" is how reference is made to the peace with the Ukraine; the peace with the Bolsheviks will doubtless be the second. This is harmless enough, but their overweening pride makes these gentry presumptuous. No one in Germany, so the *Hamburgischer Correspondent* assures the world, ever intended to reduce France to a second-rate Power or to starve out England. But to-day it is different. These two countries want the war to continue; they place the Germans before the alternatives "You or we." If fighting is to go on throughout 1918, which Germany honestly desired to be a year of peace, then she will not be answerable for the consequences.

German conceit shows itself in yet another way. For some time past there has been little talk of indemnities in Germany. Now indemnities are again a will o' the wisp for the Junkers. In the Bavarian Diet recently Count Preysing wanted to know whether the large German war debt was to be shifted on to the shoulders of the enemy. The war expenditure now amounted to a sum equivalent to 65,000 million pounds sterling. If the enemy cannot be made to bear this load, there will be nothing for it but for the Government to confiscate wealth. But Count Preysing is after all only a mere member of the House. What did the Government say in reply?

The Bavarian Minister of Finance, Dr. von Breuning informed the anxious Count that of course the burden would be shifted on the enemy *if the military and political situation allow the Imperial Government to do so.*

Mr. Rathom's "Fairy Tales"

The Germans appear to have been piqued by Mr. Rathom's revelations. Curiously enough they do not categorically deny them. All they do is to make reflections on Mr. Rathom's character. He is a man with a shady past; he is said to have attempted to do away with his wife by means of poisoned cherries. This is a characteristically German manoeuvre. When they cannot deny a story which tells against them, they abuse the narrator. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* calls the revelations "Fairy Tales," spun out of the author's imagination, and is sure that no sensible people will give them credence. *O sancta simplicitas!*

[This paragraph was shown to a personal friend of Mr. Rathom, whom it amused immensely. Mr. Rathom, it so happens, is very happily married.—ED. L. & W.]



The Rural Housing Question : By H.

AMONG the many difficult questions which are likely to present themselves for solution on the conclusion of the war, none will demand more immediate attention than the need for additional and improved housing. The problem is a serious one in many of the larger towns and in the more crowded industrial centres; but it is equally serious in country districts, although perhaps less prominent and noticeable for the reason that conditions are more varied and the population is more scattered. It is not proposed, however, to deal here with urban housing, but only with those aspects of the housing question which relate to country districts.

It has been said that because the rural population in Great Britain decreased steadily in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there could not be any real scarcity of dwellings for the occupation of those remaining upon the land. This was not the case, however, and the reason is no doubt to be found in the fact that old houses were becoming ruinous and uninhabitable at an even greater rate than the country population was decreasing. Moreover, many of the published statistics dealing with rural depopulation have been confined solely to persons employed in agricultural pursuits, and have not included railwaymen, postmen, roadmen, and others, whose numbers may have, if anything, increased rather than decreased.

It is extremely doubtful whether, in any county in England or Scotland (excluding urban areas), the number of cottages built during the last thirty or forty years has equalled the number of houses going out of occupation and becoming uninhabitable. The comparatively low pre-war scale of wages in rural occupations rendered it impossible for those employed to pay rents commensurate with an economic return on the cost of building and maintaining new houses. Consequently, it was only where the need for labour was specially pressing, or on fairly large and wealthy estates, that cottage-building was pursued under a consistent scheme or policy. The problem for the future may be considered in two aspects:

- (1) The need for improving existing houses.
- (2) Need for the erection of new houses.

It is difficult to generalise regarding the existing standard of rural housing, as great contrasts are often noticeable in the same parish or village. Many instances may be found in most districts of "model" houses, not only in design, but in their surroundings and the way in which they are kept. It must be regretfully admitted, however, by any impartial observer that such houses are the exception and not the rule, that the general average is not as high as it might be, and that in some instances houses are still being occupied which are only fit to be pulled down.

The commonest defects in houses of the smaller type are—lack of room; damp walls or floors; insufficient light and ventilation; lack of adequate "office" accommodation in the shape of scullery, pantry, coal-house, etc.; and inadequate water supply. Many houses can be improved in these respects, and brought up to a high standard. The cost may be considerable, but it is nevertheless justifiable on economic grounds. On the other hand, owing to damp, unsuitable sites, decayed walls, or other similar causes, some houses are quite unfit for further expenditure, and incapable of improvement. For such structures demolition is the best policy, utilising any material of value elsewhere. The ruin of an ancient castle or church may have dignity and historical interest, but this cannot be said of smaller and more modern

habitations. Nothing appears more depressing than a ruinous or roofless house in a country district, and there are far too many of these sad relics at the present day.

The need for the erection of new houses is perhaps not so general as for the improvement of existing dwellings. It is nevertheless an urgent problem in many country districts, and it is certain that by some means or other additional housing must be found in the next few years. The questions which naturally present themselves are:

- In what way is the necessary land to be acquired?
- What is the average standard of accommodation which is necessary?
- What should be the guiding principles in design?
- How are the necessary funds to be made available?

In country districts, the question of finding land for the erection of cottages is fortunately not a difficult one. If the landowner himself is building houses for labour employed on the estate it is only in exceptional cases that any value is attached to the site at all, and very often this item is omitted altogether in the statement of cost. If the State or local authorities require land for rural housing schemes, there is little doubt they can get what they require on easy terms. The cost of the land is not likely to exceed 1 or 2 per cent. of the total outlay for building. There can be no question that land for building should be acquired freehold by purchase wherever it is possible to do so.

The standard of accommodation to be aimed at as a minimum has been a matter of considerable controversy. There would seem, however, to be room for every size of house from two rooms upwards. A large family can, naturally, be overcrowded in either a two-roomed or three-roomed house; but, on the other hand, these small houses are greatly preferred by single women or by a married couple without children. Not only does the small house involve less work, but the more moderate rent is in itself a great attraction. Generally speaking, it may be laid down that no new house intended for the occupation of a family should contain less than four rooms, but that a limited number of three-roomed and five-roomed houses may also be the most convenient for some families. In any new house, attention should be given to the "office" accommodation, as a good scullery or back kitchen, a pantry, and coal-house, add greatly to the comfort and convenience of the inmates. Bicycles are now so common that a shed capable of holding them, as well as tools and odds and ends, is usually much appreciated.

Design and construction call for special consideration. Standardisation is much talked of in shipbuilding and engineering, and it is an attractive idea in house-design. It is only necessary, however, to look at the dismal rows of houses in mining villages or in the suburbs of some towns to realise what a stereotyped design would mean in country districts. It is a fallacy to assume that a standard plan is necessarily the cheapest or that variation in design is extravagant. Standard patterns of doors, windows, grates, etc., may effect an economy in cost, but can be applied to an infinite variety of designs in construction.

Almost every district has its own style and character in housing, and good reasons can generally be found for such distinctions. Soil, climate, convenience of building stone or brick, are all elements in determining design. The brick walls which are typical of the South of England and parts of the Midlands, would seem out of place in the North, where brick, if used in the construction of outside walls, is usually rough cast or cement plastered. The plain substantial,

almost severe type of cottage, built with stone, which can be seen almost anywhere on the East Coast, from Yorkshire northwards into Scotland, well suited as it is to the climate of these districts, would be equally out of place in the South of England. Another perfectly distinct type is that of Lancashire and the Lakes District, and again, in the west and south-west of Scotland the whitewashed walls of farmhouse and cottage are general. Each one of these distinctive types is capable of adaptation to a strictly modern and efficient design, and it would be a matter for regret if local characteristics of architecture, where such are worthy of preservation, should be wholly abandoned.

The question of cost in relation to rural housing is one of the most difficult, and many of those who have studied this financial aspect maintain it to be almost insoluble. The pre-war cost of a cottage of three or four rooms, with suitable office accommodation, and including water supply, and enclosure of the site, could not under the most favourable circumstances be less than £250, and in many cases amounted to considerably more. The rise in the price of timber and all other building materials, as well as the increase in wages, make it impossible that the cost of a similar house will for many years to come be less than £400 to £450. The rise in the rate of interest is a further burden on rent, and it is quite probable that local rates, already onerous, may become even heavier. If £400 is taken as the minimum cost of a house such as described, the economic rent cannot be put at less than 10s. per week, made up as under :

Interest on £400 at 5 per cent	£20 0 0
Depreciation on building at, say, 1 per cent ..	4 0 0
Repairs, maintenance, insurance and management at 10 per cent on rent, say	2 10 0
	<u>£26 10 0</u>

It is obvious that unless wages stood at a very high level, it would be practically impossible for many married men with young families to pay such a rent, and local rates besides. In England, where the local rates are payable by the occupier, the amount due on a £26 rent might be £4 or £5. In Scotland, where local rates are divided between owner and occupier, the result would be much the same, seeing that although the occupier or tenant paid a lesser sum directly in rates, the owner would require to take into account his share of the rates in arriving at an economic rent.

From consideration of these figures, the inevitable conclusion is reached that the extensive programme of new housing which is necessary cannot be wholly paid for out of the rents which the new houses may be expected to yield, and the deficiency must be met from Imperial taxation, local rates, or by individuals or firms employing labour.

There appears to be no good reason why all three sources should not, according to circumstances, be drawn upon. The landowner has in most instances, especially in the North of England and in Scotland, provided housing for the labour in his direct employ or employed by farmers on his estate. It is clearly the duty of local authorities, railway companies, and public departments, such as the Post Office, to provide housing for those in their employ. There will still remain a considerable unsatisfied demand for houses in some districts. Where this is so, the local authority would appear to be the proper body to initiate well-considered schemes for erecting houses either at existing villages or in fresh groups or centres. The erection of single isolated houses at public expense is a matter of very doubtful expediency, except in special circumstances.

The deficiency which would almost certainly arise in financing such schemes would perhaps be most equitably met by equal contributions from the Exchequer and from local rates. It may be argued that any contribution from local rates is merely a subsidy from the whole ratepayers of the particular area to a few of their own number who happen to occupy the new houses. There is some force in this argument; but, on the other side, it can be said that the erection of new houses under a "scheme" brings into existence fresh rateable values which otherwise would never emerge at all. Moreover, the fact of a share of the expenditure falling on a local authority, induces economy and care in carrying out a scheme which would very probably be lacking if the whole burden was to be borne by Imperial taxation.

The housing question is such a large one that it is impossible in the compass of a single article to do more than touch on salient points. For those who desire to pursue the subject further a large and extensive literature is available, and some of the recently issued official documents, such as the Report of the Royal Commission on Housing in Scotland, will well repay careful study.

À la Victoire

By Emile Cammaerts

La Victoire sculptée dans le roc des falaises,
Ses draperies ruisselantes battues par la marée,
Ses ailes large ouvertes au vent des destinées,
La Victoire a parlé dans le roc des falaises.

Sa voix, depuis trois ans restée silencieuse,
A sonné grave et pure, dominant la tempête,
Sous les cieus étoilés, elle a levé la tête
Et ses yeux ont sondé les vagues capricieuses :

« Tu montes et tu descends,
Moi, je reste.
Tu regrettes, tu espères,
Moi, j'attends.
Tu chantes un jour sous la caresse
Du ciel bleu, pour rugir de colère
Le lendemain. La joie succède à la détresse,
Dans tes flots changeants.
Tu tournes à tous les vents,
Moi, je reste.

« J'entends des voix
Dans la brise qui me méprisent ou me réclament,
J'entends des voix
Parmi les vagues qui me renient ou qui m'acclament,
Car ceux qui parlent ne savent pas
Que je suis là qui les écoute
Et que leurs plaintes et leurs doutes
Eclaboussent d'écume les rochers de ma foi.
Tu récrimines et tu prédis,
Moi, je crois.
Tu as été et tu seras,
Moi, je suis.

« Celui qui m'a sculptée dans le roc immortel
M'a douée de mémoire et de longue patience.
Je n'ai pas oublié mes serments solennels,
Ma main n'a pas lâché le bois dur de ma lance,
Je n'ai pas pardonné les crimes impunis,
Mon bras n'a pas cessé de frapper l'ennemi.
Tant que Justice ne sera pas faite,
Tant que le Mal ne sera pas réparé,
Tant que les bourreaux pourront me braver,
Tant que je ne sentirai pas la Défaite
Choir enfin sous mes coups et gémir et prier,
Tant que le Mensonge ne sera pas confondu,
Tant que l'Ordre ne sera pas rétabli,
Je resterai gravée sur les rochers chenus
Comme le sceau de Dieu sur le cœur du pays,
Si bien que la mer devra briser ces pierres
Et, durant des siècles, polir ces rocs puissants
Avant qu'à tous les yeux mon image altière
S'efface peu à peu sous l'usure du temps.

« Tu montes et tu descends
Moi, j'attends.
Tu récrimines et tu prédis,
Moi, je suis ».

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The death of Mr. Edgar Wilson, some of whose London etchings were reproduced in our last issue, is a loss to art in more than one direction. To collectors he was best known as an etcher of slow and fastidious production; but a wider public, who perhaps never noticed his name, were familiar with his work in the shape of decorative pen-drawings in periodicals. Mr. Wilson was also one of our leading authorities on Japanese art; his knowledge of prints, in particular, being reflected in the tactful addition of colour to some of his own etchings.

Moscow's Stolen Treasures: By G. C. Williamson



Processional Cross of the Patriarch Nikon

It has been announced in the Press that a very serious robbery has taken place at Moscow, the patriarchal treasures having been stolen at some unknown moment, but the theft has only recently been discovered. If the information is true—and there seems little doubt about its accuracy—Russia has sustained an exceedingly serious loss; and if the wonderful treasures contained in this Sacristy have been melted up for the sake of the gold, the result is absolutely disastrous.

In 1910, I paid a prolonged visit to the Patriarchal Sacristy, and on presentation of the Imperial order which I carried, the Patriarch appointed an Archimandrite of high rank to take me round the rooms and show me all I desired to see. I well remember, after having been there for about a quarter of an hour, expressing a desire to handle a particular object before me, and being met by the remark that as it had been anticipated I should want to handle many things, permission had accordingly been given, and I might have anything in my hands, including many of the precious objects which, as a rule, were handled only by the highest ecclesiastics.

The three great features of the wonderful collection contained in the two rooms which constitute the Sacristy were the mitres, the portable pyxes, and the sacerdotal robes. The mitres are seven in number according to the careful catalogue prepared by Bishop Sabas in 1865—a very rare document, which the Patriarch was good enough to place at my disposal when leaving the Sacristy, and from which these illustrations are taken. The most important of the mitres belonged to the Patriarch Job, and was worn by him in 1595, when he assumed office. It is a dwarf cap of blue silk, bordered with fine ermine, and upon it is embroidered, in superb gold work, decorated with pearls, an inscription commending the wearer to the protection of the Mother of God, and stating that the mitre was prepared in September, 1595, for the purpose of being worn by the first Patriarch of Moscow. The work is of exquisite beauty.

Another of the mitres belonged to the Patriarch Nikon, who ascended the patriarchal throne in 1652, and this more closely resembles the cap of an emperor. It was enamelled on gold, set with wonderful precious stones, and especially with a large ruby in the very front, on which was engraved a representation of the Resurrection, while round it were small representations in enamel of the Evangelists, and of scenes from sacred history. It was prepared by order of the Grand

Duke Alexis, and, like the other, bore a full and elaborate inscription, stating the very month in which it was made, and for what purpose. There were three other mitres that were also made for the same Patriarch Nikon; one has the whole of the inscriptions in Greek, and was a gift from the Greeks to the head of the Russian Church; another, dated 1654, was sent to Moscow from Constantinople, as a gift from the Patriarch of that place, and a fourth, dated 1653, was prepared by order of the Grand Duke Alexis when he became Emperor, and was perhaps the most remarkable of all the group. It was of massive gold, set with wonderful stones, and having a series of enamelled tablets upon it, representing the Evangelists, each of which was richly adorned with rubies, emeralds, and sapphires.

These mitres, in a cupboard at the end of the room, made a great display; but as works of art, they were not to be compared with the wonderful series of portable pyxes, which the Russian bishops and Patriarchs wore around their necks on chains, and of which the very finest were contained in an octagonal glass-topped table in the centre of the room. The most attractive of all was a fourteenth-century one, rough and archaic in its workmanship, decorated with large uncut rubies, and having in the centre an ancient onyx, which bears in cameo the figure of the Prophet Daniel. Another of the panagia (as they are called) was executed for the Emperor Ivan the Terrible, in commemoration of the birth of his son in 1555, and is formed from a sardonyx of the finest possible quality, probably the work of Cinquecento date, and in three layers, representing the figure of St. John the Scholastic, and having on the reverse of it representations in black enamel of St. Mark, Bishop of Arethusa, and Cyril the Deacon. This very precious panagia opened at the back, and was actually a reliquary. It contained a tiny morsel of the purple robe in which tradition states Our Saviour was clothed, and also a bit of the rock of Calvary. It was regarded with the highest possible reverence, and even the Archimandrite himself was amazed to find, on reference to his written instructions, that I was permitted to hold it in my hand, and examine it. The panagia worn by the first Patriarch of Moscow, Job, was another gem, Byzantine work of the twelfth century around a dark brown onyx, on which was represented in high relief the Crucifixion. On the reverse were figures of the Emperor Constantine and his mother Helena. The enamelled gold mounting belonged to the sixteenth century.

In a case at the other end of the room was an extraordinary group of crosses and tau-shaped patriarchal staves. The processional cross of the Patriarch Nikon, illustrated on this page, enshrines early Byzantine

work, mounted in seventeenth-century Russian enamel. Three of the enamel groups on it were of very early date, and the two engraved sapphires at the back of the Cross were declared by the authorities of the Sacristy to be two of the oldest gems engraved with scriptural scenes in existence, and to be comparable only with the two that are preserved in Rome.

If the thieves had confined themselves to the solid objects of gold and silver, which blazed in magnificent splendour in the various glass cases in this room, comparatively small damage would have been done, because, although these cups



The three Mitres at the top are, from left to right, the Patriarch Job's, St. Cyril's, and the Patriarch Nikon's. The centre one is not named. The three at the bottom are all called after the Patriarch Nikon

were beautiful, and belonged, many of them, to the seventeenth century, having been gifts to the Patriarchs and other ecclesiastics from the various Grand Dukes, Emperors, and Boyars, their artistic merit was not of the very highest, except as examples of Russian art, whereas the gold and jewelled work of the mitres and the vestments, so slight in intrinsic importance, was of the highest possible value from an artistic point of view. It may be hoped that the melting down has been confined to the larger pieces—great steeple cups, large drinking cups, tankards, holy-water vases, dishes, oil jars, salt cellars, cups to contain chrism, and large cisterns in which the chrisms, or sacred oils, have been mixed. All these objects were of great beauty and magnificence, but of far less importance than the panagia, the mitres, and the robes.

Amongst the vestments, the chief was the Sakkos, and, of them, the finest was that which was presented by the Emperor Ivan the Terrible to the Metropolitan Denys in 1581, but the most beautiful that which belonged to St. Photius, who was Metropolitan of the whole of Russia in 1408, and died in 1431. His vestment, which has with it a separate collar, stole, long separate sleeves, mantle, and omophoros, was decorated with portraits of the Greek Emperor Paleologos and his wife Anne, and of various

other important persons of their Court, and had in fine pearls the whole of the orthodox creed, embroidered in Greek. Over the front and back of it were small separate divisions, like architectural work on the front of a cathedral, and in each little section was either the figure of an Evangelist or an Apostle, or a representation from the Bible of some scene exquisitely embroidered, and outlined, with very cunning skill, with tiny gems used skilfully to enhance its beauty. There were no great stones upon the vestments of the Metropolitan Photius. They were all very small ones, fine in quality, and generally pierced; and the skill with which they were combined with the embroidery was beyond all praise.

The Sacristy also contained small pieces of fine embroidery from the vestments of the Metropolitan Peter, who was

consecrated in 1308, and one of his successor's, St. Cyprian (1380), and also a larger piece of a vestment made for St. Peter, when the chair of the Patriarch was transferred to Moscow in 1325. In no other place in Russia was it possible to see embroidery of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and in such perfect order as could be seen in this Sacristy.

Many of the other vestments, in their lavish adornment with great precious stones, were probably far more attractive to the robbers; the robe that Ivan the Terrible gave was said to weigh sixty pounds, and was adorned with magnificent sapphires and large square-cut emeralds, and even that was exceeded in lavish work by a vestment made in 1856 for Alexander II., which, although remarkable in plain outline, was a blaze of superb gold and precious stones.

It seems inconceivable that the Russians, who valued these treasures so highly and had preserved them with such infinite care, should have allowed sacrilegious thieves to scatter them in all directions, and, hoping against hope, one desires yet to hear that some of the more precious of the treasures—at least, some of the smaller ones, such as the panagia, the rosaries, or the palliums—may have been saved.

These illustrations are, unfortunately, not from photographs, but from the wood blocks in the rare catalogue men-

tioned, and do not do adequate justice to the objects. In the second group are illustrated a fine gilt drinking cup of Augsburg work of 1629, one of the smaller Imperial drinking cups, and a yet smaller kind of tumbler of 1690 which belonged to the Patriarch Adrien, as also the great silver-gilt tankard of Boris Godounoff (1598-1605).

The three lower illustrations depict a chrism ladle of fine French work, which came from Pskoff, and was made in 1620; the dish belonging to the Godounoff tankard; and a drinking cup of solid gold, which was presented by Prince Basil Ivannovitch to the Patriarchs in 1594. This last piece is really delightful in its simple lines and delicate chased work, albeit it is somewhat out of shape owing to the softness of the metal. The illustration makes it look almost flat, which is not the case.



Gold and Silver Vessels



18. Panagie ancienne grecque.

19. Panagie du Patriarche Philarete Nikititch.

20. Panagie du Patriarche Adrien

Panagia or Portable Pyxes

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Masterpieces

THE Atlantic is wide and deep. Great gales sweep across its surface, and its waves run mountains high. In its hither waters the sleepless submarine lies in wait for what it would now be inept to call the unwary ship. Yet the ships face it. With the wind screaming through the rigging and the white crests of the billows flashing palely out of the night, they plough onwards, bringing us food, munitions, and allies. They also provide space for mails. And some of the contents of the mail-bags are such that if the sailors could see them they might well treat them as their predecessors treated Jonah, and with much better reason.

Amongst the literature which might well have been committed to the deep on a recent voyage is a "bunch" addressed to the office of a London journal. Still, had it received its deserts, it would not have reached me; and I should be sorry to have missed it.

* * * * *

The kernel of the parcel was a book of poems, from a publisher, located in Boylston Street, Boston, by name Richard G. Badger. But before this was reached, there were numerous subsidiary papers which arrested the attention. First of all, came a letter from Mr. Badger who, it appears from his note-paper, is publisher of *Poet Lore*, of *Badger's Library of Religious Thought*, of the *World's Worships Series*, and of *The Journal of Abnormal Psychology*—a comprehensive collection. The letter began:

GENTLEMEN,

At the request of Mr. Basudeb Bhattacharya, Editor of *The Superman*, we are sending you, under separate cover, to-day a copy of his latest book, *The Denied*. The author is one of the two Hindus who can write real metric verse in English. He has been editor of a number of periodicals in his native language, and is one of the leaders of the Young Hindus both in this country as well as in India. He leads the rival school of Tagore, and, unlike the mystic poet of India, believes in life.

At the foot of the note-paper, I forgot to mention, is the general warning, which English publishers would do well to ponder: "All contracts subject to Strikes or Other Causes Beyond our Control."

* * * * *

From the letter I turned to something larger: pages from Mr. Badger's catalogue of new books. Some of these books were about Nosology, Symptomatology, and Psychognosis, about which, until I decide to become a really modern novelist, I am content to remain ignorant. But in poetry I am more interested, and *Badger's New Poetry* at once attracted my eye. The most casual perusal of this list was enough to convince me that if the poetry of Mr. Badger's authors is as original as Mr. Badger's advertising, they must be the most remarkable lot since the Elizabethans.

I give a few extracts from this pioneer amongst catalogues:

THE FLEDGLING BARD AND THE POETRY SOCIETY.

By George Reginald Margetson.

A ringing satire which deals with many questions of the day, with topical allusions to the Poetry Society of America.

MY SOLDIER BOY AND OTHER POEMS.

By Mrs. John Archibald Morison.

This collection of poems is mainly expressive of the subtle and bewitching voices of nature, which the author has surely heard and interpreted with an accuracy and sympathetic skill all her own.

YEARNINGS.

By William Estill Phipps.

Every poem in this unique volume breathes the serene, inspiring ethereal touch of genuine poetry.

WINTERGREEN.

By Marvin Manan Sherrick.

A breath from the northern forests dealing with cradle songs, voices of the forest, and moods of the seasons.

AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

By Caroline Stern.

These beautiful poems take us on the wings of fancy to the mystical regions at the edge of the world.

SONGS OF A GOLDEN AGE.

By Elizabeth F. Sturtevant.

The first seven poems, from which the book takes its name, are the real foundation of the volume. The other poems treat a variety of subjects in a very versatile manner.

MYSTERY, OR THE LADY OF THE CASINO.

By David F. Taylor.

The object of this story is for the furtherance of peace.

RANDOM VERSE.

By F. W. B.

Simple verse, putting before us thoughts that come to us in our everyday life.

HUMOROUS POEMS.

By Ignatius Brennan.

Do not read this book if life to you is one dark, dismal frown. If, however, you see laughter lurking even amidst the crashing storm, then get busy.

THE SINGER.

By J. T.

Mostly about three human beings: a sinner, a saint, and a plain ass. The first two will find considerable interest in this book. As for the third, he will never see this catalogue.

These are about enough to indicate the manner. We learn in another that Theodore Botrel is "perhaps the most conspicuous literary figure in Europe to-day," and in another that a poem by Mr. Arthur Ketchum "has had the unique distinction of being translated into Chinese." As for *The Fooliam*, by Edwin A. Watrons, it is described as

A pentameter satire, with a *punch* in every line. For men only—and for curious women.

"Its spicy effectiveness," adds Mr. Badger, "in no way makes it offensive." It is a pity that as much cannot be said for his advertisement of it; which is one of the worst examples of what may be called the tropical allusion.

* * * * *

My appetite whetted by all this luxuriant introduction, I arrived at last at the book itself—*The Denied*, by the editor of *The Superman*. The author modestly ascribes publication to the persuasions of "the sponsors of the Poets' Federation movement." The movement is much to blame. It is not that one is surprised to find the editor of *The Superman* writing:

I am a speck of dust at your feet,
Grey in insignificance of defeat;
Fallen and shrivelled, and upon your face
Gaze my thirsty eyes, longing an embrace!
You will tread upon—no, no, not despise
A life so low, so small.

For no man can be expected to live up to an ideal like that. The trouble is that Mr. Basudeb's "real metric verse" is so exactly like what many Englishmen and Americans write themselves that one feels he wasted, in attaining his mastery, powers which might have been devoted to a continued rivalry, in the vernacular, with Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore's position in English is scarcely likely to be shaken by verse like this:

Kiss me—and I in a breath shall impart
Ebbs and tides of entire, eternal fate;
The rise and fall, by drops, part by part—
Ceaseless onrushes of Time that ne'er abate.
I shall give you—if you can only hold—
Creations, destructions, trillion births,
Multi-trillion deaths,—all that unfold
Universe's mad spasms,—her secret mirths.

This, perhaps, is a little more like the Superman; but it is even less like poetry than the other.

* * * * *

"Basudeb," announces Mr. Badger on the cover, "believes in Life—enjoys it, suffers for it, is madly in love with it. But he, too, transcends it with a passionately devotional pagan attitude toward lower lives and nature"; and he concludes with a reference to "the supreme message of these unique cadences." This brings me to the real reason why I have quoted so profusely from Mr. Badger's catalogue—why, indeed, I have referred to him at all. No publisher in England (and probably no other in America) as yet assaults the public with such intolerable bosh as Mr. Badger's puffs of his own wares. But there is a distinct tendency both here and there for publishers' advertisements to become at once more intimate and more fulsome. They are beginning to cease thinking at all; they either waste their space on complete inanities like "treat a variety of subjects in a very versatile manner," or, more frequently, they copy the patent-medicine merchants, and announce the most worthless books as the greatest things on earth. But they are not catering for the patent-medicine public, and they should realise in time that though there is a good deal of room for improvement in their advertisements, it does not lie in the direction of increased brazenness. Even the most ingenuous of readers is liable to reflect that every book published cannot be "unique" in any sense that matters. And it no more pays to go on crying "Masterpiece, masterpiece" than "Wolf, wolf." This promiscuous panegyric defeats its own ends, and the public is ceasing to believe any statement by a publisher about his own books; this, above all, being true with books of belles-lettres which are naturally intended for the most discriminating and intelligent public of all. A description is useful; but that is all we want from this source.

Modern Novels and Critics: By Hugh Walpole

ON returning from abroad, where I have spent the major part of the last four years, I am saluted with pessimistic cries about the English novel. In one newspaper I read: "Where are the good old Victorian days—Oh! for a George Eliot!" In another: "At no time in the history of English literature has the novel been so widely read as at present. A new reading public has sprung into existence. . . . But, alas, the English novel is in its decadence."

Another paper declares that it has, at last, hopes of the future of the English novel because it has been reading a book that is a chronicle of actual events rather than a creative work. "That is the line of the future English novel!" cries this paper. More than these individual cries, however, I notice a complete absence of any considered criticism. In the reviews of the novels of 1917 that appeared in certain papers there were ludicrous jumbles of good and bad. In no single review was there mention of Miss Dane's *Regiment of Women*, Mr. Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Mr. Norman Douglas's *South Wind*, Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *Nocturne*—a quartet that would surely give distinction to any list of contemporary fiction in any country in Europe. Most of all, I am struck by the invariable habit of referring everybody back to everybody else; "Mr. Smith's novel is amusing, but what a pity that it's not like *Adam Bede*—or, "Miss Green's story reminds us pleasantly of Mr. Thomas Hardy. She has not, however, his wonderful gift of . . ." Why should she have? And how very much better for Miss Green that she has not! One Mr. Hardy is a joy and a delight, but a second Miss Hardy, not quite so good, would only be a torment and a distress to us all.

Let us consider for a moment. I am told that we have no living English novelists whose work will go down to posterity in the glorious succession of the authors of *Tom Jones*, *Vanity Fair*, *Wuthering Heights*, and the rest. I suggest that we have the following: Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, George Moore, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, May Sinclair, and D. H. Lawrence. This is not, I think, a bad list, and I doubt whether, at this moment, any other country in the world could furnish one so interesting. Let us compare this list for a moment with the English novelists of, say, 1850-60. There were then Dickens and Thackeray, Lytton and Trollope, the Brontës, and George Eliot. "Heavens!" gasps the reader of *The Nation*. "And you dare to say that we can possibly lift our heads in rivalry!" I do dare.

"Yes," says our Nonagenarian, "all very well! But give me that splendid creative power, that devil-may-care profusion that created without knowing that it was creating at all! Show me a world of living, breathing figures such as we find in Thackeray, Dickens, and even Trollope!" To that I answer that there are to-day at least three worlds for the Cortez of the bookshop to discover. There is that wonderful inexhaustible world of Henry James; a world of ghosts, perhaps; but, then, why not? Are not ghosts as interesting as humans, and is not their planet, often enough, a rest and refreshment, especially in these days? Or there is the world of Mr. Hardy—the world of the English countryside as it has never been revealed before, of daisies, and woods, and lanes, and ancient farms and pastures thick in grass, of Tess and Bathsheba, and Susan and Jude, of whose homeliness and comfort and beauty no wars and rumours of wars can rob us. And there is the world of Joseph Conrad—of Sea and the East, and our own dark streets, a created world, if ever there was one, the world of Lord Jim, of Marlowe, of *Nostromo*, of *Flora de Barrel*, of the magic Heyst. No, I do not think, if in the continent of spirits such assemblies occur, that Catherine and her Heathcliffe will be ashamed to meet Anthony, the poet, and that tragic figure Almayer, or that Maggie Tulliver will smile scornfully upon Bathsheba Everdene, or Major Pendennis give the Bond Street cut direct to Mrs. Brook and her lovely Nanda, or Mr. Micawber have nothing to say to Mr. Kipps, Mr. Lewisham, and Mr. Polly. They are in the right line of descent, our heroes of to-day, and we need not be ashamed to say that it is so.

Why do we so invariably despise our own home-grown products? I have spent some time during the last two years in Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. On making inquiries about the present state of the novel in those countries, I have found there are in each case only two or three names that justify real study. In Sweden and Norway I was constantly told that here in England we had many interesting

novelists and poets, and that our literature was becoming much more possible for an intelligent foreigner because it was shedding its old deadening hypocrisy.

I have said a word already about the world of Mr. Conrad; but, really, what is one to do with the critic who absolutely refuses to acknowledge his greatness? One can only suggest that he should read once again that masterpiece *Nostromo*, which has just appeared in a new edition. If that does not open to his eyes a new world filled with new glories, then it is because he is wilfully standing with his face to the wall and hugging his gloom as the one comfort left to his crumbling old age. Here are a crowd of characters—realistic, romantic, fantastic tragic—positively created out of their own soil. They exist—*Nostromo*, *Antonia*, *Decoud* and the rest—not because their author has delved into his reminiscences and produced thence tattered remnants of a life that he once himself experienced, but because they demanded of their own vitality that they should be born. And more than the creation of character is here. It is, as I have said, the picture of a world with towns, villages, mountains, deserts, the sea and the river, and the silver mine brooding over all. What of the *Nigger of the Narcissus*, what of *Chance and the Wonderful Flora*, what of *The Secret Agent* and *Mr. Verloc*, what of . . . ? But one might continue for ever. Conrad is as great a creative genius as any novelist in the whole line of English fiction. What, in heaven's name, do our critics want? Do they realise that in Mr. George Moore they have one of the most beautiful writers of English in the language, and that in *Esther Waters* and *Evelyn Innes* and *The Lake* they have works of first-class beauty and distinction?

And the tradition continues—I have not space here to speak at length about the younger novelists, but I challenge anyone to say that Mr. Beresford's *Stahl Trilogy*, Mr. Cannan's *Round the Corner*, and, above all, Mr. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* and *The Rainbow* are not works of real importance and interest with a true philosophy, a creative power, and a vivid picture of the life of our times.

But I do not wish to seem here too extravagant in my claims for our own period. I do not suggest that all the novelists of our day whom I have named in this paper will live for ever, or that they are without fault. It is because there is so much room for real live criticism that I am pleading for a truer standard. There were, I know, many gifts bestowed upon the earlier novelists that the man of to-day will never recapture.

And that is of the nature of the case. In those earlier days, when Joseph Andrews met Mrs. Slipslop, and Tom Jones found his Sophia, when Redgauntlet pursued Greenmantle, and Elizabeth Bennett refused Mr. Collins, there was a glow, a rapture of discovery that our later age has grown too old to know. Ours is now a different technique, a different philosophy, a different morality, a different form. Let the critic, then, recognise that it is so, and recognise it gladly. Let the critic of to-day not instantly hang his head when confronted with modern work. I know that to this he will answer that there was never a period when more encouragement was given to the new man, that in any novelist the smallest sign of originality or force is welcomed and praised. That is quite true. There is far too much praise, and a young writer is often so extravagantly encouraged by the applause over his first and second book that he is the more depressed when the inevitable moment comes later for him to be told that he is not improving, and that he ought not to have swollen head, and that it is ridiculous of him to think that he can write novels.

And even here all is not quite well. Books with obvious qualities of interest, such as Mr. McKenna's *Sonia* and Mr. Alec Waugh's *Loom of Youth* are at once acclaimed, but something quieter and more unusual, like Mr. Corkery's beautiful *Threshold of Quiet*, received only two or three reviews, is to be seen in no bookshops, and even the publisher himself seems to be reluctant to deliver up copies to willing purchasers. There is no sign that the reviewer has discovered that this novel is literature and the others are not. He finds it dull; it has no plot, he says. There are to-day, in fact, no standards. Our better critics—Mr. Garnett, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Bailey, and others—write too seldom. There is too much anonymity, too much carelessness and scorn, too much extravagant praise, too much pessimism, and altogether too little balance.

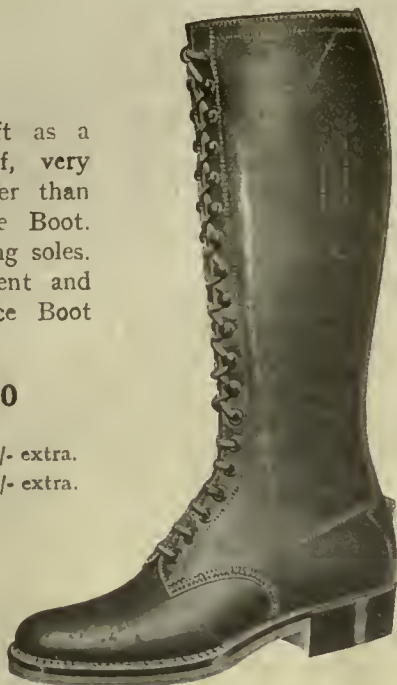
That is, finally, the trouble—too much patronage on one side and too much meaningless praise on the other.

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The Return: By Stacy Aumonier

I OUGHT perhaps, in the first place, to explain that I am (or rather was) a librarian at the suburban library of Chadstow Heath. When I first received this important appointment my salary was eighty pounds a year, but after six years assiduous application to my duties it was advanced to one hundred and twenty pounds a year. I am married and have two children, and we lived in Gentian Villa, which is convenient to the library and barely ten minutes' walk from the heath itself. This may not represent to you a condition of material prosperity, but I would venture to point out that all these matters are entirely comparative. To a successful sugar broker, or a popular comedian, I must appear in the light of a pauper. To my own family I have always appeared to be something of a plutocrat. For you must know that I owe my education and whatever advancement I may have made to my own efforts at a national school, and the privileges of continuation classes. My father was a small greengrocer, and his family, which was a very large one, and peculiarly prolific, has in no instance except my own risen above the social standard he set for us. I hope this will not sound a priggish statement of mine. It is simply a very bald assertion of truth. All my relations are dear, good people; it is simply that they do not, and never have, taken any interest in what is called education. My brother Albert is a greengrocer, as our father was, and he has seven children. Richard is in a leatherseller's shop. He earns more money than I did, but he has eleven children. Christopher is a packer at the Chadstow Heath Emporium. God has blessed him with three small offspring. Will is unmarried, and I couldn't tell you quite what he does. He is something of a black sheep. My sister Nancy is married—alas! unhappily—to a worthless traveller in cheap jewellery. She has two children. Laura is the wife of an elderly Baptist who keeps a tobacco kiosk on Meadway. She is childless. Louie, my favourite sister, is not married, but she has a child. But her tragedy does not concern this story.

In fact, the details of the entities neither of myself nor of my brothers and sisters are of very great importance in what I want to tell you, beyond the fact that they will give you a clue to the amazing flutter among us that accompanied the appearance of our Uncle Herbert when he arrived from Africa. The truth is that every one of us had entirely forgotten all about him. Albert and I had a vague recollection of having heard our father refer to a delicate young brother who bolted to South Africa when he was a young man, and had not been heard of since.

But, lo and behold! he turned up one evening suddenly at Gentian Villa when my sister Louie and her child were paying us a visit. At first I thought he was some impostor, and I was almost on the point of warning my wife to keep an eye on the silver butter-dish and the fish knives which we always displayed with a certain amount of pride on our dining-room sideboard.

He was a little wizened old man, with a bald head and small beady eyes. He had a way of sucking in his lips and continually nodding his head. He was somewhat shabbily dressed except for a heavy gold watch and chain. He appeared to be intensely anxious to be friendly with us all. He got the names and addresses of the whole family from me, and stated that he was going to settle down and live in London.

When one had got over his nervy, fussy way of behaving, there was something about the little man that was rather lovable. He stayed a couple of hours, and promised to call again the next day. We laughed about him after he had gone and, as relations will, discussed his possible financial position. We little dreamed of the surprising difference Uncle Herbert was going to make to us all.

He called on all the family in rotation, and wherever he went he took little presents, and made himself extremely affable and friendly. He told us that he had bought a house and was having it "done up a bit." And then, to our surprise, we discovered that he had bought "Silversands," which, as you know, is one of the largest houses on Chadstow Heath. It is, as Albert remarked, "more like a palace," a vast red brick structure standing in its own grounds, which are surrounded by a high wall.

I shall never forget the day when we were all—including the children—invited to go and spend the afternoon and evening. We wandered about the house and garden spell-bound, doubting how to behave, and being made to feel continually self-conscious by the presence of some half-dozen servants. It would be idle to pretend that the house was decorated in the best of taste. It was lavish in every sense of the word. The keynote was an almost exuberant gaiety.

It was nearly all white woodwork, or crimson mahogany, with brilliant floral coverings. Masses of naturalistic flowers rose at you from the carpet and the walls. And the electric lights! I've never in my life seen so many brackets and electroliers. I do not believe there was a cubic foot of space in the house that was not brightly illuminated. And in this gay setting Uncle Herbert became the embodiment of hospitality itself. He darted about among us, shaking hands, patting the heads of the children, passing trays of rich cakes and sandwiches. The younger children were sent home early in the evening laden with toys, and we elders stayed on to supper. And, heavens! What a supper it was! The table was covered with lobster salads, and cold turkey, and chicken, and ham, and everything one could think of. And on the side table were rows of bottles of beer, and claret, and stout, and whisky, and as if a concession to the social status of his guests, Uncle dismissed the servants, and we waited on ourselves.

And the little man sat at the head of the table, and blinked and nodded, and winked at us, and he kept on repeating:

"Now, boys and girls, enjoy yourselves. Albert, cut a bit o' fowl for Nancy. 'Erbert, my boy, pass the 'am to yer aunt."

Uncle was the life and soul of the party, and it need hardly be said that we soon melted to his mood. I observed that he himself ate very little, and he did not drink at all. For an oldish man whose digestion was probably not what it was, this was not a very remarkable phenomenon. And I should probably not have commented upon it, but for the fact that it was the first personal trait of my uncle which arrested my attention, and which, in conjunction with more peculiar characteristics, caused me to keep a closer watch upon him in the days that followed. For this supper-party was but the nucleus of a series of supper-parties. It was given out that "Silversands" was an open house. We were all welcome at any time. Uncle was never so happy as when the house was full of laughing children, or when his large circle of relations clattered round the groaning board, and ate and drank the prodigal delicacies he supplied. Not only were we welcome, but any friends we cared to take were welcome also. I have known thirty-three of us sit down to supper there on a Sunday evening. And on these occasions all the house was lighted up, and in fact I have no recollection of going there when every electric light and fitting was not fulfilling its utmost function.

Apart from abstemiousness, the characteristic of Uncle which immediately gripped my attention was what I will call "abstraction."

It was indeed a very noticeable characteristic. He had a way of suddenly shrinking within himself and apparently being oblivious to his surroundings. He would make some gay remark, and then suddenly stop, and stare into space, and if you spoke to him he would not answer for some moments.

Another peculiarity was that he would never speak of Africa, or of his own affairs. He had a convenient deafness, which assailed him at awkward moments. He seemed to be in a frenzy of anxiety to be always surrounded by his own family and the ubiquitous electric lights. When the house was quite in order I do not think he ever went out at all except into the garden.

He was scrupulously impartial in his treatment of us all; in fact, he had a restless, impartial way of distributing his favours, as though he were less interested in us as individuals than anxious to surround himself with a loving and sympathetic atmosphere. Nevertheless—and it may quite possibly have been an illusion—I always felt he leant a little more towards me than to the others, perhaps because I was called after him. He always called me "Erb, boy," and there were times when he seemed instinctively to draw me apart, as though he wanted to hide behind me. And realising his diffidence to indulge in personal explanation, I respected the peculiarity and talked of impersonal things or remained silent.

It was, I think, Albert who was the most worried by Uncle's odd tricks. I remember he came to me one night in the smoking-room after a particularly riotous supper-party, and he said:

"I say, 'Erbert (all my family call me 'Erbert), what I'd like to know is—What is Uncle staring at?"

I knew quite well what he meant, but I pretended not to, and Albert continued:

"Of course it's all right. It's no business of ours, but it's a very rum thing. He laughs, and talks, and suddenly he leaves off, and then he stares—and stares—into space."

(Continued on page 24.)

How Bovril Saves Shipping and Feeds the People

PRESIDING at the General Meeting of Bovril, Ltd., Mr. George Lawson Johnston (Chairman), in moving the adoption of the report, referred to the general food position and how the price of Bovril has been kept down:—"Your own experience," he said, "will have brought you into touch with increases in price in most directions, and you will have seen that the Board of Trade returns show a long list of rises of 100 per cent. or more in the cost of food-stuffs since the commencement of the war. I cannot call to mind many articles the prices of which have not been raised during the war, and I believe Bovril is the only national standard food that is sold at the same price in February, 1918, as it was in July, 1914. That the price of Bovril has not been moved up with the cost of beef, although a pound of Bovril is the concentrated product of so many pounds of beef, is an outstanding fact that requires explanation.

NEEDS LITTLE SHIPPING SPACE.

"In the first place, in the countries which supply the raw material for Bovril, beef has not risen in value as it has here. Again, the abnormal cost of ocean transport only to a minor extent affects a concentrated preparation like ours, making as it does such small demand upon shipping space.

"Apart from these general tendencies, you are aware that during the last dozen years we have endeavoured by the agency of subsidiary land and cattle companies to control and develop new sources for the supply of raw material. This policy has borne good fruit during the war. These precautions, taken in past years, have ensured us the plentiful supplies that are so essential at the moment, and our material has not increased in price to anything like the extent of the raw material of some other industries. Taking all this into consideration, and realising that Bovril enters so largely into the food of the nation, we felt that, with the increased sales and profits outside Bovril itself, we should be able to keep the Company's revenue at pre-war standard without adding to the hardships of the community. I am glad that our foresight has not only been to our benefit as shareholders, but to the benefit of every Bovril consumer. His Bovril has cost him no more, unless he has consumed more—which I am afraid he has.

'NO PROFITEERING.'

"I know we lay ourselves open to the reproach of the shareholder who may say that this is not a philanthropic institution, but a commercial undertaking which should try to secure the biggest possible immediate profits. There is no ground I would sooner be attacked upon than that of not having raised the price of a standard article of dietary during this time of food hardship, especially meat-food hardships, and I believe the vast majority of the shareholders will heartily endorse and approve this attitude. The cost of this policy, the deferred shareholder may say, concerns him only. Well, it is as the Company's largest deferred shareholder that I express that view. That our whole attitude in this matter will redound to the credit of Bovril I have little doubt, for what better goodwill can we have in years to come than for the public to remember and say: 'Bovril had its opportunity, but did not profiteer.'

BOVRIL CO. A 'TRUE DEMOCRACY.'

"I think we can consider this Company a miniature democratic institution. We are a co-operative body of over 11,000 shareholders, and we control provinces in the form of estates in Australia and the Argentine of 9½ million acres, upon which there are over 250,000 head of cattle. We manage to produce our beef product at a cost which has enabled us to provide our millions of consumers with Bovril at prices unaltered during the war.

"I mentioned the area of the joint Bovril Australian and Argentine estates just now at 9½ million acres. Have you any idea what that area means? It is larger than Belgium, and over 2½ times the size of Alsace and Lorraine; or, if you would like a comparison nearer home, it is twice the size of Wales, or nearly the size of Wales and Ulster put together.

"You will have noticed in the papers many estimates of the cost of rearing or fattening cattle in this country, usually proving that with beef at 60s. a cwt. live weight, the business was unprofitable. Even in more normal times the farmer requires at least £30 to £40 for a fat beast.

CATTLE v. CEREALS.

"Now, it may surprise you when I say the cost of rearing a 9 to 10 cwt. steer on the Bovril Australian estates does not amount to 60s. altogether, and though the cost is considerably more in Eastern Australia and the Argentine, my point is that the rearer of stock in the northern part of this hemisphere, particularly in the thickly populated parts of Europe, has no chance, in competition with the stock raised in the open plains of the southern hemisphere—Australasia, South America, Africa. More especially will this be the case in normal times—say, after the war—when frozen beef will be sent thousands of miles to these shores at a transport cost so low that it can be covered by the utilisation of by-products at the great freezing works of South America and Australia—by-products which cannot be so economically handled in the comparatively small butchering establishments of this country. In making a statement such as this, I might add that I have no financial interest in freezing works; in fact, some of them are competitors for the cattle we want for Bovril.

"The cost of raising stock in Argentina and Australia is, roughly speaking, the interest on capital invested in the cattle and the land. The cattle are never under cover, and the number of men employed is so small that the payment to labour, spread over the head of cattle, has little effect on the final cost.

"As regards the United States, though they are good enough to export beef here at present, that country will later have to buy heavily in the southern hemisphere in order to feed her own growing population.

"I have taken up your time explaining the matter—little realised in Britain—in the hope that my remarks may reach the eyes of some farmers who do not realise that the paternal Ministry that is forcing them to plough up their grass land is not only doing so on account of the immediate war necessity, but because the getting of a larger portion of their farms under cereal production will be of the utmost permanent advantage to themselves and the State.

A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

"Nearly two years ago I quoted at the Argentine Estates Meeting scientific authority for saying that land growing wheat was producing fifteen times as much food energy as could be produced on the same area by way of grass and cattle to eventual beef. I then said:—

"The point which I wish to bring out is that if there is to be protection for the farm products of this country with a view to encouraging a larger production of home-grown food, I can only imagine that that protection would be worked out with a view to the growing of cereals, leaving the raising of cattle, apart from the dairy industry, to the countries that have ample areas for that purpose. Now the watershed of the rivers that flow into the River Plate is the largest and finest stretch of pasture land in the world. It includes not only a large part of the Argentine, but Southern Brazil, west of the coast mountains, and the Republics of Uruguay and Paraguay, whilst the cattle thereon must number over 60,000,000 head. These cattle are grown almost entirely for beef, and certainly not one cow in a dozen, probably not one in 50, is ever domesticated for dairy purposes. This portion of South America is the great cattle reserve of the world, in the same way as Australia is the great sheep reserve.

IMMENSE MEAT WORKS.

"During the last two years, meat works have been erected further and further north into this vast continent of pasturage; starting from the mouth of the River Plate, the original nursery of freezing works, they have now spread right up into Brazil and Paraguay. The principal duty of all these works at the present moment is to supply the armies of the Allies with beef, but after the war their equipment will enable them to supply the northern hemisphere with beef on a scale altogether unknown in the past."



The area of the Bovril Argentine estates (shown in the rectangle) is more than 2½ that of Alsace and Lorraine.

(Continued from page 22.)

I mumbled something about Uncle's age, and his memory wandering, but Albert was not to be satisfied, and he whispered:

"How do you think the old boy made his money?"

I could offer no satisfactory explanation, and we dropped the subject. But a month or so later our interests were all set more vividly agog by Uncle's behaviour, for he suddenly expressed his determination not merely to entertain us as usual but to help us in a more substantial way. He bought and stocked a new shop for Albert. He set Richard up in business and gave Christopher a partnership in it. He paid Will's passage out to Canada and gave him two hundred pounds to start on. (I believe Will had already been trying to borrow money from him, with what result I do not know.) He offered me some light secretarial work to do for him in my spare time, for which he agreed to pay me sixty pounds a year. As for the girls, he bought them a life annuity bringing them in fifty pounds a year.

I need hardly say that this new development created considerable joy and sensation in our family, and our interest in and respect for Uncle Herbert became intense. I felt very keen to start on my "light secretarial duties," and at the back of my mind was the thought that now I should have an opportunity to get some little insight into Uncle's affairs. But in this I was disappointed. He only asked me to go on two evenings a week, and then it was to help check certain expenses in connection with the household, and also to begin to inaugurate a library for him. I made no further progress of an intimate nature at all. The next step of progression in this direction, indeed, was made by Albert, somewhat under cover of the old adage, *in vino veritas*. For on the night after Albert's new shop was opened we all supped at Uncle's, and Albert, I'm afraid, got a little drunk. He was, in any case, very excited and garrulous, and he and Christopher and I met in the smoke-room late in the evening and Albert was very mysterious. I would like to reproduce what he said in his own words. He shut the door carefully and tiptoed across the room.

"Look here, boys," he said. "The old man beats me. There's something about all this I don't like."

"Don't be a fool," I remarked. "What's the trouble?"

Albert walked restlessly up and down the room, then he said:

"I've been watching all the evening. He gets worse. I begin to feel frightened by him at moments. To-night when they were all fooling about, I happened to stroll through the conservatory, and suddenly I comes across Uncle. He was sitting all alone, his elbows on his knees, staring into space. 'Ullo, Uncle!' I says. He starts and trembles like, and then he says, 'Ullo, Albert, my boy.' I says, 'You feeling all right, Uncle?' and he splutters about and says, 'Yes, yes, I'm all right. 'Ow d'yer think your business'll go, Albert?' he says. I felt in a queer sort of defiant mood—I'd had nearly half a bottle of port—and suddenly I says straight out, 'What sort of place is Africa, Uncle?' His little eyes blazed at me for a moment, and I thought he was going to lose his temper. Then he stops and gives a sort of whimper, and sinks down again on his knees. He made a funny noise as if he was going to cry. Then he says in that husky voice, 'Efrica? . . . Efrica? . . . Oh, Efrica's a funny place, Albert. It's big. . . .' He stretched out his little arms, and sat there as though he was dreamin'. Then he continues, 'In the cities it's struggle, and struggle, and struggle. . . one man 'gainst another, no mercy, no quarter. . . .' And suddenly he caught hold of my arm, and he says, 'You can't 'elp it, can yer, Albert, if one man gets on, and another man goes under?' I didn't know what to say, and he seems to shrink away from me, and he stops and he stares, and stares, and stares, and then he says in a kind of whisper, 'Then you get out on the plains. . . and it's all silent. . . and your away up in the karoo, and there's just the great stone slabs. . . and nothing but yer solitude, and yer thoughts, and the moon above. And it's all so still.' Then he stops again, and suddenly raises his little arm and points, Christ! for all the world as though he was pointin' at somethin' 'appenin' out there on the karoo."

Christopher rose from his seat, and walked to the window. He was looking pale.

"Don't be a fool, Albert," he said. "What does it matter? Ain't 'e done you all right? Ain't he set you up in the greengrocery?"

Albert looked wildly round, and licked the end of a cigarette which had gone out.

"I don't see that there's anything we can do," I remarked unconvincingly.

Albert wiped his brow.

"No," he argued. "It ain't our business. It's only that sometimes I. . ."

He did not finish his remark, and we three brothers looked at each other furtively.

Then began one of those curious telepathic experiences which play so great a part in the lives of all of us: I have complained that none of my brothers or sisters showed any leaning towards education or mental advancement of any sort, but I have not perhaps insisted that in spite of this it was one of our boasts that we were an honest family. Even Will, in spite of his recklessness and certain vicious traits, had always played the game. Albert, and Richard, and Christopher had been perilously poor, but I do not believe that they would have ever acted in a deliberately dishonest or mean fashion. I don't think I would myself, although I had had perhaps rather less temptation. And in spite of our variety of disposition and trade, we were a fairly united family. We understood each other.

And the advent of Uncle Herbert and his peculiar behaviour reacted upon us unfavourably. With the accession of this unexpected wealth and security we became suspicious of each other. Moreover, when we brothers met together after the evening I have just described, we looked at each other half knowingly, and the slogan: "It ain't no business of mine," became charged with the acid of mutual recrimination. As far as possible we avoided any intimate discussion, and kept the conversation on a detached plane. We were riotously merry, unduly affectionate, and according to all the rules of the game, undeniably guilty.

What was Uncle staring at? I would sometimes wake up in the night, and begin feverishly visualising all sorts of strange and untoward episodes. What were these haunting fears at the back of his mind? Why was he so silent on the primal facts of his position? And I knew that in their individual ways all my brothers and sisters were undergoing a similar period of trial. I could tell by their eyes.

And the naked truth kept jogging our elbows—that this money from which we were benefiting, that brought us so much pleasure and comfort, had been acquired in some dishonest way, or even over the corpse of some tragic episode.

He spent nearly all his time in the garden, dividing it up into little circles, and oblongs, and triangles of geranium beds, and at the bottom he had a rock garden, and fruit trees on the south wall. He seemed to know a lot about it.

In the winter he stayed indoors, and became frailer and more pathetic in his manner, and more dependent upon our society. It is difficult to know how much he followed the effects of his liberality. He developed a manner of asking one excitedly all about one's affairs, and then not listening to the reply. If he had observed things closely he would have noted that in nearly every case his patronage had had unfortunate results. Richard and Christopher quarrelled, and dissolved their partnership. Albert's business failed. Nancy's husband threw up his work, and led a frankly depraved life on the strength of his wife's settled income. An adventurer named Ben Cotton married my sister Louie obviously because she had a little money. Laura quarrelled with her husband, the Baptist, and on the strength of her new independence left him, and the poor man hanged himself a few months later.

To all these stories of misadventure and trouble Uncle Herbert listened with a great show of profuse sympathy, but it was patent that their real significance did not get through to him. Always he acted lavishly and impulsively. He set Albert up in business again. He started both Christopher and Richard independently. He gave the girls more money, and sent a preposterous wreath to the Baptist's funeral. He did not seem to mind what he did for us, provided we continued to laugh and jest around his generous board.

It is curious that this cataclysm in our lives affected Albert more than any of us. Perhaps because he was in his way more temperamental. He began to lose a grip on his business, and to drink.

He came to me one night in a very excited state. It appeared that on the previous evening he had come home late, and had been drinking. One of the children annoyed him, a boy named Andrew, and Albert had struck him on the head harder than he had meant to. There had very nearly been a tragedy. His wife had been very upset, and threatened to leave him.

Albert cried in a maudlin fashion, and said he was very unhappy. He wished Uncle Herbert had never turned up. And then he recalled the night in the conservatory, when Uncle Herbert had talked about Africa.

"I believe there was dirty work," said Albert. "I believe he did some one down. He killed him out there on the karoo, and robbed him of his money."

(To be continued.)

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THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1918

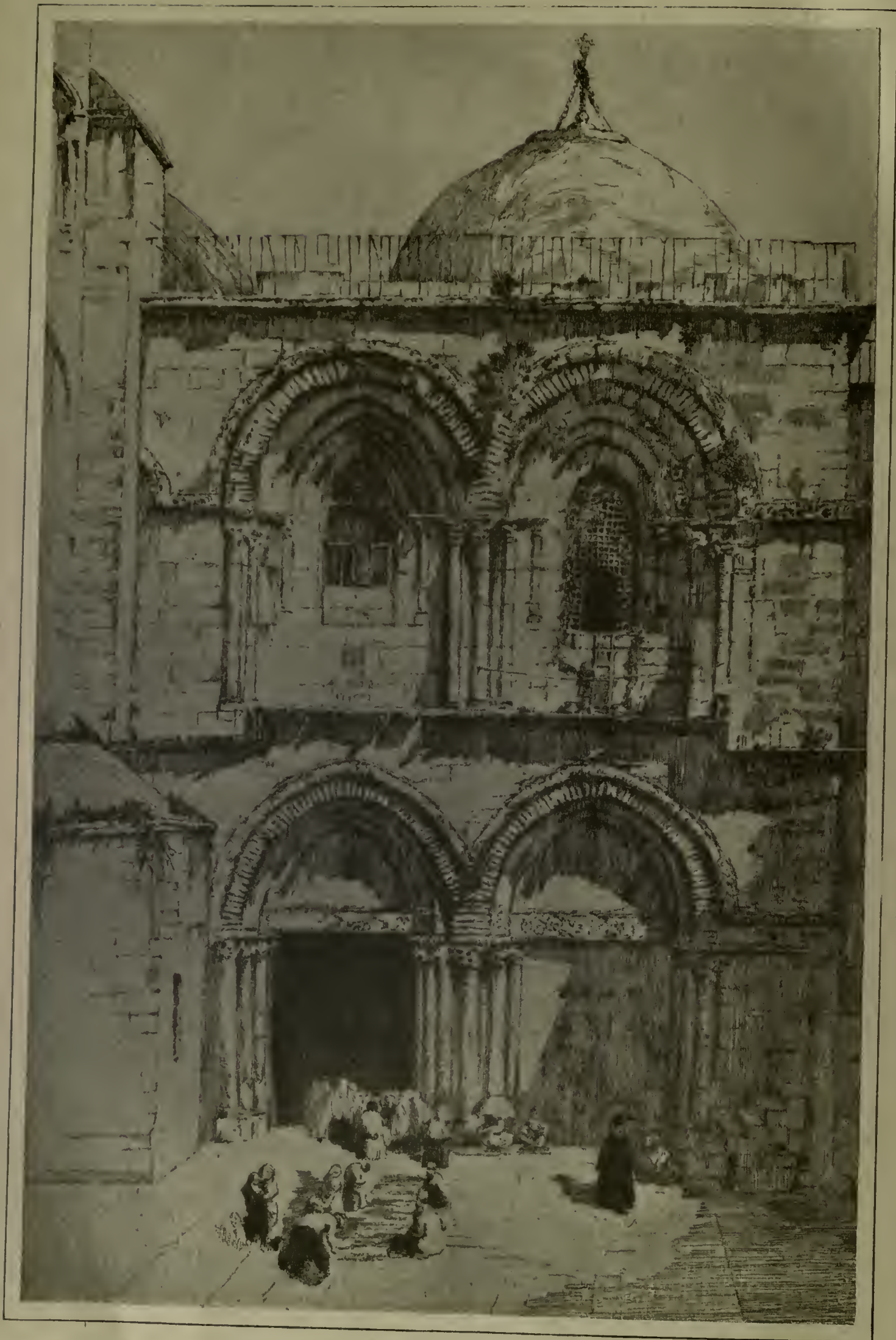
[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
PRICE NINEPENCE



French Official

The Town Hall of Rheims after a Recent Bombardment



Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem

By Myra K. Hughes, A.R.E. (see page 15).

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1918.

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The Outlook

IN introducing the Naval Estimates last week to the House of Commons, Sir Eric Geddes reviewed at some length our shipbuilding prospects and requirements. He confirmed the disquieting fact that our average monthly output of merchant shipbuilding had declined from 140,000 tons in the last quarter of 1917 to 58,000 tons in January.

For this a variety of explanations were offered: "The weather was exceptionally bad, and delays were caused thereby." "January, because of the holidays, was always a bad month for the output of ships": "February was going to be better" (though in this Sir Eric Geddes appears to differ from Mr. Barnes, who should have access to all the information before the War Cabinet). "The main fact, however, is that whether due to labour unrest, to strikes, to difficulties of whatever kind, the men in the yards are not working as if the life of the country depended on their exertions. Employers also are not perhaps, in all cases, doing all that can be done to increase output." "The serious unrest which existed in January will have its effect on completions in later months." The First Lord added that he was driven to the conclusion that even at this late date the situation is not fully realised.

With this statement we entirely agree, but the responsibility for dealing with Labour troubles must rest with the Government. It should be obvious at this critical stage of the war that the slackening of effort in the shipbuilding yards will lead straight to disaster. Labour unrest will not be dispelled by speeches in the House of Commons; there is need for drastic action. It is not enough to plead that the piece-worker is inclined to take more holidays. Labour has legitimate grievances, but their demands must not always be met by concession and compromise. There can be no compromise where the safety of the State is concerned. But it should be the first duty of the Government to put Labour in command of facts and figures which truthfully represent the actual state of affairs. It is the Government's apparent distrust of labour, by the concealment of the truth which fosters and foments agitations that, when they come to a head, it has shown itself too timorous to handle boldly.

In looking for the causes of this deplorable decline in output which has made January and February two of the blackest months in the history of the war, we may be permitted to refer to the resolution of the District Committee of the Federation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Trades which was passed on January 31st. It was to the following effect: "We are strongly of opinion that the Government should immediately open up negotiations with all the enemy countries, and that facilities should be afforded to Labour and Socialistic bodies in this country to meet with the Labour and Socialistic bodies of the Allies and Central Powers, that their views may be obtained; and we warn the Government that unless they do afford such an opportunity to Labour in Great Britain, or if they fail to give satisfactory guar-

antees that they will open up negotiations, we will down tools."

The meeting further decided to insist upon a reply by February 8th. What else is this but treason? The resolution was promptly disowned by other large bodies of Labour, yet the fact remains that the output of tonnage declined by two-thirds in the month of January, and that at the best in the month of February we can only expect about two-thirds of what the same yards, with fewer men, have done in previous months.

We do not say that this is an instance of cause and effect, but we should like to know whether this threat has been carried into effect.

Perusal of the military *communiqués* from day to day is apt to leave on the public mind the impression that the raiding and counter-raiding activities on the Western front are minor affairs without immediate meaning. When, however, these operations are reviewed over a longer period they are seen to have a certain indicative significance.

To take the past week only, there was the enemy's attempt against the Belgian posts round Merkem, accompanied by an effort to bridge the Yser south of the flooded area. The attempt failed. There was the attack on the British posts south of Houthulst Forest; another failure. The assault on the British line from Polderhoek château across the Ypres-Menin road was more ambitious and determined, but once more in its results negative. South of the Lys, on the sector between Armentières and La Bassée, several tactical "feclers," none very encouraging. At Lens and on the Scarpe, more especially round Monchy-le-Preux, the same. The same again on the front between Havrincourt and St. Quentin.

Then we come to an attempt, sharply checked, at Chavignon at the western end of the Aisne ridge; and another at Corbeny at the eastern end. There was the assault at La Neuville, the bridge-head established by the French on the eastern bank of the Aisne and Marne canal north of Rheims. There was the attack by two battalions on the old fort of La Pompelle, where the French line has been pushed across the Vesle. Both these enterprises drew a blank. Some further fighting occurred on the col between the Butte de Mesnil and the Butte de Tahure; and an outbreak of activity at Vauquois in the Argonne. The front north of Verdun, of course, is a disturbed area, where the artillery duel is persistent; but for a long time past the enemy had south-east of Verdun been quiescent. The effort to penetrate the French line near Les Eparges was probably therefore intended as a surprise. If so, it was not fortunate.

Tactically the enemy has been striving to improve his methods. Experience has shown that so far they have been too costly. He is anxious to reduce his losses, partly because, having regard to his present resources in man-power, that is imperative; partly because it is doubtful if his troops will stand the old methods of mass slaughter. Though it would be going far—too far, perhaps—to say that the temper of the German Army is depressed, there can be no question that it is sullen.

The Germans entered upon the war confident, above everything, in the superiority of their tactics. It was a confidence shared as much by the rank and file as by the General Staff. And at first it appeared justified. Then it was rudely dispelled. To the astonishment of the enemy—and we may depend upon it also to his dismay—the French proved to be tactically his masters. And the disillusion was terribly expensive. In the face of modern weapons, mass attacks have ceased in the strict sense of the word to be war at all; they are sheer imbecility. So far from war to-day having been, as some imagine, reduced to a brainless struggle of horde against horde, modern equipment has made it more than ever necessary to rely upon brains.

The man at the head of the French Army knew this from the start, and acted upon it. In order to compensate and offset the effects of disillusionment regarding the French, the legend was started that the British Army, at any rate, would be tactically indifferent—unable, in a word, to fight efficiently. British tactics turned out to be as resourceful as the French. What has been the result? Having burned his fingers over the tradition of Teutonic steadfastness, physical bravery, and the rest of it—the enemy set himself sedulously to copy Allied methods. He is still doing it, and in his own way trying to improve upon them.

Somehow he must tactically get level with these Western opponents, for if not he will be thrashed to a pulp. He is well aware of it. Despite the poses of politicians, and the pretensions of Press magnates; notwithstanding the visions

of idealists, well enough meant, no doubt, the foundations of the future peace of Europe are at this moment being laid in the trenches in France and Flanders, in the daily proofs that there are soldiers in existence whom German military ambition cannot meet on equal terms.

* * *

The significance of the raids of the past week or two, apparently meaningless, lies in this. The enemy in them has been putting to the test the supposed improvements in his tactics. It has not been the only purpose, of course; but it is one purpose, and important. There is more in it than reconnaissance. These activities may very correctly be termed a trial of probable costs. From that point of view they must have been consistently disappointing. They have been disappointing because, though many experiments in training have been going on behind the German front, the devices have nothing in them that is original.

At the moment, the anxiety of the rulers of Germany is to overcome this obstacle of tactical inferiority. They have been moving heaven and earth to find a solution: The existence or disappearance of the Prussian military system turns upon finding one. In any event, it is a striking disclosure of deficiency to embark upon the search in the midst of a great war.

* * *

Directly Turkey entered the war, Germany directed that country's main military effort towards the capture of the Batoum oil-fields. But Russia's armies were too strong, and Turkey suffered heavy defeat, taking her revenge on the Armenians, a race which will probably be exterminated now that Germany has delivered them over to the tender mercies of the Turks—an act of heartless cold-blooded cruelty.

What was impossible in war has been achieved by peace, and Turkey is to occupy the most important and valuable oil-field in the world. Her authority will be merely nominal; Germany will be actually in possession, and having on one pretext or another installed herself at Odessa, Germany will dominate both shores of the Black Sea and its exceedingly wealthy trade. The Teuton parrot-cry "freedom of the seas" is not intended to apply to a German-ruled Baltic or a German-dominated Black Sea.

The most serious feature of this latest development of Bolshevik folly and perfidy is that Germany has at last arrived at her long-desired goal—Central Asia. Thwarted in Mesopotamia, she is getting there by the Trans-Caspian route. The effect on the British Empire must be the same, if German influence is allowed to remain there.

* * *

It would be foolishness to minimise the danger which will arise to the British Empire first and foremost, and finally, to the peace of the world if German influence is given a foothold in Asia. By a strange coincidence, the "modest tribute of a generous and not ungrateful people," to quote Mr. Austen Chamberlain, was being paid by the Houses of Parliament to the late Sir Stanley Maude just at the moment when the details of the Bolshevik treaty came through, and few probably realised the close connection between the two incidents.

Had Germany obtained that treaty before Bagdad had been conquered, she would have found in every bazaar from the Caspian to the Hindoo Kush soil lying ready for her evil seed. After the failure at Kut, British prestige had never fallen so low in the East since Britain became an Asiatic Power. But with the flag of England flying over the old capital of the Caliphs, and the sacred city of Jerusalem—as sacred to Mohammedan as to Jew and Christian—in our hands, the position is entirely altered. More than that, the Arab tribes of Mesopotamia are happy and prosperous under our administration; they are allowed to make money, and they are allowed to keep it. These facts are whispered through the echoing galleries of the Orient, and German influence will find it a difficult and costly job to push forward at this moment her anti-British propaganda. What the Empire really owes to Sir Stanley Maude for this rehabilitation of her prestige can never be set down in pounds, shillings, and pence. It is incalculable.

But Germany cannot be allowed to become an Asiatic Power or even influence. Japan must head her off from the Pacific, and it is for us to defeat her schemes in Persia and Afghanistan. Fortunately, we are not without experience in those regions; we have capable officers at our disposal who understand the people they are dealing with, but no time is to be lost in strengthening our influence north of the Khyber and Quetta, and in counteracting the German emissaries who are probably already on their way to stir up trouble for us. The future of Germany in Central

Asia is yet another question that has to be finally settled on the Western front.

* * *

The arrangements for demobilisation made public last week show that the Government have appreciated the drift of working-class feeling during the last few years. The Labour Exchanges had become unpopular before the war for different reasons, one of them being the use made of Exchanges during strikes by employers looking for blackleg labour. This truth has been grasped by the authorities, and the name "Employment Exchange" has now been substituted for the original name of these institutions. More important schemes for giving trade unions some share in the control of the Exchanges are under consideration.

If demobilisation had been left to these Exchanges and a central Government department the outlook would have been unpromising. Fortunately, the Government have learnt, from the experiences of the war, that bureaucracy is not an ideal instrument for guiding industry through a critical phase, and they have wisely abandoned the project. An Advisory Committee has now been set up, consisting in the main of representatives of the employers' associations, and of the trade unions, with a handful of officials from the departments immediately concerned. In cases where an industry has formed an Industrial Council before the conclusion of the war, that Council will obviously be the proper body for dealing with demobilisation, and this Advisory Committee will have in such cases comparatively little to do.

The blemish in the scheme is the inadequate representation of women workers, for on a Council of nearly fifty members there are only four women, and yet some of the most crucial issues affect women as intimately as men.

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As it happens, a demobilisation question has already arisen, for something like 40,000 women have been discharged from munition works. On the face of it, there ought to be no difficulty in providing them with employment at a time when there is so urgent a demand for labour. But, in the first place, it is contended, with good reason, that these women ought not to be penalised, and that they are as well entitled to unemployment pay during any interval that may elapse as they would be if their discharge had come at the end of the war. In the second place, the question is complicated by the scandalous pre-war standards of women's wages.

In places like Sheffield a munition woman worker may be earning over £2, when before the war she was working long hours with deplorable results to the health of the community for a quarter of that sum. The only way to prevent a disastrous relapse is to abolish this whole system of sweating. For this reason, the announcement made by Mr. Roberts this week that he is going to propose a large extension of the Trade Boards is most welcome news, and it is to be hoped that the Trade Boards will be encouraged to take rather a bolder view of their powers and responsibilities.

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The Business Men's Week must be pronounced a great success; even those who object to what they call "the circus business" in connection with national finance have to admit that the end has justified the means. The publicity campaign brought home to people in all parts of the country their individual responsibility in this respect, and it has also served a good purpose in that it must have induced many to begin saving who had hitherto regarded thrift with distaste. One may reasonably hope the good which this concentrated effort to arouse the people to their responsibilities toward the cost of the war has effected, will continue.

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The dispersal of the John Linnell collection of works by William Blake at Christie's this week is an event of more than artistic interest at the present moment. Blake was a great Englishman, in the sense in which Chaucer was English. The obscurity of much of his work, as well as its imaginative range, has distracted attention from its passionate nationalism. His earliest drawings were made from the monuments in Westminster Abbey; as a youth, he spent his evenings designing subjects from English history, Chaucer and Milton were his constant companions, and in "The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth" and "Nelson guiding Leviathan," he made a definite contribution to the political propaganda of his own period. Nor was his influence upon other artists any less national; and in the works of Edward Calvert, Samuel Palmer, and John Linnell himself, there is expressed an ideal of England curiously in accord with what we are striving after to-day.

East and West: By Hilaire Belloc

I PROPOSE to examine in the latter part of what follows certain details of the great belt of territory which the Central Empires, under the guidance of Prussia, are carving out into separate, new, and in the main artificial States, which will (if we leave Prussia undefeated and enjoying a negotiated peace) be no more than subject portions of the great central empire which it is her aim to establish.

Any discussion of this matter—general, like those which have appeared in these columns in the past, or particular, like that which I propose to make to-day—must be prefaced by a proviso that should be fairly obvious but is not sufficiently grasped by the public. This proviso is the truth that if the Prussian army is defeated or reduced to a position of inferiority preventing its continued resistance, nothing done in the East can stand. Nothing of the Prussian plans against Poland and for the erection of these new, largely artificial States will remain, but the fate of these provinces will be as much in the hands of the victors as that of Western Europe.

One often hears people suggesting that the weight of civilisation must triumph in the West, but that the Eastern position is lost for good. Such a statement is a contradiction in terms. A decisive victory in the West would leave the victorious armies in a position to dictate the future to all Europe. Exactly as the decisive victory gained by the Central Empires over Russia, political though it be in character, has left the victors for the moment in a position to dictate entirely at their will the future Russia in Europe and to carve out its frontier territories as they choose.

There is, of course, in this connection a further statement current that a decision of this sort cannot be expected in the West. Many men speak as though the word "victory" were a vague rhetorical expression signifying no more than the capture of such and such portions of an enemy's force or the compelling of him to abandon such and such positions. A decisive victory is nothing of the kind. Upon the contrary, most of the great decisive victories have not been followed by retreats of any sort, and some of them have not even been followed by routs. The object of all military art is to put out of action the organised force of your opponent. But whether you do that by destroying the details of his force or destroying its organisation or even by compelling the civilian framework upon which all armies depend to collapse under the strain of the pressure you put upon them, the result is the same.

Now to say that a complete decision is impossible in the West because it has not yet arrived is to talk nonsense. It is to let the mind slip into a habit of repetition instead of using it for analysis. Every military struggle, from a pitched battle within narrow limits to this, the greatest of all groups of campaigns, is ultimately a trial of endurance. It may be that the moral power of endurance was greater on the defeated side than on the successful side, and that the result was only obtained by the superiority in weapons or in scientific management and movement, or in organisation. But in any case the victory is obtained by the power of the victor to impose a strain upon the vanquished which ultimately breaks him up. In this process the victor himself is nearly always subject to a strain nearly equal to the strain he imposes upon his opponent, the difference between victory and defeat lying in the priority of surrender. He who first discovers he can no longer stand the strain is the defeated party. In the great duels of the world a decision is invariably arrived at at last, and it will be arrived at in this the greatest duel in which our ancient civilisation has yet been engaged. Either we leave the enemy upstanding, in which case the future is lost, or we obtain the decision, in which case the future is ours.

I have often quoted the parallel of Waterloo because Waterloo is an excellently small model in time and space upon which this very large general principle can be studied. That battle covered, in its active part, not much more than two square miles of land; it involved at first the action of less than 150,000 men, and even at its close of much less than 200,000. It lasted, from the first shot to the French breakdown, less than nine hours. Yet all that is said of this great campaign lasting over years and covering thousands upon thousands of square miles, all the fundamental errors on the nature of that campaign could equally have been made, and some were made, in the course of that action.

In the first two hours of Waterloo—or, at any rate, before

the end of the third hour—the failure of Erlon with the first corps to break the British left centre, after the tremendous cannonade it had received, might well have been used as an argument that Napoleon's task was impossible of achievement. Erlon's corps was the only fresh one. It had attacked upon more favourable conditions than were likely to come later, and it had failed. Even before its complete failure Napoleon had already perceived in the distant east the approach upon his flank of those German troops which later were to change the balance of numbers. The battle might seem lost to the French at that moment. At about two o'clock, if I remember rightly, this judgment could perfectly well have been passed by a good observer of the struggle, and there are some historians who have gone so far as to ask why Napoleon did not break off the battle. Yet in the mid-afternoon, in the midst of the great cavalry charges against the squares of the British right centre (when the guns had to be left in the open, and were ridden round and over by the Cuirassiers) there were officers upon Napoleon's staff watching from the heights in the south, who said that the battle was already won—and so it would have been if the British line had yielded, as it seemed to be to one seeing the mass of cavalry in its midst; for in that case the German pressure on the right would have come up too late. At the end of the afternoon the thing was really what is called a deadlock. There was not much left of daylight, the French had twice swept the Germans out of Planchenoit. Yet the British line was intact. The last vigorous advance of the guard was at hand.

Note that for seven hours there had been an increasing strain upon either side, increasing mutual exhaustion—and no result. The result came at the very end, in the ninth hour, because in that hour one side—the French—suffered just up to and beyond the breaking point. The check of the guard and the appearance of a fresh Prussian body on the north-east were what turned the scale. And after the breaking point the side which had not broken, in spite of the very great strain it had also suffered, could do what it willed.

It is equally true of this gigantic business to-day. The side which endures longest will be able to do what it likes with the other; but with this difference in our favour, that the enemy is trying to break off the battle, and we as yet have not tried to do that. It is he who is already more anxious about the future than ourselves; and that is a sign.

Details of the New States

Let us now turn to the details of those new provinces which Prussia and her allies are in process of carving out of what was once the Western belt of the Russian Empire.

The general lines I have already dealt with at some length. We know that if Prussia succeeds in getting her negotiated peace in the West she will establish a great central empire of which these new nations between the Baltic and the Black Sea will be virtually dependent, though perhaps federal States. We know that her main concern is to reduce the kingdom of Poland to the smallest limits, to refuse it access to the sea, and to create causes of friction between it and its neighbours. The reason for this policy is that Poland is the only State here which Prussia really dreads. It is the only State with a strong tradition of Latin civilisation and of Western ideas, the only one with a long historic past to consolidate it, and the only one with a true national consciousness spread throughout its being. To the south there lies the Rumanian State, which is also highly national; but this stands apart in language and culture from the Slav group.

We have also explained in past articles the principle of dividing in order to rule; the principle of creating as much local friction as possible underlies the whole of this German work in the East. In one place the greater landlords will be relied upon to help German influence against the peasantry, in another the peasantry against the landlords, in another Catholics against Protestants or Orthodox, in another Orthodox against both. In one district a minority race is left as a cause of friction, in another a minority language.

Their Constitution

Now let us look at the thing in detail. According to whether the Prussians propose separate States or annexation along the Baltic shore, there will be five at the least, or eight at the most, of these new States. The eight would be,

in their order, Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, an artificial Lithuania inland, Poland, the new artificial State of Ukraine, and Rumania. If Courland be annexed (with a part of what is the Province of Kovno) it leaves seven new States; if the annexation push up to the Baltic shore to the Gulf of Finland, it leaves five.

Of these new States, that of Finland will hardly form part of the new empire which Prussia is building up, and hopes to render permanent. Its 3,000,000 inhabitants—the directing classes of which are Swedish in origin—will fall rather to the Scandinavian group. That group will, of course, if Prussia emerged from this war undefeated, fall into the orbit of Prussia. Prussia will hold the gates of its trade and will command its seas, but there will certainly be no attempt to act on Finland directly.

Finland has always been quite a separate national group within the boundaries of the old Russian Government; but its independence, now assured by the action of German agents in Petrograd, and by the collapse of the Russian State, has certain new consequences which are of importance. The first of these is the destruction of the old position of Petrograd itself. With a German province—or, at the best, a German State—of Esthonia holding all the south of the Gulf of Finland, and the new Finnish independent State holding the northern shore, Petrograd can only be reached by sea at the mercy of foreigners. It is, on a smaller scale, a reproduction of what Germany has already produced in the Dardanelles and the entry to the Baltic. And we must remember that the mass of Finnish population is on the southern edge commanding the approach to Petrograd.

There is another point of considerable importance in connection with Finland. During the war, and with the help of the Allies, the Russian Government constructed what ought to have been constructed long ago—a railway to open water, which was then under Russian control. This railway runs from the capital, up along the western shore of the White Sea, to the Bay of Kola, upon the Arctic Ocean, a deep, completely sheltered, and excellent harbour, a fjord, more sheltered even than most of the Norwegian fjords, and never impassable through ice. This northern railway, produced under the pressure of the war, was the first communication Petrograd had with the ocean all the year round. Now, no part of this line passes through Finland proper. But it will be at the mercy of any one who can use Finland. It runs up, flanking the Finnish border all the way—and, indeed, in the present condition of Russian society, there is no reason why the State of Finland should not add to its territories whatever it liked of the great uninhabited waste that borders the White Sea.

To the south of the Gulf of Finland you have first the group of three territories bordering upon the Baltic—Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland. The latter would shed, if it were organised as a German or quasi-German territory, its long easterly tongue which contains Dvinsk, but would take in all the western part of the province of Kovno, and would very probably include the town of Riga, which under Russian rule counted as part of Livonia. The new Courland might also annex the territory of Sualki to the south, though this had counted as a portion of Courland for a very long time past. Courland so organised, with Riga as its chief town, would, especially in the neighbourhood of the sea and on the banks of the main rivers, be dominated by men of German tongue who are the merchants and the principal landlords in most parts.

Esthonia, at the other or northern end of the Baltic group, includes—or probably would include—the northern portion of what was till recently the province of Livonia, including the town of Dorpad, and the great naval base of Reval. Here again in the wealthier minority German influences already dominate, and much of the non-German speaking population is attachable to the new system through its religion, which is in the main Protestant. There comes in between the district of Livonia, the southern part of the province of that name, of which the chief town is Walk; the majority of this district is Catholic, but there would be both a Protestant and a certain Orthodox Greek minority. Whether these three Baltic districts would be annexed by Germany or given partial or entire autonomy we do not know, but the German Press is already speaking of them as though they were virtually German by possession.

Next to the south, we have the district which is in the main to be regarded as the future Germanised Kingdom of Poland. It consists in the Russian portion of the Polish kingdom less the northern territory, of which Sualki is the chief town, and less the province of Cholm, which, after the shuffling ambiguities of the last few weeks, it is still probably the enemy's intention to hand over to Ukraine in order at once to diminish the remnant of Poland, and create a cause

of friction between that State and its eastern neighbours. Poland, thus reduced, is in population about half, and in territory less than half, the true Poland of history and national position. Beyond this diminution of its hereditary enemy (to whom it owes also its title to a kingdom) Prussia will not go. There is a portion of the German Press which is crying out for further annexation, but it will not be listened to because the direct government of so considerable a body of men, intellectually their superiors and always in active opposition, would be exceedingly dangerous. And because all the economic and political results desired can be obtained either by this remnant of Poland autonomous with a German house ruling in Warsaw, or by attaching it to some tripartite arrangement in a new Hapsburg Empire.

Prussianised Rumania

In the south, the plan with regard to Rumania will be seen to be this. Transylvania and its three million Rumanians under Magyar rule to remain where they are—part of the universal policy of division which we see everywhere in this scheme. But Bessarabia (with about half that number), in the main Rumanian, to be added to Rumania, and the whole of the country to be established under a new dynasty with Prussian sympathies. The Dobrudja to be handed over to Bulgaria; *but one would imagine that the mouths of the Danube—or, at any rate, one issue to the Black Sea—would be left in Rumanian hands*, because Rumania thus constituted would be virtually subject to Prussia, whereas Bulgaria, though within the general influence of the new great State, would be less easy to control directly.

There remain the two unknown quantities of inland Lithuania, including a great mass of the White Russian population and the new artificial State of Ukraine. These two will be in mere acreage the largest of the new territories, and in population Ukraine will be much the largest—from 30 to 35 million souls. It will contain something like half of all the new States together, including Rumania (which will count about 9 to 9½ millions). What we do not know is the eastern boundary within which Prussia will decide to contain these two new satellites of hers—Lithuania and the Ukraine.

It has been suggested that inland Lithuania—a highly artificial State—would include the northern part of the province of Minsk, with Minsk itself, the northern part of Grodno, with that town and Bialystok as chief centres, all Vilna, the eastern part of Kovno, the eastern tongue of Courland Province, of which I have spoken, and even Vitebsk and Mohilev. In other words, everything north of the Pripet Marshes, which region may indifferently fall to the northern State of Ukraine. It is true that this will be a big, unwieldy, not homogeneous, hotch-potch sort of a State—Catholic and Orthodox in religion, partly Polish, Jewish, White Russian, and Lithuanian in race. But it would not be very thickly populated, it would be only about half as thickly populated as Poland (square mile for square mile), it would not entrench upon the territory of Great Russia proper, it would give rise to friction against Poland, especially in Grodno and Vilna. There is, from the German point of view, a good deal to be said for creating such an artificial lump.

Lastly, from south of the Pripet Marshes to the Black Sea and from the artificial frontier drawn near Cholm to the boundaries of the Cossacks of the Don, you have the new artificial State which the enemy has christened archaically "the Ukraine." It is possible or probable that the Crimea and its hinterland north of the isthmus—in other words, the Taurida Province—would not be included, but would form some small government of its own—at least, that is the suggestion that has been made in enemy countries, on what foundation I do not know.

It is not fully realised yet what a vast estate it is that Germany has thus carved for herself for exploitation by her capital and government, by her methods, upon the marches of Russia. When this estate has been established as a number of nominally independent little nations, with the only important and solid national group, that of Poland, diminished and hemmed in (reduced, say, to 11 millions out of 20, and entirely encircled from the sea), it will consist of at least eight units, which may well be set up as eight States; but which, at any rate, the Germans do not intend to set up in much less than five States, all of them, except Poland, highly artificial. These, as we have seen, are Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, an artificial inland Lithuania, the so-called "Ukraine," Rumania, with the probable addition of Bessarabia, and the remains of Poland. Allowing the Ukraine, the boundaries of which on the east remain uncertain, a margin of five million between maximum and minimum,



The New German-Made States

you have here a population very nearly as large as that of the whole German Empire at the least, and larger than that of the whole German Empire at the most. In mere extent, you have an additional band of highly exploitable territory (let alone the vast prey formed by the mass of Russia behind), which is no less than a thousand miles from north to south, and from 700 to 800 miles in maximum breadth.

The interest of the operation does not lie in the fact that it is the death of what we once knew as Russia—that one takes for granted; it lies rather in the enormity of the operation, in the vastness of the territories and populations that will now be carved out by the victor—if we leave him victor—for his profit and increase.

More than that, and dominating the whole economic situation, is the fact that Germany also cuts off all that lies to the east of these States from traffic by sea. The nearest thing to a warm water port which the old Russian Empire possessed in the north was Riga, accessible for most months of the year, and Libau for nearly all the year. In the south, Russia had many ports on the open Black Sea, but her great stand-by was, of course, Odessa. The Ukraine, which will be economically only a province of the Central European

State under Prussia—if Prussia has her way—possesses Odessa, and, what is more, although the Ukraine Government will probably not directly administer the Crimean Peninsula, the territory of the Ukraine cuts off the mass of Russia behind and of Asia from the Black Sea. Even when the Northern Baltic is open, the entries to Petrograd by sea are blocked by whoever holds Esthonia and Reval. In other words, with this scheme matured, all that lies beyond the frontiers of the new States is economically at Germany's mercy. It is shut up in a cage.

The supply of wheat for Western Europe, all the wealth to be developed in the basin of the Volga and in the Urals, will follow the commercial routes chosen by Prussia, and will cease its journey for the purposes of consumption where Prussia chooses.

There are still left a certain number of people who talk about commercial routes and exchanges as though they were governed by blind laws of nature and had about them something inevitable. Even this remnant will be convinced, I think, when the transformation in direction of the Russian exchanges begins to take place, if we allow a German victory.

H. BELLOC.

The Naval Estimates: By Arthur Pollen

IN introducing the estimates the First Lord dealt with the naval situation with exceptional candour and lucidity, and he came very near to achieving what is very likely the last thing he has ever wanted, namely, a great Parliamentary success. It was an odd error of judgment that robbed him of it. His first statement was everything a statement should be—except that it ignored the only burning topic of the day. For months people have been asking why Lord Jellicoe was dismissed, and there have been plenty who have offered the explanation that it was either to please some vindictive soul in the Cabinet or to pacify the powerful author of a newspaper vendetta. It was idle to expect the passions aroused by the "Government Press" agitation to go without expression in a naval debate, when the instance of Lord Jellicoe had so often been put forward as exactly parallel to that of Sir William Robertson. It was no surprise, therefore, that Mr. Lambert should lead the attack and draw Sir Edward Carson into supporting him, or that Sir Hedworth Meux, Mr. Pringle and Mr. Robert McNeil should join in the cry. After all the harm had been done, the First Lord stated quite explicitly that he had acted, not on pressure—personal or journalistic—but solely on his own judgment and in the interests of the nation. But unfortunately this statement was forced from him and not volunteered. It followed the debate instead of preceding it. And while on reflection the House will accept it literally, because whatever the First Lord's other qualities may be his integrity is obvious, it did not at the moment have the full effect to which it was entitled. It did not come, that is to say, until a great many rather painful things had been said; and in the discussion that followed it, something of the tone made inevitable by the earlier discussion continued. The whole thing is much to be regretted, not only because no good can come by any canvassing of the merits of naval officers in the House of Commons, but because so much time and ability were diverted from the discussion of other and far more important topics. And such discussions are never worthy of their subject. The incident, one hopes, is now finally closed. It should never have been opened.

The First Lord's speech dealt first with the work of the Admiralty, and included such topics as the First Lord's own visit to the Mediterranean, the latest developments of the redistribution of the functions of the Admiralty and their success, and various lesser matters connected with the Higher Command; next, the general character of the sea war—which has not changed materially in the last twelve months; thirdly, the present state of the submarine war and the progress of our defensive and the development of our offensive; fourthly, the difficulties connected with the replacement of the lost shipping; and finally, with various matters connected with general administration, the most important of which perhaps are the circumstances which have made the promotion of Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt desirable, and the questions to which such promotions naturally give rise.

The naval position as a whole was presented to the country as being substantially what it was a year ago. Germany, that is, is still completely besieged by the sea; and the First Lord might have added that the belligerency of America

has made that siege far stricter and more complete than it was last February. The enemy is, therefore, under a greater and greater necessity to use his sea force, either to mitigate the siege or to inflict upon the Allies some injury proportionate to that from which he himself is suffering. The sea forces he can employ are indirectly his battle fleet—to secure the safe exit and return of his submarines—and, directly, the submarines themselves to do the work of attacking and sinking our shipping. It is no use lamenting the fact that we either have not had the opportunity—or, alternatively, not been able to turn it to account—of destroying the enemy's fleet and thereby attaining the possibility of a closer investment of his harbours. It remains, therefore, that our main business is, as it has been for some time, first, to make the attack on our shipping as difficult and dangerous as possible, by attacking the submarines by every conceivable method, so as, if possible, to drive them off the seas altogether; secondly, failing complete success in this, to defend our shipping from the attack of such submarines as get through; and, lastly, to replace as rapidly as possible such shipping as the enemy has succeeded or may still succeed in destroying. The first part of the programme—the offensive against the submarine—while still only in its tentative stages, is shown, by the First Lord's statement, to have achieved some quite important results already. Real progress is being made in blocking the English Channel, and our offensive, whether independent of, or part of, the defence of shipping, is seemingly already so effective to enable us to sink submarines as fast as they can be built, and to make it reasonably sure that out of every four or five submarines that go out, only three or four return. The campaign, then, is being persisted in at a great cost of life and material to the enemy, a fact which is having an illimitable effect upon his *moral*. What is not less satisfactory is that there is a continuing decline in the loss of the world's tonnage. February was a good month for the Germans, but if March is equally good, the first quarter of 1918 will still show the same rate of diminishing success as was shown by the last quarter of last year. Whichever way, then, we look at the naval effort against the submarine—whether we measure, that is, by the rising price that the enemy must pay or the falling cost to ourselves—there is equally a satisfactory progress.

But in spite of the falling rate of destruction, that rate is still far ahead of replacement; and in replacement, the rate is not rising, but falling more heavily than the other. The civilian effort then compares very poorly with the naval. It is almost a summary of the shipbuilding situation to say that whereas the expert estimate is that we have a national capacity to produce three million tons a year, in January and February we were producing at the rate of between a fifth and a quarter of this. The First Lord suggested several elements which, in combination, explain this appallingly wrong state of things. January includes an exceptional proportion of holidays, and all the month we had weather of the worst and most unfavourable kind. Great numbers of the men are overworked, tired, and incapable of the scale of effort they made before. Worse than all, there is much serious labour unrest in shipbuilding centres, and a section of the men are discontented. There was war-weariness, too, amongst the

employers. So that there are unfavourable elements on both sides which create a situation of the utmost gravity.

Contributory Factors

In the course of the debate and in subsequent newspaper correspondence, many other causes have been suggested, either in substitution of Sir Eric's or as complementary. The responsible heads of the shipbuilding firms complain that they have been superseded by the Government, and have neither the authority nor the incentive to hustle things in the yards. Others point out that in the craze for standardisation something like the reverse of it has been brought into being. It is surely absurd to talk about "standard" ships when 345 of 40 different types are in course of construction. Other critics have condemned altogether the attempt to establish national shipyards on the Severn, on the ground, first, that the enterprise was started without the advice or, presumably, the approval of the shipowners who advise the Admiralty; but, chiefly, because it has deflected and made immediately unproductive labour that would have been available in the private shipyards, and would, in the long run, have given us more shipping more quickly than can possibly be the case now.

But more important than any of these criticisms are the allegations that no systematic effort has been made to deal with the false labour position on the Clyde; that the settlement of labour difficulties has been made dilatory, and therefore the position everywhere endangered, by Government machinery intervening between the masters and men. Finally, it is said, the question of shipping is now in the hands of so many authorities of such conflicting powers that no one knows either the actual state of things or the best course to pursue now. One authority, in despair of any other way out, has suggested Lord Pirrie as a kind of Shipping Dictator. At the time of writing, the First Lord has not dealt with his critics either within the House or outside. But it is clear that the utmost effort of statesmanship must be made if a very perilous situation is to be put right.

One of the First Lord's revelations astonished the House of Commons, and must, one would think, have astonished the country also. It is to the effect that a considerable number of merchant ship masters have not yet been brought to realise that the dangers of navigating their ships without lights are trivial compared with the submarine perils when they burn them. It seems extraordinary that in such elementary matters discipline should be unenforced. The Admiralty has unlimited authority over merchant skippers, and a Board that is in constant session has power to withdraw the certificate—that is, to cut off all the means of livelihood—of any offender. Yet our own submarine captains report ship after ship travelling in the danger zone with all lights showing, and on one occasion seven out of eight ships passing a certain headland were seen to be acting in this manner. Is the First Lord sure that the Admiralty is really using its authority in this matter to the utmost?

It rather looks as if the First Lord intended to carry on with somewhat less mystification and secrecy than has prevailed hitherto. It has long been maintained in these columns that the Army and the Navy can be trusted to do all that is necessary for victory if only the civilians will hold out. There would be no danger at all from the civilians if every one understood the issues at stake. And the way to make every one understand is not to make eloquent speeches or to write convincing articles, but to see that all the facts of the war are known. Mr. Asquith and a good many other people spoke strongly in favour of this view last week, and perhaps before this article appears the Government decision in the matter may become known. At the moment, the obvious thing to tell people is the truth about the shipping position. In this matter the Government, for the moment, still considers itself tied by some undertaking given to France. But, where he was not so tied, the First Lord threw a good deal of new light on recent events. For the first time, we have had it explained to us what the Channel night *barrage* really means. We heard more, too, about the *Goeben* and *Breslau* incident; and a little more about the Lerwick convoy. I hope my readers will not misunderstand me when I say that it was with extreme satisfaction that I heard that the raid on the Dover Patrol had been made the subject of a court-martial. Every incident of this kind ought to have been so treated from the first. The lay reader must bear in mind that it is not the primary purpose of a court-martial to find a victim to punish. It is to ascertain the facts and give a verdict that should be a guide to other naval officers in similar circumstances. For a long time after war began no courts-martial were held at all, and when

the first exception was made, it is doubtful if the conduct of those most responsible were brought under review; if, as I have always understood, the evidence and verdict were not circulated, then nine-tenths of the value of the inquiry were lost. Court-martial proceedings, while perhaps reasonably kept secret for a certain period during the war, are, it should be remembered, those of a public court and should, be communicated to the public the moment it can be done with reasonable safety.

Rules of Promotion

The First Lord's hints about recent operations call for more extended discussion than I can give them here, and I pass on to another matter of great interest, viz., what was told us about the promotion of Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt to be Rear-Admiral. The rule that the Admiralty have laid down is that a captain, when selected for this rank, will hold it until he will be entitled in the ordinary course to his flag. If, during this period, he has used his opportunities to the satisfaction of the Board, he will be confirmed in the rank as from the date of the first selection. If his conduct is not approved, his seniority will date as if he had never been selected at all. From one point of view, this seems fair enough; but a case can, of course, be made against it. For, not being confirmed as from the date of appointment must certainly be the equivalent of very grave censure. No course, however, can be free from objection, and almost any course is to be recommended that encourages the Admiralty to hasten the promotion of young men of energy and ability, though many, of course, will maintain that the Admiralty's present powers are ample if only they were used. What probably few members of the public realise is that war has been very far indeed from hastening promotion. Eight or nine years ago the senior captains were given their flag after less than ten years of service. There was at least one promotion on exactly nine years. If the list permitted of such promotions now, not only would Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt be a rear-admiral without any special exercise of Admiralty powers, but a dozen officers junior to him would be in the same rank.

It is a curious fact that Rear-Admiral Tyrwhitt, who now gets his flag under quite exceptional circumstances, and after more than three years of extraordinarily distinguished and continuous service at sea, is about six months older than the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet. Between these two, there figure in the Navy List about one hundred and fifty names, only just over a dozen of which are those of Rear-Admiral Tyrwhitt's juniors.

Is it not a reflection on our methods of peace selection that more men, young enough to take risks and learn from them, do not get equal opportunities? In one sense, we are far more fortunate than were our ancestors at the outbreak of the great war with France. It was in February, 1793, that war was formally declared against the Revolutionary Government, and it was just four years afterwards that the real Nelson was discovered at the Battle of St. Vincent. And, during those four years, the Navy was for the most dominated by cautious and conservative elder men—and with lamentable results in inconclusive fights.

The First Lord's new principle of selecting rear-admirals regardless of seniority can, one supposes, be extended to the other flag ranks, so that should circumstances justify, there is no limit to the opportunities that may be given to those whom war has shown to have a special aptitude for command.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Questionings of a German Philosopher

O H! say what *made* Creation's Lord become, Sir,
thine ally?
It must be as thou sayest, but I sometimes
wonder *why*.
How came He, too, to make the pact without
conditions, when
He makes conditions in the case of other mortal men?
And as to His selection of the Hohenzollern Line
To dominate all Europe and to rule by right divine
I do not doubt at all the truth of thine imperial voice,
But I sometimes fall a-puzzling at the *reason* of His choice.

Is God a German? I would ask. And can He haply claim
Some kinship with thy family and high-exalted name?
And is the essential spirit of Teutonic "Kultur" quite
The same as Christianity and one with *Sittlichkeit*?
And, if so, must we then expect that Nature's course will tend
To "Deutschland über Alles" as the Universal End?

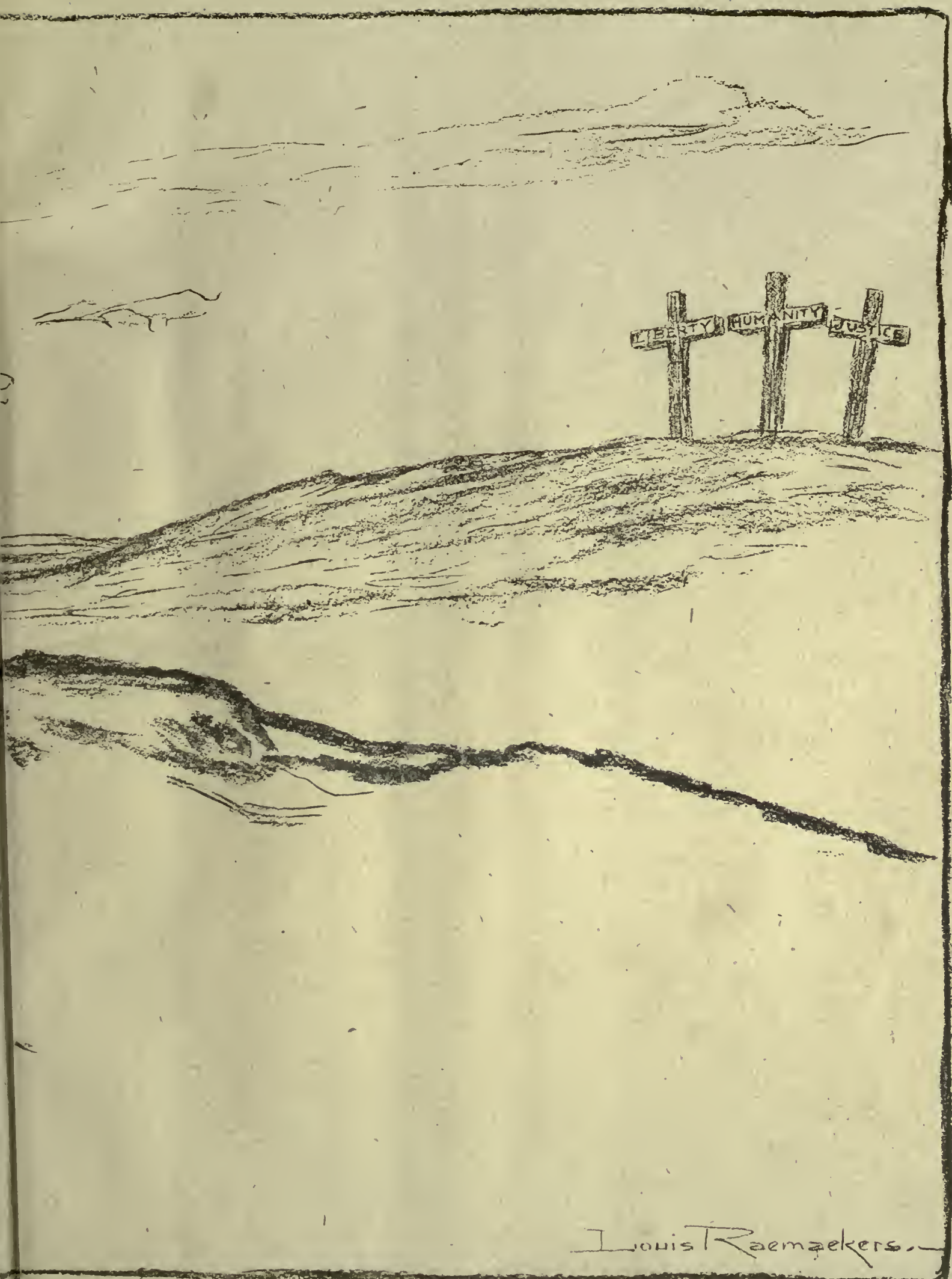
Athenæum Club.

E. A. J.



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JU
By Lo



Louis Raemaekers.

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Russia and Japan: By Robert Wilton

BY the collapse of Russia and the consequent advance of Austro-German forces into Ukraina and Muscovy, we are brought face to face with a new set of war problems which may be summed up in the words: enemy absorption of Eastern Europe and a large part of Asia. The immediate effect upon the Western Allies is apparent. Germany obtains access to food and raw materials. The people and the armies of the Central Powers will be fed and their industries invigorated. The mere prospect of securing such advantages, backed up by the rapid successes of the invaders, is sufficient to stiffen the "Teutonic" nations. They know that the Russian and Asiatic markets can compensate them liberally enough for their loss of trade in the West.

That is not all. Germany's plans of conquest—political, economic, and territorial—forebode a still greater menace to the Western Allies in the future. The invasion of Muscovy is but the first step. Germany's ultimate goal will not be attained till she has reached the shores of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Japan long ago foresaw the danger. She feels it now more clearly than we do. The reason is simple enough. The German peril affects her more immediately and directly. No sooner had German troops begun their march on Petrograd than a note of alarm and warning was sounded by the Japanese Press, and in response—almost under pressure of this movement—Viscount Motono, the Foreign Minister, had to give assurances in Parliament that a Russian surrender to Germany would be met with precautionary measures by Japan.

His announcement let loose a flood of sensational rumour and conjecture. Restricting myself to legitimate surmises and to facts that are really helpful to Allied public opinion, I shall attempt in this article to explain the causes and consequences of the new Eastern situation.

I.

To initiated observers it was clear months ago that the Revolution was being exploited by Germany in defiance of the interests and wishes of the great majority of the Russian people; it was less obvious that the sober element among the Russians was waiting for some palpable indication from the Allies of their intention to support law and order in the only manner that could create any impression, namely, by armed intervention. This contingency arose when the Bolsheviks deliberately brought about the collapse of the Russian offensive in Galicia (July, 1917); it became pressing when Kerensky betrayed Kornilov to the Bolsheviks, and thereby ruined all hopes of restoring discipline in the Russian armies; it assumed a tragic form in November with the usurpation of power by Lenin. The leading Bolsheviks proceeded at once to initiate separate negotiations with the Germans. It was still not too late. The Bolsheviks had not yet been able to undermine and destroy every moral and material resource: Russia could still have rallied herself if the Allies had shown a strong hand; Lenin and his crew were still susceptible to pressure from the outside.

Why did the Allied governments fail to take action? The causes of their inactivity must be sought not in the Russian situation, but rather in their respective domestic cares—in the whole combination of circumstances that still deprive us of unity on what I may call the diplomatic front.

On returning from Russia, last autumn, I wrote a series of articles in *The Times*, exposing the anti-national character of the Revolutionary movement, and privately called attention to the necessity of immediate intervention, but waited in vain for some indication of Allied action. Having every reason to foresee the complete collapse of Russia unless prompt measures were taken, I decided to place my views in writing, and at the end of November (after Lenin's usurpation) I drew up a memorandum, from which I cite the following:

If the Allied Governments are disposed to regard Russia as a "negligible quantity" for the rest of the war, they must be prepared (a) to waive an equitable solution of the Polish, Serbian, and Rumanian questions; (b) to consider the eventuality of a weakened Russia being drawn into the service of the enemy; and (c) to conclude peace without Russia. . . .

There is no reasonable ground to expect any improvement in the situation, but rather, on the contrary, a development of the process of disintegration that has been going on since the outbreak of the revolution.

The failure of General Kornilov's plans has deprived the country of its one and only hope of revival by its own unaided efforts. . . .

We are faced by the possibility of a German landing not only in Esthonia, but also in Finland, which will entail the severance

of our shortest communications and a threat to the Murman and Archangel lines.

The reaction induced by revolutionary excesses has become so widespread that the appearance of a strong government, able to impose its will, would be hailed by all except the Extremist minority. Without impetus from the outside efforts in this direction will be unavailing, and we may have to wait years before anarchy in Russia is brought to an end.

Allied intervention (the landing of contingents in the North and of troops in the East) is necessary in the interests of Russia and of the Allies. It is needed urgently. Its effects would be beneficent and immediate.

However, nothing came of my efforts. It was argued that the Bolsheviks were already too strong; that "we must give them a chance": they might not, after all, conclude a separate peace; whereas any act of intervention on our part might "throw them into the arms of Germany." The wily Bronstein-Trotsky took advantage of our supineness to play the tragi-comedy of defiance to the Germans at Brest-Litovsk, while behind this screen, successfully bluffing Allied opinion and deriving encouragement from our Pacifist Press, his associates proceeded to break down anti-Bolshevik resistance in Russia. Their efforts were directed more particularly against the Cossacks, against the volunteer army raised by Alexeiev and Kornilov in the South-East, and against the Ukrainian Rada. By insidious propaganda, by bribery and promises of land, and finally by open force—using for this purpose regulars drawn from the front, which was thus practically opened to the Germans, and hired mercenaries known as Red Guards—they were slowly but surely attaining their object. Bereft of transport, munitions, and money, which had fallen by foul means into Bolshevik hands, the Cossacks and their supporters waited for Allied help. We shall know some day through what a tragedy of watching and waiting Kaledin lived till he finally shot himself, what trials Alexeiev and Kornilov endured before their hosts withered, what heart-searching qualms shook the Ukrainian delegates, faced by the alternative of accepting an ignominious peace or seeing their land completely ruined by Bolshevism.

While this appalling consummation of Russia's ruin was being relentlessly enacted, the antics of the artful Trotsky were being followed with wrapt attention by the uninitiated and eliciting unbounded admiration from blind and envious leaders of democracy in Allied lands. The Allied governments and peoples appeared to be oblivious of the fact that the Bolsheviks were helping only themselves and Germany. The Brest-Litovsk performance achieved its purpose: it effectually stayed the hand of the Allied governments. Trotsky was, however, so infatuated with his own apparent success that he began to believe in the universal victory of Bolshevism, and carried the Brest-Litovsk farce beyond prescribed limits. For this vain delusion sympathisers in other countries were largely responsible. But German diplomacy had to show some documentary results from its laborious and costly arrangements with the Bolshevik conspirators, and *faute de mieux* concluded a pact with the Ukrainians.

Baron von Kühlmann had expected to bring the gift of all Russia to the Reichstag in the form of a treaty signed by Lenin and Trotsky. Diplomacy had had its innings without achieving all its purposes. The "mailed fist" thereupon went in to settle matters in an expeditious manner. Aeroplanes headed the march of the invaders, throwing adequate proclamations, and reserving their bombs for Petrograd as an additional argument in favour of a separate peace. Light reconnoitring parties captured strategic points and railway junctions. The Bolsheviks at the front had sold cavalry and artillery horses, machine guns, rifles, and ammunition to the German in exchange for money and goods "made in Germany." All the guns fell into the hands of the enemy because they could not be moved. Besides the so-called "armies" under "Comrade" Krylenko had no officers and no stomach for fighting. They were the remains of an armed force that quickly melted away. And even when the Bolshevik delegates finally signed the treaty of peace with closed eyes, the Germans continued their flanking movements in Finland and Ukraina.

II.

What were the international aspects of the Russian tragedy? Two months before the German invasion, I wrote, but did not publish—so that the Allied governments should have full freedom to consider the question—a statement

which may now be usefully produced. I omit certain important passages of a confidential character. This statement, dated December 27, 1917, deals with the very essence of the problem that concerns us at present.

The Russian Markets

"The chief asset in Germany's future is the Russian market. To assure her economic control over Russia, Germany began the "preventive" war of 1914. She decided upon that course as soon as Russia, by concluding an agreement with Great Britain in 1907 and preparing a series of military programmes, had signified her intention to become free from German domination. The grand programme of Russian armaments was begun in 1912, and was to have been completed in 1918. Therein lies the main reason for Germany's precipitating the struggle in 1914. *Without the Russian market, Germany cannot hope to carry on her industrial development, and must suffer the consequences of her past growth—a tremendous economic crisis and a wholesale exodus of her population.* From Russia, Germany derived cheap food-stuffs and raw material; to Russia, Germany supplied the products of her industries. The Russian export market was largely monopolised by German firms. German exports similarly monopolised many branches of Russia's foreign trade. *During the year preceding the war they increased by a figure equal to the total of British exports to Russia.* Germany was fast becoming predominant in imports of agricultural implements and machinery, in motor cars, and all kinds of machinery and mechanical appliances. Moreover, German-owned chemical and electrical works in Russia monopolised the home production. *The possibilities of the Russian market are so enormous that Germany can afford to lose her other mercantile connections if she secures control of it.* The economic trend of the "peace" negotiations at Brest-Litovsk shows clearly enough what are Germany's aims.

"Germany's domination in the Russian market affords not only an invaluable asset in itself; it enables her to reach the markets of Asia across the borders of Persia, Afghanistan, and Mongolia. She will thus be able to discount British occupation of the Bagdad route, and compete with the United States and Japan in Siberia and the Far East. American interests in Siberia are very considerable. Siberian imports of American agricultural machinery increased enormously with the development of colonisation, which had only begun to assume notable proportions just before the war—Siberian gold-mining, lumber industries, and fisheries are still in their infancy. They offer huge fields for American, Japanese, and Australian enterprise.

"Siberia and Manchuria are the greatest untapped wheat producing countries in the world, with natural outlets to the Black Sea and the Pacific. Germany aims at controlling the first, if not the second, of these food markets. Thousands of German prisoners of war and interned subjects of the Fatherland have been studying the language and the customs of Siberia with a view to future business there.

"If the Bolshevik intrigue engineered by her does not enable Germany to capture Russia by 'peaceful' means, she will do so by force. She is already concentrating her armies on the south-western front in readiness for an advance on Odessa and Kieff next March or April, when climatic conditions are favourable. By this course she will come into possession of the rich wheat and best sugar regions of Little Russia, gain a permanent foothold on the Black Sea coast, and be in a position to strike at the Donetz steel and iron region. *As soon as Germany takes the Don region she will control the fuel and the food supply of European Russia, and have the country at her mercy.*

"The Little Russians (Ukrainians) and the Cossacks appreciate this danger, and have revolted against the pro-German Bolsheviks in Petrograd. They are natural allies of the Siberians, who also realise the consequences of the Bolshevik 'negotiations' with Germany. All these kindred elements are going to fight to the last gasp against German absorption. *But without aid from the Allies they may fail.* They have to combat the ignorant Russian peasants in their own midst, for millions of landless parasites have swarmed to the land-grabbing appeal of the Bolshevism (Social Democracy) and of Maximalism (Socialist Revolution).

"It would be the greatest and most fatal mistake to consider Russia as having ceased to be a factor in the war. She was the main factor in the German plan of a 'preventive' war at the very outset of hostilities, and she has not ceased to be a factor because of her military collapse. *If anything, she is more important to us now than there is real danger of her falling into German hands, for it is obvious that once in possession of the South of Russia—the granary as well as the mineral storehouse of the country—the Germans would*

be able to prolong their struggle with the Allies almost indefinitely."

Further, I pointed out the necessity of organising propaganda: "The people of Russia must know our motives fully and exactly. The truth about the Bolshevik intrigue with Germany must be set forth. We should offer to help the Russians preserve their freedom and independence."

III.

But no effectual action was taken. Our diplomatic front was still in abeyance, each Ally continuing to deal with this vital matter not on its intrinsic merits or on available information from reliable sources, but according to prejudices or tendencies dominating their own domestic polity. It is to the credit of Japan that she has shown us a way out of the *impasse*. When the Government at Tokio proceeded to sound the other Allied governments as to their respective views on the Russian situation, the first serious step was taken towards saving Russia and towards the establishment of a real unity of the Allied diplomatic front.

It is fairly obvious, in the light of undisputable facts adduced in the statement cited above, that German predominance in Russia is tantamount to a German victory. That Germany will exert every effort to secure her grasp on Russia is also beyond question. Her largest pre-war customers—the British Empire, the United States, and France—will certainly consider their own interests in trade and in the supply of raw material. Germany knows that she has little to expect from them. *Germany must have Russia, otherwise she cannot afford to continue the war.*

During a conference held early in January, General Foch, turning to the Japanese representative, asked, *à brûle pour-point*, what was to prevent them from immediately landing a substantial force (I withhold figures) at —? Two months earlier, General Alexeiev had warned his countrymen that Japan would take this step if revolutionary anarchy continued to prevail in Russia. These military geniuses were more clear-sighted and outspoken than the majority of diplomatists and politicians. The question put by the French Generalissimo did not for this reason obtain a full and immediate answer.

There were, it is true, certain obvious difficulties. The people of Siberia, like most of the Europeans settled in the East, were suspicious of Japan. Before he became Hadji Wilhelm, "Protector of Islam," the chameleon Kaiser of Potsdam had magnified the bogey known as the Yellow Peril. He had incited Russia against Japan. To his crafty counsels the hapless Tsar fell a ready victim, the rotten government then prevailing in Russia, bereft of organic connection with the people, drifted into the senseless war with Japan. Since then the spectre of Japanese "aggression" had obsessed the minds of Siberians, particularly those living east of Baikal.

A glance at a map will emphasise the dominant fact in the Trans-Baikal situation: that this region is dependent for its trade outlet upon the Pacific littoral. I have also made allusion to the economic interests of Japan, the United States, Australia—and I may add to this list also Canada—in the East Siberian market. Japan's interests far exceed those of any other country. The fishery rights secured to her by the Treaty of Portsmouth on the East Siberian coast, coupled with the reversion of Russia's treaty rights in Manchuria, place her indisputably in the front rank. This position carried with it bounden duties as well as undoubted privileges. She could not stand by indefinitely while Bolshevism proceeded with its work of disruption and anarchy. Her first duty was, of course, to protect her own interests; but in doing so she was bound to save the Siberians from their internal or external foes—from the inroads of Bolshevism and the invasion of Germany.

According to accounts received from Washington, some hesitancy has been displayed there in agreeing to single-handed action by Japan. We must assume that there is a certain measure of truth in these assertions. They tally with other facts, notably the persistent tendency displayed by American representatives in Russia to deal gently with the Bolsheviks. This tendency may be ascribed to domestic causes. The American mentality has become accustomed to machine politics and rough political methods. They have done no very great harm amidst a well-educated, patriotic, and energetic and individualistic nation—at least, not in times of peace. The methods of the Bolsheviks, resembling in many respects the methods of Tammany Hall, were treated with habitual American tolerance as "part of the political game." Lenin, like "Boss" Croker, had simply "got there"—so much the worse for the "other fellow," who was "no account," could not "deliver the goods." Trotsky had lived in New York, and showed his appreciation of the lessons he

had learned in the Western Metropolis by remitting substantial sums to pay off numerous debts as soon as he had obtained a share of the Tammany-Bolshevik spoils. But American tolerance does not imply approval. In pre-war days, home politics in the United States were marked by periodical overthrows of the "machine," whenever citizens found "Boss" rule too onerous. The natural remedy for Bolshevism, according to the American idea, lay with the Russians themselves. Perhaps I have stated the position crudely, but, I believe, not unfairly. The separate peace now signed by Lenin, coupled with the German invasion, dispels all these fanciful presentments of Bolshevism. There cannot be the slightest doubt that American opinion will in the end whole-heartedly support Japan.

IV.

In paying a fine tribute some time ago to the essential character of British rule, General Smuts drew attention to a fact that escapes the understanding of visionaries and demagogues—the British Empire has laid the foundations of a new world-edifice, the Brotherhood of Nations. It has given substance and reality to the noblest ideal of humanity. Our alliance with Japan was a natural and consistent expression of British tendencies. We were the first White Great Power to conclude a living *national* union with a Yellow Power. We did so for what may be regarded by superficial critics as selfish motives, to safeguard our interests in Asia; in reality, because we instinctively felt that Japan was animated by a spirit of progress and enlightenment that made her our natural ally in the East.

Have our hopes been disappointed? I do not think that the rashest and most inveterate opponent of the Anglo-Japanese alliance can aspire to produce the slightest tittle of evidence in support of a negative answer. In her relations with Russia, leading up to an agreement, concluded by Viscount Motono while he was Ambassador in Petrograd, Japan pursued a wise policy, strictly in accordance with her obligations towards us. We have not a single reproach to bring against Japan in connection with her policy in Asia or elsewhere. Yet the internal situation in China has frequently given her much provocation. Germany's "peaceful penetration" of the Celestial Empire in pre-war days threatened to bring about a state of affairs resembling Turkey. Japan was affected to a much greater degree than were other Powers; but, in loyalty to us, she steadfastly refrained from precipitating a conflict.

Since the outbreak of the war, Japan has loyally fulfilled her obligations to us. Viscount Motono took the initiative in prompting Russia to avail herself of Japan's aid in the supply of munitions. Japan's military activity was restricted to the Far East, and although this restriction was galling to the national *amour propre* which interpreted it as an evidence of mistrust, the Japanese bore the slight without repining, and when later they were invited to extend the sphere of their naval activities, they cheerfully complied.

Coming to more recent times, when the Bolsheviks assumed control in Harbin and the Russian General Khorvat invited Chinese aid to quell the revolutionaries, Japan refrained from taking action, being desirous only of considering the wishes of her Allies, although her interests at Harbin far exceeded those of any other Allied Power.

Still later, after it had become apparent that enormous quantities of munitions and supplies collected at Vladivostok—largely from Japan—were at the mercy of Bolshevik-German agents, she still withheld her hand, in spite of the fact that other interested Powers showed a disinclination to take action. And only when public opinion at home began to be disturbed by this loyal quiescence the Japanese Government took the initiative. But before doing so, the Allies were approached and their views consulted. I think Japan has displayed remarkable reticence in the face of the strongest provocation, and has shown cause for every confidence on the part of the Allied governments and peoples.

V.

It would be premature and quite outside the scope of Allied journalism at the present moment to discuss the details of the measures that Japan may be called upon to take. Certain things are, however, self-evident, and do not constitute a secret. In the first place, Allied munitions and stores at Vladivostok must be saved; in the second place, Siberia must be cleared of enemy subjects, and within this definition we must include the Bolsheviks, since they have signed a traitorous peace with Germany.

The military aspects of the task that now confronts Japan are obvious. The Siberian railway and the Amur waterway have been captured by the Bolsheviks with the aid of liberated convicts and enemy prisoners of war. The line of

advance is thus indicated by the nature of things. The Amur will be cleared either by flotillas ascending that mighty river as soon as navigation opens or by a flanking movement of troops. The main objectives are Irkutsk—to cut off the Amur basin, and Omsk—to secure a base for advancing on Tiumen and Cheliabinsk, which respectively command the railways to Moscow and Petrograd. From a strictly military point of view, the clearing up of Siberia from the Pacific to the Urals is almost entirely a matter of railway transport. Sufficiency of rolling stock, repairs of bridges that may be destroyed—these will be factors upon which the progress of the Japanese must depend. There can be no question of armed resistance on the part of the Bolsheviks.

Nor is it likely that the Cossack armies distributed throughout Siberia will combine with the followers of Lenin. If such a contingency should arise, it will be due entirely to their ignorance of Allied aims; in other words, to the deficiencies of our propaganda. The interests of the Cossacks are even more conservative than those of the Siberian settlers, to whom they bear in point of numbers a relation approximately of one to ten. The total population of Siberia is under 7,000,000, that of the Cossacks over half a million.

That Bolshevism is utterly alien to the spirit of the Siberians will be seen from the following facts. Reserve troops brought hither from Russia during the war and garrisoned in the large cities have enabled alien agitators—many of whom had been expelled from the United States for revolutionary propaganda—to dispose of armed brute force to back up their nefarious designs. In this foul work they have been helped by large numbers of convicts and Germans—all liberated during the Revolution. The Siberians were not only opposed to Bolshevism: they formed volunteer battalions and went to fight the Germans during the offensive of July, 1917.

And now let me explain why Bolshevism is a vain word to the Siberians. Lenin and his crew have been able to demoralise the Russian reserve troops and the landless peasants by promises of peace and land. In European Russia this meant depriving landowners of their property. In Siberia there are no landowners, strictly speaking, except the Cossacks. All settlers have received allotments on tenure from the State. The State owns practically all the land in Siberia. Every man who is willing to work can become a prosperous farmer. There is room for a hundred million and to spare.

The Siberians themselves are a more developed and go-ahead people than their Russian kinsmen. They are the product of a long continued process of national selection. Only the hardiest and most enterprising Russians emigrated. Moreover, the political exiles to Siberia were also the most independent and resolute men in Russia. The Siberian farmers have formed dairy and other co-operatives. They were no fit subjects for Bolshevik propaganda or experiments. It should not be difficult to make them understand why Japan has been compelled to come to their aid. They know that Japan is our ally, and that the British market has been and must, after the war, remain their best customer. It is equally essential that they should know of American sympathy with Japan's movements. They use a vast quantity of American—and Canadian—agricultural machinery, without which they cannot develop their farms.

What will be the ultimate consequences of Japan's intervention? The answer to this question involves a large field of study, that can be briefly touched upon here. The whole future of Asiatic politics has been affected by this war. Germany's plans of instigating an Islamic movement against us in the Caucasus, Turkestan, Persia, Afghanistan, and India are too well known. Japan's influence among the Asiatic nations had been growing steadily, and is likely to be enhanced by impending events. It is well for us that it should be so. No better answer could be found to the Protean aspects of Potsdam intrigue among Moslem races than the presence among us of an Asiatic Great Power with aims and interests in direct conflict with those of Germany. And perhaps it may be permissible to venture the prediction that Japan's intervention in Siberia may ultimately bring the Mikado's legions face to face with those of the Kaiser. I think the Japanese will be glad to meet their foe face to face, and there can be no doubt that they will give an excellent account of themselves. But in the maturing of these future events Japan will help us to bring Russia back to her normal self—to the comity of nations.

As for Japan's reward, is it necessary or seemly to discuss the question? Do we ask ourselves what we are going to make out of the war? The future Peace Conference will decide. Meanwhile, let us trust Japan as we trust ourselves—as a full-fledged member of the community of nations now fighting for freedom, justice, and humanity.

Jerusalem and Damascus: By Myra K. Hughes, A.R.E.

CAN there be two names that conjure up to one's imagination more scenes connected with religion, romance, and history than Jerusalem and Damascus? Jerusalem, the capital of Palestine long before Joshua entered Jericho, is only 133 miles in a straight line from Damascus, the capital of Syria, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Broadly speaking, these two stand for two leading factors in life—religion and commerce.

No great advantage of position—geographical or strategical—in troublous times gave Jerusalem her long reign: she, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," was first known as the City of Salem or Peace. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee," came from the warring David, who brought her into far more strife than when she was a Jebusite city. One of his many wars took him to Damascus, which we read he subdued and which paid tithes to him for some time. It was in King Solomon's reign that she was at the height of her prosperity, and her temple was the glory of the whole world. But trouble was brought on Jerusalem and Damascus by their various treaties with strong allies. Egyptians, Philistines, Israelites, Moabites, Syrians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Franks, Normans, Turks—all in turn have fought against and around these great cities.

Owing to the numerous Jews from Jerusalem living in Damascus, Christianity first began to spread to that city, and here one turns for the scene of the Conversion of St. Paul. That zealous Jew, "a Roman citizen," hoped to keep Damascus out of Christian influence. Yet in after days his was the great influence which helped to make the city a Christian one, until she fell in 634 into the hands of the Mohammedans. They swept on, under Caliph Omar, to Jerusalem, which fell in 637.

Now, alas, for the picturesque, an irregular straggling suburb has grown out of Jerusalem, west and north-west chiefly, composed of hotels, hospices, hospitals, etc., and colonies of Jews, Quakers, Russians, French, English, and others have established themselves there. No city in the world is so well provided with hospitals. Every nation or sect of any importance thinks that it must be represented by church, school, or hospital! Anyone who has travelled in Palestine and Syria realises the need of "eye service"; therefore one of the best known is the British Ophthalmic Hospital, founded by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. This Order, of which, in conjunction with the Red Cross Society, we hear so much at the present day, was founded in the eleventh century for the protection of the pilgrims to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—illustrated on page 2. This church was originally built by Constantine, and the Chapel of St. Helena—which is under the same roof—by his English mother, and both were consecrated in A.D. 336.

Close by the Jaffa Gate lies the Pool of Hezekiah, which in summer has very little water in it, and what is there is very dirty. The people in the surrounding houses throw their rubbish into it. I saw every variety of debris, from orange peel to a dead cat, lying on its surface, while the frogs croaked around. The proprietor of one of these houses courteously allowed me to step over the railing on to the

roof to make a sketch when I saw a trap-door under an overhanging window open, and a big can was lowered by a long rope into this unclean water below—filled, and pulled up again. This occurred several times, so at last I asked what could such water be wanted for, and was told as if it were the most natural thing, "Dat is for de bath"!

The chief contrast between Jerusalem and Damascus lies in their positions, Jerusalem being away from any great caravan route, Damascus being at the centre of three—one through Galilee to the Levant, on to Gaza, the door of Asia, the outpost of Africa—then on to Egypt; another to Bagdad; and the third to Mecca. The last starts from the South Gate, known as the "Gate of God," because the pilgrimages to Mecca leave from it. Thus, from being in a centre of great routes, the oldest city in the world gained her commercial prosperity in spite of having been at least twelve times pillaged and burned. Think of her standing

on the banks of Abana 4,000 years ago, when Abraham crossed the desert of Hauran. Yet she is not old-fashioned. Did not Damascus have electric light and trams before any other biblical city? And now her Mohammedan women have joined a league in favour of unveiling. To show their perverted idea of decorum, I relate the following incident. One day, as I sat sketching on a little bridge over the Abana, between two rows of houses, a servant girl, in her cotton costume of baggy pantaloons and loose over-all tunic down to the knees, came to draw some water. She looked up at me smilingly, but when a man appeared behind me, her one idea was to hide her face from him. Without a thought, she pulled her tunic right over her head, unconcerned that it exposed all her back!

The swiftly flowing Abana, which unites with the Pharpar below Damascus, is taken through the city by channels and pipes to every part, so that every mosque, house, and court has its fountain. In the houses of the rich the fountain is in the centre



Es Sinânêyeh, Damascus

By Myra K. Hughes, A.R.E.

of a court, planted with orange, apricot, and myrtle trees, and the court, with its comfortable divans, is both refreshing and beautiful. Damascus is in a desert plain, surrounded by high hills, and in the middle of an oval of green, is the pale golden city, with its hundreds of minarets, domes, and huge bazaars. This green ring is not a close forest, but cultivated plantations, orchards, parks, gardens, and cornfields. The long bazaar, leading from the citadel, ends at the mosque Es Sinânêyeh, illustrated here, whose dome is covered with blue and green and white glazed tiles.

The House of Rimmon stood on the site of the Great Mosque Omayyades, and later Constantine erected on the same site a Christian Church dedicated to St. John the Baptist. When Damascus fell into the hands of the Mohammedans the church was divided between the Christians and Mohammedans. Seventy years later every Christian trace was obliterated, and they closed the door the Christians used and put up buildings in front of it. A few years ago this mosque was burnt to the ground, but the old door escaped. No one was more surprised than the Mohammedan himself to read over its portal, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is the kingdom of all ages and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Many felt superstitiously afraid of tampering with the old door, so there the inscription still remains.

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

The Stage Irishman

WE cannot definitely deny that every good book in the end comes into its own, and there are cases (that of Herrick is one) in which the process has taken a century. What happens "in the end" we cannot say, as the universe has not yet been wound up. But at this moment of time there are certainly a good many entertaining works which have been in existence anything from ten to a hundred and fifty years which have never reached the large audiences for which they are perfectly adapted or which have accidentally and unjustly slipped out of notice. Fate is sometimes unkind even to works of fiction; as, for instance, *The Wallet of Kai-Lung*, about which I recently wrote here. But injustice is far more frequently done to books of memoirs and biography. Any such book, if in the least candid, is readable; but there are scores of really exceptional ones which almost anybody would enjoy, but scarcely anybody reads. Among them one may mention the staggering autobiography of James Lackington, the first bookseller to deal on a large scale in "remainders"; the *Adventures of a Younger Son*, by Shelley's friend Trelawney—an extraordinary record of adventure, accessible in Bohn's Shilling Library; Burdy's *Life of Skelton*, which is as good as a fragment of Boswell; and *Barrington's Memoirs*, now reprinted in every Irishman's Library (Fisher Unwin, 3s. net).

The "recollections" of Sir Jonah Barrington are sufficiently "established" to obtain a place in any Irish literary history; but how many Englishmen have read them? There was a time, perhaps, when one would have hesitated to recommend them to Englishmen. That was the time when the ordinary Englishman saw Ireland entirely through the eyes of Lever and Lover. The island appeared to be entirely populated by reckless hunting squires with a passion for whisky and broiled bones, and devoted servants with long upper lips and an unlimited capacity for saying "Bejabers, Begorra, Bedad," and constructing bulls. A British farce was incomplete without an utterly incapable and incorrigible Irishman, with towled red hair; and the Irish stranger in England was expected to live the part. It was scarcely unnatural that the intelligent Irishman should revolt against this conception, and (as Canon Hannay points out in his introduction to the new edition) there have been several schools of protest. We have had generations of grim young revolutionists "larning" England through the medium of politics. We have had Mr. Bernard Shaw suggesting that the Irish are a serious and a humourless race, and contrasting the taciturn solid realistic Irishman Wellington with the sentimental and feminine Englishman Nelson, these two being, with as much solemnity as Mr. Shaw can command, placed before us as characteristic types of the two races. Finally, we have had the neo-Celts who, in Canon Hannay's words, "saw us; and half persuaded cultured England to see us, as a long procession of fate-driven peasants with sorrowful eyes, behind whose shadowy figures hover vast, malignant powers, spirits of cloudy poetry, and tragical romance." This atmosphere has so dominated Irish literature in our time, that Irish literary officialdom has almost entirely neglected the stories of Somerville and Ross. They have been resented rather as heirs of the Lover and Lever tradition. But there was a foundation for Lover; and Lover was scarcely a caricature at all. He did not represent all Ireland, any more than that admirable realist Mr. W. W. Jacobs (not to mention the *Pickwick Papers*) represents all England; and times change. But he was as true to the facts of his day, and to Jonah Barrington, as Thackeray and Trollope were to the facts of their day and the Victorian diarists.

There is no risk, at this date, of anybody supposing that Mr. W. B. Yeats, or even Mr. John Dillon, is a red-headed man who makes bulls and attends wakes. It is therefore permissible to observe that Barrington is the justification of the nineteenth-century Irish novelists, and the stage Irishman not only existed, but existed in large quantities. Englishmen, a hundred years ago, used to drink and sing more than they do to-day; but they did not drink and sing like Irishmen. One would not go bail for all Sir Jonah's stories; but if he was a picturesque liar, he was so much the more a stage Irishman himself. His memoirs deal, to

some extent, with important "affairs" of the day—the Union with England, the wars, the fall of Napoleon. But he writes of these with the same vivacity, discursiveness, and airy independence as he employs upon the more congenial topics of divorce cases, duels, and junketings. He had his principles;—he adored liberty and hated democracy, he said. But it was the human, and particularly the human weakness that he was interested in; and there is no blunter or more jaunty chronicler in English.

Barrington's Irish gentry might have come straight out of Lover; his servants are preposterously loyal, and they do say "Arrah" and "By the hokey"; and his pages are crowded with madder freaks than any novelist ever dreamed of. He gets the atmosphere, no doubt a little idealised, at the very start:

No gentleman of this degree ever distrained a tenant for rent; indeed, the parties appeared to be quite united and knit together. The greatest abhorrence, however, prevailed as to tithe-proctors, coupled with no great predilection for the clergy who employed them. . . . Every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was honoured by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called rum-shrub, which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret.

It is not long before we come upon the first of his hundreds of fearful anecdotes. His grandmother, exasperated with a neighbour, Mr. Dennis Bodkin, said: "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off! That might quiet him":

It passed over as usual: the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper; at which time, when everybody was in full glee, the old butler, Ned Regan, who had drunk enough, came in—joy was in his eye; and, whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents—when, lo! a considerable portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table!

After this, we are not surprised to hear of the baronet who dreamt that his wife was a "Papist rebel" and nearly strangled her in bed; or of the young sportsmen who shut themselves up in a cottage for a week with a cow and infinite drink, pledged not to emerge until they had eaten the whole cow; whilst pipers, a fiddler, and two couple of favourite hounds made music for the feast. Murders, elopements, spectres, and discussions on the decadence of a later age, pleasantly fill the interstices. "When," sighed Sir Jonah, "I compare the foregoing the habits of the present day . . ." Poor old man!

Among those who have put down their impressions of the war as they have seen it, Mr. Jeffery Farnol, in *Some War Impressions*, must hold a prominent place, for he, out of visits to the Flanders battle line, and to munition factories, has compiled a record which is something more than a catalogue—it is alive, which is more than can be said of a good many books of this kind. This little volume (Sampson Low, 1s.6d.) takes the reader to the making of guns, to battle cruisers, into a training camp, and out to the Ypres salient—and to other places and doings as well—and it shows that there is humour as well as tragedy in war and the things that are made for war purposes. We commend the book most heartily as a series of pictures of war.

Czech Folk Tales, by Dr. Josef Baudis (Allen & Unwin, 4s. 6d.) is a book that may be taken two ways. It may be handed to a child as a volume of fairy stories, or it may be considered as a serious contribution to the study of the Czech peoples, and wrangled over by the erudite who wish to decide whether the matter in "Nine at a Blow" was originally Czech, or whether it came from a more Western source. The main point of interest to the average grown-up is that these stories are very close parallels on the fairy tales of the brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen, and yet there are divergencies that mark them as designed for a race of a different temperament. In some of them is much beauty of imagery; "The Twelve Months," for instance, has a charm equal to that in the story of Cinderella, and there are others in the volume that will bear comparison with the best of Hans Andersen's work. One thing is certain: children will delight in this new book of fairy tales, and most grown-ups will find in the book a new light on the Slavonic character.

The Return : By Stacy Aumonier

A Story in Two Parts—Part II

To a struggling lower middle-class family there returns suddenly from South Africa an almost forgotten uncle. This Uncle Herbert is unexpectedly rich; he takes pleasure in having his nephews and nieces and their families round him, and helps them with money in many ways. But he never talks of his own affairs or how he came by his wealth. It creates, privately, an uneasy feeling that the money is ill-gotten, more especially as their affairs, notwithstanding his help, go awry. This feeling grows stronger, they talk it over among themselves.

I SUGGESTED that we should have a family meeting and discuss the best thing to do, and Albert agreed. But the meeting itself nearly ended in another tragedy. Albert dominated it. He said we must all go to Uncle, and say to him straight out:

"Look here, this is all very well, but you've got to tell us how you made your money."

And Christopher replied:

"Yes, I daresay. And then he'll cut up rusty, and tell us all to go to hell, and go away. And then where will we be?"

Louie and I agreed with Albert, but all the rest backed Christopher's point of view, and the discussion became acrimonious and at times dangerous. We broke up without coming to any decision, but with Albert vehement that he was going the next day on his own responsibility to settle the matter. He and Christopher nearly came to blows.

We were never in a position to do more than speculate upon what the result of that interview would have been because it never took place. In the morning we heard that Uncle was dead. He had died the previous evening while receiving a visitor, suddenly of heart failure, at the very time when we were arguing about him.

When we went round to the house, the servants told us that an elderly gentleman had called about nine o'clock. He gave the name of Josh. He looked like a seaman of some sort. Uncle Herbert had appeared dazed when he heard the name. He told them in a faint voice to show the stranger in. They were alone less than five minutes, when the stranger came out and called them in the hall.

"Something queer has happened," was all he said.

They found Uncle lying in a huddled heap by the chesterfield. A doctor was sent for, but he was dead. During the excitement of the shock Mr. Josh disappeared, and had not been seen since. But later in the afternoon he called, and said that if there was to be any inquest he was willing to come and give evidence. He left an address.

Of course, there was a post-mortem, and I need hardly say that all our interest was concentrated on this mysterious visitor. He was a tall, elderly man, with a grey, pointed beard, a sallow complexion, and face on which the marks of a hard and bitter life of struggle had left their trace.

The case was very simple and uneventful. The doctor said that death was due to heart failure, possibly caused by some sudden shock. The heart, in any case, was in a bad state. The servants gave evidence of the master's general disposition and of the visit of the stranger. When Mr. Josh was called, he spoke in a loud, rather raspish voice, like a man calling into the wind. He simply stated that he was an old friend of Mr. Herbert Read's. He had known him for nearly twenty-five years in South Africa. Happening to be in London, he looked him up in a telephone directory, and paid him an unexpected visit. They had spoken for a few moments, and Mr. Read had appeared very pleased and excited at meeting him again. And then suddenly he had put up his hands and fallen forward. That was all. The coroner thanked him for his evidence, and a verdict of "Death from natural causes" was passed.

When the case was over, I approached Mr. Josh, and asked him if he would come back to the house with us. He nodded in a nonchalant manner, and followed me out. On the way back I made vain attempts to draw him out, but he was as uncommunicative as Uncle Herbert himself. He merely repeated what he had said at the inquest. He had lunch; and a curiously constrained meal it was, all of us speaking in little self-conscious whispers, with the exception of Albert, who didn't speak at all, and Mr. Josh, who occasionally shouted "Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you," in a loud voice.

At three o'clock Uncle Herbert's lawyer arrived, and we were all called into the drawing-room for the reading of the will. I asked Mr. Josh to wait for us, and he said he would.

It need hardly be said that we were all in a great state of trepidation. I really believe that both Albert and I would have been relieved if it were proved that Uncle had died bankrupt. If we did indulge in this unaccountable *arrière pensée* we were quickly doomed to disappointment. The lawyer, speaking in a dry, unimpressive voice, announced that "as far as he could for the moment determine," Herbert Read had left between £65,000 and £70,000. £30,000 of this was bequeathed to various charitable institutions in South Africa, and the residue of the estate was to be divided equally between his nephews and nieces. I shall never forget the varied expressions on the faces of my brothers and sisters when each one realised that he or she was to inherit between four and five thousand pounds! We gasped and said nothing, though I remember Christopher, when the reading was finished, mumbling something to the lawyer. I think he asked him if he'd like a drink. I know the lawyer merely glared at him, coughed, and said nothing.

When he had taken his departure in a frigidly ceremonious manner, we all seemed too numbed to become garrulous. It was a dull day, and a fine rain was driving against the window-panes. We sat about smoking, and looking at each other, and occasionally whispering in strained voices. We might have been a collection of people waiting their turn on the guillotine rather than a united family who had just inherited a fortune. Mr. Josh had gone out for a stroll during the reading of the will, and we were all strangely anxious to see him. He appeared to be our last link that might bind the chain of our earthly prospects to a reasonable stake. He returned about five o'clock, and strolled carelessly into the room, nodding at us in a casual manner, in the way that one might nod at a carriage full of people on a railway journey.

We gave him some tea, and he lighted a cheroot. And then we each in turn made our effort to draw him out. We started casually, then we put leading questions, and tried to follow them up quickly. But Mr. Josh was not apparently to be drawn. He evidently disliked us, or was bored with us, and made no attempt to illuminate the dark shadows of our doubts. Perhaps he rather enjoyed the game. The room began to get dark, and we slunk back into the gloom, and gradually subsided into silence. We sat there watching the stranger; the red glow of his cheroot seemed the only vital thing.

It was Albert, as usual, who broke the spell. He got up and walked to the window, then turned and cried out:

"Well, I don't know about all you; but I know about myself. I'm not going to touch a penny of this damned money!"

I was sitting quite near our visitor, and in the half-light I saw a strange look come into his eye. It was as though for the first time something interested him. He started, and I said as quickly as I could:

"Why not, Albert?"

"Because the money's not clean," he shouted into the room.

I don't know how it was that none of the others took this up; but we all sat there looking at the stranger. It was as though we waited breathlessly upon a verdict that he alone could give. He looked round at us, and carefully flicking the end of his cheroot, he obliged us with this epigram:

"No money is clean. It passes through too many hands."

We waited for more, but nothing came. Then Albert, with a tempestuous movement, bore down on him.

"Look here," he said. "I don't know anything about you; but you knew Uncle Herbert for twenty-five years. For God's sake, tell us how he made his money."

The stranger looked at him, and blew smoke between his teeth; then he said slowly:

"Made his money? Your uncle never made more than two or three hundred a year in his life."

"Ah, I knew it!" exclaimed Albert.

Whether it was the result of my brother's forceful manner, or whether it was the atmosphere of suspense which urged him to it, I do not know. But certain it is that at that point our visitor sank back languidly in his chair, and spoke:

"I'll tell you what I know."

We none of us moved, but we leant forward, and watched him as he proceeded:

"In the spring of eighteen-forty-five," he began, "two young men set out from England to seek their fortunes in

South Africa. Their names were Jules Lynneker and Karl Banstow. They were of the same age, and were filled with the wildest hopes and dreams. They were, moreover, devoted to each other, and their only difference was one of temperament. Lynneker was essentially a dreamer and something of a poet, with a great gift of imagination. Banstow was a hard-headed, hard-working man of affairs. Now, in this case, which do you think would be the successful one? You would naturally put your money on Banstow. And you would be wrong every time! For a year or two they worked together, and then Banstow was offered an overseer's job in a tin mine. They continued to live together, but their work separated them. Lynneker was employed on an ostrich farm. The ostrich farm was a huge success, but the tin mine failed. That seemed to make the beginning of their divergence. Whatever Lynneker touched succeeded; whatever Banstow touched failed.

Lynneker was a careless, easy-going person, but he had a native genius. He could control men. Men loved him . . ."

Mr. Josh paused, and knocked the ash of his cheroot into a tray. Then he continued:

"Banstow worked like a slave. He sat up half the night scheming and plotting. He was infallible in his calculations, and then . . . he just missed. He didn't inspire anyone. He misjudged men, and men didn't believe in him. As the years went on, and Lynneker became more and more successful, and Banstow made no progress, the thing began to get on Banstow's nerves. He quarrelled with his friend, and they became rivals. The injustice of it all infuriated Banstow. He worked, and Lynneker lazed and dreamed, and yet he won every time. They went into the diamond-mining industry, and Lynneker began amassing a great fortune in a careless, haphazard way. And again Banstow failed. In ten years' time Lynneker was an immensely rich man, and Banstow was a bankrupt clerk in a labour bureau. And then one day, in a mood of sullen resentment, he hatched a diabolical plot against Lynneker. He bribed some Kaffirs, and tried to get Lynneker convicted of illicit diamond-buying. By the merest fluke the plot was discovered, and it was Banstow who was convicted. He was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He served his term in full. In the meantime Lynneker became a bigger and bigger man in Africa. He lived in Johannesburg, and owned great blocks of offices. But he always remained a dreamer. Sometimes he would ride out at night into the karoo. They say he dreamed of a United Africa. I don't know. He certainly wrote poetry in the intervals of amassing money. Two weeks after Banstow was released from prison, Lynneker's body was found out in the karoo, with a bullet through his heart. He had ridden out alone one night, and as he hadn't returned they sent out a search-party, and found him the next day. Banstow was suspected, but apparently he had escaped. Nothing more was seen of him."

The stranger paused, and then languidly lighted another cheroot. The interval seemed so indefinite that at last Albert said:

"Where does Uncle Herbert come in?"

"Your Uncle Herbert was a cipher," replied our visitor. "He was merely one of the people who came under the influence of Lynneker. As a matter of fact, I believe he was one of the worst cases. He worshipped Lynneker. Lynneker was the obsession of his life. He acted as secretary for him for his vast charitable concerns. And when Lynneker was found dead, he nearly went off his head. He howled like a terrier who has lost his master."

He glanced round at us, and in the dim light I thought I detected a sneer of contempt.

"Lynneker died a millionaire," he proceeded, "and among other legacies he left your uncle certain blocks of mining shares which were probably worth about forty or fifty thousand pounds. That's how he made his money."

There was a gasp of relief round the room, and Albert wiped his brow.

"Then the money was straight enough, after all!" he said huskily.

The chilling voice of the stranger came through the darkness:

"As straight as any money can be."

Richard stood up and moved to the mantelpiece.

"Why the hell couldn't he tell us about this before, then? Why was he so secret?"

"Herbert Read had no nerves. The thing broke him up. Banstow had also been a friend of his at one time, and he was convinced that Banstow had killed his master. He had periods of melancholia. The doctors told him that unless he went away for a change, and tried to get it out of his head, he would be in an asylum in a few months. And so I suppose he came over here. But his heart was affected, and when I gave him the news I did last week, the shock finished him."

We all started.

"What news?"

"That Banstow was innocent. I was able to show him a certificate from the master of *The Birmingham*, proving that on the night of the murder Banstow was a steerage passenger on board his ship, seventy-three miles east-north-east of the Azores. Lynneker was probably shot by some vagrant thief. Certainly his watch and all his money were missing."

We all peered at the man hidden in the recesses of the easy-chair, and Albert said:

"How was it you had this information?"

The figure crossed its legs and the voice replied languidly:

"I was interested. I happen to be Karl Banstow!"

Albert groped past me on tiptoe, muttering:

"In God's name, where is the electric light switch?"

It is a curious fact regarding these telepathic processes I have hinted at in this chronicle of our uncle's return, that from the day when it was demonstrated that the money we had inherited was to all intents and purposes clean, our own little affairs seemed to take their cue from this consciousness. Certain it is that since that time everything seems to have prospered for us. (You should see Albert's shops, particularly the one on the Broadway, where he is still not too proud to serve himself.) As for myself, as I am now in a position to lead the indolent life of a scribe in this little manor-house up in the Cotswolds, and as this position is due entirely to the generosity of Uncle Herbert, it seems only right and proper that I should begin my literary career by recounting the story of his return.

Village Memorials

"The parish of Darrington lies in the centre of the Wapentake of Osgoldcross." This is the opening sentence of the introduction to Mr. J. S. Fletcher's *Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish* (John Lane, 7s. 6d. net), and it stimulates the imagination. One inevitably wants to hear about that picturesque locality, "the centre of the Wapentake of Osgoldcross," and its delightful surroundings, which are so well illustrated by Mr. G. P. Rhodes, whose picture of Darrington Hall we reproduce here. At the Crown Inn of Darrington, which is on the Great North Road, forty to sixty coaches would change horses during a day, in the memory of old people who have died during the last twenty years. And Darrington was the home of the highwayman Nevinson, who went to the gallows like



Darrington Hall

a gentleman, and was the true hero of that famous ride from London to York, attributed to Dick Turpin. There were also witches at Darrington. Early in the seventeenth century one Mary Pannell lived in a cave near by, told fortunes, and gave "counsell and helpe" to the villagers, so that the place grew too hot for her; she moved to Ledsham, where she was burned, after being tried and convicted for witchcraft at York.

The very names of the families and places that abound in this story of a Yorkshire village are almost an epic in themselves; many of them are closely connected with the history of the county and the realm. To Mr. Fletcher cordial thanks are due, not only for the delightful character of these simple annals, but for the example he has set to others. There ought not to be a single village in these islands without its memorials, written in this pleasant and straightforward manner. The story begins in Roman times, and continues to the present day, and many glimpses are given of the conditions of life of these Yorkshire villagers throughout the centuries.

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House and Home: By Charles Marriott

It would be an amusing and a not unprofitable exercise to try to recreate the houses of different ages from contemporary pictures. Not necessarily from pictures of houses, or parts of houses, but from any sort of pictures, on the general principle of suitability in form and character to a particular sort of domestic interior. The earlier pictures would not afford much evidence because they were mostly painted for churches; or, if not for churches, for palaces; but from the seventeenth century onwards there would be plenty to help the imagination. Probably, too, it would be found that in the good pictures, the relationship to the house would be rather carefully considered. It was not for some time after the advent of the easel or framed picture, as distinct from the wall-painting, that artists lost sight of the close connection between painting and architecture, and when and in proportion as they did lose sight of it, both arts undoubtedly suffered.

To come to close quarters with the subject, there could be no more damaging criticism of the Royal Academy than the comparative lack in its exhibitions of any recognised connection between pictures and household economy. Most of the pictures are obviously painted for the Academy, and among the rest there are very few that seem to anticipate any disposition more considered than that of the gamekeeper's larder. But honour where honour is due; and it was at the Academy that one of the earliest modern attempts to indicate the place of pictures in the house was made. Visitors to the summer exhibition of 1911 were startled to see two small paintings—one of a ring of dancing girls, and the other of a village green at dusk—entirely different in character from the pictures about them. They had the disconcerting effect of simple remarks in the middle of elaborate

and confused conversation about the servants or the neighbours. Instead of aiming at abolishing a section of wall by creating the optical illusion of trees and things, they really seemed to welcome the wall as a partner in their contribution to the refreshment of life. As if to mark the difference, each was called "living-room picture," without any other title; and so far as I can make out, nobody who saw them has ever forgotten them. They were painted by an artist, fairly well known, whose work until then had been in the nature of additions to the expensive muddle that used to be called art in the home. Having painted them, he died, as if his message had been delivered. It would seem that, nearing his end, with the sudden illumination that approaching death often brings, he had discovered that pictures are meant to be lived with, to be part of the organised beauty of the house; and hastened to paint accordingly.

Not necessarily as a result of this pioneer effort, and seldom under the same title, from that time onward the living-room picture in fact has become quite common in our exhibitions. At any of the more modern shows, such as those of the New English Art Club or the London Group, there will be a reasonable number of pictures that look as if they were designed for a definite place on the wall of a room not only occupied, but used by intelligent people of the present day. Observing the distinction between the wall-painting and the easel or framed picture that is made necessary by the small interiors and shifting conditions of modern life, they do, nevertheless, take the wall into their confidence. They assume that their function is to decorate the wall, and not apparently to make a hole in it; that pictures are part of the house.

It is when you examine the characteristics of the living-

room picture that the matter becomes really interesting; and for that purpose we may turn to the pictures of Mr. Walter Bayes, on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, one of which is reproduced here. Obviously, subject has nothing to do with it, for Mr. Bayes has painted several subjects of widely different character. It is a matter of treatment; and if you study the treatment you will see that it is, so to speak, half-way between the freedom of nature and the formality that would be adopted if the subject were to be carried out in stained glass or coloured wool, or any other obvious "material." So far as the attitude to nature is concerned, we might say that instead of paint being used in the service of nature, nature is used in the service of paint. There is no arbitrary alteration of the shapes and colours of nature, but they are, so to speak, domesticated in paint, with such modifications as are suggested if not compelled by its characteristic employment.

What it amounts to, briefly, is the recognition of paint; and the moment paint is acknowledged, you are on the way to the rehabilitation of the house and of all the materials that enter into its composition. The importance of this can

hardly be over-estimated, for the very real evil that young rebels of the 'nineties denounced as "stuffy domesticity" was not a little due to the degradation of the house. Instead of being regarded as a living organism, active in every function, the house had declined to a mere "section of infinite space," to quote Carlyle, which must be heavily upholstered before it could serve the purposes of the home. The transformation of the house to the home, in fact, involved the fraudulent concealment of the house.

There is no height that art cannot reach through and by the characteristic use of paint, and there is

no dignity or refinement of domesticity that needs the neglect or concealment of the house. I do not wish to be transcendental, but the saying about the foxes having holes, and the birds of the air nests, is too good an illustration to be ignored. The right alternatives are either to renounce domesticity and have nowhere to lay one's head, or to accept the house frankly and use it worthily as a means to that condition. To pursue the same train of thought, the body may be scorned in favour of the soul; but if the body be accepted at all, its needs are better considered frankly than huddled away out of sight to be indulged in a stealthy and disorderly manner. Neither art nor domesticity can really flourish in a house of which they seem to be ashamed.

All this is implied in the existence and the name of living-room pictures; hence their importance. They mean that their place and purpose have been considered; that the house itself, and not merely the taste of its occupants, is regarded as worthy of them. The result in time should be a levelling up of the house in all its details of structure and function, so that, by accepting the house as part of the scheme of art, good painting may encourage good architecture. This cannot be if the picture seems to disclaim any interest in the house, as so many pictures do. A picture that you have to "get up to look at" is not really a part of the house, or part of the life of the house. It is evident that the pictures of Mr. Bayes do not need getting up to look at; whether they happen to be forcible or delicate in scheme, their clearness and simplicity will make them carry from their place on the wall. Their relation to the rest of the house, even to its foundations, is rightly that of blossoms which, though finer in texture, are closely and organically related to the rest of the plant—root, stem, and leaves.



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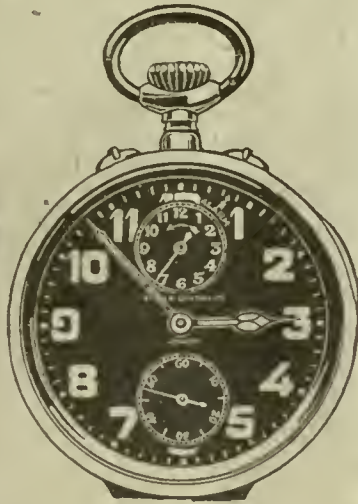


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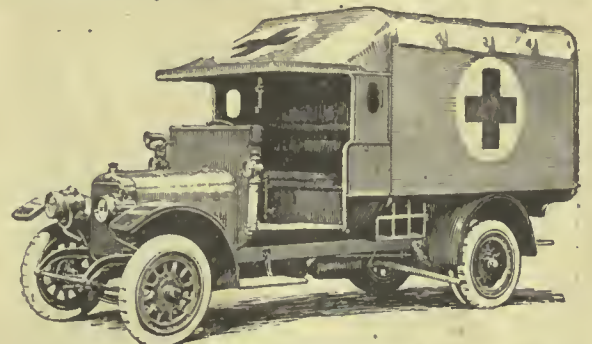


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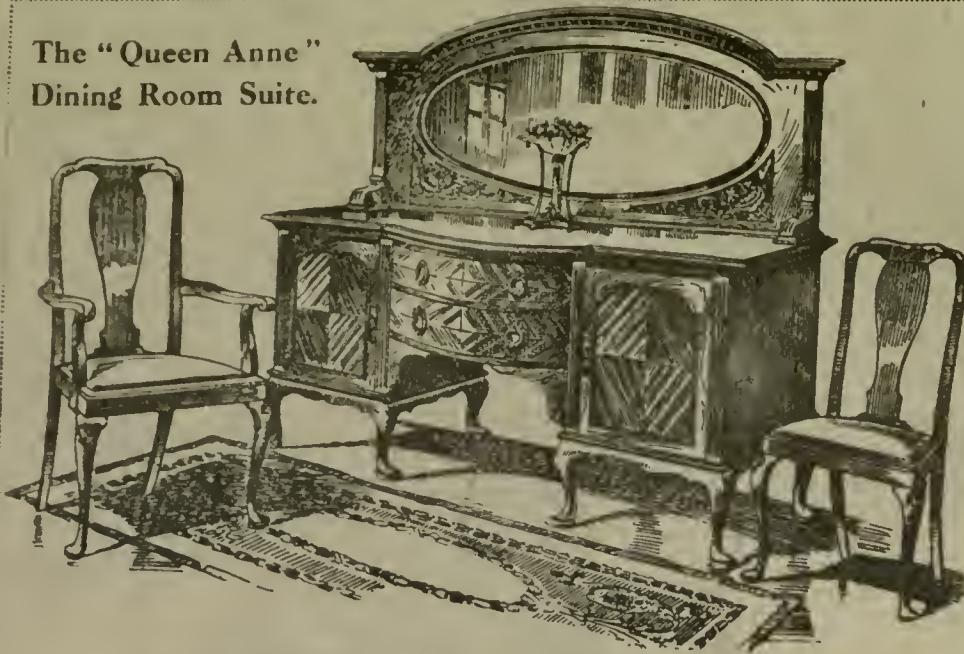
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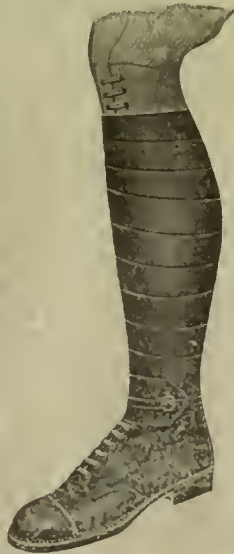
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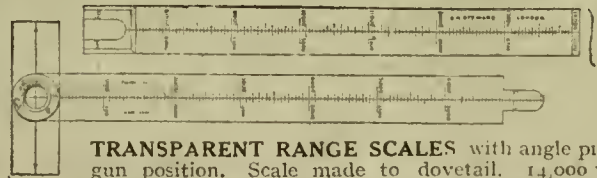
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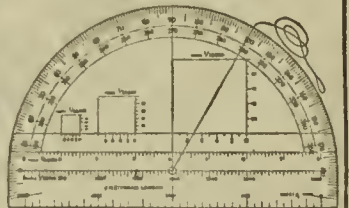
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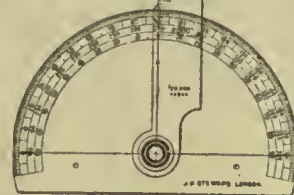
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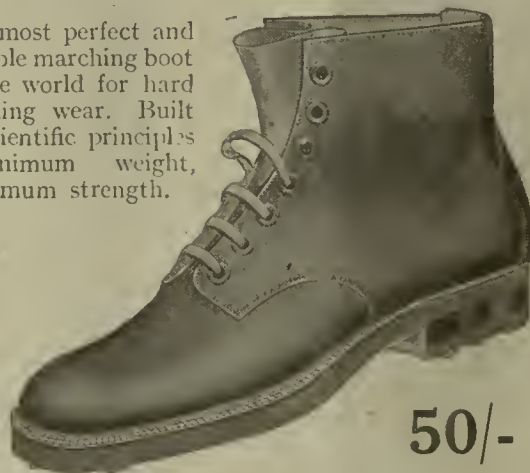
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Vol. LXX. No. 2915. [56TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1918

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
PRICE NINE PENCE



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The Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem

On entering the Holy City, General Allenby placed a guard over all sacred buildings, without respect to creed or race. This picture shows the changing of the guard of Mohammedan soldiers of our Indian Army—on this day Vaughan's Rifles, Punjab Frontier Force, relieved 123rd Outram Rifles.

Two Historical Ceremonies



Official Photo

Memorial Service for the late Sir Stanley Maude at the Citadel, Bagdad



Official Photo

General Allenby leaving the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem

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THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1918.

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JOHN RATHOM'S REVELATIONS

Our readers will remember that at the request of the American Authorities we were obliged to discontinue the series of articles describing the work of the German spy system in America written by Mr. John Rathom, Editor of the *Providence Journal*. We are now pleased to announce that we have made arrangements to publish in *Land & Water* a series of articles by Mr. French Strother, Managing Editor of the *World's Work*, New York, which will amplify and substantiate the charges of intrigue and treachery which Mr. Rathom brought against the German Government. These articles are to be published by courtesy of the Bureau of Investigation of the American Department of Justice, which discovered Von Papen's connection with the passport frauds, etc. Mr. Strother has been able to verify the statements and documents contained in these articles. The first article will appear in the next issue of *Land & Water*, March 28th, entitled:

THE AMERICAN REVELATIONS

The Outlook

THERE has been a recrudescence this week of the rumours that Germany is again asking for peace. These rumours seem to have a good deal of substance and they are certainly credited in quarters where something more than mere gossip is registered. The terms, also, which are suggested as being mentioned, have more reality about them than those which were passed about some weeks ago, and, generally, it may be judged that some special effort is being made. It would seem to be directed towards the American Government and to run upon the familiar lines of a considerable concession in the West on condition of a free hand in the East.

What "a free hand in the East" would mean is by this time familiar enough to the educated public in this country. It would mean the recruitment of anything from 50 to 70 per cent. extra military forces for the Central Empires, their economic exploitation of the Slav and their tutelage and restoration of the Turkish Empire. It is equivalent to the future easy mastery of Europe.

The effect of such a settlement upon the constitution of the British Empire is more evident than any other of the many propositions raised by the war in its present phase. It would necessarily mean the loss of security in our communications with India, for it would mean the loss almost immediately of the isthmus of Suez. The settlement of a frontier covering this point would be a mere paper settlement if the control of the Bosphorus and the new railways terminating there were to pass into the hands of Central Europe under Prussian guidance.

Meanwhile, the alternative land route to the East could be developed upon a purely German model and for German ends. Such would be the effect upon the Indian Dominion

of Great Britain and the road to it, but it would mean much more than that. It would mean the complete control of the Baltic and of the Black Sea, and therefore the complete control of the Russian market and the power to capitalise its export of oil and of wheat. The long possession of the Bosphorus by a weak Power and the holding of the Sound by two of the lesser European nations has made men forget the meaning of a strong empire possessed of both those gates. They would soon learn it if that empire were left in possession of them. That they shall not be left in possession has become one of the main objects of the war and for this country an absolutely vital object.

Besides the Black Sea and the Baltic, and in a sense more important than either, is the question of the Adriatic. Whoever controls the Eastern littoral of that sea controls the whole of it. That is the lesson of the last two years which ought to have been apparent from the map even before the war was opened. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole of the Dalmatian coast is one vast, deep, land-locked and protected harbour. If Trieste is the "spear point" of the Germans, Dalmatia is still more their guarantee of power in the Mediterranean, and we may be certain that any terms suggested for the West will not include a compromise upon this essential littoral. It will be won or lost by the fortune of the war. So far that fortune has here, even more than elsewhere, and especially recently, strongly favoured our enemies.

No matter what concessions remain in the West, if the Central Powers retain their present position in the Balkans and therefore upon the Dalmatian coast they own the Adriatic, and through the Adriatic and the Bosphorus they are the masters of the Eastern Mediterranean. Europe has something to say to that quite apart from our own interests in the matter, and for the future of Italy in particular the nature of the settlement is all-important. But our own interests alone are sufficient to define our position too clearly for any hope of compromise.

The occupation of Odessa by the enemy—an immediate and necessary consequence of the Rumanian peace—does more than convert the Black Sea into a German lake. It also puts a part of the Russian Fleet into German hands and promises the complete control of that Fleet in the near future. When the ice melts in the Baltic we shall have the enemy reinforced upon the north and upon the south with nearly every unit of the Russian Navy, subject only to such destruction as calculated measures (or more likely neglect) may have worked.

One of the effects of the position in the Black Sea will be that the handing over of Georgia to Turkish garrisons can be fully supported by the Central Powers, and further, that the greater part of the oil supply of the Old World is now in the enemy's hands. Whether the granary of Southern Russia is in a condition to supply wheat this year to the enemy in any sufficient quantity, and, if it is, whether the condition of communications will permit of any great transports, may be doubted, but the position for next year is secure.

Here, therefore, as in every other point upon the board, the issue of the struggle in the West is decisive. If a victory under arms in the West is denied us the enemy has won the war, and our immediate future will be a preparation for the next struggle under conditions far less favourable.

The action of the Germans in arresting British and American subjects upon Finnish territory is not only characteristic and for that matter inevitable, but is also an excellent index of the relations now established through their recent victories between the Hohenzollerns and the new "autonomous" nations they have set up. There is no intention of annexing Finland even informally, Finland is created as a completely independent Republic. But enemy subjects are seized upon the territory of Finland exactly as though that territory were Brandenburg or Hanover.

The incident is also an index of the confidence the German Government now feels in its position. It is a challenge at once to the Scandinavian group of nations, to the new Finland, and to the Allies, and it is a challenge given in the confident expectation that no results can follow from it adverse to German interest. The calculation is just, for there are only two possible issues to the present situation: Either the Allies will achieve such military success as will enable them to exact full reparation, not only for this but for countless other enormities, or they will accept a German peace, in which case all that Germany has done will go unpunished.

Somewhat too much has been made of a by-election decided this week in a suburb of Berlin where the working-class vote predominates. This vote was cast for the official or Majority Socialist with an enormous lead over his Minority opponent. No one with the least knowledge of German conditions at this moment could have doubted the issue. Even those who voted against the official candidate were, for the most part, in favour of the full German view of what peace can be enforced upon the Allies, for their protest is rather academic than real and, in so far as it is real, concerns domestic conditions much more than it does foreign policy. Even so, the voting was taken without the presence of the mobilised men, whose votes would only have gone to swell the majority still more.

The truth is that since Caporetto and the victorious carving up of Russia, the whole German mind takes victory, and a very early victory, for granted—with the exception of the few directing soldiers who can judge the gravity and doubt of the military problem in the West. It is with such a confident mood that we have to deal, in spite of the very severe strain upon the civilian population, and that mood is rendered the more confident by every misunderstanding of it into which well-meaning men fall over here. A great mass of Germany not only thinks that it will win, but thinks that it has won, and those who would parley with it confirm that judgment.

Prince Lichnowsky's private memorandum of the diplomatic events which led up to the war is a document of outstanding importance. It has been published in the Swedish Socialist journal *Politiken*, and is undoubtedly authentic. It proves beyond all question that whatever may have been the faults or weakness of the British Foreign Office, Sir Edward Grey did work most honestly and sincerely for the peace of Europe. He found himself in much the same position as a host who is warned that one of his honoured guests is cheating at cards, but has no definite proof of it. How ought he to act? Viscount Grey's reputation may be left to posterity. The late German Ambassador has made it clear for all time that Britain strove strenuously not only in the feverish July days of 1914, but for at least two years before, in order to avert the war which Germany was determined to force on Europe, strong in the belief that world-dominion was at last within her grasp. A perusal of this memorandum can have only one effect upon the Allies—sterner resolution that the military defeat of Germany must be definite and complete if Europe is to have a settled peace.

The opening debate on the second reading of the Education Bill promises well for the future of the measure. Mr. Fisher has paid, perhaps, in his revision rather high a price for the support of the local education authorities; but that support may make the difference between success and failure. The really crucial question at issue is the question of abolishing half-time before 14 and continuing education after that age. Sir Mark Sykes made a new point when he argued that the male population born between 1878 and 1900 would be "practically shattered" by the war, and that consequently in twenty years' time there would be far fewer men between 40 and 60, so special responsibilities would be thrown upon the children of this and succeeding generations.

Mr. Fisher addressed himself directly to the capital difficulty—the case of the cotton industry. He reminded the House that this industry, erected originally on a basis of workhouse labour, had never entirely recovered from its unfortunate start, and he contrasted with the difficulties urged against the Bill the prospect that confronted the nation if it refused to set its house in order. In point of fact, the opposition did not come from Lancashire, for the three Lancashire members who spoke in the debate all welcomed the Bill. Discussion is still proceeding in the textile districts, but it is quite clear that neither employers nor workpeople are going to offer a united and uncompromising resistance to the Bill.

For the first time, Mr. Fisher gave the House an estimate of the cost. Raising the school age will imply a million; continuation education something under nine millions; thus the total cost of the Bill will be less than two days of the cost of the war. A nation that can regard such expenditure as a serious burden in the crisis in which we find ourselves would not be worthy to govern a hamlet.

An amusing story is told of a meeting of a club of economists who assembled not long ago for the first time since the outbreak of war. The previous meeting had been held in the summer of 1914. When the minutes were read, it appeared that the subject for the deliberation of the club

on that occasion had been a paper read by a distinguished economist under the title, "Is it possible for any nation to sustain the burden of our heavy expenditure?" The war had made the question look a little foolish in the interval. It has certainly made it seem outrageous that anybody should demur to adding ten millions to our expenditure on education. The true criticism of the Bill is not that it asks too much, but that it asks too little, for education.

The Central Board of Finance of the Church of England is distributing a circular letter, signed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, appealing to members of the Church to subscribe liberally to a new Central Fund, which is to be created to meet many urgent needs. Surely it would be wiser before new revenues and endowments were created, if the existing ones were placed on a sounder and more business basis? An organised attempt, we believe, has never been made to face this difficulty. Vested interests are so powerful, prejudice and bigotry so strong, that in the past it might well have been declared impossible. But we have learned in these years no reform is impossible, if it be carried out with energy, courage, and determination. There is no real reason, heavy though the task would be, why, under skilful organisation, a chartered accountants' statement could not be prepared of the total revenues of the Church of England, and a plan devised for their legislative readjustment in accordance with the needs of the age. If disendowment is to come, the Church of England could at least assert that it had endeavoured to employ the money at its disposal to the best purpose. It cannot say that to-day.

Only the other day the Bishop of London publicly declared that the total of his private means was £100, which he had earned by writing a book. Yet the emoluments of Fulham Palace are £10,000 a year, almost as much—not quite—as the fees of an Attorney-General. But merely because this big sum represents these emoluments and the needs of the diocese are urgent, beyond the bare cost of living the Bishop does not feel justified in touching a penny. But if the work of the Church requires this readjustment, the duty of effecting it should not be left to the individual; it is most unfair on him; the adjustment should be made by the Church in its corporate capacity. We have only referred to the See of London as an illustration of our meaning and because the facts are well known, but this inequity of stipends exists in some form or other in every diocese; it is one of the worst weaknesses of the Church of England, and a scandal which its lay members find most difficult to refute.

The Ministry of Reconstruction, though almost, if not quite, the youngest of our new Departments, has got well into harness. Apart from "finding" themselves, they had set up as early as December last eighty-seven separate committees of inquiry into as many phases of national activity, and this number is still being added to. Some of them have already presented their reports, while others have issued interim reports; there is thus rapidly accumulating such a mass of literature representing the considered opinion of the members of these committees as will soon overwhelm not only the various departments of Government concerned, but those members of the public who endeavour to keep themselves informed on matters of national welfare. Though particular individuals seem to be put on to too many committees and here and there one is overweighted by departmental officials, which tends to too much theorising and to abstract conclusions.

But the Minister of Reconstruction is not the only parent of committees. A White Paper gives a list of 267 commissions, committees, or special branches of departments, "set up to deal with public questions arising out of the war," 34 of which had ceased to exist when the paper was published, and a few of which are also included among the 87 children of the Minister of Reconstruction. Some of these 267 commissions are also issuing reports, and it may be assumed that all of them are intended to have some influence on reconstruction when it actually begins.

Now, even if the general public were not too much engaged to follow all this literature it is quite certain that they could not digest it, and there is a very grave danger that much future legislation will be based upon these reports which may or may not be to the public advantage. A report presented by a Committee, mainly composed of Government officials, for instance, may be a masterly piece of abstract work, cleverly constructed, and full of excellent theoretical arguments; but when translated into an Act of Parliament it may easily become irritating and inequitable.

Raiding the Rhine Cities: By H. Belloc

THE new factor in the fighting season that is opening is the use of the air against civilians.

The enemy some time ago deliberately created a change for the worse in warfare between European nations. That change consists in a repeated attack upon points far behind the siege lines of the West and including the bombardment of the civilian population in what are called (though the definition hardly applies to-day) by the old-fashioned term of "open towns."

We shall do well at the opening of this season to consider the respective advantages and disadvantages in this respect of the two parties which are, in the West of Europe, deciding the fate of the world: for there—not in Russia—lies the issue between our victory or the enemy's successful resistance and his imposition on us of his peace.

First, let us grasp the history of the thing.

Prussia inaugurated in 1870 a new principle in European warfare. It was a principle in line with others which she had created or expanded in previous wars. It was one which her rivals fiercely denounced, hoped to be ephemeral, and did not themselves copy. This principle was the principle that civilians—all that part of the nation, including the women and children, who are not within its military organisation—should be subjected to the pressure of war without privilege or special distinction of any kind. We must distinguish here between the hurt done in hot blood or from lack of discipline, or through the exceptional cruelty of a commander to civilians, and the new Prussian doctrine. What made that doctrine new—the essence of it—was *universality and calculation*. It was, as I have said, a new *principle*, the like of which no nation in Christendom had accepted before.

This new step was but the realisation in part of a general thesis which lies at the very core of all the Prussian system: that anything is permitted to Prussian policy so long as it tends to the aggrandisement of the Prussian State. In other words, that the moral duty of increasing the power of the Prussian State overrides for the directors of that State all other moral duties.

Since the idea was profoundly immoral and inhuman, it was not, as a fact, fully applied. It grew slowly, because a criminal always feels subconsciously, however perfect his immediate immunity, that it may not be eternal and that mankind is a permanent judge. All moral degradation, however rapid, is successive, and nearly always goes by distinct steps downwards. It is hardly ever a mere plunge. We have had very striking examples in the present war of this last truth. The enemy did not at once proceed to all the logical consequences of his creed. The very last steps in it have not even yet been taken.

For instance, when he retired from the Noyon salient he propounded a theory that a belligerent might legitimately devastate a whole countryside, carry off its inhabitants into slavery, destroy every house, every fruit tree, and every well, because such action was of military advantage to himself. Yet he did not destroy Noyon itself, the most valuable asset to his enemy in the whole district. In the same way, he has laid down that the suspicion of even a slight advantage given to his enemy by even the most important or sacred monument of the past, justifies the destruction of such a monument. That was his plea for beginning the destruction of Rheims Cathedral on a doubtful suspicion that the towers might be used as observation posts, infinitesimal as that hypothetical advantage would have been. Yet, after beginning this destruction, he did not complete it.

In the same way each successive Prussian novelty in international crime has come after a considerable interval, and the deliberate terrorising of the civilian population by bombardment from the air has been of comparatively recent development. Even now he continually drags in the word "reprisals."

The enemy has, however, now definitely adopted this method, and has continued it so long that the Allies have been compelled to follow suit. Had they not done so they would have left in the hands of Prussia an instrument of victory of which they would themselves have been deprived and its cumulative effect might have been overwhelming. It is with the greatest difficulty that you can persuade men to break with some long-established standard of honour even under the most grievous necessity; and the highest respect is due to those who for long urged that retaliation should be postponed. But it is now clear that retaliation is a necessity, and what we have to consider—most unfortunately—are the

practical conditions under which this new method can be exercised by either side.

Much the greater part of these practical conditions are forbidden to public discussion. The publicist knows little of them, and the more he knows the more it is his duty to be silent. The military and constructional authorities, who know most, have, beyond all other men, the duty of concealing their knowledge. The number, the carrying power, etc., of the machines used—which are the very first practical factors—are things that must not be touched, and many other similar points will occur to the reader as barred from all publicity. But there are a certain number of topographical and political points which are open to analysis and which it is important to grasp, both in order that the public may understand the problem set and also that it may understand what advantages the Allies enjoy in this unhappy extremity to which Prussia has driven them; for, with the exception of one great province, unalterable until we break the Prussian siege line in the West—I mean the province of communications—ours maritime and therefore vulnerable and slow, his continental and therefore rapid and invulnerable—advantages can be counted upon our side as well as on his.

The Enemy's Advantage

Let us first of all appreciate what are *his* advantages—advantages which led him to adopt this new policy.

The first and most conspicuous advantage he has is the fact that the two principal capitals, not only of the Allies, but of the world, Paris and London, are highly accessible to his machines. The distance from his starting points in Belgium to the London area is, upon the average, less than 150 miles. The distance from his starting points to the area of Paris is, upon the average, between 80 and 90 miles.

Secondly, the way to both capitals is indicated in clear weather by water. The valleys of the Oise, the Marne, and, in an approach from the south, of the Seine, can be followed to Paris upon any clear night, however dark; while London lies at the apex of an estuary terminating in a broad and unmistakable river.

Thirdly, the great areas concerned, especially that of London, make his task of recognition easier. The defenders cannot hide a patch of this size upon the landscape of a clear night, and the attackers cannot miss it. London is especially vulnerable from the fact that the greater part of the trajectory to it lies over the undefended area of the sea, and because of its very great size. Paris is especially vulnerable because, although the approaches to it are over land and the area is smaller, the length of the trajectory is much less.

The two capitals are not only exceedingly vulnerable, but are also, when attacked, places the raiding of which the enemy can calculate to yield great fruit of the sort which he seeks. For, in the first place, the closer and denser a population the greater the moral effect of a raid. In the second place, the mere numerical proportion of the whole nation which is situated in each of the two areas is very large. In the third place—much the most important factor—each centralises, in a degree unknown to other countries, the national life. Each is the brain of the national organism.

Every one recognises this in the case of Paris; a tradition no longer corresponding with modern realities masks it in the case of London. But if we honestly consider those realities we shall perceive that London is even more of a national centre than Paris. The Press, for instance, has far more power in Britain than in France, and the London Press largely moulds the opinion of the whole country. Every direction of this war has for Britain its chief centre in London. What is more, the principal offices are there gathered closer together even than they are in Paris. One may put the matter most clearly by an extreme case, which happily has not yet been realised, and ask oneself what the effect would be upon the strength of either nation if a really serious destruction of records and disorganisation of personnel could be effected in either capital by a raid on a much larger scale than any that has yet taken place—always supposing the present centralisation to be maintained.

The first great asset, then, of the enemy is the vulnerability and essential importance of the two great modern capitals which his aircraft can so easily reach.

His second asset is connected with this first, and consists in the fact that his siege line happens to have fallen so far

west that his own centres, so far as affecting civilian life is concerned, lie much further from our points of departure than do ours from his. All that is destroyed in the Western siege belt is Belgian or French, or what the French count as part of their territory, for it is Alsatian or of Lorraine. And it so happens that the purely German centres which are nearest to Allied points of departure are the less important. For instance, if Alsace and Lorraine were really German territory, Metz, Strasburg, Colmar, Mulhouse, Thionville, would be vulnerable, as no great corresponding Allied centres are vulnerable with the exception of Nancy. But immediately beyond the Rhine in this neighbourhood you have only the Black Forest and the territory of Baden with few targets of importance, Freiburg and Karlsruhe being the only considerable centres; while the area where most can be done lies far back in the basin of the Lower Rhine, from Cologne northwards.

The enemy, then, has two great targets, each unique in character, highly vulnerable, close to hand, and his siege lines cover our targets at a much greater distance than they cover his. Further, for reasons that will be explained in a moment, the finding of one's way to those targets is a somewhat longer and more difficult business.

There are two great sets of advantages present to the Allies in this deplorable sort of warfare which the enemy has brought upon himself.

The first is topographical, and therefore permanent, and consists in the fact that the heart of German war industry and of compact industrial population, though distant, is within reach, while it is more concentrated than the more distant centres of the Allies. It is to be found in that vast mass of industrial humanity which is crowded upon a comparatively small area of the Lower Rhine basin, and particularly of the Ruhr Valley.

The second is moral or political, and therefore neither necessarily permanent nor susceptible of exact calculation. It is twofold, and consists in the superior work of the Allied aircraft and in the awakening of the enemy to war upon his own soil.

I will take these in reverse order.

It is a matter entirely dependent upon individual judgment, and one upon which one can therefore make no positive pronouncement, but one upon which general observation is agreed that the immunity of German soil from the actual presence of war has had very much to do with the maintenance of enemy moral. Personally, I do not believe that if the siege lines had fallen within German territory the German character would have held as the French has done. But those who would differ from me in this will agree that for any nation it is an immense moral advantage that the destruction and the terror should be falling, so far as civilians are concerned, upon enemy territory. We have only to consider the difference between an invaded and an uninvaded England to appreciate the force of that truth. Further, we know from the German Press, and far better from reports that reach the Allies, how powerful has been the effect of the hitherto trifling punishment inflicted upon German centres. The first raid upon Karlsruhe produced a violence of emotion not comparable to anything that has taken place hitherto in London or in Paris. Treves—a most important military centre—is beginning to call itself uninhabitable; and if we had no other evidence, the tone of the enemy's allusion to Mannheim alone would be enough; though Mannheim, and still more the great group of factories on the opposite side of the Rhine, are of the highest military importance, quite apart from the effect our raids have now produced upon their civilian inhabitants. If these Upper Rhine centres—I am for the moment neglecting the great industrial district of the Lower Rhine—were only a few isolated points, comparable, say, to the residential towns in the Severn Valley, the effect would still be striking enough; but, in point of fact, the whole district between Strasburg on the south and the gorge of the Rhine on the north is densely inhabited and of high political importance. The vulnerable areas of purely German character lying within the Rhine basin, and accessible to aircraft with their present radius of action, contain an urban population nearly half that of the great cities of the Empire, if we exclude the two capitals of Berlin and Munich, and the port and neighbourhood of Hamburg. The German Empire has a distribution of population fairly simply arranged in three divisions. There is the densely inhabited basin of the Upper Elbe; there is the larger and more thickly inhabited population of the Rhine; while the remainder, by far the greater part, is not densely inhabited, but contains only the great agglomerations of Berlin and the ports of Hamburg and Bremen.

There is another political point—vague, uncertain, and only given for what it is worth—and that is the historical

connection of the Rhine district with the modern German Empire. That connection was at first somewhat artificial; the character of its inhabitants is the most remote in all Germany from the character of the Prussian squirearchy and bureaucracy, which owes its modern supremacy entirely to the victories of a generation ago; and a serious dislocation of civilian life upon the Rhine would have an effect, not to be exaggerated but to be remembered, upon the whole structure of modern Germany. The point of Prussia for these people is not only that she has made them part of a great State, and able to enjoy the sense of past victories, but also that she can continue to confirm their security.

As to the asset manifestly possessed by the Allies at the present moment in superiority of the work done in the air, we can but note it, and hope and expect it to continue; but we must remember that it is not a permanent and necessary asset as is the geographical one. British flights across German territory take place by day as well as by night; weather has had to be less carefully chosen for our attacks than for theirs; and these attacks have a repeated and assiduous character hitherto lacking in theirs. The whole line of the river down as far as Coblenz and up the Moselle as high as Treves has been alive with raids for two months, although the season is but opening; and the intensity of the effort is rapidly increasing.

Cologne

Now let us turn to the chief objective, the great mass of industrial population which stands upon a comparatively small area of the Lower Rhine Valley, and particularly within the basin of the right-hand tributary called the Ruhr.

If the reader will look at the map accompanying this article, he will see, marked "A," a rather small heart-shaped region just north of Cologne, but including that city, and lying, for the most part, upon the right bank of the Rhine. This region is the region of dense population which is sometimes generally termed, from the province in which its major part lies, "The Westphalian Coalfield." It is economically the foundation-stone of the modern German Empire. Coupled with the possession of the great ironfields in Lorraine, captured in 1871, which send their ore northwards to this coalfield, the Westphalian industrial district is the pivot upon which the industrial expansion of modern Germany has turned. The River Ruhr, coming down from the Southern Westphalian Hills, holds in its basin the great mass of coal upon which all this new mechanical power has arisen, and the district is a nest of towns comparable to those of our Lancashire and Yorkshire district, some actually touching, all of them in close neighbourhood one with another. Essen, the arsenal of modern Germany, is the best known in this country, and the largest single municipality with just on 300,000 population. But Dortmund, with considerably more than 200,000, on the east of the coalfield, runs it close, and you have, all within fifty miles by little more than thirty, Barmen and Bochum, Mulheim, Duisburg, etc., with Crefeld cleaner and cut off from the rest upon the western limit of the area. To the south of this compact and highly vulnerable mass stands what is now virtually the capital of it all—that is, the great historical town to which the whole place looks socially, the town of Cologne, with over half a million inhabitants—the chief crossing-place of the line, the principal German station on the highway of Northern Europe.

If you stand in Barmen you have within a radius of a long day's walk upon every side—within a radius that is of little more than twenty-five miles and a good deal less than thirty—an extraordinarily packed industrial centre any considerable disturbance of which would hamstring modern Germany.

Although we speak of these centres of the Westphalian Coalfield and of the Ruhr basin as separate towns, they are, like our industrial centres in the West Riding and in Lancashire, often great groups of almost continuous building, in which the various towns merge. Gelsenkirchen and Essen are continued on into Mulheim and Oberhausen, and the latter into Hambourn almost without a break, while Duisburg, across the Ruhr from Hambourn, is only separated by the water-courses and the docks. Crefeld and Dusseldorf stand fairly separate, so does Dortmund at the other extremity of the group; but Elberfeld and Barmen are one long town, and there is not a mile of clear country between these and the five-mile stretch of houses which is called in various parts Gevelsberg, Hospe, and Hagen.

Another way of grasping the importance of the district is to appreciate that the total population of its large incorporated towns, apart from the smaller groups which are virtually part of those towns, comes to no less than just over three million souls, or, if we include Cologne, more than three millions and a half.



Cities of the Rhine Valley

This industrial district is, then, the economic heart of Germany.

There is also, of course, the industrial belt of Saxony and that of Silesia; there is the single industrial district of Bavaria in the Allied Empire to the south. There is the intensely active little field in the Saar, important chiefly for its proximity to the iron of Lorraine and Luxemburg. But the kernel of modern German material power is here upon the Ruhr and its neighbourhood.

The accident of the present war has hitherto given this new district a complete security. It happens to lie immediately behind the most advanced sector of the German lines in France. Drop a perpendicular from Barmen to those lines—that is, take the place on the Allied or German line in France nearest to Barmen (which, as we have seen, is the geographical centre of the industrial district)—and you strike St. Quentin 200 miles away. Again, the distance from the nearest point of this industrial group, the most western point to the closest of the Allied points of departure, is over 180 miles. The southernmost point which, though not connected with the coalfield geologically, is socially its capital, Cologne, is in a direct line more than 160 miles, and more like 170 from the nearest practical point of departure. There lies in between the whole occupied belt of Northern France and Belgium, Luxemburg and Lorraine.

A further point which must always be remembered is the difficulty of the intervening country in the way of landmarks. The waste and tumbled hill-land of the Ardennes and the Eifel lie between for anyone approaching from the south. A waterway, the great guide by night, is found only by following the Moselle and turning down the Rhine after

Coblentz—a long addition to the direct line. But though the industrial district of the Ruhr is distant and difficult to find, it is not out of reach, and the test of whether the Germans were wise or no when they opened this new phase in the war will be made when the first considerable raids begin to be made upon it. The first severe punishment of Cologne will be felt throughout the world, and will be a new thing to the enemy, something quite distinct from what has hitherto happened upon the Upper Rhine, because Cologne is the gate of the neighbouring coalfield.

There is another centre of very great social importance to Germany, lying but a short distance beyond Mayence, and that is Frankfort on the Maine. Frankfort is, more than any other town in the German Empire, the financial capital of that Empire. Its wealthier inhabitants have probably long left it, and they would not be personally affected in any case, for those remaining would leave it at once in case of a raid. But it remains, none the less, the nerve-centre of German finance, and it is a town of over 400,000 people—a place on the same scale as, though little smaller than, Cologne. It is also the centre of a densely inhabited district.

Comparatively close to the Allied points of departure, and therefore subject already to continual bombardment, is the small coal basin of the Saar. It is not so directly concerned with our present problem as the other Rhine towns because it is admittedly a military object, crammed as it is with munition works. But the effect of attacks upon the industrial district of the Upper Saar cannot compare with the effect of similar attacks when they can be made upon the Westphalian coalfield.

H. BELLOC.

Convoys and Submarines: By H. Whitaker

This article was compiled by the author from first-hand information obtained during a cruise with the American destroyer flotilla in the submarine zone.

OUT in the harbour a thirty-vessel convoy was nosing up to its anchors; the rattle of the winches carried across the water and up the hill to where the Base-Admiral watched the departure from his office windows. His gaze centred on one ship, a fine steamer, which, with her cargo of twelve thousand tons of foodstuffs, was worth nearly a million pounds. Her potential values, however, far exceeded that figure, for the food stood for human flesh and blood—the flesh and blood of women and children in France and England and the thews and sinews of soldiers who must be fed if the world is to escape the German yoke.

The ship was commanded by a Scot—an admirable character, upright, courageous, self-reliant, the finest of seamen, but hard in the mouth. Before the convoy system was established he had voyaged a score of times through the submarine zone, winning his way to safety by seamanship and daring. A torpedo had once shaved his bows. Another had almost clipped off his stern. He had fought half a dozen artillery battles with boats; all of which had raised his opinion of himself and his ship fairly close to omnipotence. He hated the naval discipline of convoys as much as their slow speed, and had bolted twice; which fact was in the Base-Admiral's mind when he turned to his Chief of Staff.

"McGregor, down there, has bolted twice. I have advised his owners to replace him, but they won't. Sooner or later the U-boats will get him. Wireless to N—— to watch him closely."

The order was duly noted by the Senior Commander of the destroyer group that escorted the convoy to sea; and when his chief officer reported a few hours later that McGregor was edging out of his column, they went after him like dogs in chase of a bolting sheep.

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" the Senior Commander bawled out through a megaphone. "The Lord High Admiral, eh? Try that again, and I'll put an officer on your bridge and recommend that your papers be cancelled."

"That ought to hold him," he remarked to his chief officer; "but I'll bet you the old chap is raving. His crew will need to step lively during the next few hours."

And raving, McGregor surely was. If his remarks, as afterwards reported by his crew, were printed here they would burn a hole in the page. He, a master of twenty years' standing, to be ordered about like that! He, that had out-fought, out-witted, out-run more U-boats than the

entire flotilla had ever seen! He, with a sixteen-knot ship to be held down to a six-knot crawl! Put an officer on his bridge, would they? Cancel his papers, eh? And so forth, with profuse marginal notes and trimmings!

If a plausible excuse in the shape of a fog that fell like a grey blanket over the convoy had not been furnished, these fulminations, no doubt, would presently have subsided. He would hardly have dared violate such specific orders. But when the fog lifted towards evening, the convoy was scattered over the seas to the horizon, and came scuttering back like frightened chickens in response to the destroyer's wireless cluckings—McGregor was out of sight. Next news of him came in a S.O.S. from a point just over the horizon.

"I'm torpedoed. Sinking. Submarine shelling boats. Come at once."

Too late! On the wide and lonely ocean that had just engulfed that fine ship with her sorely needed food, they found two shell-torn boats full of wounded and dying men. In the crest-fallen, troubled man who sat in their midst, it was difficult to recognise the old "hard mouth." He was repentant, of course; but the tears that washed the iron furrows of his face could not restore his ship, nor heal the wounds of his crew.

From one point of view his conduct was criminal. Yet it was natural, inspired by the same spirit that has kept a thousand of his kind voyaging these dangerous seas—the same spirit that had brought him and many another off best in U-boat duels—the same spirit that animated that fine old skipper of the North Sea who, with both legs shot off and his vessel sinking, ordered his crew to throw him and the code-books into the sea together. So allow him his repentance, and permit the incident to illustrate at once the merits and faults of the convoy system.

Its merits, taking them first, have been proved by the decrease in mercantile sinkings since the old patrol system was abandoned. Under the latter, the destroyer and patrol fleets were scattered like pawns over a vast checker board that ruled off British waters—across which merchant vessels moved from one patrol to another. Though they were hunted incessantly, the U-boats managed to pick up in those days anywhere between thirty and fifty ships a week. But after Allied slipping was grouped in convoys and sent through the danger zone under destroyer escorts, the weekly average fell to eighteen large ships and four or five small ones. During the last eight months of 1917, indeed, the British and American destroyer fleets convoyed over one hundred thousand vessels in and out of Allied ports with a loss of one-eighth of one per cent. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the U-boat weekly bag is taken from unescorted ships.

world are merchant ships ever allowed to go out alone? The answer is simple: We have not enough destroyers to provide escorts for all. If we had, the submarine war would now be of the past. Another reason—and it points out the convoy system's chief fault—free ships make faster time, and, accordingly, can move more goods than when they are grouped in convoys. Tonnage, or carrying capacity (which amounts to the same thing), is reduced; first, by delays waiting for escorts; second, by limiting the speed of the faster ships. The ship on which I recently came from New York to Liverpool, for instance, is a seven-day boat. Two others in our convoy—vessels of enormous tonnage—were equally fast; yet, by being forced to take the speed of the slowest vessel, these fast ships took so many days to cross that it almost sufficed for them to have made the return voyage to New York.

In spite of this manifest fault, the convoy system is here to stay; for it is wholly impossible to maintain safe routes with merchant shipping scattered all over the world. To control its passage and to divert it in accordance with enemy movements, it must be grouped under war vessels. The great reduction in mercantile sinkings more than makes up for delays and low speed. It should not be forgotten that after a convoy passes through the danger zone its units are usually permitted to go on alone. So the speed limitation applies only for a couple of days. Summing up the convoy system, it is safe to say that shipping interests will be best served by extending it, as fast as possible, till it covers all vessels. A step was taken in this direction when, the other day, an Order in Council was passed prohibiting vessels from leaving British ports without a licence.

The limitations and advantages of convoys being thus defined, let us briefly examine those of the submarine. Instead of being free as the fish, they operate within quite narrow lines while exposed to special risks. Think of the uncharted rocks that must reach up into the underseas lanes along which the U-boat blunders like a blind fish; the mine-fields, "floaters," treacherous tides, traps, decoys, nets, that turn submarine navigation into one long blind hazard. I heard of one U-boat that blundered into the Maelstrom, the famous whirlpool off the coast of Norway, chosen by Jules Verne to kill off Captain Nemo and his Nautilus. Then think of the special war risks—the "blimps" and hydroplanes dropping bombs from the sky; the little P-boats, always ready to engage in one of those desperate sea duels where no quarter is given or asked; finally, the destroyer, a foe so deadly that the Germans have talked long and loudly of "underwater battle-cruisers" to drive it off the seas.

Most of this talk was meant for foreign consumption, for the German naval constructors are quite aware of certain limitations that make against such a boat. Add armour to a U-boat, and her size must be increased to provide more buoyancy. Increased bulk calls for heavier internal structure, heavier engines, heavier gun platforms for bigger guns; larger quarters for a more numerous crew; larger fuel and ballast tanks; all of which calls for more buoyancy, that is, size; which, again, calls for more armour plate.

Such a vessel would present a deeper target for a torpedo than any destroyer; and whereas she might drop twenty shells on the latter without putting her out of commission, one well-planted shot would send her to the bottom. She would stand but a poor chance in a stand-up fight with the half-dozen destroyers that are to be found with almost any convoy. She would require, moreover, such deep water for her manœuvring that she could hardly operate in the shoals and shallows around the British Isles, where her prey would be principally found. Lastly, she could chase only one vessel at a time. As two years have passed since we first heard this "undersea battle-cruiser" talk, we can rest assured that after balancing the cost in time, labour, money, and materials, against possible advantages, the German naval constructors have pronounced against them.

There are also decided limitations in submarine operation. It cannot emerge and dive, as is generally believed, with porpoise ease. If they go down at an angle of more than 12 degrees, the older types capsize their ballast tanks and become helpless hulks. Abrupt dives, too, are very dangerous. One commander told me how his hair stood on end when, on a quick dive, his vessel went down and down and down, and he thought he would never be able to stop her. No doubt many a U-boat has nose-dived into the deeps, where her steel sides were crushed like a thin egg-shell. Once on the surface, it takes some minutes for a submarine to submerge; and if she be seen by a destroyer, a depth-mine dropped at the head of the tell-tale wake is very likely to

Neither can a U-boat cruise indefinitely under water. Seventy miles is about the limit—at any speed. After that, it must recharge its batteries while steaming on the surface, and if it be caught with exhausted batteries, its situation is more than precarious. There is a case on record, indeed, of three German submarines that lay for forty-eight hours on the bottom, listening to the screws of the patrol chugging above. Two that tried to sneak away in the night were sunk. The third surrendered.

Surface cruising has also its limits, being dependent on fuel. On the average, a U-boat can stay out about twenty or twenty-five days; but a considerable part of this time is used up coming from and going back to the base, and many attempts have been made to extend it by the establishment of fuel bases. One ingenious commander used to cache barrels of fuel, oil, and petrol, loot from captured tankers, at the bottom of a sheltered cove. But an oil spot betrayed him one day to a British destroyer.

The usual procedure would have been to carry the barrels off. But, with a flash of genius, the British commander, so the story is told, removed the bungs, poured a few gallons of picric acid—a powerful explosive—into each barrel, resunk them, and sailed away. It requires but a small effort of the imagination to picture what happened to the U-boat when it began to use that petrol.

A Submarine's Dangers

Neither does the submarine have things all its own way in duels with merchant vessels. Indeed, it fights at a disadvantage, for whereas a dozen shells may fail to stop a fleeing vessel, one well-planted hit will send the U-boat to the bottom. Though German torpedoes have an effective range of 7,000 yards, shooting is uncertain at long distances. The U-boat usually tries to get within 2,000 yards, and this, especially in shots at a convoy, endangers it getting away.

Rough weather also brings a pause in the hunting, for the periscope describes a far wider arc than the hull, which thrashes around like a wounded whale in a seaway, making both observation and the sighting of shots impossible. In such weather, the U-boats lie on the bottom in some sheltered cove. During the extremely bad weather last November, indeed, the U-boat bag fell from eighteen large ships to six in the first week, to one in the second.

All of these dangers and difficulties of the underseas campaign are increased by the reports of U-boat movements sent out from observation stations on land and ships at sea. When cruising with the American destroyer fleet, I was astonished by the number and accuracy of those that came in a constant stream to the bridge. Position and course were always given, so, besides drawing the patrols and seaplanes after them, merchant ships could easily avoid their locality. The reports accounted for a despairing note in a wireless message we picked up, one evening, in transit between two U-boats.

"Have you seen any ships to-day? The ocean seems empty."

This commander's report was one of those, no doubt, on which the German Admiralty based its explanation for the decrease in the U-boat weekly bag: "Enemy shipping is so depleted by the attacks of our invincible U-boats that it is becoming more and more difficult to find ships to sink": this during a week that had seen nearly five thousand ships sail in and out of British ports alone! And probably half as many more from Allied harbours.

Summing the U-boat's capacities and potentialities, we see that instead of being the original sea-devil, it is really a hunted creature—hunted so successfully, moreover, that from 40 to 50 per cent. were sunk last year. This great loss was aggravated by that of the torpedoes, which take time and money to make. Indeed, the yearly output of the United States Torpedo Works before the war was only twelve. The smaller U-boats carry ten each; the larger and later types, twenty. Accordingly, if one be sunk outward bound, which happens quite often, the loss of the torpedoes is greater than that of the vessel. It is highly improbable that any U-boat goes down without carrying some torpedoes with her. It is also comforting to know that five or six are shot away for every merchant vessel sunk. The weekly bag costs the German Government over a hundred thousand pounds in torpedoes alone.

The outlook for the U-boat is bad. The life of a submarine commander has never been what one could call a good insurance risk. In 1917 he made two voyages and a half before, quite literally, he went down and out. From present indications—there are a few things in store for him that I know of, but cannot tell—his life during 1918 will



Dedicated to all believers in German Socialism.

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The Robber Baro

By L.



Louis Raemaekers.

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Russia's True Voice : By C. Hagberg Wright

THE text of this "Open Letter to Count Kaizerling," who is a German noble of Courland, with large estates in that province and in East Prussia, was originally published in two Russian newspapers (the *Den* and the *Petrogradsky Golos*), but no sooner did it appear in print than every copy discoverable was destroyed by the Bolsheviks. This letter demonstrates clearly that the voice of true Liberty will yet make itself heard in Russia, and that the reason and conscience of the Russian people are not dead, but stupefied by the successive earthquake shocks and tornadoes of revolution and war. The counsels of moderation are unheeded, while the overthrow of authority and the disbanding of great armies create a general condition of chaos; but the forces of the ebbing tide are equal to the power of the flow, and it requires no excessive optimism to recognise in this protest against Bolshevism a sign and portent of its approaching downfall.

The copy of the newspaper from which this letter is taken is possibly the only one which has reached England, for the present Russian censorship is rigorous, and shows as little respect for the liberty of the Press as the old regime was wont to do. With regard to the names mentioned in the course of the letter, besides those of Lenin and Stürmer, the Imperial Prime Minister, which are known to all English readers, it may be added that Myasoyedov was the arch-spy at Russian headquarters, who was eventually shot. Sukhomlinov was the War Minister, convicted of treachery, and Sumenson and Kukovsky are Bolsheviks who are said to have been employed by Germany in the distribution of bribes. The following is the translation:

Графу Кайзерлингу.

(Открытое письмо).

Граф Кайзерлинг! Вы—член делегации победителей в столицу опозоренной России. Она брошена к вашим ногам. Ваши прислужники и агенты стали нашими правительством. И мир заключается не между двумя сторонами, а между представителями одной и той же торгующей стороны, при чем одна сторона сдвинула себя фальшивую догирежность от лица всего народа русского.

Но не все ли равно? Солдаты не жаждут воевать. Вам и мир не нужен—на вашей стороне право победителя. Русской армии вы не побуждали. Вы не побуждали ее в Восточной Пруссии—вам помог Мясоедов, не побуждали ее в Галиции—вам помог Сухомино. Вы не побуждали ее у Стокода, у Тарнополь, у Рига—вам помог Ленин. При монархии вашими агентами были Алессандро Гессе и премьер-министр Штурмер, Распутин стоял за вас горой. Настала революция, и вашими агентами стали Козловский и Суменсон; они обогащались вашей контрабандой, первые атаки «возмущенного народа» в 1907 были направлены на контр-разведку, эмиссии военнопленных руководили военными действиями большевиков и ныне их правительство униженно приветствует вас, герцог граф Кайзерлинг.

Однако... Когда на оливо мгновение ить упоение дошло до мысли привести вас к народ в Мариинский театр, от этой мысли пришлось отказаться. Зато для вас был устроен пышный парад. И рабочие и солдаты шли с продиктованными фатерландом надписями для унижения родины.

Граф Кайзерлинг, не врите этому парад! Вас обманывает наше услужливое правительство. От Петрограда захваченного вашим тайным штабом, уже отожилось все—Украина, и Дон, Кавказ и Сибирь, Финляндия съестами. Съ емь-же вы заключаете мир? Нить спора, мы не можем воевать.

In the time of the Emperor, Alice of Hesse and Stürmer, the Prime Minister, acted as your agents; Rasputin was your mainstay. Then came the days of revolution, when Kukovsky and Sumenson became your chosen hirelings, enriching themselves with the fruits of 'contraband.' In July the first skirmishes of the populace in revolt were in the nature of reconnaissances. It was by German prisoners of war that the military operations of the Bolsheviks were directed; and now the Bolshevik Government, in its

ignominy, welcomes you. Be that as it may, when in their enthusiasm they proposed at one moment to bring you face to face with the people in the Marinsky theatre that idea had quickly to be abandoned. Instead, a magnificent procession was arranged in your honour, and soldiers and workmen marched past you bearing banners with devices designed by your Fatherland for the humiliation of our native country.

"Count Kaizerling! Put not your trust in that pageant. Our servile Government is deceiving you. One and all—the Ukraine, the Don province, the Caucasus, Esthonia, Finland, and Siberia—all have severed themselves from Petrograd, of which your secret service has seized hold. With whom, then, do you say, are you making peace?"

"There is no gain-saying—we cannot fight without an army. But those who sold Russia have as little right to conclude peace as to continue war. You know well Russia does not believe in your

большую армию. По продажные пар, вь лудшем случае, вь партийного фактума на продажные вам Россию люди так же мало платят правь заключать с вами мирь, как а продолжать войну. Вьдь Россия не вьреть вь ваше великодушье и вь приврачное согласие не вести война на Курляндия, Польша Литва... на маленьком условии подчинения Англии предложенному вами миру. Ваше царьдв истощает, а вы знаете что Англия и Америка вас раздавят. Как вы храбривесь, как вы победите дайте вам на угляд несчастных одуроченных русских, от возможности вам не убит. Но я одуроченных не могу считать уже чремырными дураками. Так слушайте, герцог Кайзерлинг.

Это—не мирь. Это—явование Петрограда, но не Россия. Уничтожение удмуритесь газом большевика русскую армию,—вы не одурите Россия. Смотрите на все это, как на явование, сь торжестве никогда не примерится народ. Не думайте, что вы убьете вь лодку паротрямь и душу. Они не примерятся сь миром с.г. Троцких. Как священная искра вь вамь разгорится не вынести кь вамь. Они возстанут сь своей армией и сь своих духовных силах—и Россия падомте одурит вамь неприимными врагемь.

Русский народ жьритесь честно. Они заключать мирь сь французами и англичанами бесдт Савостенко—и они наши друзья. Они заключать мирь сь японцами—и они наши друзья.

И сь вами возможен честный мирь, но мирь чрез Учредительное Собрание, а не чрез гьмь, кого вы намь дали вь министры.

Пусть онь будет гьмь, если Россия это заслужива. Но онь будет миромь, а не комедией.

Нашим же союзникам мы, пользу душевного, кричим: «Не врите, Россия не предательница. Это не мирь! И Россия кь этому миру непричастна»

magnanimity nor in your fantastic proposals to withdraw your armies from Courland, Poland, and Lithuania on the futile condition of England's submission to the peace you offer. Your nation is in a state of exhaustion. You know well that England and America will crush you. It matters little how you bluff, or how you drive or corner the unhappy deluded Russians, you shall not escape the day of reckoning. There is no peace. This is the conquest of Petrograd, not the conquest of Russia.

"The Russian people are wont to make peace with honour. They made peace with the French and with the English after Sevastopol, and these are now our friends; they made peace with the Japanese, and they are also our friends.

"And with you it is also possible to make an honourable peace; but it must be a peace entered into by a Constituent Assembly, and not one drawn up by those whom you have sent here as Ministers. Make it onerous, if you will, and if Russia deserves it so; but it must be a real peace, and not a farce. Now, in half-strangled accents, we cry aloud to our Allies: 'Never, never believe that Russia is a traitor. This peace is no peace. Russia has had no part or lot in it.'"

The Allies : By "Centurion"

"DOOZE oofs, see voo plaise! Compronnay, madame?"

Marie Claire's lips parted and displayed two rows of teeth. They were filbert-shaped and very white.

"Oui, je comprends very well—what you call it? Twelve eggs, yes?"

"Non, dooze," said the sergeant, stoutly. And he held up two fingers. She noticed that the skin of the inside of his thumb and of the middle joint of his forefinger displayed a hard abrasion like a cobbler's. It's the trigger that does it.

"Ah! deux! Ecoutez! 'Un' c'est 'one.' 'Deux' c'est 'two.' Dites-vous 'deux.' Comme ça!" And she expired the monosyllable from her lips as though she were blowing a kiss.

"Do!" said the sergeant.

"Non, 'deux'!"

"Dew."

"Bien! Très bien, voilà!" And she produced two eggs from their nest in the crate, and laid them on the counter.

"Combien, madame?"

"Vingt centimes. Mais 'madame'! Pas encore! 'Made-moiselle.' Anglais—'Mees'. Voyez?" And she displayed the fingers of her left hand as though it were a parade inspection.

The sergeant looked at them. With a sudden movement, he placed his hand upon them as they lay upon the counter.

"Non!" she said coldly as she hastily withdrew her hand. "Fin! Bon jour!" And she turned her back upon him.

Sergeant John Lawrence put his twenty centimes on the counter, took up his eggs, saluted, and walked out of the *épicerie* without a word. He felt hot and uncomfortable.

On the afternoon of the next day he came again. Before he could open his mouth, Marie Claire had placed two eggs on the counter. She looked at him abstractedly, as though he were a piece of household furniture rather the worse for wear, which might soon need replacing, and said indifferently: "Vingt centimes."

This done, she turned to a shelf behind her, and began moving the jars of *confitures*, occasionally pursing her lips to blow away the dust. These exhalations grew louder as he lingered until their blasting effect upon him emotionally produced the kind of functional paralysis associated with the effects of high explosive. He stood rooted to the spot, his eyes fixed on the back of her neck. He suddenly put down the purchase-money, pocketed the eggs, and walked out. After proceeding a hundred yards, with knit brows, he stopped and ruminated. Opposite him was a dead wall, the gable-end of a house. He put his hand in his pocket, drew out an egg, took a short run, like a man practising on a bombing-course, and, throwing from his hip, hurled the egg at the wall. He noted with gloomy satisfaction the protoplasmic effect, and taking the other egg, he hurled it after its predecessor. And he resumed his walk.

Four days succeeded one another, and each day Marie Claire rehearsed a frigid reception for Sergeant Lawrence. She rehearsed it in a newly ironed blouse and after carefully washing her hair. Each morning as she rose from *petit déjeuner* she prepared herself to resent his appearance, each evening as she sat down to *dîner* she felt unaccountably annoyed that he had not appeared. She began telling herself that it did not matter two *sous* to her whether he appeared or not. She told herself this very often.

One evening, towards dusk, she was sitting behind the counter engaged in knitting a *tricot*. Her needles clicked mechanically as she gazed abstractedly at the wall, and occasionally she stopped to count the dropped stitches. She heard a footstep, and looked up. Sergeant John Lawrence was standing at the counter. Before she had time to collect her thoughts he had vanished, vanishing as suddenly as he appeared; so suddenly that she began to doubt the evidence of her senses. But on the counter lay a rose. She stared at it for some time, and then suddenly took it up, burying her nose in its petals as she inhaled their fragrance. It was a *Maréchal Niel*. She examined it, pulling back the petals as though she were peeling an artichoke. But there was nothing there. It was simply a rose. She sat with her chin upon her hands, trying to conjure up the appearance of the man who had laid it before her and wondering what it was about him that had seemed so unfamiliar. And as she mused it dawned on her that he had a rifle slung over his left shoulder, a pack on his back, a water-bottle on his hip. She rose and looked at the clock.

"Marie Claire! Marie Claire! Dîner, Nom de Dieu! J'ai une grande faim. La soupe est froide."

She ignored this plaintive remonstrance, which came in a stertorous voice from the parlour behind the shop, and, slipping a shawl over her head, she stole out into the street. It was curiously empty.

She crossed the *Place*, already steeped in shadows, and, having covered some 400 yards, she stopped. Ahead of her, in the middle of the street, were a number of soldiers drawn up in long lines two deep. They were in full marching kit, and in front of the nearest platoon a platoon-sergeant was calling the roll. It was Lawrence. He held a roll-book in his hand, and as he called each name, the owner shouted "Here"; the sound was taken up in a series of repetitions, which, as they collided acoustically with the same sounds from other platoons farther up the street, produced the effect of a prolonged echo. Having finished calling the roll, Lawrence went up to the platoon-commander, saluted, and made his report. The company-commander took over.

"FORM FOURS!—RIGHT! AT EASE! QU-I-I-I-I-CK MARCH!" There was a shuffle of heavy feet, and the long lines dissolved into columns of fours. The men's feet went "CLIP-CLOP! CLIP-CLOP!" on the *pavé* with the rhythm of a pendulum. The next moment the street was empty, and Marie Claire was staring fixedly at the tail of the column oscillating like a tuning-fork from right to left as it receded in the distance in a cloud of dust.

Sergeant Lawrence, having cleaned his teeth with his Army tooth-brush, stood in front of a mirror and studied attentively a fixed smile—a smile which he produced and reproduced with reflex movements of his maxillary muscles. It was a serious smile without mirth; being intended, like the capacious smile of a "chorus" lady, for purely exhibition purposes. Dissatisfied with the result, he went over his teeth again with a piece of charcoal until their lustrous whiteness convinced him that art could do no more for nature. For some days he had knocked off cigarettes owing to their discolouring effect on the enamel; he had also been at pains to remove, with the aid of a piece of pumice-stone, a large stain of a chemical brown on the inside of the middle finger of his right hand. His face glowed with the application of soap and hot water; his buttons shone and twinkled like the stars of the firmament.

At the end of an hour of these ministrations he pronounced himself "clean and regular," and, taking a small cane in his hand, he walked with an air of studied nonchalance down the street, a prey to a secret obsession that he was a subject of morbid curiosity to every passer-by. As he reached the corner of the *rue Gambetta* he suddenly ran into Sergeant Robert Chipchase.

"Hulloa, Jack!" said the other. "Going for a stroll?"

"Y—yes," said John Lawrence.

"I'll come with you," said the other, sociably.

Lawrence hesitated, and was lost. He fell into step beside his companion. He walked some distance, replying to conversational overtures with monosyllables.

"Got the hump, Jack?" said the other suddenly.

"N—no," replied Lawrence. He stopped dead. "I've forgot my handkerchief."

"Strewth! I knew you had something preying on your mind, like. Why didn't you say so before, mate? Here you are—use mine." And he tendered first aid.

"Anything wrong with it?" said the other, sensitively.

"No! No offence, I hope," said Lawrence. "The fact is, Bob," he went on breathlessly, taking each full-stop at full gallop, "I—can't—walk—as—well—as—I—used—to—I—think—I've—a—touch—of—trench—feet—you'll—excuse—me—old—chap—no—no—I—can—get—back—to—billets—all—right—Don't—let—me—spoil—your—walk—Bob." He paused to take breath. "It'll do you good," he added, earnestly. "So long, old man." And he turned on his heel.

His companion gazed after him. He walked slowly at first, but his feet appeared to recover their circulation with remarkable rapidity, and he was soon lost to sight. Sergeant Chipchase soliloquised.

"Sits in a corner of the mess mugging up FRENCH AND HOW TO SPEAK IT. Says a man ought to improve himself. Looks at a pal as if he wasn't there. Dreamy like. Never passes the time of day. Asked me if I heard a blooming nightingale. . . . Christ! It's a woman!" And having finished his train of induction, he went on his way whistling.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Lawrence, having turned the corner of the *Place*, had arrived at the door of the *épicerie*. He reconnoitred it from outside, and seeing two soldiers at the counter, he retreated. He walked up and down once or twice, advanced to the door, and again retreated, until, seeing the eye of a military policeman on the opposite side of the street watching him with professional curiosity, he walked straight into the shop. At the same moment the two customers emerged from it.

Behind the counter was Marie Claire. A wave of colour swept over her face as she saw him. They stood looking at each other.

"Bon jour, M'sieu. Douze œufs?" she said at last.

Sergeant Lawrence's eye caught sight of a rose in a vase on the shelf behind her. It was a languid rose with drooping petals, long past its first bloom; but he thought he recognised it. On the counter lay a small book with the words "Français-Anglais" on the cover. He suddenly had an inspiration.

"Madame——" he began.

"Mademoiselle," she corrected. "Encore Mademoiselle."

"Mademoiselle Marie Claire"—she wondered where he had got hold of her name—"voulez-vous me donner lessons—French—pour un franc?"

"Moi?"

"Oui."

She hesitated a moment. "Maman! Ici!"

There was a sound of heavy breathing. "Maman" appeared. She was large and round, and so richly endowed by Nature that her chin seemed to melt into her neck, her neck into her bosom. Where other people display joints, her body exhibited nothing but creases. Her bosom rose and fell continuously in short respirations, and the purple satin of her blouse rose and fell with them as though it were a natural plumage. Two large dimples appeared on either side of her mouth, giving the spectator the impression that she was smiling. The smile, however, was perpetual, and afforded no index to the state of her emotions—it was one of Nature's tricks of *camouflage*, and served to mask a variety of moods ranging from lazy benevolence to active rapacity. It was useful in business. If anyone objected to Madame's terms, she always dismissed the objection with "*les affaires sont les affaires*," and continued to smile with the same impassivity. She was a typical *bourgeoise*.

"M'sieu——" began Marie Claire, turning interrogatively to the sergeant.

"Lawrence—John Lawrence," said the sergeant.

"M'sieu' Lorens wants me to give him lessons in French, *maman*," said Marie Claire to her mother in her native tongue. "He offers me a franc a lesson," she added quickly, seeing her mother hesitate, and fearing a prohibition of such intimacy.

But Madame was not pondering the proprieties.

"Deux francs!" said Madame, with a smile of benediction which expressed a genuine conviction that it is more blessed to receive than to give.

"Oh, *maman*!" protested Marie Claire.

But Sergeant Lawrence jumped at the stipulation. "Done! Bong! Bien!" he exclaimed hurriedly. Had Madame made it ten francs he would have cheerfully acquiesced.

Then began for Sergeant Lawrence a course of French Without Tears. It was intensive training, for he knew that the battalion's "rest" in billets was short, and he took two lessons a day. They were given in the parlour behind the shop, with *maman* always in attendance, except for brief and occasional absences when a customer claimed her attention. During these absences the conversation took on a less Ollendorffian character; they ceased to ask each other whether the gardener's mother-in-law had the paper-knife of the tailor's step-brother, and Sergeant Lawrence found himself speaking English, as a language more naturally expressive of the emotions.

"Mademoiselle, will you come for a *promenade*?" he said suddenly in one of these truant intervals.

She hesitated. "It is not *convenable*."

"Why not?" he pleaded.

"In France we do not go for a walk unless we are—what you call it?—'engaged'—*fiancé*."

"Then let's get engaged," he said, decisively.

"Parbleu! To go for a walk!" Her eyes were full of mirth.

"No! To get married," he said.

She coloured, but said nothing. He leaned forward and seized her hand. This time she did not withdraw it. "In France," she said, at length, "it is not *convenable* to ask a girl that." And, seeing his look of astonishment, she added: "You must speak to *maman* first."

"Bon! Right away!" he said.

"Have you asked your papa?" she said as they waited for *maman*'s return from the shop.

"My papa!" he exclaimed. "You mean my old governor? Lord, no! Nor my grandpapa." He remembered there was a Table of Affinities in the door of the church-porch at home, proclaiming to all that a man may not marry his grandmother, but he could not see what that had to do with it.

"In France," explained Marie Claire, "the children do not marry without the consent of their papas and *mamas*. The *garçon* asks his papa, and his papa asks the papa of the *demoiselle*. Then there's a *conseil de famille*."

"Lord love me! It sounds like an inquest. . . . Madame!" he said, rising to his feet as *maman* returned. "I would like to marry your daughter, Marie Claire. I—I love her," he added simply.

"Bien," said Madame, with the eternal smile.

He thought she said "Combien?" and added, hastily: "I'm a platoon-sergeant, my pay's 2s. 10d. a day, I don't chuck money about, and I've got £50 in the bank. I've a clean conduct-sheet, Madame. You can ask the adjutant."

To all of which—uttered in hurried English—Madame made no reply, but continued to smile. For Madame knew it all already. How? By a series of judicious inquiries conducted in many quarters. She had an instinct for these things.

Lawrence did not tell her that he had the D.C.M., that he had been at Mons, and that, if the Fates spared him, he would one day wear a medal with many clasps which would record "Mons," "Le Cateau," "the Marne," "the Aisne," "Ypres," and many another tale of epic battles. After all, these were not things that a fellow talked about.

And Marie Claire put up her mouth and received his first kiss. *Maman* looked on with a mercenary smile, being engaged at that moment in a rapid mental calculation of how many francs there were in fifty pounds and also what Marie's *dot* should be and whether she should throw in the second best feather-bed. Sergeant Lawrence wondered whether it was not "*convenable*" to kiss one's *fiancée* except in the presence of her *maman*. He wondered also whether he ought to have kissed *maman* first. He even wondered for one brief moment whether *maman* had ever looked like Marie Claire, but he peremptorily dismissed this unbidden thought as treasonable and a temptation of the devil.

Sergeant Lawrence had an interview with his C.O., and the C.O., having satisfied himself, in the spirit of No. 1360 of the King's Regulations, that the lady was a virtuous woman and precious above rubies, duly notified the D.A.A.G. 3rd Echelon, who in turn communicated with the Officer in Charge of Records. Which being done, the C.O. was duly informed that there appeared to be no just cause or legal impediment in the way of the marriage. And John Lawrence went before an officer who was a Commissioner of Oaths, and made a statutory declaration to the same effect. He also produced a birth certificate. All of which solemn declarations the C.O. forwarded to the *Procureur de la République* of the *arrondissement*, who thereupon communicated with the *maire* of the commune.

All these things took time, and Sergeant Lawrence had to go into the trenches again before the marriage ceremony could be celebrated. Marie Claire spent many sleepless nights trying to dispute a fixed idea that all the enemy batteries had got John Lawrence personally "registered," and were laid on him. But he came out all right, and one day Marie Claire and her *maman*, with an amazing retinue of relations, illustrating all the Ollendorffian degrees of affinity, who accompanied them, met Sergeants Lawrence and Chipchase at the *maison commune*. *Maman* introduced him to a *beau-père* who was not "beau" and a *belle-sœur* who was not "belle," but he reflected that the French are nothing if not polite. It seemed extraordinarily like a lesson in Ollendorffian French, as the stepfather was a *cordonnier* and the brother-in-law was a *charcutier*, and they all got mixed up in the most approved Ollendorffian manner.

Lawrence had obtained a *certificat de coutume* from the consul at the base to the effect that in English law the consent of the father is not necessary to the present marriage; and this being duly read by the *adjoint au maire*, whom Chipchase called the adjutant, Lawrence again solemnly declared that there existed no just cause or legal impediment.

Whereupon the "contractant," John Lawrence, in English, and the "contractante," Marie Claire, in French, declared their wish to take one another for spouse.

And the *adjoint* declared them united in marriage. And *maman* for the first time lost her smile and wept. And all the relations, to the number of two score and three, wept likewise, until Lawrence felt more than ever that it was like an inquest. But Marie Claire's smile reassured him.

And the *adjoint*, having recited his entries in the register

of the *état-civil*, wrote down "Lecture faite," repeating the words like a litany, and held out his pen. Whereupon John Lawrence and Marie Claire, his wife, and her *maman* and a great cloud of witnesses, duly signed their names.

"You're married, right enough, Jack," said Chipchase, as he took his turn with the pen and gazed at the nine signatures which preceded his own. "It's like a Summary of Evidence—you'd better take the old adjutant's award."

And John Lawrence gave his wife a nuptial kiss before them all. Whereupon Sergeant Chipchase, seizing the youngest and prettiest of Marie Claire's girl friends, kissed her also, explaining that this was the "custom" in England. This *obiter dictum* was so well received that he promptly kissed all the others, thereby wiping away all tears and putting everybody in the greatest good humour.

* * *

I knew Lawrence, and was in fact in France at the time of the wedding; but it happened in 1915, and I had forgotten all about it till one day last summer, when I was spending a few day's leave in Dorsetshire. I had just heard that he had got a bar to his D.C.M. And, as chance would have it, my walk over the cliffs took me in the late afternoon into a village churchyard within a stone's throw of the sea, where I sat on the thick turf in the shade of the cypresses. And while I mused in the declining rays of the sun my eye fell on a tombstone opposite me. I read the inscription:

To the honoured memory of
SERGEANT WILLIAM LAWRENCE
(of the 40th Regiment Foot)

Who after a long and eventful life
In the service of his country
Peacefully ended his days at Studland
November 11th, 1869.

He served with his distinguished regiment
In the war in South America, 1805,

And through the whole of the Peninsular War, 1808-13
He received the silver medal and no less than 10 clasps

For the Battles in which he was engaged
ROLEIA, VIMIERA, TOULOUSE, CIUDAD RODRIGO,
BADAJOS

(In which desperate assault being one of the volunteers
For the Forlorn Hope he was most grievously wounded)

VITTORIA, PYRENEES, NIVELLES, ORTHES,
TOULOUSE.

He also fought at the glorious victory of WATERLOO,
June 18th, 1815.

While still serving with his regiment during the
Occupation of Paris by the Allied Armies,

Sergeant Lawrence married Clotilde Claret
at St. Germain-en-Laye, who died September 26th, 1853,
and was buried beneath this spot.

I got up and walked round to the reverse side of the tombstone. On it was inscribed the words:

Ci-gît

CLOTILDE LAWRENCE

Née at St. Germain-en-Laye (France)

Décédée à Studland

le 26 Sept., 1853.

Was it merely a coincidence? I do not know.



Distant View of Hit

Hit: By S. K. Vesey

WE had been caravaning for many

days in the Mesopotamian desert when we came to Hit, the latest town to be occupied by British troops. From far off we saw the smoky vapours in which it is enveloped, and we smelt the sulphurous smell for which it is renowned. As we drew nigher it seemed almost as if we were approaching some "Inferno" of Dante or Milton.



Old Gateway, Hit

The road from Ramadieh was very beautiful in its desert way, and just before lunch we passed through a fine gorge and rode to the top of a hill which commanded a view of the surrounding country. Desert everywhere, with little knobs and hills of sand. We camped that night close to the Euphrates, where river tortoises were disporting themselves in the water. During the night there was a great noise of men and horses. No unusual occurrence, but this time it proved to be a Turkish colonel and his troop of sixty soldiers, who were out collecting taxes. They did not like to leave us unguarded in so solitary a spot, so they said, but as they breakfasted at our expense, their kindness was not as disinterested as it seemed.

We started soon after dawn along a dreary way, with torrential rain descending at intervals. The sky was dark and gloomy, and mud and slime strove for the mastery underfoot. We encountered the postman who plied between Damascus and Bagdad. He was mounted on a horse, with two large saddle-bags tied in front of him. Occasionally he arrived at his destination intact, but, as a rule, his load was considerably lightened on the way.

Our first impression of Hit was a tall minaret and black smoke; but gradually a village, perched on a rock, evolved itself out of the gloom. There were rocky hills all round from which smoke issued, indicating where hot sulphur springs could be found. The ground was dotted with unpleasant-looking black patches. The retainers dabbled in these, returning with huge lumps of soft tar or bitumen.

We camped outside the town, and a fire of bitumen was soon lit. It burnt splendidly, and warmed our chilled persons and drenched garments. All evening we were besieged by vendors of "antiques." The inhabitants find them in old Hit, and sell them to passing caravans. Next morning was finer, and we walked up to the town. It was entered by this picturesque gate. The streets were very narrow, with broken steps leading up to the houses.

We saw bread being made in one of these houses. It was in a basket made of bitumen, and looked like porridge. There was also a fire in a hole with bricks built round it. A dirty girl came and washed her hands in dirty water, then took up a ball of dough, worked it into a flat substance, and plastered it against the brick wall. In a few minutes it was cooked. In spite of these terrible processes, the bread was extremely good.

Later in the day we visited the bitumen pools. Some of these were harmless, and one could dabble in them without evil consequence, but others were sticky, and the stuff clung to the hand like a black glove. Butter removed the thickest coating, but fragments adhered for days. Another pool was quite still when we arrived, but presently it began to dance and foam as if possessed by an evil spirit. The edge of the pool was all soft bitumen, but if gathered and laid on the ground it hardened in a few minutes. Further on there was yet another specimen of pool—sulphur and bitumen mixed—which is used as a bath by the natives. It is also said to cure any disease under the sun. Everything in and around Hit was made or mended with bitumen. Houses were patched together with it, boats were coated with it, and baskets made watertight. It was carried away in baskets on donkeys to the river, where it was shipped to Bagdad. They were a disagreeable mongrel-looking people, but very polite, and anxious to exhibit their town. Much of it was built on the ruins of an older settlement, for the bitumen and sulphur industry has existed from time immemorial.

America and the Far East: By J. D. Whelpley

THE cause of the apparent hesitancy in Washington in giving a mandate to Japan to enter Siberia is twofold. The Washington Government has clung persistently to the hope that real democracy would triumph in Russia, and long after other Governments had presumably abandoned Russia to the Russians, messages of cheer and comfort, coupled with offers of material assistance, came to Petrograd from America. It will be with real reluctance that President Wilson will commit the Government of the United States to any plan involving possible armed conflict with the Russian people; which, of course, is what a Japanese advance into Siberia might mean in the end. There is also an American principle of foreign policy at stake, for the United States Government has for many years used all its diplomatic power to give an international character to all foreign movements in the Far East. At Peking, in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Siberia many enterprises have been undertaken by Japan in conjunction with the Western Powers, so far as those Powers were able to secure a part of the responsibility, and no Power has been more alive to this situation than the United States.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad

To acquiesce in the advance of Japanese armies over the Trans-Siberian railroad, unaccompanied by military representatives from the West, would be a distinct departure. If it is agreed upon in Washington, it will be an act of expediency dictated by the military situation in France and transport difficulties the world over. Japan is on the spot, so to speak, with a great navy, an army of a million and a half of men, and comparatively little else on hand to engage either the naval or the military energies of the nation. To let Japan undertake this job—not such an easy one, either—is the obvious course. Japanese statesmen say that they require no mandate from America to go ahead; but American wishes would have great weight with the Allies, to whom Japan looks for the word to go, and the deciding word lies apparently with President Wilson and his Cabinet. He will be guided by Allies' counsel, however, for the war is now being fought as a single enterprise.

Americans are wonderfully well informed as regards Siberia; probably better informed than the people of Western Europe. For many years American engineers have been developing Siberian resources; American industrial organisations have been successfully cultivating Siberian trade; and an enormous amount of publicity has been given in America to the economic possibilities of the near future in that country of amazing potential wealth. It has been said that two United States of America could be laid out west of Vladivostok, and the American who travels the nearly eight thousand miles from the Pacific coast to Moscow needs to look occasionally at the people to disabuse his mind of the impression that he is still in the middle or north-western part of his own country. In geography, climate, and soil, Siberia is very much a replica of a large part of North America, with the advantage, strange to relate, of better water supply, more timber, and a less variable climate on the side of Siberia.

With the peaceful people of Siberia the world has no quarrel, nor is it intended that any armed foreign nation shall establish itself in their country to the disadvantage of the population or to its own exclusive advantage. This, indeed, may be said of the whole of Russia, for Germany has raised the issue, and America and the Allies must and will meet it successfully in time. There is a wonderful clarity, positiveness, and unanimity of opinion as to Russia among the American people, and it is summed up by the *New York Times* when it says:—

Germany must be compelled to withdraw from the Russian provinces she has seized. That is a war aim which the Allies cannot too promptly proclaim, and it is a purpose to which they must inflexibly adhere. It is not alone the rescue of Russia that is involved: it is the safety of civilisation. If Germany is allowed to retain her grip over Russia she will emerge from the war victorious beyond even her own plan and imagining, for she will be in a position to build up an irresistible military power and enforce her will upon the world. It would be the rankest perfidy to talk of peace or think of peace with Germany on any terms that would permit or condone the occupation of Russian territory. It would be the abandonment of the great purpose of the war. The Allies must again positively declare that they will fight Germany until she withdraws from Russia, and that they will give no thought to peace until she does so and makes peace upon terms determined by the Allies. The one supreme aim is to destroy Germany's war-power plans. Until that is

accomplished, prating about peace at conferences, whether of working men, of Socialists, or of Pacifists, is treason to the great cause. The war must go on until the end for which the Allies took up arms is achieved.

When Mr. Barnes, the Labour Minister of the British Cabinet, in speaking of shipbuilding, said: "America is failing us so far as shipbuilding is concerned," it is to be regretted that he did not expand his statement to cover the real situation. His remark was made in connection with some estimates as to the shortcomings of British shipbuilding, and it was to emphasise the seriousness of the situation that he made the reference to America. The only failure that can be attributed to the American shipbuilding industry is that it has failed to satisfy the high expectations of the general public here and even at home. American reputation abroad for great industrial output has become almost a belief in modern miracles among those who read of the building of motor cars at the rate of "one a minute" and of other standardised outputs.

In 1916 the United States lagged far behind other countries in her merchant marine. Most of her foreign trade was carried in foreign ships, and shipbuilding in America was comparatively a minor industry. The demand for ships, owing to the war, stimulated this industry considerably from 1915 onward, but it was not until less than a year ago that America really entered into the business of supplying the world-deficiency in sea-going tonnage. In a few months the whole situation has changed, and at various places on the North American Continent have sprung into being the greatest shipyards the world has ever seen. Some of them have even begun to launch ships, and with every passing week the situation is improving. These great shipyards had to be built before ships could be constructed, and the material for these ships had to be assembled before keels could be laid. The day is rapidly approaching when the extent of American preparedness will be apparent to all in the vast output of finished product, and there will be no disappointment in this except to the enemy.

It has been said of American preparation for war that no one can possibly realise its magnitude at the present time, but that when the full possible output materialises the world will be staggered with the totals. In all the long months from August 4th, 1914, to April 6th, 1917, when the rest of the world was at war, America made no preparation for the day that was to come. This was due to social, political, and legislative difficulties that blocked the way. Following American intervention, there was a period of mental effort necessary to secure the needed realisation and consequent concentration of energy, a period that was all the longer because of there being no danger of immediate invasion by an enemy. The machinery of war in all its phases had to be created. It is now well on towards completion, and has all been done in a very few months. It still creaks slightly in its joints; but is finding itself with marvellous rapidity, notwithstanding a clamour of tongues always in evidence in a self-governing democracy, but not without its usefulness.

Above the clamour of tongues can be heard the clang of the hammers, the sound of marching feet, and the cheers of the American soldiers as they land on French soil, and all in constantly increasing volume. No criticism of America that is heard in Allied countries equals in volume or vigour a hundredth part of the fierce controversies that now rage over alleged American shortcomings in Washington and elsewhere throughout the country.

American labour is solidly for the war, and to no conference of pacifist tendencies or to no gatherings where representatives of the enemy people will be found, will American labour organisations send delegates. The people of America are now confronted with much the same problem of how to live as are the people of the Allied countries. Scarcity and high prices demand their increased toll of American endurance and earning power. It is well for the Allied peoples to bear in mind, however, that the food and supply shortages in America are caused largely by the great effort being made to send more to the people of the Allies. It is a shortage created voluntarily by the American people that the Allies can get on with the war in safety. Self-interest dictates this voluntary rationing, it is true; but the appeal is naturally not as compelling as it would be if supplies were actually short. In the midst of plenty, America is helping to ration the world on an equal basis by plain living. This is fine testimony as to the spirit in which the American people have cast their lot with their Allies across the sea.

French Art in Russia : By G. C. Williamson

UNTIL recently there was more French silver in the Winter Palace and the Anitchkoff Palace, in Petrograd, than there was in the whole of France; and M. Paul Eudel, writing in 1884 respecting French silver work, draws a piteous account of the want of fine examples of the periods of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., in the country which had produced them. He pointed out that owing to the Revolution and the Terror of 1793, France had been robbed of almost all the fine examples of chased silver work executed during certain periods of her supremacy, and remarked, in a phrase full of pathos, that one had to go to Russia to see the works of Germain, the Roettiers, Claude Vallin, Biennais, and Odiot. He added, moreover, as if to augment the pain to be felt by his readers, that a journey to Russia for many of them would be practically fruitless, as these choice examples of French art were hidden away in the private apartments of the Emperor, or in other sections of the palaces, to which the ordinary visitor was not allowed access, and which it was often difficult even for the student to reach. He spoke truly. It is to Russia one has to go—or, rather, it was to Russia one had to go—to see the finest work of the Roettiers, of the great master silversmith, Robert J. Auguste, and of his valiant contemporaries of the eighteenth century.

The Empress Catherine II., in her desire to encourage the French silversmiths, and also with that love of magnificent display which characterised her, ordered complete table services of silver for the governors of her seven greatest provinces. Four of these services, executed between 1776 and 1778 by the master engravers Louis Lehendrick and Charles Sprimann, were delivered, the last of the four not reaching Russia till 1783. Of the other services, only portions came to hand, and eventually the idea of giving them to the governors was relinquished, and they were retained at the capital; and in consequence there are four great services of silver by R. J. Auguste and his two collaborators still to be seen, complete with magnificent centre-pieces, fruit bowls of extraordinary beauty, and all the smaller accessories exquisitely chased.

Two other silver services, by François Thomas Germain, were executed by command of the Empress Elizabeth, and are of extraordinary elegance and charm. One was at first intended for the King of Portugal, but the Empress bought it. The second, which contains three magnificent centre-pieces—"Bacchus and Love," "The Awakening of Love," and "The Birth of Comedy"—was originally commissioned by the Empress Elizabeth, but passed into the possession of Count Soltykoff, from whom it was redeemed by the Emperor Alexander III. for 300,000 roubles. The famous Orloff service, of nine hundred pieces, one of the great features of which is the presence of ten grouped candelabra and fifty magnificent candlesticks, was commissioned by the Empress

Catherine as a present for Prince Gregory Orloff, and is the work of the two Roettiers (father and son); but, in some mysterious way, it did not pass into the possession of the person for whom it was intended, and could still be seen quite recently in the Winter Palace.

Three later services are the work of Biennais and Odiot, the goldsmiths who worked for the Emperor Napoleon I. One is not only a dinner service, but a service for tea, and also for the decoration of a room; and it includes a fountain, two chandeliers, two magnificent centre-pieces for fruit, hundreds of plates and dishes, and all kinds of separate small pieces; while the second, which Biennais made, is a service of over a thousand pieces of silver, much of which is engraved by Naudin; and then, besides that, there are two tea services by Odiot, a great fountain by the same man, and three large chandeliers, all of silver, besides hundreds of

smaller pieces engraved by Fremin (1780), Imlin (1797), Feburier (1800), Boulmier (1781), Cedoz (1809), Vachette (1810), and Lebrun (1838). Altogether, nine large rooms were filled with this overwhelming display of sumptuous silver work, to which there could be no possibility of a rival, for no such mass of wrought silver existed elsewhere, and no other sovereign, save the Empress Catherine, ever commissioned silver on such a huge scale, or pieces of such magnificence, as were some of the fountains, chandeliers, wine cisterns, or centre-pieces for fruit.

The French pictures which one saw in Petrograd mainly belonged to one particular period. It was works by Boucher, Lancret, Pater, Watteau, Fragonard, and Nicholas Poussin, that specially appealed to the Russian royalties. Many of them were of extreme beauty, two of the little Watteaus being unrivalled in importance, three of the Lancrets almost equally beautiful. The two principal works by Poussin were



Jewelled Clock with Mechanical Movements

grand classical landscapes, the most important one by Boucher, a very unusual subject for that artist—"Repose in Egypt"—but painted somewhat on mythological lines, superb in draughtsmanship, and beautiful in colouring. This is not to say that earlier schools of France were not represented. There were two portraits attributed to Clouet; one of Francis d'Alençon, with some strong degree of probability; five landscapes by Claude, representing different hours of the day, and several other landscapes by him of his usual type. Le Meire was represented by a "Cupid Asleep," and by the same artist there was a charming representation of the mythological legend of "Jupiter and Io"; while in another room were several portraits by Greuze and some landscapes by Marne. In French sculpture, Houdin and Falconet were well represented.

Another great feature of the French school was the presence of the magnificent Gobelin tapestry, which covered the walls of the museum of carriages, and gave to the long galleries in which the Imperial carriages were presented a very sumptuous appearance. Some of the very finest tapestry

that the Gobelins works ever produced could be seen in these long galleries; notable amongst them were a series of representations from the Book of Esther ("The Expulsion of Haman," "Haman Imploring Pardon," "The Triumph of Mordecai," and others); in another room there were scenes from Raphael, "Orpheus and the Muses"; and in another,



Beautiful Panelled French Clock

representations after Guido, especially three great panels which depicted the "Alliance of Love," "The Triumph of Bacchus," and "The Triumph of Cupid."

The carriages which stood in these long galleries were also representative of French art, because on many of them the panels had been painted by Boucher. One carriage, which was presented to the Empress Catherine II., had superb panels, depicting "Labour," "Abundance," "Commerce," and "Industry," all by Boucher. Another the same artist had painted with allegories concerning Cupid, and yet another in mythological subjects—"Venus leaving her Bath,"—and scenes of shepherds and shepherdesses, in the approved Boucher manner. On one small carriage it was stated that the panels were the work of Fragonard, and that it was the only example of his individual work in this particular manner.

Yet another branch of French art which was superbly represented was to be seen in the long series of snuff-boxes, the work of some of the most noted French enamellers, many of them of extraordinary beauty. On one box were portraits of Marie Antoinette and her children; and this had a melancholy story attached to it, because it was presented by Louis XVI. on the scaffold to his own personal servant, who eventually sold it to the Emperor of Russia.

There were innumerable choice small things of the Marie Antoinette period: cups, boxes, etuis, card-cases, inkstands, handles for walking-sticks and canes, caskets for jewels, and all the smaller accessories of the writing-table, almost invariably in gold, chased with extreme beauty, and many of them decorated with precious stones. There was a whole collection of wonderful French finger-rings, many enamelled with arms, some of them having miniatures set within them, others set with superb jewels; and there was also a great collection of the cases which contained ivory memorandum slips, also wrought in gold and exquisitely chased. It was, in fact, impossible to imagine a finer collection of the smaller objects of gold work for which the time of Louis XVI. was noted, more especially the objects that may be called the useless ones upon which a lavish display of work was set out.

In this brief survey the furniture must not, of course, be overlooked. There were many sets of furniture in the

Russian palaces, covered in beautiful Beauvais tapestry, especially furniture of Louis XV.'s time, and there were many grand examples of the large commodes of the Louis XIV. period, and some of the finest specimens in the world of buhl work.

Yet another group of French objects specially noticeable was represented by the magnificent clocks, most of them distinguished by moving figures, or some unusual accessory which appealed to the rather childish taste of many of the great monarchs of Russia. One of the clocks (it is illustrated below) was always regarded with special delight, because, by means of some cleverly revolving glass tubes, specially cut and decorated, the effect of moving water in several separate cascades was cleverly imitated. There appeared to be a fountain in the centre of the clock, from which rose five distinct jets. By the side of it were two longer and more powerful jets, beneath it was a broad flowing cascade, while from two chimerical figures on either side there also flowed streams of water. The effect was distinctly clever, and the appearance of moving water quite striking at a distance; but it was meretricious decoration, and doubtless this particular accessory interfered, as such accessories usually do, with the timekeeping quality of the clock.

Another fine clock (illustrated opposite) had all kinds of mechanical figures moving on it—a windmill and a water-mill, and a revolving sun—all of which were set with gorgeous jewels, and on the back of it a group of figures moved in a landscape. Yet another represented a superb temple, and there were three sets of mechanical movements below, one pointing out the month, another the day of the week, and a third the quarter, while above, in a separate dial, was a complicated astronomical movement, giving all the movements of the sun and moon.

A certain air of barbaric splendour marked almost all the objects commissioned by the Empress Elizabeth or the Empress Catherine from France or England. They appear to have been seldom satisfied unless the objects in question were glowing with jewels encrusted upon them in all direc-



Clock with Mechanical Waterfall

tions, and in consequence the wealth represented in these various objects must have been of enormous extent. What has happened to these magnificent treasures is a source of anxiety to all art lovers. Are they destroyed? Have they been looted? Or are they by chance still in existence, waiting to be carried off by Germany's thieving Royalties? The good fortune that they will be saved to Russia seems at the moment a remote one.

"The Ambitious Man's Bible."

This striking phrase occurs in a letter which has come to hand from a British military officer, in the course of which he mentions that several "very sceptical" brother-officers have recently become Pelmanists—impelled to that step by their own observation of what the system had achieved for the writer. His own opinion is strikingly expressed in the phrase "the ambitious man's Bible," which he applies to the Pelman books.

Nothing which could be said upon the subject of the new movement, which is to-day reckoning its supporters by the hundred thousand, could be of greater significance than the frequency with which the sceptic ultimately becomes an enthusiastic Pelmanist.

There are still a considerable number of men and women who profess to ignore or disbelieve the published facts anent Pelmanism—and this in spite of the unstinted praise which has been bestowed upon Pelmanism after investigation by the leading journals and by thousands of men and women of all occupations who have studied the Course.

Let the sceptic examine for himself the astonishing records of the Pelman Institute, or, better still, let him work through only *one* of the Pelman "lessons," and his scepticism vanishes with surprising speed.

The truth is that it has taken the public a fairly long while to appreciate that the faculties of the mind are just as trainable as the faculties of the body. To develop efficiency of a mental faculty is no more difficult than to develop efficiency of any particular group of muscles—always provided that an appropriate method of exercise be followed.

"Pelmanism" is not an occult science. It is free from mysticism, it is as sound, as sober, and as practical as the most hard-headed "common sense" business man could desire. And as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise.

It is nowhere pretended, and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose, that the promised benefits are gained "magically," by learning certain formulæ, or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same, again, as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book; he knows he must practise the physical exercises. So the Pelmanist knows that he must practise mental exercises.

"The Finest Mental Recreation."

"Exercises," in some ears, sound tedious, but every Pelmanist will bear out the statement that there is nothing tedious or exacting about the Pelman exercises. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that an overwhelming proportion of Pelmanists describe the exercises as "fascinating," "delightful," "the finest mental recreation I have known."

Returning to the sceptical man, it is amusing to find this ejaculation in the letter of a military officer: "*Can you tell me why I did not take the Pelman Course before?*"

Set that letter beside the many—literally *hundreds*—of letters in which Pelmanists say, "*I wish I had taken this Course years ago,*" and the reader will form a good conclusion. There are thousands of people of all classes who would instantly enrol for a Pelman Course at any cost if they only realized a tithe of the benefits accruing. Here again a Pelmanist may be cited in evidence: "*If people only knew,*" he says, "*the doors of the Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants.*"

"We sometimes receive visits from inquirers who express a fear that they are 'not clever enough' to study the Pelman Course," remarked the Secretary of the Institute recently.

"The remark betrays a misunderstanding of the nature of the Course. Pelmanism is not severely scientific in form, nor is it tediously technical. Otherwise we should not have succeeded in interesting (and benefiting) so many thousands of men and women.

"One of the most interesting letters received lately comes from a lady in the Midlands, in the course of which she says that, being 55 years of age, and being very delicate, she had her doubts as to whether she should take a Pelman Course. She resolved to consult her son, a medical practitioner, who at first laughed at the idea, but promised to make inquiries. The outcome was a letter from him, in

which the doctor wrote: 'Pelmanism' has got hold of me. I have worked through the first lesson and . . . I am enthusiastic. His experience tallies exactly with that of Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, and a host of other professional men (doctors, solicitors, barristers, etc.), who have admitted that their initial scepticism was quickly changed into enthusiasm.

"The Course is founded upon scientific facts: that goes without saying. But it presents those facts in a practical, everyday fashion, which enables the student to apply, for his own aims and purposes, those facts without 'fagging' at the hundreds of scientific works which he might otherwise read without gaining a fraction of the practical information and guidance secured from a few weeks' study of Pelmanism. We have students who have studied psychology as a science for years, but it remained for the Pelman Course to confer practical and beneficial knowledge.

"The Course, in short, is prepared for busy men, and is designed to help them in their everyday problems—whatever those problems may be. And there is written testimony—mountain high—to show that every claim made for Pelmanism is completely justified by the voluntary testimony of those who have adopted it."

Every day brings its batch of flattering letters. Upon a recent morning there came to hand letters of praise from the following persons:—

- A British General.**
- A Chief Justice of the High Court of ———**
- 2 Flying Officers.**
- A Business Manager.**
- An Engineer.**
- A Woman of Independent Means.**
- A Solicitor.**
- 3 Clerks.**
- A Clergyman.**
- 2 (no occupation stated).**

Fourteen letters!—and that is very far from being a "record" day. Let any reasoning man or woman consider that list and ask himself or herself whether a system which can evoke *voluntary* testimony from such widely different classes is not worth investigation. Who can *afford* to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.s and a member of the Upper House enrolled. Run through the current Pelman Register, and therein you will find British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty, and other Government officials, University graduates, students, tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Peers, Peeresses, and men and women of wealth and leisure, as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers, and others of the rank and file of the nation. If ever the well-worn phrase "from peer to peasant" had a real meaning, it is when applied to Pelmanism.

"A National Asset."

It is difficult to speak of Pelmanism without enthusiasm. To say that the Pelman Institute is doing a great national work is no more than the bare truth. The movement is no passing craze, but is one which will endure and wax greater and still greater as its supreme value comes to be more and more understood and appreciated by the mass of the nation.

Pelmanism is a real national asset, and it possesses the further advantage of being a valuable *personal* asset for every man and woman who adopts it.

Pelmanism is fully explained and described in *Mind and Memory*, which, with a copy of *Truth's* remarkable report on the work of the Pelman Institute, will be sent, *gratis and post free*, to any reader of LAND & WATER who addresses The Pelman Institute, 39 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Shockers

CAPTAIN BRETT-YOUNG'S last book was *Marching on Tanga*, the finest piece of literature produced by the war. He has now, with *The Crescent Moon* (Secker, 6s.), returned to fiction. But he is still under the spell of East Africa. "That morning," he says in his dedicatory letter, "while we were riding in a forest-way about dawn, a pair of soft-grey doves had fluttered up from our path, and set me thinking of the goddess Astarte and of her groves, of Sheba, and the fleets that sailed for Ophir." Those thoughts of the past—I shall return to this later—may have been the starting point; but the *motif* plays no great part. He imagined his ancient remains, great stone walls and a tall tower far inland above the forest of a degraded black tribe. He imagined the age-long perpetuation of the doves around the temple; the continuance (or resurrection) of the rites; drums beating under the young moon, wild dances, fires in the great kiln, frenzy, human sacrifice. And he conceived the association of a white man with these ceremonies—Godovius, a strong, handsome, German-Jew planter, perverse and sensual. But the other characters and the other interest came in—at least, this is what one supposes—and devil-worship became a mere element in the background of savagery against which his story of passion and tenderness is unfolded.

I will not tell that story: one should only do that with a bad book. It opens obliquely, in the Conrad manner, when the narrator meets on the railway station of Nairobi a pathetic group of missionaries and their families released from the German prison at Nairobi, and notices a pale girl standing apart from the others:

I had noticed her from the first: principally, I imagine, because she seemed horribly out of it, standing, somehow, extraordinarily aloof from the atmosphere which bathed the assembly as in weak tea. She didn't look their sort. And it wasn't only that her face showed a little tension—such a small thing—about the eyes, as though the whole business (very properly) gave her a headache. I think that if she hadn't been so dreadfully tired she would have smiled. As it was, nobody seemed to take any notice of her, and I could have sworn that she was thankful for it.

This is the heroine. She was the sister of James Burwarton, a fanatical Nonconformist from Shropshire, in charge of a mission station in German East. Those two, Godovius, and McCrae, a bearded and one-armed hunter, are the characters in the tragedy: those and Africa, her sun, her mountains, her rivers, her forests, men and beasts, a land perpetually smiling and insatiably cruel. The landscape, in the broadest sense, permeates every page; "conveyed" never with painfully accumulated phrases, but in hundreds of little touches and unobtrusive repetitions. There are outstanding scenes: James's journey at night to the House of the Moon, the dance in the native village, the first encounter with McCrae, the escape at the close; but they grow naturally, they are not "set." And at the close the coming of the War in that remote outpost is wonderfully imagined: the sudden outburst of tom-toms, the bewilderment at the mission, where McCrae "did not know then any more than did Hamisi, sharpening his spear, that these angry drum-throbs were no more than the diminished echoes of the guns that were battering Liège." The book is short, and Eva and McCrae are lightly drawn; but they are not too little known to move one's sympathies profoundly, and to be remembered.

In his preface, Mr. Brett-Young boldly—or perhaps it is timidly—describes the book as a "shocker." It is not my idea of a shocker; I should call it a rather realistic romance. It is less of a shocker than *She*; no more of a shocker than *Treasure Island*; scarcely nearer a shocker than *Lord Jim*. It is true that there is a "sensational" element in the idea of the persistence of the rites of Ashtoreth and Moloch amongst the Waluguru; and it may be (as I have suggested) that when he started he intended this to be the kernel of the book. As things are, it is subordinate, almost irrelevant. We have a book dramatic, intense, heavy with African odours, and hot with the African sun. But it is not a shocker. Its tragedies are inevitable; its characters—though we have to swallow a little in Godovius—are natural and consistent; its main interest lies in its powerful and accurate pictures of that wild land, and in the truth and force of its emotion. Its most moving chapter, in fact, is that in which

is described the flight of Eva and McCrae over the waterless uplands, their strange love-making, and their parting. Where the author has an obvious opportunity of "laying it on thick," such as those given by the Moon festival and by James's end, he is restrained, or even shrinks back. If some incidents are unduly "sensational," all I can say is that he has not the courage of his unscrupulousness. He is an artist, and he cannot help it.

That is not the way of the shocker. The genuine shocker—and I won't hear a word against it—would collapse if the author were fastidious about reality or bloodiness, or if the characters began acting like real people. And the kind of sincerity which enables an author to move powerfully the heart would shiver a shocker to pieces. The true shocker does not aim at touching your heart, at purging you by pity or fear, at leaving you brooding over the persistence of evil and the incomprehensibility of the Universe. Its purpose is to give you the shivers and a sinking in the stomach, to keep you on the jump, to make your flesh creep and your hair stand on end. It is to the tragic tale what knock-about farce is to the comedy of manners. Its limits cannot be exactly circumscribed; like Mr. Chesterton's elephant, one cannot precisely define it, but one knows it when one sees it. It taxes one's credulity, and one makes the surrender voluntarily for the sake of the game. One does not say (as one says once or twice when reading *The Crescent Moon*): "Oh, I am not sure that so-and-so would have done that"; if one is told a thing one accepts it. If the man walking down the Strand (in the shocker) is accosted, during the space of five minutes, by six dumb men wearing green turbans, one does not say: "Tell that to the Marines"; one merely quakes and goes on to find out from what mysterious power these sinister strangers were emissaries. One delivers oneself over to the author, gagged and bound.

I have just finished a good specimen of the real article. I like it. It is not on the plane of *Dracula* or *The Beetle*, and it has no single chapter as thrilling as the chase by aeroplane in *The Twenty-nine Steps*, or the blind detective's nocturnal duel in *Max Carrados*. But I warm to it very much. It is called *The Yellow Claw*, and its author's name is Sax Rohmer. Everything is there: underground passages, skinny arms (body unseen) throttling their victims in the moonlight, secret doors, veiled ladies in black arriving alone at railway stations, a cab-chase by three cabs, warehouses by the river, watchers outside flats, furtive servants who are always on the telephone, a "gang" with "wide international ramifications, a portentous Master-Villain whose face is never seen, Scotland Yard men, and our old and ever-welcome friend the suave, cultured, indomitable Chief of the Paris Police. Brilliant politicians resort to East End opium dens; noises of dragging are heard, and women's voices shrieking "Oh, no! Not that, not that!"; motor boats chase each other on the foggy river; baffled searchers find that "the birds have flown." If there was a ghost, I missed it; but that is what I call a shocker. No space is wasted over "psychological analysis"; there is at least one grue on every page; and even the language assists in producing the cold shivers, the author being especially prone to the word "beetlesque." I will not say that a really serious author could not write a shocker. Mr. Arnold Bennett's *The Grand Babylon Hotel* and *The Loot of Cities* were shockers. The first of these at least was fascinating; for sheer ingenuity it beat the professional mystery-monger on his own ground. But they were not perfect shockers. There was a strong element of parody in them; the characters continually came to life; the author took his mysteries with too little seriousness, and constantly strayed into intelligent comment and mere interesting description. This must be the fate of every good reflective writer who attempts the kind. His reason would revolt against the production of a nightmare. He cannot bring himself to *humbug* people into the creeps.

My ideal shocker is a book which I have never read. I saw it mentioned in an American paper; but with all my international ramifications, I have not yet been able to run it down. It is called *Three-Fingered Mike* or *A Bucket of Blood*; and even the British Museum officials know nothing about it.

The Times

History and Encyclopaedia of the War.

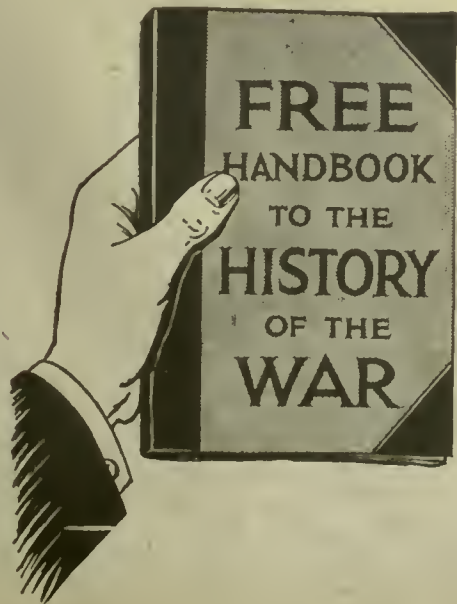
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The Story of Northumberland : By H.R.S.



From an old engraving.

Chillingham Castle, and The Cheviots in the distance

A WRITER once observed that Northumberland in its natural contour and salient features is a microcosm of England. He might have added that its history is an epitome of the realm's. And in nothing more than in the rural decadence and depopulation of the last four decades, which to the historian will appear as a hiatus in agricultural development. The grave unbalance between manufacturing and agricultural industry, between town and country life, is now submitted to the shock of war, and will be eventually righted.

While in Northumberland rural depopulation, with its concomitants, has been so marked and melancholy a feature during the last generation, it is very noticeable how the old folk-names survive and persist, though industrial Tyneside and the Northumbrian coalfields have been flooded with names of, in a sense, alien origin. In their entirety almost they are the same humble names that figure so prominently in the long subscription list that prefaces Mackenzie's wonderful *View of Northumberland*, published in 1811; that list which is, as it were, an epitome or index of the trade, craft, industry, and husbandry of the rural towns and villages—a democratic scroll demonstrative of the spirit of local patriotism, so prevalent about that time among the people.

The enumeration of the most recurrent of these names makes evident the truth of this assertion:—Armstrongs, Atkinsons; Bells, Bates; Carrs, Currys, Charltons; Dixons, Davisons, Dobsons, Dodds; Elliots; Grays, Greens; Halls, Hedleys, Heslops, Hutchinsons; Jamesons; Lees, Littles, Lambs; Maughans, Milburns; Nixons, Nicholsons; Olivers, Ords; Piggs, Potts, Pattersons; Reeds, Ridleys, Robsons, Reays; Steels, Stobbs, Storeys, Scotts; Tates, Thompsons, Telfords, Turnbulls, Todds; Urwins; Whites, Winships, Wrights, Watsons, and Youngs.

A few of these names sound sonorously in the old border ballads, but mostly when coupled with the patrimonial place names, as "Parcy Reed o' Troughend," and the "fause Ha's o' Girsonfield." As a whole, they have not commended themselves to ballad-singers who have favoured more the Northumbrian aristocratic patronymics. I remember how in my earliest associations with North Tyne the alliance of surname with place name—mill, shieling, onstead, or hamlet—appealed to me with its musical assonance. These recur to my memory: Willie Smith o' Gunnerton, Stokoe o' the Mains, Milburn o' the Wester Ha', the Tailfords (Telfords) o' Humshaugh, Tom Trumble (Turnbull) o' the Boathouse, Kirsopp o' the Keeper Shield—all within a tiny and sparsely peopled area.

That was thirty and more years ago. The old mills were still grinding corn intermittently. The country airs and dances still were favoured at meetings and merry makings, though the feasts and fairs were mainly a memory of the

past. The accumulated inheritance of country lore—the "glamourie of faws and fairies," holy and wishing wells, ghosts and apparitions, haunted lanes and houses, fairy hills, knowes, and springs; charms, spells, tokens; the marvels of treasure trove and money hills, still exercised some of their potent sway. The chase had its full quota of foot followers, who preserved best its spirit of universal humour and fellowship. The mirth of the rural sports still resounded on the village green, and on the green haugh amid the amphitheatre of woods. Youth had not yet in large numbers felt the lure of the large towns and cities. But the time of change had come, the tide had begun to set that way.

Now, and for long past, a strange somnolence has fallen like a spell upon rural Northumberland. A primæval-like calm pervades its pastoral valleys and villages. I have been a pilgrim on its high roads, old and new, through its lonely by-ways and forgotten field-paths, and discovered for myself its remote homesteads and hamlets. I have felt the uplift of its hills and horizons, and invoked its mountains in my muse, loitered by its rivers and burns, where the shy dipper disports itself, the genius and naiad of rock and waterfall, and where the kingfisher darts past like a flash of heavenly flame. I have communed with solitude on its heathy wastes, with heart strangely stirred by the curlew's mournful call, or the heronseugh's piercing cry at dusk. With mind informed of its varied history, I have looked upon the memorials of its past—monolith, wall, causey, keep, pele-tower, church, abbey, cross, cairn, manor-house, inn, milestone, mill—and felt the inexpressible appeal of its old border towns—Wooler, with its clean Scots air, set against the green mounded slopes of the Cheviots, Alnwick, grey and stern, with rough cobbled streets, lion bridge and kingly castle seated in state above the shallow shining Aln; Rothbury, with steep street of stone descending to the gorge of the Coquet, and fronting the huge saddleback of Simonside, the rampant of the middle marches; the Rothbury that Thomas Doubleday memorised in such noble prose, and whose Coquet he entwined with garlands of song.

Each place, each place-name has its charm—Kirkharle, of which alone the church remains, cornless but sylvanly fair, where "Capability Brown" first tried his 'prentice hand at landscape gardening; Cambo, with its tall church tower and chiming clock, overlooking the fair valley of the Wansbeck; Capheaton, anchored in deep sylvan foliage, home of the Swinburnes; the isolated hamlets along the Watling Street (the old drover's road from Scotland to Stagshaw Bank Fair) whose names resound in the injunction of the old folk-song:

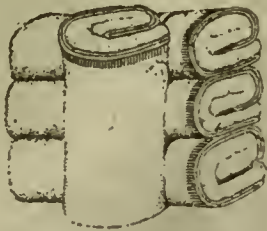
Sandy, keep on the road; that's the way to Wallington.
O'er by Bingfield Kame, and the Banks o' Hallington,
Thro' by Bavington Ha', and in ye go to Wallington,
Whether ye gallop or trot, ye're on the road to Wallington.

(Continued on page 24.)

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(Continued from page 22)

It was in Blanchland I found the ideal village, the "happy village" of one of its poets, an entity whose charm, romance, history, and unique individuality it might suffice the pen of any poet to describe.

The rural Northumberland of a hundred years ago finds ample record in Mackenzie's view, and a certain expression in the very improbable "Life of James Allen," the Northumbrian piper, and horse stealer. But its most striking portrait-ure is to be found in the tales of Surtees, which are, in part at least, a reflex in caricature of the life and humour he found along the borderlands of the two northernmost counties, just as the vivid landscapes he depicted—heath and hill and sky—are those of which he found the counterparts to his hand. Blanchland, I discovered for myself, is the "St. Boswell" of *Hillingdon Hall*, and the Lord Crewe Arms of that place is the inn of the story. The chairman depicted as presiding at the St. Boswell dinner was, in fact, the Master of Minster Acres Hall, Squire Silvertop. On the white

doors of the upper bedrooms of the old hostelry the names of Surtees and other local nimrods of his time are still shown.

Rural Northumberland has receded from the public eye during the last four decades. Of necessity, it will come into its own again. Through all the stressful time the old rural framework remains. The remnant of its people are the genuine native stock, with the old familiar folk-names, folk-customs, and folk-speech. Those who return from the fields of Flanders and the far-flung battle line will look with deeper

longing and intenser vision on their native place, and the memory of those who have died will to those who mourn them make sacrosanct field and fell, hill, homestead and hamlet, where they were born.

Speed the plough is the motto now; it must ensure the future. Sylviculture, and re-forestation, too, will come to the fore, and with reason, for the sound of falling woodlands is in the air, and the aspect of the countryside is being rapidly changed. A renaissance of agriculture and sylviculture, the rehabilitation of village crafts and industries, these are

envisaged in the new time. As a background to this effort, there is the storied history of Northumberland, its prestige and pride, its unique wealth of lore and legend, its riches of romance, its incomparable stores of folk-rhyme and folk-song, its bede roll of illustrious and famous sons. What seemed dead was only dormant. In a new vesture there will arise a nobler Northumberland, in which the once-loved landmarks of Cheviot and Simon-side will stand out



From an old engraving.

Houghton Castle on the North Tyne

with a larger significance, and the northernmost county of England again justify the unrhymed apostrophe that Mackenzie prefixed to his *View of Northumberland in 1811*:

Happy Northumbria!
Grateful thy soil, and merciful thy clime,
Thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.

The War in the Air

Whitehead Aircraft Ltd. and a Great Scheme

The supremacy in aerial warfare to-day belongs to the British race, and, although the last word of conquest has yet to be written, the time is not inopportune to hark back a little and dwell on the means by which we gained it, for it is only by so doing that we can learn how to deal with the problems of the future, which already are calling for solution. The greater issues of the war have closed our eyes to some extent to the marvellous progress which has been made with the science of aviation.

A decade or so before the war the few who were striving to conquer the dangers of the air were looked upon with the pity which we are always considerate enough to bestow on those who have a bee in their bonnet.

Santos Dumont, the first man to achieve success in a heavier-than-air vessel; Cody, the Wrights, and the rest of the world's workers, all passed through the fires of cruel criticism, until at last some measure of success began to attend their experiments.

When greater achievements had been witnessed and long-distance flights had been chronicled, the war clarion sounded, and the aerial forces we had been training went over the Channel to play their part in the grim struggle.

Those who read the thrilling stories of their encounters were impressed, but, without the vision of those who had studied the trend of the aerial world, little dreamed that in less a space of time than the fourth year of battle we would come to recognise that, if we were to win speedily and crush Prussianism out of the hearts and minds of the German people, we would have to make the effort of our lives to speed up the building of craft of the air.

There were, of course, the few who never allowed the larger issues of the day to obscure their vision of the future, and it is to them that we owe the fact that at present there is in our midst a foundation upon which we can build the triumph and the glory which as a nation shall be ours for as long as we desire to hold it.

At the beginning of the war there came from America Mr. J. A. Whitehead, an Englishman, who had determined to do what he could to help his country to win the war.

Like most men of initiative and genius, he did not rush at the first problem he saw—and there were many around us in the opening days of the war—but he set himself to reckon out what was the greatest service which it lay within his power to perform.

Tutored to look farther ahead than many men, he foresaw that the nation which won the battles of the air would be the winner in the Armageddon, and, looking still farther ahead, he saw that the nation which in time of war secured the lead would be able to soar supreme when the battles of commercial enterprise came to be fought. In other words, he saw that we had entered upon the era of the air.

To the story of Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., adequate justice could not be done in an article of this nature.

Beginning work in a small drill-hall, Mr. J. A. Whitehead has organised and engineered his enterprise into one of the greatest in the world.

The factories cover some acres, many employees are at work turning out the finest aeroplanes, and there is a splendid aerodrome for present and future work.

The Treasury have sanctioned the raising of the capital of the firm to one million pounds. This will be devoted to the purposes of aviation in the war. What this means exactly is that, with the help of the British public, we will be able to gain overwhelming superiority in the air.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., have turned out machines which have helped to gain our aerial supremacy, and now the greater effort is to be directed to deal the final blow.

The Germans are still building machines, but we have the inherent capacity in the country to beat them.

The people of Germany know it. Spectacular raids by Gothas may bolster up hopes for a moment, but all Hunland realises that the hour of doom is at hand.

The work of our aviators at the front, our raids on Mannheim, Stuttgart, and Coblenz, and other towns, have taught them we are out to win.

And they know a National British effort will make our Air Service as powerful as our Armies and our Navies.

With new plant and greater factories, our aircraft construction can easily out-distance the efforts of Germany.

Aircraft shares, if taken up enthusiastically by the public, will be as effective as Tank Days.

More capital means more power to our daring and skilful pilots and a speedier crushing of the enemy.

It means the dawn of peace and the era of progress and prosperity.

It means all that we have been fighting for since the commencement of hostilities. Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., believe in the theory that the war will be won in the air, and they mean to make every effort to increase the great work they have been doing.

Every one who helps to increase the capital will help to build an aeroplane and defeat Germany.

Aircraft shares are a patriotic and an easy way to end the war, and they are also a paying way.

The main thing, however, is to build more aeroplanes than Germany, and get the war over, and those who believe that a national effort will accomplish this will welcome the opportunity now offered them to become aeroplane builders. To learn how you can help with aviation, write to Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., Box 1918, c/o LAND & WATER.

LAND & WATER

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YEAR]

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
PRICE NINEPENCE



A Famous Flyingman

This fine portrait of a British Flyingman, whose name is withheld, is painted by William Orpen, A.R.A., an official artist at the Front. It is a splendid example of his work.

Transport Ancient and Modern



Official Photo

Remounts on their way to a French Depot



Official Photo

A Motor Engine carrying Shells to the Guns

LAND & WATER

5 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918.

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The Outlook

HERE is inevitably only one topic of interest this week, only one question which occupies the mind of us all—the issue of the great battle now raging in France. Mr. Belloc writes at length on the subject in the following pages, so it is unnecessary to dwell on it here. The future of European civilisation sways in the balance during these momentous hours, for this, the greatest battle in which the human race has ever been engaged, a struggle far vaster and more terrible than any war between Gods and Titans, will decide the fate of the world's progress, and more nearly still the very existence of the British Empire. It were folly to shut our eyes to all that is involved in the fifty-mile battle-line now swaying to and fro in France—a battle-line that at any moment may be extended. In one knowledge we have content—the British Empire is worthily represented by her armies; the spirit which shone so brightly during the dark hours of the Mons retreat, in the perilous onslaughts at Ypres, and in a hundred other engagements where the odds have been heavily against us, burns as steadily and as brightly as ever. Amid the bare facts related by the war correspondents in France tales of undying heroism continually emerge. We can place full confidence in our men; the only doubt that disturbs is whether their numbers suffice to stay the Teuton hordes, which are flung against them with a most callous disregard of life.

This great battle, which history may well know as "The Second Battle of the Somme," opened upon the early morning of last Thursday, and the German offensive is being continued with an unprecedented weight of men and material upon an unprecedented length of front, and, happily, with unprecedented enemy losses. It had the result in the first five days of recovering, roughly, three-quarters of the devastated area upon which the enemy had retreated to the so-called Hindenburg Line. It had by Monday last yielded in wounded men left behind and in an unknown, but probably more, number of unwounded prisoners, 45,000 claimed by the enemy as captured and somewhat over 600 guns, the greater part of which are, of course, field pieces. These losses in ground, men, and material, though severe, are not the determining matter; they only strike the imagination of the reader at home most strongly because the other features of this unprecedented struggle cannot be dealt with in detail, and many of them cannot be dealt with at all; but, as is pointed out in Mr. Belloc's article, the existence and ultimate effect of the great reserves which the Allies have in hand are specially to be considered, and there is no result to be predicated until the effects of its use shall be known.

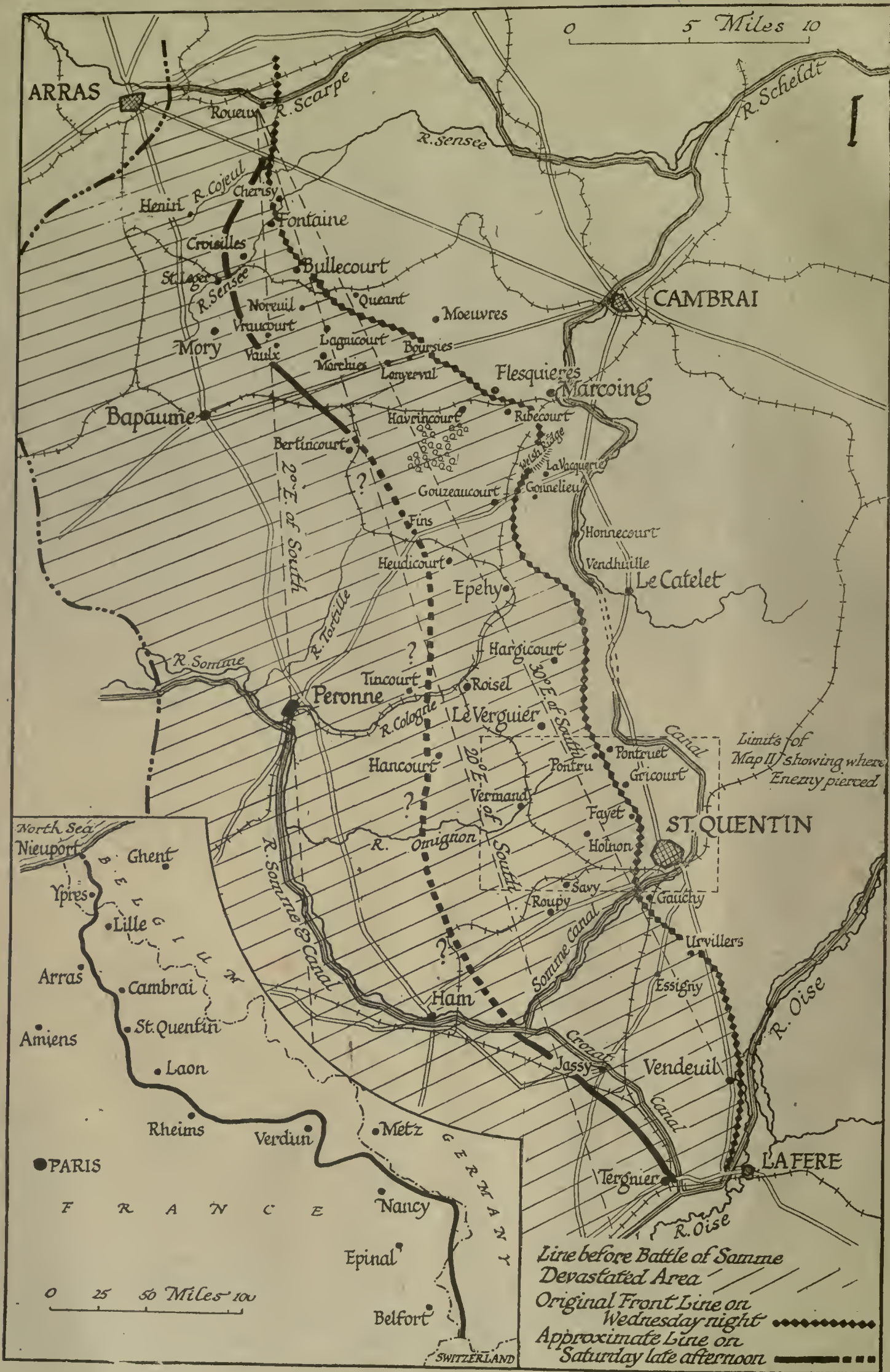
Before the battle was joined, there was trouble in the labour world regarding the comb-out of men necessary to

fill up the ranks of our armies. The Prime Minister spoke very directly to a deputation of miners, which waited on him last week. For once, he did not mince his words on a labour question. Would that he had spoken as straightly on previous occasions whenever they occurred. We have held consistently that a prime factor in all labour unrest has been the timid way in which the Government has dealt with the men; impulsiveness has yielded to half-heartedness, labour has been now rebuked, now cajoled like a spoilt child, and the essential truth has been steadily overlooked that the British working man is one and the same person, whether in the shipping yards on the Tyne and the Clyde, or in the trenches in France or Flanders. It is the handling of the men which varies, and it is this which makes the difference in their behaviour. We shall be surprised if there is any more trouble over obtaining the necessary recruits from the labour world after this battle. Already we hear the miners have withdrawn their opposition to the "comb-out." We have no doubt it will be the same with the A.S.E. England, or, to use the greater word, Britain, is fighting for her existence and for those principles for which through the centuries she has struggled tenaciously. It is impossible to believe there is a single Briton who will in this crisis be false to himself or to his country.

The widespread demand for an official statement of the true position of shipping at last compelled the Admiralty to publish the figures of loss of tonnage. Now that they have been made known, one is only surprised that this information was withheld for so long, enabling the enemy to hearten his people with exaggerated reports, which were never authoritatively contradicted. The losses are heavy, but Sir Eric Geddes was able to show a substantial margin of safety, that is, provided destruction by submarines does not increase. The curve points to a diminution, but we are not aware of the number of U-boats operating round these coasts or whether Germany is able to increase their number faster than we destroy them. This is a factor not to be overlooked. The whole question is fully discussed by our naval writer, Mr. Arthur Pollen, on another page.

While the loss of mercantile shipping through enemy action was not alarming, the statement regarding the output of new ships was less reassuring. It is only too evident there has been bungling and muddling here, and it is to be hoped Lord Pirrie will be able in brief time to straighten out things and put them on a proper footing. Lord Inchcape, who has been actively engaged in the shipping world from his youth upwards, tells a pitiful story in the *Times* of Monday about the irreparable waste of time over the so-called "national shipyard" at Chepstow on the Wye. This yard was originated by private enterprise, and had it been left to private enterprise to complete there would have been by this autumn 100,000 tons of new shipping either constructed or in course of construction. But last August the Chepstow shipyard was commandeered under the specious plea of making it "national," and nothing has been done. The months that have been wasted can never be restored. Will Government Departments never learn that time is different from public money, in that it can never be replaced? They go on frittering it away with an untroubled conscience as though it were as easy to make good a year as it is to put another threepence on the income-tax.

Raemaekers' cartoons have never been loved by the Kaiser or his people. It is not difficult to understand this; their influence grows steadily, and even now it may be said to be only at its beginning. The Teuton slowly realises this. An exhibition of anti-German cartoons and drawings was opened recently at Munich, under the designation of "Our Enemies' Sowing of Lies." Besides these cartoons were hung gentle German cartoons of the tamest kind. This exhibition was promoted by the Bavarian Government, and the leading Munich journal, in commenting on it, wrote: "Most of the enemy productions are of the poorest quality, and produce only a feeling of disgust; some, indeed, such as the cartoons of Raemaekers, combine with the sense of disgust a bitter feeling of pain at this unparalleled degradation of art." The bitter feeling of pain at the unparalleled degradation of humanity which Raemaekers' cartoons portray will endure. It is the Germans themselves—not Raemaekers—who have shown to the world that Germans are really "Boches, Huns, and barbarians," three terms which rankle and will continue to rankle in the Teuton mind.



From Arras to La Fere

The Great Battle: By Hilaire Belloc

THE great battle which the enemy had announced with extraordinary advertisement for many weeks began four days before these lines are written, and is still in progress. The present conditions of printing make it necessary that this article should be completed upon Sunday, the 24th of March. All phases of the action later than the news reaching London at that moment can only be dealt with in our next issue. But the results of the first three days—that is, up to the evening of Saturday, the 23rd—are sufficiently clear, in spite of the inevitable brevity and imperfection of the news received, to give us a grasp of its character, of the enemy's objects, and of their first results.

The enemy's strategical object was to tear a great gap in the British front as near as possible to its southern extremity, or right, upon the River Oise, and thus at once to separate the British from the French armies and to permit them, when the breach has been fully opened and seized, to roll up the British line.

He depended for the security of his left or southern flank immediately, after the success of such an operation, upon the Oise Valley, which is marshy and difficult at this point, and believed that the obstacle will protect him from successful Allied attack here, at any rate, for a space of time long enough to permit his complete success towards the north.

This original plan may be and probably will be modified in the course of the action, especially if it does not follow his time-table and if, therefore, his losses are, for the results achieved in the first few days, beyond his calculation; but that this was the main and simple strategical intention of the enemy is obvious from the place and method of attack.

With these ends in view, he adopted the following dispositions:

(1). He had chosen a very wide front of 76,000 yards, or just over 43½ miles as the crow flies, from the point where the original British front line crossed the canalised River Scarpe in the neighbourhood of Roeux to the point where it crossed the River Oise in the neighbourhood of Vendeuil. (These villages and most of those mentioned in the course of the article are to-day, of course, only names for a few ruins at the best, and in many cases a little scattering of brick-dust upon a mass of shell holes). This front happens to be the driest part of all the long line held by the British armies in France and Belgium, and this feature, a great aid to his offensive, has been powerfully accentuated by his extraordinary luck in the weather.

(2). To ensure success, he had concentrated upon this front of 43 miles in a direct line (enlarged by sinuosities to somewhat over 50 miles, which will be again increased by the greater sinuosities developed during the battle) perhaps 75 divisions out of the 186 which he had in line between the Swiss frontier and the North Sea. Of these, he had no less than 40 upon his immediate front for the delivery of the first shock, and within 48 hours had added another ten to replace his losses and to provide fresh material for the assault. The numerical value of this force in bayonets can only be roughly established. We know that the German divisions have been reduced for many months past, and for much the most part, perhaps for all, to some 6,500 bayonets, but it is very possible that additions have been made from the younger classes and by the selection of men from divisions the main part of which have still been left upon the East. Perhaps we may average the divisions in use at 7,000 bayonets or somewhat over, and we may, therefore, estimate the number of German infantry already engaged in these four days at somewhat more than 350,000, with at least half as much again immediately behind them for reinforcement during the course of the action. Most of these units have been specially exercised for three months past in view of the present operation; they have been trained to long marches, to sham attacks upon ground in the rear of the German lines chosen for its similarity to the points for which each unit would be used; and the so-called "Storming Troops," specially picked to act as the spear-heads of the shock, have been kept far back from the fighting zone, fed and trained and disciplined in a manner particular to their special use.

(3). An exceedingly large force of artillery, far greater than any yet concentrated in proportion to the number of bayonets involved, has been massed upon this front. It includes not only the German heavy batteries released by the betrayal of the Allied cause in Russia, but also many

Austrian batteries; and special attention has been paid to the mobility of these for the following up of the expected rapid advance.

(4). The element of surprise was deliberately excluded by the enemy, probably upon the ground that it was unattainable and that, upon the balance, it was better worth while to hearten public opinion at home (under the very severe strain it was suffering) by the announcement of the attack and by the promise of certain and decisive success to be followed in a very brief delay by a victorious peace.

(5). The result to be achieved could only be reached rapidly and therefore at a great initial expense in men. This is the capital point of the whole business. It is that upon which we must particularly fix our attention, for it is the character which will determine the final result. The Prussian tradition in tactics and strategy is rigid and inflexible. It has the advantage of all rigid and inflexible things that it permits a highly detailed study of its conditions and a perfection therein. It has the disadvantage that if it fails it fails altogether, from lack of alternatives.

This point, the deliberate intention to sacrifice vast masses of men early in the action as a price necessary to the result and as the cheapest price to pay in the long run, accounts both for what has hitherto been effected by the enemy up to the moment of writing and also for its failure, hitherto, to follow the time-table assigned to it. By which we must not be understood to mean any forecast of the ultimate result, but merely to establish the character of the first three days' engagement.

Political Necessity

[It need hardly be pointed out that the undertaking of the offensive under such conditions teaches a very valuable political lesson. It informs us that the enemy has been compelled to attack from the political conditions existing within the German and Austrian Empires. It was the opinion of many who judged the situation solely upon its military side, that this offensive would not be delivered. The unprecedented and exceedingly unusual advertisement of it; the relative success of the submarine offensive by sea; the length of time required by the United States to put any considerable force into the field; the very fact that so long a period of dry weather made the chances of a break in that spell, and more difficult conditions for the continuation of the offensive, high; the considerable activity of the enemy in the East; lastly, the self-evident truth that such a gamble deliberately staked everything upon rapid success, and that the only alternative to it was an ultimate disastrous failure, led many of the best judges in Europe, especially soldiers, to believe that the proposal to attack was a deceit designed to compel the Allies to distribute their forces on the defensive and produce a policy of delay that would lead to a negotiated peace. Those who adopted the opposite view, and who certainly included much the greater part of those observing upon the spot, have proved right. The internal conditions of Central Europe are such that the enemy could not postpone an attempt to obtain a decision early this year. It is on this account that the dice have been thrown, and the issue is now clearly set between his rapid ruin or our own.]

Incidentally we may add that such a position puts an end once and for all to every discussion of detail in domestic or foreign policy. Such a discussion has been dangerously indulged in during the long winter period of preparation and inaction. It no longer has any meaning, and if any of the small minorities that have conducted it with such intensity in the Allied countries propose to continue it, they will simply not be listened to.

From these preliminary observations we may proceed to the description of the action so far as the very terse, general and imperfect indications afforded permit us to so do.

It has taken the form of an attack first concentrated upon the north of line in front of Arras and Cambrai; then pressed in the second day upon the decisive point to the south in front of St. Quentin. It had by Saturday evening compelled the retirement of the British line, pivoting upon the north, from a direction 30 degrees E. of S. to a direction 20 degrees E. of S., the northern point remaining stationary and the southern suffering an average withdrawal of from six to eight miles, a retirement still in progress.

In the course of these first operations, covering three days, the line had remained intact. The enemy's total claim to prisoners and guns covered some 25,000 prisoners and 400 pieces, the greater part of which, of course, are field pieces which had been pushed right forward to take their toll of the enemy masses. Unfortunately, we cannot at this early stage estimate with any degree of accuracy the essential point of all, which is the expense to which the enemy has been put to accomplish this preliminary advance. We know that it must, in the nature of things, be exceedingly high; the attack was pressed with very dense masses, used deliberately under the theory that exceedingly heavy initial losses were worth while. The failure to reach the original objectives of the first and second days must have involved an even higher casualty list than had been budgeted for, and the weakening of the 50 divisions thrown in to the first 48 hours' attack was already sufficient, by Saturday, to compel the enemy to reorganisation and very large reinforcement for the next phase of the struggle.

More than that we cannot say, but we note that the number of prisoners taken is less than those attaching to any corresponding great offensive in the war, front for front and numbers engaged for numbers engaged. The loss in guns, including, as it does, field pieces pushed up towards the front line is more considerable. But the figures point to no decisive result upon any part of the line. They do not even, so far as we have hitherto received them from the enemy, point to any effective disorganisation upon the sector west of St. Quentin, where they penetrated the third or main line of the defending army.

The Action

At half-past 5—that is, just before dawn—on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of March, the enemy opened his intensive bombardment, stretching from his positions upon the River Oise upon the south to his positions upon the River Scarpe upon the north.

The front upon which this preparatory bombardment was delivered exceeds in extent that of any other similar effort undertaken by either side in the course of the war. The distance, as the crow flies, from Roeux, upon the canalised River Scarpe, to Vendeuil upon the Oise is, as we have seen, 76,000 yards, or somewhat over 43 miles; and the front attacked, in all its sinuosities, to well over 50. The bombardment, though short, was of the most intense character; more severe, in spite of the very great extent of the line, than any which had preceded it. It included long-distance firing far behind the fronts and a particularly heavy destruction of the wire by the use of trench weapons which had been brought up in very great numbers to the most advanced positions upon the German side. Towards the close of the bombardment the proportion of gas shells used was strongly increased and particularly directed against the British batteries and cross-roads and points of concentration behind the line. The increase in the volume of gas delivered was an indication that the infantry attack was at hand. This attack was not launched simultaneously along the whole line, but, according to separate orders, from just after nine till close on ten in the forenoon—with an exceptionally early movement in one place shortly after 8. The advance of the infantry was nearly co-extensive with the line of bombardment. It stretched on the north to the valley of the Sensée Stream (some 6,000 yards, or 3½ miles, south of the Scarpe). On the southern end of the line the infantry attack was delivered up to the River Oise itself.

If this front as it stood before the opening of the battle be examined, it will be seen that its trace formed a considerable salient before Cambrai; the most advanced point of which salient was the series of trenches which marked the end of the retirement from the Cambrai battle-field after the initial success and subsequent retirement of last November. The first effort of the enemy during the course of Thursday, March 21st, was clearly designed to increase the curve and therefore the peril of this salient by attacking it to the north and to the south, the chief concentrations of German troops being discovered in the valley of the Sensée, to the north, in front of Croisilles, and in front of Epéhy to the south. A sufficiently rapid advance upon either of these points might have cut off all that lay between and have resulted in a very considerable capture of men and guns in the intervening projection. The proportion of pressure exercised at these two points will be dealt with in a moment.

Meanwhile, a third special effort designed to turn the British line as a whole by its right was begun on the extreme south just north of the Oise, with the object of throwing the British in that neighbourhood back upon, and beyond, the Crozat Canal: there was thus a repetition, on a large

scale, of the attack on two distant points, with the object of "pinching" the intermediate portion and making a wide gap, which the enemy has invariably used in east and west.

The number of the enemy divisions between Switzerland and the North Sea we have seen to be 186. There is a possible addition of four more divisions bringing the total up to 190, and others hitherto within the Central Empires may arrive. Of these 186 divisions, rather more than half, 96 divisions, were aligned against the British between the Oise and the lower reaches of the Yser, north of Ypres. Not all these 186 or 190 divisions can be used for active work on the front; a certain proportion being composed of material inadequate to such a strain. No estimate save of the very roughest kind can be made of the proportion thus to be eliminated, because the fittest men can be chosen from units which are, as a whole unfit for use in the shock, and because we are necessarily in doubt as to the exact condition of these units and can only judge them by their composition as indicated by their categories. But if we say that certainly less than 20 per cent, but a great deal more than 10 per cent., may be thus regarded as unable to appear on the front of shock even in the later developments of the struggle, we have the limits of the calculation defined as nearly as is possible. It is clear, of course, that all the best units available will have been chosen for this main effort.

Of the 40 divisions originally mustered to strike the first blow all the way from the Sensée Brook to the Oise, the distribution was very unequal. The work of this first day was mainly concerned, as I have said, with an attempted reduction of the Cambrai salient, and it was upon this work, though it was subsidiary to the main object developed the next day of turning the British by their extreme right upon the Oise, that the principal effort was made. More than half of the total force lay just north and just south of the Cambrai salient. Nor is it possible to regard so very large a force as designed for a feint even in the most general sense of the term. 25 of the 40 divisions were to be found thus attempting to cut off the area of which the village of Havrincourt is the most prominent point, and if we add the 6 divisions used south of St. Quentin there are only nine left for those intervening parts of the line which were less severely pressed.

At the first onslaught, then, that of the Thursday, the chief sector of the whole front attacked and that to which we must particularly direct our attention, was the sector stretching from the valley of the Sensée, near Chérisy, to the neighbourhood of Havrincourt village in front of Flesquières. This is a front of roughly 20,000 yards, over a quarter of the whole of the battle line, but much less than one-third. It was here that the enemy intended, if possible, to effect a breach at the very first shock, and certainly designed to reach objectives far beyond the third or main line of the British defensive system. He had massed altogether on these 20,000 yards no less than 17 divisions, or 42 per cent. of the whole of his original attacking force. The extreme right by Fontaine held. What followed between that point and the point 12 miles away by Havrincourt can only be gathered very imperfectly and with difficulty so early in the action from the brief dispatches sent home and from the longer descriptions of correspondents; but the main facts would seem to have been these:

From the valley of the Sensée, south of Fontaine, the object of the enemy was to reach the heights of Henin, where the land falls away from the Arras-Bapaume road and also beyond the brook the heights of St. Leger. Both these points were covered by the British main defensive or third line. This line continued on southward and eastward, covering what were the points where once stood Vraucourt, Vaulx, Morchies, and Beaumetz, and so to the neighbourhood of Havrincourt. Of the 17 divisions used upon this total sector, the greater part, 9 divisions, were crowded into the crescent between the Sensée brook near Chérisy and the neighbourhood of the railway beyond Bullecourt, a distance of less than 9,000 yards; and this exceedingly dense mass—by far the heaviest weight of men used anywhere on this field—broke right through back to the third line, but on the third line failed.

I had almost written that it was the heaviest concentration for an assault which this war had seen. There was something like it, if we allow for the larger size of the divisions in those days, when the Third Corps from Brandenburg and its neighbour upon the right stormed the Douaumont Plateau in the first days of Verdun, 25 months ago; but that is the only parallel to the use of such dense masses.

The result was achieved with very heavy losses indeed. How high must, of course, be a matter of guess-work until much more information is available; but much of the firing

with the British field-guns was point blank, and the assault was made with that complete disregard of immediate cost which is the logical consequence of the Prussian tactical theory. The whole system of the Prussian service, I repeat, and its whole tradition, at once the cause and the effect of its type of discipline, involves extremely heavy initial expenditure upon the conception that it is ultimately the cheapest price to pay for success. Although the day was misty—at any rate, during all its earlier hours—the target afforded by these successive waves was excellent and the execution done against them was correspondingly great. It is very difficult to discover from the as yet imperfect descriptions received whether the retirement here was contemporary with that to the south or came afterwards as a consequence of that to the south; but, at any rate, upon the southern half of this same sector, between the Cambrai front and the Sensée, the remainder of this specially massed concentration got through to near the third line in front of Morchies. But just as the northern horn of the advancing crescent was held at Fontaine, so was the southern horn held from the British positions in the wood of Louveral Chateau, and apparently the line suffered little indentation between that point upon the Bapaume high road and the village of Havrincourt. The German attack on this southern half of the crescent, numbering about four to one against the British defensive, was conducted by the remaining eight divisions of the 17. When the fighting died down at the end of the day the situation in this capital sector of the whole line was, so far as the evidence afforded can guide us, what is seen upon the accompanying sketch-map 1, with an enemy gain at the deepest point, south-east of Bullecourt and at Croisilles, of about a mile and a half.

It is clear that this falling back upon the third line in the north would have left the Cambrai salient untenable, and it is equally clear that the line from in front of Havrincourt village to the falling ground in front of Epéhy had to be withdrawn to conform with the northern situation. But the first accounts dealing with the Thursday's fighting tell us very little about this portion; a sector, if we count no further south than the fields in front of Epéhy, of about 12,000 yards, or rather more than 7 miles. Between this point—the fields in front of Epéhy—and the last of the line on the right towards the Oise (the fighting on the banks of which river was about 20 miles south of Epéhy) we were only told, with regard to the first day, Thursday's, fighting, that on the extreme right, just north of the Oise itself, a heavy concentration of the enemy, 6 divisions strong, was held by one British division during the whole day. There was here, therefore, as I have said above, another special concentration; but it failed of its effect, and the British force here was only withdrawn at night after the fighting had ceased to conform with the line further north.

We may sum up the accounts received of the first day's fighting, Thursday the 21st, briefly, then, as follows:

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The accounts so far received of what followed are meagre; but, piecing them together, and including the enemy's dispatches and claims, we can arrive at a general outline. For this purpose, we must take our view from the town of St. Quentin and consider the ground extending over 150 degrees from Epéhy, 12 miles N.N.W. of St. Quentin to the neighbourhood of Tergnier, an equal distance due south of it, where the marshy Oise Valley begins.

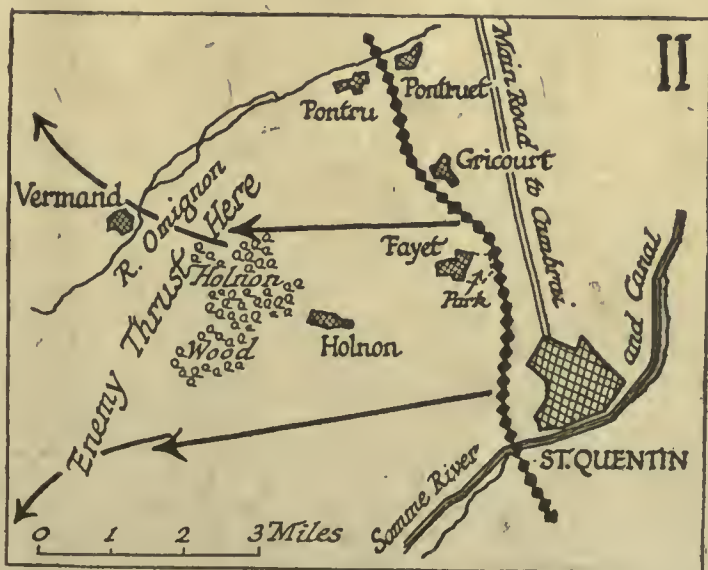
The whole of this district is that which was devastated by the enemy during his retreat a year ago. It consists, for the most part, of the upper basin of the Somme River, which flows through St. Quentin and, after running south-west towards Ham, bends round sharply north to Peronne. The ground falls away westward by a gradual decline of about 300 feet from heights just west of St. Quentin, and is drained by the three parallel streams of the Upper Somme with its canal, the Omignon, and the Cologne. South of the Somme a watershed, from 150 to 180 feet above the water levels, separates the Upper Somme from the Valley of the Oise. It is known as the Ridge of Essigny. There is a depression at the south-western end of this ridge which runs from the Somme itself to the Oise Valley, and is used by the canal known as the Crozat Canal.

We have seen that on the previous day, the Thursday, no less than six German divisions had exercised their pressure upon the small British force defending the upland between the Upper Somme and the Oise Rivers, and that in the night the British force, which had thus checked the enemy all day, was retired to the neighbourhood of the Crozat Canal. The fighting of Friday morning developed, therefore, upon a line without any marked salient, running in front of Epéhy, Le Verguier, and so down to the Crozat Canal, and along it to the marshy Oise Valley. The main weight of the attack appears to have fallen to the north of St. Quentin, and a protracted defence of Epéhy and of Le Verguier, each of them standing upon heights commanding the fields in front of them, was made. The holding of the latter point by the 24th Division being specially singled out by the British Commander-in-Chief for distinction.

In the course of the day the enemy's progress to the north and to the south of Epéhy, which had begun to form a pronounced salient round that height, compelled its evacuation. Heudicourt was reached upon the north and Villers Faucon upon the south, and the point of Roisel to the south again. Under these conditions, the whole line here had to fall back to positions in front of Bertincourt, behind Roisel, and even beyond Hancourt. Thence the battle fluctuated upon a line running nearly southward, but a little eastward until it covered Ham, and so on west of the Crozat Canal, across which the British had retired, to the Oise Valley.

We have not yet heard in what force the enemy came upon this front of 10 miles south of Heudicourt, but it was here in the Vermand district, that he forced his way through the third or main defensive line, and compelled a considerable retirement, involving a modification of the whole line. It will be of interest to study in detail the point where this local success of his was accomplished.

Immediately in front of and to the north of St. Quentin town the front British trenches ran, I believe, as follows:



They covered the chateau and park of Fayet, running about 500 yards from the great high road which leads from St. Quentin to Cambrai. About half-way between Fayet and Gricourt they bent back somewhat westward, covered the ruins of Gricourt village, and to the north-west of these the marshy village of Pontru, but left Pontru in German

In the course of these first operations, covering three days, the line had remained intact. The enemy's total claim to prisoners and guns covered some 25,000 prisoners and 400 pieces, the greater part of which, of course, are field pieces which had been pushed right forward to take their toll of the enemy masses. Unfortunately, we cannot at this early stage estimate with any degree of accuracy the essential point of all, which is the expense to which the enemy has been put to accomplish this preliminary advance. We know that it must, in the nature of things, be exceedingly high; the attack was pressed with very dense masses, used deliberately under the theory that exceedingly heavy initial losses were worth while. The failure to reach the original objectives of the first and second days must have involved an even higher casualty list than had been budgeted for, and the weakening of the 50 divisions thrown in to the first 48 hours' attack was already sufficient, by Saturday, to compel the enemy to reorganisation and very large reinforcement for the next phase of the struggle.

More than that we cannot say, but we note that the number of prisoners taken is less than those attaching to any corresponding great offensive in the war, front for front and numbers engaged for numbers engaged. The loss in guns, including, as it does, field pieces pushed up towards the front line is more considerable. But the figures point to no decisive result upon any part of the line. They do not even, so far as we have hitherto received them from the enemy, point to any effective disorganisation upon the sector west of St. Quentin, where they penetrated the third or main line of the defending army.

The Action

At half-past 5—that is, just before dawn—on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of March, the enemy opened his intensive bombardment, stretching from his positions upon the River Oise upon the south to his positions upon the River Scarpe upon the north.

The front upon which this preparatory bombardment was delivered exceeds in extent that of any other similar effort undertaken by either side in the course of the war. The distance, as the crow flies, from Roeux, upon the canalised River Scarpe, to Vendeuil upon the Oise is, as we have seen, 76,000 yards, or somewhat over 43 miles; and the front attacked, in all its sinuosities, to well over 50. The bombardment, though short, was of the most intense character; more severe, in spite of the very great extent of the line, than any which had preceded it. It included long-distance firing far behind the fronts and a particularly heavy destruction of the wire by the use of trench weapons which had been brought up in very great numbers to the most advanced positions upon the German side. Towards the close of the bombardment the proportion of gas shells used was strongly increased and particularly directed against the British batteries and cross-roads and points of concentration behind the line. The increase in the volume of gas delivered was an indication that the infantry attack was at hand. This attack was not launched simultaneously along the whole line, but, according to separate orders, from just after nine till close on ten in the forenoon—with an exceptionally early movement in one place shortly after 8. The advance of the infantry was nearly co-extensive with the line of bombardment. It stretched on the north to the valley of the Sensée Stream (some 6,000 yards, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, south of the Scarpe). On the southern end of the line the infantry attack was delivered up to the River Oise itself.

If this front as it stood before the opening of the battle be examined, it will be seen that its trace formed a considerable salient before Cambrai; the most advanced point of which salient was the series of trenches which marked the end of the retirement from the Cambrai battle-field after the initial success and subsequent retirement of last November. The first effort of the enemy during the course of Thursday, March 21st, was clearly designed to increase the curve and therefore the peril of this salient by attacking it to the north and to the south, the chief concentrations of German troops being discovered in the valley of the Sensée, to the north, in front of Croisilles, and in front of Epéhy to the south. A sufficiently rapid advance upon either of these points might have cut off all that lay between and have resulted in a very considerable capture of men and guns in the intervening projection. The proportion of pressure exercised at these two points will be dealt with in a moment.

Meanwhile, a third special effort designed to turn the British line as a whole by its right was begun on the extreme south just north of the Oise, with the object of throwing the British in that neighbourhood back upon, and beyond, the Crozat Canal: there was thus a repetition, on a large

scale, of the attack on two distant points, with the object of "pinching" the intermediate portion and making a wide gap, which the enemy has invariably used in east and west.

The number of the enemy divisions between Switzerland and the North Sea we have seen to be 186. There is a possible addition of four more divisions bringing the total up to 190, and others hitherto within the Central Empires may arrive. Of these 186 divisions, rather more than half, 96 divisions, were aligned against the British between the Oise and the lower reaches of the Yser, north of Ypres. Not all these 186 or 190 divisions can be used for active work on the front; a certain proportion being composed of material inadequate to such a strain. No estimate save of the very roughest kind can be made of the proportion thus to be eliminated, because the fittest men can be chosen from units which are, as a whole unfit for use in the shock, and because we are necessarily in doubt as to the exact condition of these units and can only judge them by their composition as indicated by their categories. But if we say that certainly less than 20 per cent, but a great deal more than 10 per cent., may be thus regarded as unable to appear on the front of shock even in the later developments of the struggle, we have the limits of the calculation defined as nearly as is possible. It is clear, of course, that all the best units available will have been chosen for this main effort.

Of the 40 divisions originally mustered to strike the first blow all the way from the Sensée Brook to the Oise, the distribution was very unequal. The work of this first day was mainly concerned, as I have said, with an attempted reduction of the Cambrai salient, and it was upon this work, though it was subsidiary to the main object developed the next day of turning the British by their extreme right upon the Oise, that the principal effort was made. More than half of the total force lay just north and just south of the Cambrai salient. Nor is it possible to regard so very large a force as designed for a feint even in the most general sense of the term. 25 of the 40 divisions were to be found thus attempting to cut off the area of which the village of Havrincourt is the most prominent point, and if we add the 6 divisions used south of St. Quentin there are only nine left for those intervening parts of the line which were less severely pressed.

At the first onslaught, then, that of the Thursday, the chief sector of the whole front attacked and that to which we must particularly direct our attention, was the sector stretching from the valley of the Sensée, near Chérisy, to the neighbourhood of Havrincourt village in front of Flesquières. This is a front of roughly 20,000 yards, over a quarter of the whole of the battle line, but much less than one-third. It was here that the enemy intended, if possible, to effect a breach at the very first shock, and certainly designed to reach objectives far beyond the third or main line of the British defensive system. He had massed altogether on these 20,000 yards no less than 17 divisions, or 42 per cent. of the whole of his original attacking force. The extreme right by Fontaine held. What followed between that point and the point 12 miles away by Havrincourt can only be gathered very imperfectly and with difficulty so early in the action from the brief dispatches sent home and from the longer descriptions of correspondents; but the main facts would seem to have been these:

From the valley of the Sensée, south of Fontaine, the object of the enemy was to reach the heights of Henin, where the land falls away from the Arras-Bapaume road and also beyond the brook the heights of St. Leger. Both these points were covered by the British main defensive or third line. This line continued on southward and eastward, covering what were the points where once stood Vraucourt, Vaulx, Morchies, and Beaumetz, and so to the neighbourhood of Havrincourt. Of the 17 divisions used upon this total sector, the greater part, 9 divisions, were crowded into the crescent between the Sensée brook near Chérisy and the neighbourhood of the railway beyond Bullecourt, a distance of less than 9,000 yards; and this exceedingly dense mass—by far the heaviest weight of men used anywhere on this field—broke right through back to the third line, but on the third line failed.

I had almost written that it was the heaviest concentration for an assault which this war had seen. There was something like it, if we allow for the larger size of the divisions in those days, when the Third Corps from Brandenburg and its neighbour upon the right stormed the Douaumont Plateau in the first days of Verdun, 25 months ago; but that is the only parallel to the use of such dense masses.

The result was achieved with very heavy losses indeed. How high must, of course, be a matter of guess-work until much more information is available; but much of the fring

with the British field-guns was point blank, and the assault was made with that complete disregard of immediate cost which is the logical consequence of the Prussian tactical theory. The whole system of the Prussian service, I repeat, and its whole tradition, at once the cause and the effect of its type of discipline, involves extremely heavy initial expenditure upon the conception that it is ultimately the cheapest price to pay for success. Although the day was misty—at any rate, during all its earlier hours—the target afforded by these successive waves was excellent and the execution done against them was correspondingly great. It is very difficult to discover from the as yet imperfect descriptions received whether the retirement here was contemporary with that to the south or came afterwards as a consequence of that to the south; but, at any rate, upon the southern half of this same sector, between the Cambrai front and the Sensée, the remainder of this specially massed concentration got through to near the third line in front of Morchies. But just as the northern horn of the advancing crescent was held at Fontaine, so was the southern horn held from the British positions in the wood of Louveral Chateau, and apparently the line suffered little indentation between that point upon the Bapaume high road and the village of Havrincourt. The German attack on this southern half of the crescent, numbering about four to one against the British defensive, was conducted by the remaining eight divisions of the 17. When the fighting died down at the end of the day the situation in this capital sector of the whole line was, so far as the evidence afforded can guide us, what is seen upon the accompanying sketch-map I, with an enemy gain at the deepest point, south-east of Bullecourt and at Croisilles, of about a mile and a half.

It is clear that this falling back upon the third line in the north would have left the Cambrai salient untenable, and it is equally clear that the line from in front of Havrincourt village to the falling ground in front of Epéhy had to be withdrawn to conform with the northern situation. But the first accounts dealing with the Thursday's fighting tell us very little about this portion; a sector, if we count no further south than the fields in front of Epéhy, of about 12,000 yards, or rather more than 7 miles. Between this point—the fields in front of Epéhy—and the last of the line on the right towards the Oise (the fighting on the banks of which river was about 20 miles south of Epéhy) we were only told, with regard to the first day, Thursday's, fighting, that on the extreme right, just north of the Oise itself, a heavy concentration of the enemy, 6 divisions strong, was held by one British division during the whole day. There was here, therefore, as I have said above, another special concentration; but it failed of its effect, and the British force here was only withdrawn at night after the fighting had ceased to conform with the line further north.

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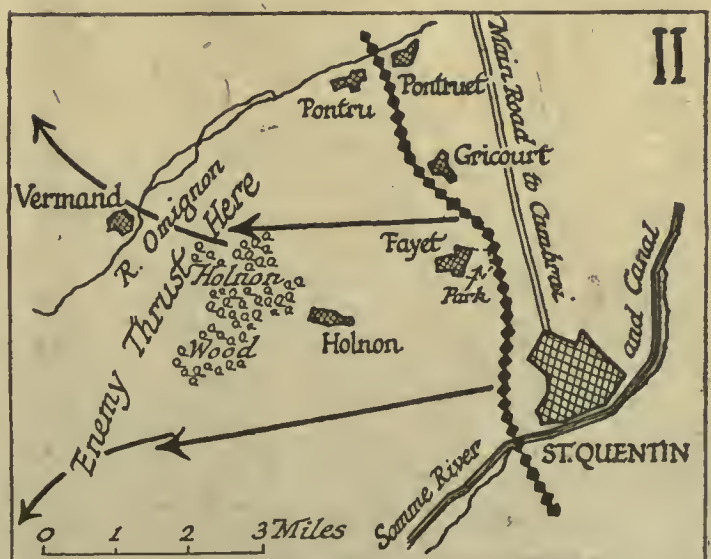
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Immediately in front of and to the north of St. Quentin town the front British trenches ran, I believe, as follows:



They covered the chateau and park of Fayet, running about 500 yards from the great high road which leads from St. Quentin to Cambrai. About half-way between Fayet and Gricourt they bent back somewhat westward, covered the ruins of Gricourt village, and to the north-west of these the marshy village of Pontru, but left Pontru in German

hands. Behind these front lines, rolling open country, with one or two small copses, rises very slowly to a height slightly superior to all its surroundings and bearing the ruins of Holnon village. Immediately behind Holnon Village, its highest part upon a level with the ruins, but sloping slightly down from them to the west, lies the large wood of Holnon, through which passes as a green lane the Roman road from St. Quentin to Vermand. This wood is nearly two miles long and in places a mile across. It was here that the main British defensive position lay from 5,000 to 6,000 yards behind the original front line, and it was here, according to the German dispatch, that the local breach was made in the British main line. Thence the successful attack poured fan-shape, increasing the breach, to the valley of the little Omignon River, a mile to a mile and a half below. This successful movement rendered Savy and Rupy, to the south, untenable, and compelled a rearrangement of the whole line, which was reformed from Tincourt to the neighbourhood of the junction of the Crozat Canal with the Somme and thence along the bank dominating that canal from the west to the Oise.

Meanwhile, as the British line thus slowly fell back and in good order, continuing its very heavy slaughter of the advancing enemy masses upon the south, the north, upon which it pivoted, held. The enemy would seem to have reached no further here than the foot of the St. Leger height and just beyond Vrancourt and Vaultx; during the night he had penetrated into Mory, but was thrown out again.

The conclusion, therefore, of this first phase of the assault showed the line standing, on the Saturday morning, roughly, parallel to, and east of, the great road Arras, Bapaume, Peronne, Ham. This line upon the map defines in a general fashion the belt upon which the first phase of the battle came to an end. We should remark that all the northern portion of it, from Arras nearly to Peronne, lies along heights up to which the land rises from the Scarpe basin, and during this first half of its course the battle position arrived at by Saturday last enjoys a corresponding advantage. South of Peronne, and between that town and the Oise, things are different. The battle zone here has immediately behind it and from 60 to 100 feet below it the very marshy valley of the Upper Somme. It will be easier to stand for the moment behind such an obstacle. The last portion south of Ham is composed of confused high land, the last half of which again, as one approaches the Oise, is densely wooded and rises to over 400 feet above that river. It would, therefore, seem to be the section between Peronne and Ham which is the critical section at the moment of writing, but we note that the British dispatch of Saturday evening speaks of very heavy fighting in the *North* upon the day; the pressure, therefore, was continued as much as the enemy could bring it to bear after the moment upon Saturday noon or thereabouts, when he had himself announced that the first stage of the battle was ended. He was also engaged, some hours earlier in the night, in making vigorous efforts to force the British back on their extreme right from the positions which they held behind the Crozat Canal, and his action at that point is instructive.

There runs from St. Quentin to the Crozat Canal one main road through Essigny. It had a bridge, destroyed, of course, in the German retreat, restored again by the Allies, and we may make certain destroyed once more when the British recrossed it last Friday, which passed the canal at about a third of its course between the Somme and the Oise. Immediately upon the western or British side of the obstacle stood the village of Jussy, and it was here that repeated attempts were made all night long by the enemy to dislodge the British force which held this point. Their efforts had, up to the dispatch received upon Sunday morning last, failed, but it was clear that the positions to which the British had retired, and which they were holding at the end of what the enemy calls the first phase of the battle, on Saturday, were temporary only, for they stood far forward of the general line.

We may, before concluding this account of the action as a whole cite the very brief couple of sentences in which the enemy makes his confession of loss. They were dispatched apparently towards the end of Saturday, and they run as follows:

"The first stage of the great battle in France is ended. A considerable part of the English Army is beaten."

Of these two sentences, the first only has any significance. The second is rhetoric. To beat an army—that is, to obtain a decision against it—is to put it out of action, which in this case would mean the rupture of the line, and either the compulsion of a forced and precipitate retreat or rolling it up along the flank thus formed. Nothing of this sort had happened by the night of Saturday last, and we must therefore turn to the first phrase to learn the meaning of the enemy's statement. That meaning is simple enough. By

Friday night the energy of the original assaulting force, as a whole, was partly spent. It continued to exercise pressure as best it could, especially in the north and on the extreme south at Jussy. But it attained no appreciable results in the first district, and none at all in the second. There was, therefore, a necessity for the Germans to bring up a great number of reserve divisions although they had already put in *over fifty*. How long such a rate of loss and reinforcement can last, the energy with which he can return to the assault, the consolidation of the new line effected during the interval, these are the factors upon which the next phase of the battle will repose, upon which alone a judgment of it could be based, and of which we are necessarily ignorant. By the time these lines are in the hands of the public—four days after they are written—most or all of these questions may have been answered by the event.

Summary of Results

We are now in a position to sum up the great two days' action and to estimate the situation upon the third day, the Saturday, when the enemy admitted his losses and spoke of the first phase of the battle as ended.

The original front line had run, as will be seen upon the sketch map 1, from Cherisy to Vendeuil, as follows:

Passing just behind Cherisy and through the outer ruins of Fontaine, it covered Bullecourt with a shallow salient, passed rather less than half-way between Noreuil and Quéant, formed another slight salient beyond Lagnicourt, covered the ruins of Boursies, with Louverval hamlet and château behind them, and from this point on the Bapaume high road began what is called the Cambrai salient. This salient just covered Flesquières and Ribecourt, climbed to the summits of the La Vacquerie heights, which the British call "Welsh Ridge"; left the ruins of La Vacquerie hamlet in the hands of the enemy or in No Man's Land; bent back to pass half-way between Gouzeaucourt and Gonnelieu, and terminated about half-way between Épéhy and Honnecourt; thence the line ran eastward to the neighbourhood of Vendhuille, and then roughly southward to the point half-way between Pontru and Pontruet, where begins the section immediately north of St. Quentin just described. South of St. Quentin the line, running only just outside the suburbs of that town, just missed the ruins of Gauchy, covered those of Urvillers, ran through those of Moy, and so through those of Vendeuil to the Oise near La Fère. When the new line was established by Saturday morning its trace, though it can only be given approximately (for parts of it were still fluctuating) would seem to have uncovered Croi-illes; but still to cover the height of St. Leger to have run behind Vrancourt and Vaultx, through the neighbourhood of Bertincourt towards Fins; thence nearly due south behind Hancourt, and, probably after some deflection westward, south-eastward again towards the junction of the Somme and the Crozat Canal. Its last section would seem to have followed the canal, as I have said, along the heights of the western bank.

In mere measurement of ground—for what that is worth—this gives a maximum depth of nearly nine miles just where we should have expected it behind Holnon; another depth of perhaps over six miles behind the Cambrai salient, and an average width of perhaps some three filing down to nothing in the north, in the Scarpe Valley; the whole movement being, as we have seen, a pivoting back upon the fixed northern extremity of this long front.

Such are the results upon the map of the action up to the moment of writing. We have no further news save that no change was to be reported on the Sunday morning, but that during the night between Saturday and Sunday the enemy had begun to renew his vigorous efforts, concentrating especially upon the high ground covering Peronne.

* * *

The daily Press, which has the advantage of following every stage in the action more closely than can be hoped for in this weekly paper, has everywhere enjoined the same duty. It is an obvious one, and too much repetition of it would be tedious or futile.

The moment in which these lines are written is clearly the most critical for this country and for the whole Alliance since the mastership of Foch in open manoeuvre decided 44 months ago the Battle of the Marne. The fresh and eager mood in which the civilian public could then meet the perils of the war has necessarily disappeared under the long strain; the full measure of the national danger is appreciated, as it certainly was not in 1914; and, meanwhile, the whole face of the Alliance has changed. The war, which was for more than 2½ years a great and calculable siege, became, through the dissolution of the Russian State, a duel, and a duel in which until the force of the United States could

be developed—a necessarily tardy process—the weight of numbers, as a whole, was against the Powers which are defending European civilisation and the future of all its traditions. The position was rightly envisaged as a duel of this kind during the long, tense, but enervating lull of the winter; the political discussions which arose in that interval did little more than mask a more profound feeling, which was universal in the West, and which was a mixture of expectancy, anxiety, and determination. The issue of that duel is now joined. The two steels have met. The first heavy lunge has been delivered. In the two fierce opening days of its energy it has been parried: but with difficulty and with no finality—as yet. A third day has passed, and part of a fourth, without as yet the appearance of the next move. It may be that the full suspense under which these lines also are written will continue by the time they are in the hands of the public.

The Prussian System

By so much as we had chiefly to consider during the time when the war was a calculable siege, numbers, dispositions, and, in general the purely military problem—a consideration at which fools only mocked—but fools are many—by so much the duty of the civilian at this moment is now the converse of a merely military consideration and has become mainly a political one. It is the business of all neither to prophesy success, as has become the fatuous habit of those who suffer or enjoy temporary authority upon both sides, nor even to listen to such baseless and useless pronouncements. It is rather our duty to reiterate to ourselves, to recover and re-emphasise after its partial obliteration during the tedium of the lull now passed, what is now beyond any dispute and beyond any possibility of argument, the issue involved. Not the least instructed of those who have imagined Prussia to be something like themselves can be in doubt any longer. No one, however ignorant of the European past, but feels his own country at least, and therefore his own being, to be at stake. Upon the great battle which has now but just opened the conclusion of the whole campaign must necessarily turn; and our business is to envisage with the utmost clarity during the terrible attention of the next few days or weeks the alternatives before us. If Prussia now fails, she has failed for ever. The vast congeries of mixed and various peoples whom she has drawn directly and indirectly into her detestable system, will dissolve. It has no natural foundation nor any natural bond. Even its supposed German basis is largely a modern academic fiction. The rest is force, fraud, and mechanics. If it please God that this system shall be destroyed by the sword of the Allies, the world will be recovered.

We need waste no mental strength upon the wholly ephemeral catch words which have cropped up in the course of the struggle: it is not true that democracy is admitted to be the best form of human government; still less is it true that modern industrial society is democratic or that Parliaments are generally regarded as instruments of a happy and stable freedom. It is not true to say, and it is not felt by the millions who have suffered in this great cause, that particular mechanical schemes of international arrangement are the object of the sacrifice. Men have neither volunteered nor died nor endured such abominable things for so long nor have women suffered the much worse things of the soul to which they have been subjected, for any of these academic phrases. What all have felt and what all still feel, what every man is feeling who is, as I am writing, engaged between the Scarpe and the Somme, is the necessity of preserving his country. Patriotism is the flame of this war; and it is because Prussia is the negation of patriotism that Prussia has made herself the enemy. The love of country in our old civilisation is equivalent to and is the expression of its general soul; through it alone we are what we are; and through it alone does the modern man receive the tremendous inheritance of Europe which is now at stake.

If in the great debate now actually joined before Arras, St. Quentin, and Laon—three ancient witnesses of such things—the enemy triumphs, what will go is our very souls. That is what we must grasp and retain throughout all that may be before us. Nothing whatsoever can compensate a man for the loss of his national pride which contains, informs, and creates his standing in this world. If we regard the preservation of that object as supreme; if we count nothing whatsoever in the balance against it, then no material victory can ultimately prevent the successful reaction of Europe against that which intends, and would produce, the death of Europe: That which has already broken with European morals and chivalry in war and has rendered detestable what, for all its horror, had hitherto been glorious in arms. If such a faith is held fast it can carry success not only

through this immediate trial, but through whatever an untoward issue of that trial might impose upon us for the future. If it is not held with sufficient clarity, singleness, and tenacity, even victory will yield but little fruit, and defeat would be final.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

Postscript

It has proved possible to delay printing for the addition of a few words upon the further results obtained by the enemy in the course of Sunday and during Monday, the 24th and 25th of the month, and to estimate upon the further cost at which these results have been obtained.

Briefly (to take the last point first), another twenty divisions have been identified as thrown into the struggle for its second phase, and the total number recognised by the defensive as having come in by Monday is no less than seventy-three. It is indeed probable that divisions are relieved, or their immediate task of assault taken over, by fresh units, after a loss less severe than was the case when the enemy was on the defensive last year. As we know, it was, under those circumstances, only after the loss of something like 50 per cent. that a division was relieved. The present proportion cannot be on the average anything like so high, though certain units, of course, have lost even more. But it is none the less significant that there should already before the end of the fifth day have been drawn in and partly used up *nearly double* the enormous numbers massed for the first shock.

It is an index of the pace at which the thing is being forced, the enemy's determination to succeed or fail as rapidly as possible; in other words, to gamble very high. It is also an index of the conditions upon which the Allies are banking for their counter-stroke when the large reserves shall be used; for it is now apparent that the defensive has been maintained with economy.

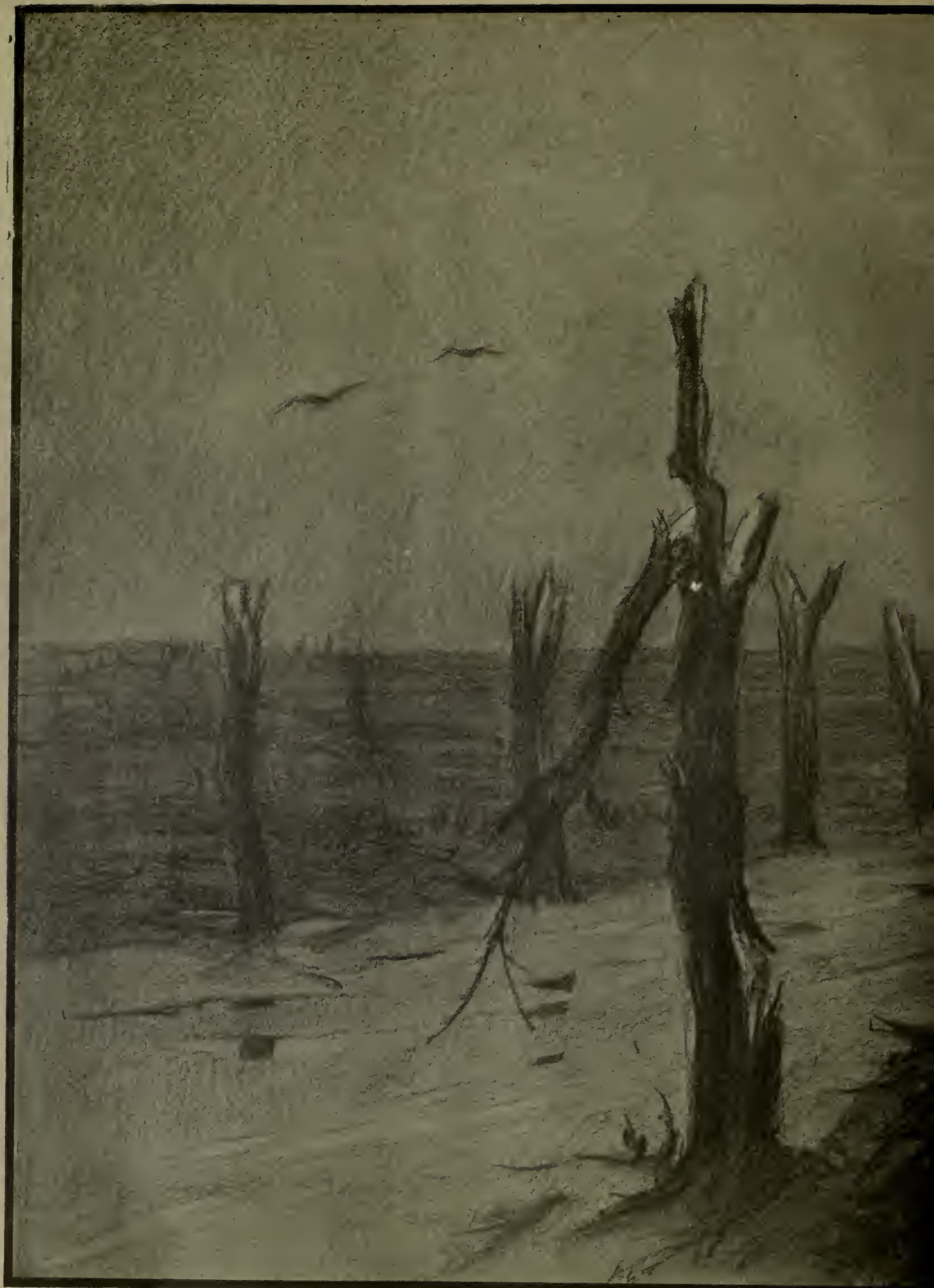
So far as ground is concerned, the enemy reached and passed on Monday the line of the high road, Arras-Bapaume-Peronne, which on Saturday was everywhere covered by the British forces. He was some thousand yards beyond Bapaume on Monday evening, he had occupied Peronne, and he had established one bridge-head at least beyond the marshy valley of the Somme; though here he lost very heavily, and full use was made of that obstacle by the defensive to inflict loss on the attack. The number of prisoners claimed has swollen to 45,000, and of guns to over 600.

The French have taken over the portion of the line on the south, reaching apparently to somewhat north of Nesle, that is, to the north-west of Ham, uncovering Guiscard and Chauny (none of these places are marked in the sketch map drawn for the results of Saturday, they fall into the area covered by the inset). The appearance of the French here upon the right has nothing to do, of course, with the use of the great reserves, which is a local extension undertaken by units belonging to the general line.

The defensive was still intact by the Monday, and its general line would seem to have been at that moment one lying almost due north and south from the neighbourhood of Arras, involving, therefore, a further pivoting back upon the northern hinge of another twenty degrees. Monchy Hill, to the east of Arras, was in enemy hands, and so was the high ground of Henin and St. Leger. The line, still in movement, seems to have crossed the Arras-Bapaume road about half-way between the two towns; it then bent somewhat westward round Bapaume, reached the Somme at a place corresponding to the original line from which the offensive started in 1916, and so ran southward over the devastated area; still covering Noyon and the wooded heights to the north and east of it, where the French are still maintaining themselves.

It must be repeated in this postscript upon what basis all sane judgment upon the situation depends. Any ground or even losses of men and material by the defence (within a certain measure which has not been exceeded) are nothing to three factors, which only the event can determine for us, and which are the real essentials of the situation.

The first is the condition of the defensive line—that it should remain unbroken. The second is the rate of the losses which are being inflicted upon the enemy. The third is the effect that will be produced by the great reserves when they come into play: whether this be in a war of movement suitable for or in the shape of a counter-offensive upon a standing line. This last feature of reserve, which must be no more than named (although the enemy is, of course, well aware of it, and has discussed it at length in his Press), is that with which the Germans are most concerned, and upon which we should therefore most rely.—H. B.



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The End

By Lou

“The enemy has paid a stupendous price for his gain of ground. It is ground which he himself



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the Road

makers.

in waste with absolute destruction."—Mr. Philip Gibbs (*Daily Chronicle*) on the German Offensive.

The Submarine Campaign: By Arthur Pollen

THE coincidence last week of the revelation by the Government of the true position with regard to tonnage incidentally, a bird's-eye review of the course of the war at sea during the last year—with the great attack on our front in France, intended by the Germans to be decisive, has proved, as nothing else could have proved, that the strategy of our enemy is entirely dominated by the course of the war at sea. Two other events—the destroyer engagement that took place last Thursday between Dunkirk and Zeebrugge, and the seizure of Dutch shipping—interpreted, as they should be, in the light thrown upon the sea war by the Admiralty revelations, emphasise this broad truth still further. The Dunkirk engagement serves further to indicate to us certain essential truths governing the present sea war, which seem to have been little appreciated during the last three years. Let us deal with these points in order.

Tonnage of the World

Sir Eric Geddes gave us the broad facts of the tonnage position in his statement read to the House of Commons on Wednesday. On Thursday evening a White Paper was issued setting out, graph-wise, the loss of tonnage and its replacement by new construction since the outbreak of war. Two diagrams were published, one showing losses and reconstruction as they affected British shipping only, the other illustrating the same for all neutral and all belligerents other than the enemy. If we regard, as scientifically, I suppose, we should, the world's tonnage, so defined, as under Allied control and equally available for Allied purposes, then the situation revealed by the second diagram, while anything but satisfactory to those who hope for a speedy victory by America's military help, is very much less alarming than those anticipated who have interpreted the food rationing to foreshadow an impending surrender by famine, although, of course, we have paid and must continue to pay until the end of the war the penalty for this serious loss of tonnage.

The situation is, roughly, this. Over 11,800,000 tons have been lost. The British share is just over 7,000,000; the non-British share just under 5,000,000. Of this loss, just over six and a half million tons have been replaced by new construction, and just over two and a half millions by the seizure of enemy vessels. British new construction amounts to just over three million tons, and the tonnage we have captured to just under eight hundred thousand, so that our total loss of seven million tons is diminished by the total gain of 3,800,000, leaving us with a net loss of just over three and a quarter million. The non-British Powers have constructed half a million more tons than we have, and have captured a million tons more. Their gross gain is, therefore, nearly 5,400,000 tons, and as their loss was only 4,750,000, they have a net gain of over 600,000 tons. Setting this off against the net British loss, the Allied Powers and neutrals together are just over two and a half million tons to the bad.

This was the position at the end of last year, and in the last quarter of last year the rate of loss was diminishing very rapidly indeed. It had fallen—since the third quarter—from about a million and a half tons to about a million and a quarter, while new construction had gone up from 600,000 to nearly 950,000 tons. The two curves as published, look as if they were going to meet before the first quarter of this year was completed—as if, in other words, they should have met already. The curves, as published for Great Britain, showed a similar tendency. At the end of the third quarter of 1917, our loss of tonnage was at the rate of 950,000, and our construction 250,000 tons. There was a gap, therefore, of 700,000 tons. But by the end of the year, the rate of loss had fallen below 800,000 tons, and the rate of construction had risen to over 400,000. So, where the graphs end, the gap was below, being but little more than 350,000 tons. Could the curves have continued, these two also would have met by about the end of this month. As I shall point out later, through the accidental selection of quarterly periods, both of these curves are misleading.

But before going on to this demonstration, let us deal with the actual situation at the close of last year. The tonnage available to the Allies, as we have seen, was then, roughly, two and a half million tons down. This in itself does not reveal a position that is dangerous. If new construction were never to rise beyond the level at which it stood at the close of 1917—just under a million tons a

quarter—and if there was no improvement in the rate of loss—just under 1,300,000 tons a quarter—it is certain that the enemy would not be able, by such an attrition of our sea transport as this, to bring the Allied combination to the negotiation point—which is the same thing as surrender point—before exhaustion had overwhelmed the Central Powers themselves. The curves, in other words, show at the final point to which they have been carried, that if they continued parallel to each other from now onwards, the sea strategy embarked upon by Germany fourteen months ago at the cost of bringing the United States into the war has already been proved to be a failure.

Failure of German Sea Strategy

The best proof that this is the moral of these curves is that the Germans are concentrating the whole of their forces in an attack upon the British lines to-day. They would not do this if victory were attainable by other means. We have only to look at the situation fifteen months ago to realise this. Germany had then just called upon the Allies to make peace or take the consequences. The consequences to England, if she declined to treat on the basis of the war map, were to be, as was pointed out in these columns at the time, the ruthless destruction of her shipping. This menacing eirenicon was followed by a step not less significant by President Wilson. This while seemingly an effort at peace was really, as again was pointed out in these columns, only the final preliminary to preparing America for war. He asked, it will be remembered, that both belligerents should state their war aims, under the plea that they might not be found too divergent for accommodation. The pretext was, of course, the merest camouflage. All the world knew that the German war aims could not be stated—and no one knew it better than the Germans. From the moment President Wilson's note was published, the decision of Germany became inevitable. There was literally no alternative to the ruthless submarine war—though such a war would throw America on to the side of the Allies. The elements in Germany that, quite rightly, judged that if the submarine failed American intervention would be Germany's final ruin, implored Bethmann-Hollweg, who was still Chancellor, to reconsider this policy. He refused on the ground that the submarines must succeed in a reasonable number of weeks. We had then in the Chancellor's statement a measure of the German hope, even if we had not the further measure that it was worth American belligerency. Had it succeeded, of course—and we have only to look at the curve from February to April to see how near it came to success—there would have been no need for further fighting on the Western front. The Allies simply could not have continued the war. But in April the Navy began to get the better of the submarine, and has continued not only successfully, but with increasing effect, to defeat it.

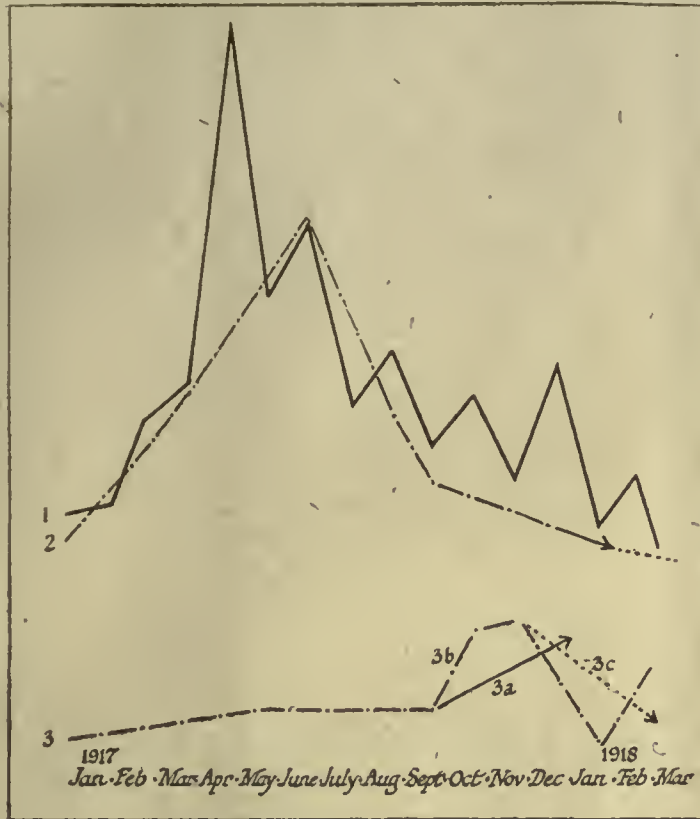
If the net rate of loss to-day was likely to remain permanent it still would not be achieving for Germany what Germany hoped to achieve when the campaign began. It is this failure that has made the vast effort on land imperative, and the effort has to be on this colossal scale because to Germany there is no alternative between complete victory and abject defeat. The collapse of Russia, it is true, puts Germany in a very different position to-day in making a bid for complete victory on land than was hers a year ago. But the broad fact remains that a land victory, while to the last degree improbable, is only possible at enormous cost, whereas a sea victory by submarine, which seemed far from improbable, would have been both cheap and rapid.

Will the Situation Improve?

It is important to seize this fact, of the December position being a proof of German failure, as the starting-point of a further consideration of the problem, because it is even more certain that the curve showing the rate of loss must continue its downward slope. It is, as plainly, a mere matter of statesmanship evoking the right *moral*, and of sound business management producing the right organisation, for the replacement curve to rise far more steeply in 1918 than in fact it rose in the last quarter of the preceding year. Why, it may be asked, is it possible to speak so confidently on these two points?

The answers to these questions are not very recondite, and to make them more intelligible, I have ventured to

redraft the Admiralty curves. I have supplemented that illustrating British tonnage losses (2) by another (1) showing the monthly shipping losses. And I have varied the monthly British replacement curve (3) by branching off at the month of October with, first, a new curve showing the monthly rate of replacement—which is the curve (3 B). Secondly, as a contrast to the Admiralty's curve for the last quarter of last year—marked (3 A) in my diagram—I have added a new quarterly curve (3 C) for the three months December, January, and February. This curve shows that the chance selection of the three months October, November, and December give, as a matter of fact, a totally false view of the situation. If we regard the two curves, the loss curve as showing the work of the Navy, and the replacement curve



as showing that of the civilians, the course of the campaign is revealed to us almost at a glance. Where the White Paper curve misleads is that it understates the initial naval failure, by smoothing the curve for the three months April, May, and June. It understates, therefore, the really extraordinary character of the purely naval recovery of the position. To realise this we should not only contrast the mean between the rate of loss in the third quarter of the year and the rate of loss at the finish, but the rate at its highest point in April, and at its lowest point in the second week of March this year.

And, just as the recovery of the Navy is understated, so the civilian effort is, quite unintentionally, flattered.

The published curve gives a picture of the civilians about to join hands with the Navy early in 1918. But if we take the quarter which I have selected, we see that, so far from the civilians rising to meet the sailors, they are indeed in full retreat from the enemy and retiring ignominiously from the struggle. The curves, instead of converging, are not even parallel. The shipbuilders are not contented to let the Navy improve and only fall off in the same degree that the Navy does improve. They have done worse; they are falling back on one flank faster than their allies are advancing on the other, so that the curves, instead of converging or becoming even parallel, are actually getting wider apart. The Admiralty, of course, so far from having the slightest intention of veiling this unpleasant fact, take very great pains in the White Paper to warn the public against being deceived. For we are specially cautioned that production has fallen so far below the rate exhibited in the graph that "if some improvement is not speedily made, the point where production balances losses will be dangerously postponed." I venture to think that, had the curves been continued as they might well have been, to the end of February, the graphic index to the position would have made any verbal caution unnecessary, and would amply have accounted for so drastic a step as the creation of a new dictator of shipbuilding and the appointment of so eminent a master of the business as Lord Pirrie to the new office.

Bad as this situation is, it is admittedly one that can be retrieved. The First Lord evidently expects it will be retrieved. But there is no immediate prospect of our seeing,

England

OUR best are dying in field and flood,
In our ears is the roar of a murderous hate,
On the wings of the night comes a terror of blood,
Was England ever so great?

She was great in the days that are gone, we know,
When Drake was singeing the mad king's beard,
When Marlborough smote for her blow on blow,
When straight at the heart of his far-sought foe
Our passionate Nelson steered;
When the worn red line stood, dogged and still,
Facing the Conqueror's desperate stroke,
And over the brow of the gun-swept hill
The surge of his squadrons eddied and broke.
Aye, many a day when our Englishmen died
England had honour, and place for her pride.
But the land was touched by a poisonous breath,
And her arm waxed faint, and her heart grew cold,
And they laughed in their hate: "She is sick unto death,
She is ripe for our spoiling, the hoarder of gold."
And now? Now before them she stands in the strait,
The hope of the nations, high foeman of wrong.
Unfearing, she takes up the challenge of fate,
The cold heart has kindled, the faint arm is strong.
And the gleam of her legions has girdled the earth,
As the lightning that flashes from East unto West,
At the sound of her voice they have leapt to their birth,
And the spoiler shall rue ere their banners have rest.
Shall we fail, shall we doubt her? She stands for the right,
She was never so mighty, for never so true.
Though in blood and in woe we must win to the light,
Men and women of England, heads up and go through.

H. M. D.

in the British curve, so sharp an upward slope as the published diagram gives. For the maximum output for this year is put at 1,800,000 tons—a mean rate of 165,000 tons a month for the next ten months, while it is only by the beginning of next year that we hope to show a monthly output of a quarter of a million tons—assumed to be this country's maximum possibility of production. If, then, the two lines are to cross, the rate of loss reduced to zero, and a definite increase in the world's shipping to be brought about, we must rely upon two other elements in the problem. First, we must look to the Navy to cause a still greater decline in sinkings, and, next, to our Allies and to the neutrals to quicken their shipbuilding. Now, as to the last, there is every reason to believe that the United States should come very near producing four million tons this year. If another million can be got from other sources, this output, combined with our own, will give a mean rate for the year of 500,000 tons a month, and would beat the present loss curve so greatly as to show a net gain of nearly a million and a quarter tons a quarter. At this rate, the world's net losses—even if they continued for some months longer—should be caught up before we are far advanced in 1919. All this, of course, depends upon the shipbuilding effort here and abroad realising the hopes of those who are organising it.

We are left, then, with the final question whether the rate of loss cannot be diminished. On this point the Admiralty, very prudently, declines to prophesy. But less responsible people may without undue rashness indicate their grounds for being optimistic. They are, roughly, two. If we look at the monthly rate of loss in April and contrast it with that at the present time, we shall notice that the gap between the highest and the lowest point is enormous. Now, the naval effort which has accomplished this is marked by two characteristics. For want of a better term, it can be described first of all as almost mainly defensive. It has consisted, that is to say, chiefly in concentrating shipping into convoys, and then guarding those convoys by armed ships, so that a submarine desiring to carry out its mission must generally take the risk of encountering armed force superior to itself before it can do so. We had, in other words, finally, and after much hesitation, adopted in the latter half of last year the simple principle of naval strategy which had governed us in all previous sea wars when a similar difficulty had to be met. We interposed superior force between the enemy and its objective. I have called this policy "defensive" in full realisation that the term is misleading, because in the actual event it is the offensive which

is taken against the submarine. But the initiative is really left with the submarine. If, when it comes to the point, the Hun pirate does not like the look of things, he will have to let the convoy go by rather than risk an encounter with its protecting ships. The destruction of the enemy's submarines—which we gather from official statements to be at the rate of about twelve a month—is, then, only incidental to the general course of our campaign.

We have not, in the period under review, been able to carry our direct offensive against the submarines very far. The White Paper makes this clear: the reduction in the sinkings "has been achieved in spite of imperfect knowledge of a new and barbarous method of warfare, and of a scarcity of suitable material. Our material resources for this warfare are already improved, and are being rapidly augmented, while science is placing at our disposal means of offence and defence of which we have been in need." The progress made since April, in other words, is not due to any sudden accession of material—always accepting the very welcome assistance that Admiral Sims's destroyers brought at this critical moment—but to the adoption of sound methods of using the material available; to the reorganisation of the higher command brought about last May; to the consequential adoption of the convoy system; to a more scientific adaptation of available means to the end in view; to a wiser selection of men; and, generally, to a closer co-operation between all the agencies that could contribute to the desired result. But on the direct offensive against the submarine only the beginnings could be made. How these have progressed since we have to gather from faint indications. I shall touch on these in dealing with the Dunkirk argument. For the moment, let us note that the Navy's strongest card has not yet been played.

The second reason for expecting improved naval results is that the defensive organisation that has revolutionised the situation since last spring has not yet been applied in the Mediterranean where, the First Lord told us, a third of our losses are being incurred. It has been stated by some who claim to know that our tonnage losses in the Mediterranean are relatively heavier than elsewhere. If Admiral Calthorpe can get his forces to work as satisfactorily as the British and American forces in the Atlantic there should soon be a very material improvement in this very important field.

Lastly, we surely cannot be deceiving ourselves in supposing that the pirates themselves must now be going at their work with greatly diminished belief in its efficacy. Their losses are heavy; their condemnation by the whole world is known to them; their victims are a diminishing number; they must be conscious that this combination of guilt, suffering and failure has not gained, and now has no prospect of gaining, that result for their country that would have led to their being forgotten.

Now, if we put these elements together: (1) the admitted capacity of British, American, and the allied and neutral shipbuilding yards to reach a production of six million tons in the course of this year; and (2) the high probability of the naval effort continuing increasingly successful on its present lines; and (3) having in reserve a stroke which may be far more successful than anything it has yet done—we must, it seems to me, be blind indeed if we do not perceive that the whole position has been reversed since April of last year. It is a result which justifies those who insisted upon the reorganisation of our chief command long before things reached their worst. And it is one that reflects infinite credit upon all who, at the Admiralty and at sea, have contributed to making the reforms of last May a reality. And special credit must be given to the present First Lord who, coming to the Admiralty when things were at their worst—when, as Sir Edward Carson told us, the situation seemed perfectly hopeless—has patiently and with infinite labour first simplified and quickened the supply of material to the Navy and—a far greater achievement—has now not only reorganised the fighting side of the Admiralty to fit it to direct the Navy's main work, but has gone so far in finding the right men to work the machine that he has created.

The Channel Raid

At five o'clock on Thursday morning last week, a flotilla of German destroyers, taking advantage of a haze, stole across to Dunkirk from Zeebrugge and bombarded the place for some ten minutes. They were, however, intercepted by some French and English destroyers and a runaway action ensued. At the time of writing, no further details are known except that no French or British boat was sunk, and only one British boat injured; that prisoners have been brought in; that it was believed that four of the enemy had been sent to the bottom; and that its navy admits

the loss of two. No doubt much fuller details will be in the hands of my readers by the time this paper is printed. In the meantime, it is clear that a very welcome success has been won by the forces under Vice-Admiral Roger Keyes' command. A score, standing for the last month against the enemy, has been wiped out. But the incident means more than an agreeable reversal of fortune.

When, two months ago, the change at Dover was announced, it was suggested in these columns that if our forces at this the main point of the Narrow Seas were rightly handled, it would prove a very serious matter for the enemy. In introducing the estimates, the First Lord gave us a more precise indication of the form this pressure would take. For a very considerable period the Germans have been using the Channel freely as a thoroughfare by which to get their submarines to their hunting grounds. But the new tactics at Dover have included the extraordinarily bold proceeding of illuminating the entire fairway, so as to make an undetected surface passage impossible. The raid of a month ago was carried out to drive off the trawlers and drifters that carried the flares necessary for the illumination. By some oversight they were able to carry out this raid with impunity. But it may be observed that the action of Thursday morning has not arisen out of any attempt to repeat it. The real interest, then, of this incident lies in this: that once the enemy is cut off from one form of sea activity—viz., by a denial of the shortest road to his submarines—he is at once driven to some other, in this case a repetition off Dunkirk of one of the fugitive raids which he has so often attempted before.

If the Channel is effectively closed, the enemy, to get to his hunting grounds, must go north about; and from Heligoland to the western end of the Atlantic lanes by this route is between 700 and 800 miles longer than by the Channel. Double this difference—for the submarine always leaves in hopes of coming home again—and you have the pirate's cruising radius, once he is at work, reduced by no less than 1,500 miles. More than this, he has 1,500 miles more not only of destroyer and patrol peril, but a marine risk as well.

A second reflection that this last engagement off Dunkirk suggests is this:

From Dover to Zeebrugge is just over 70 miles; and Dunkirk is just over 35 from each point. Seventy miles is, if I remember right, almost exactly the distance from Port Arthur to the Elliot Islands, which the Japanese seized and used as a base for operations against the Russian Fleet in that harbour. These new activities at Dover tempt one to speculate on the course the naval war might have taken had it been possible for us to have seized and defended a considerable anchorage within, say, a hundred miles of the mouth of the Elbe. The Germans have often complained of the disadvantage their Navy was at owing to their geographical position. But it is not at all certain that the disadvantage has been all on one side. Unquestionably, that our main sea bases were five or six hundred miles from the main German base has given a character to the war that it could not possibly have possessed had we been situated as were the Japanese in their war with Russia. And it is a character entirely unfavourable to the stronger and more enterprising side. The topic is a large one, and I do not propose to pursue it at length now. I mention it only to draw attention to the fact that we shall probably witness in the case of Dover and Zeebrugge the development of a campaign from which perhaps a "might-have-been" may be reconstructed by the ingenious. In the meantime, we have heard nothing more of the inquiry into the loss of the drifters a month ago. But it is evident that the lessons of that event have not been ignored. ARTHUR POLLEN.

By the death of Mr. Edward Stott, A.R.A., British art loses a painter of peculiarly native sentiment. Intensely subjective in character, his work was religious in a deeper sense than merely that of employing the traditionally sacred themes that he so often painted. "The Holy Family," the ostensible subject of his most important picture in last year's Academy exhibition, was in a less obvious way the subject of a great many more; and if it were possible to sum up the general inspiration of his art in a phrase, "the sanctity of domestic life" would do as well as any other. His imagination was constantly haunted with the idea expressed in the words of Mr. Edward Carpenter: "The trio perfect: the man, the woman, and the babe, and herein all Creation"; and it was the humanistic rather than the naturalistic side of pastoral life that attracted him. The brooding quality of his painting was thoroughly in sympathy with its emotional pretext, and his pictures are to be felt by degrees rather than taken in at a glance.

The Balkan Stage: By H. Collinson Owen

ONCE upon a time, for my sins or otherwise, I was dramatic critic on a London morning paper. It is accepted, and even desired, by most journalists that their work may take them into all sorts of odd corners of the world; but I never dreamed that one day I should become a dramatic critic in the Balkans.

The other day I received a letter from a former colleague which contained a sentence that was peculiarly apt to the moment. He touched in his letter on the London theatres as they were at the moment of his writing, and said, with what was intended to be an insistence on the obvious: "But, of course, you have no pantomimes in Macedonia." It was curious that only the day before I had returned from a tour of a large portion of our front line here, where I had been solely in order to visit three divisional pantomimes. And they were certainly among the best pantomimes I have ever seen.

Our soldiers in all the zones of war are unexcelled in making the best of things and in creating good entertainment out of very little, but I doubt if in any army such good results have been obtained as in the army of the Balkans. In France the problem is much easier. The two great centres of civilisation, Paris and London, are each only a day away, with their wonderful shops and limitless resources. As far as civilisation goes our front-line men here are based on Salonica, which is still no more than a burnt-out shell. But, all the same, in spite of Fritz and his U-boats, both Paris and London have been drawn on to contribute to the startling success of these and other theatrical ventures. With the parcel post as we know it, it is well to cultivate the long view in Macedonia. Wise people order their winter things in summer, and vice versa. Similarly, the devoted and hard-working people responsible for these entertainments thought out their problems ahead many months ago, and pressed into service such lucky people as were then going on leave. Thus, on programmes, all of which were distributed well within artillery range (the Macedonian theatres have the honour of being the furthest advanced theatres of any in the war) one could read: "The principals' dresses from Paris and Athens"; "Costumes and wigs specially executed for this production by Blank & Co., Brighton"; and "Wigs and costumes by So-and-so, Ltd., London." And thus it is that in a large barn on the fringes of a miserable little wrecked Macedonian village, Bluebeard comes on to the stage clad in gorgeous garments that are a delight to the eye and the senses.

The three pantomimes were "Robinson Crusoe," "Bluebeard," and "Dick Whittington": homely old stories planted down, with their comic ladies, principal boys, beauty choruses, etc., all complete in darkest Macedonia. But each story was adapted to the special circumstances. Robinson Crusoe was wrecked not in the western seas, but somewhere on the coasts of Macedon, and found his Man Friday in a faithful vendor of the *Balkan News*. Bluebeard had his lair not in Norway, but in Salonica, and was discomfited by the ever-resourceful British Navy. And Dick Whittington took his cat not to Morocco, but to somewhere in the Struma Valley, where the faithful animal (wickedly dubbed Winston) cleared the rats out of the Pasha's Headquarters, obtaining beforehand unconditional terms of surrender from the Turks.

The large majority of the British troops for whom these entertainments were prepared were the fighting men of the service. Many of them have been through big battles in France, and others as big in Macedonia. They have campaigned for what seems an age in a country which has many discomforts and no distractions. They know something about malaria and dysentery. Lots of them have never seen even a decent village since they left England or France. The average Macedonian village is a poor affair, and those that are not wrecked are generally out of bounds. And here in the Macedonian wilderness, where the kites and vultures wheel endlessly by day, and the jackal howls and whimpers by night; with Salonica (such as it is) fifty miles away, and beer a rarity in the canteen, the men were able to look across a real orchestra and real footlights, and see a show which in its essentials was as good as anything which could be found in that dear old Blighty which now seems but the faint echo of a dream.

At each show the men are enraptured. It is impossible to imagine audiences more delighted and keen. The vigour of their approval radiated from them like electricity. They pay 2d. admission, and, having seen the show once, any man is willing to offer 5 drachmas for the ticket of a comrade who is next on the list. It must be recorded, even, that

some "faking" has occurred with the tickets, and the box-office clerks at the various theatres have had to keep open very sharp eyes. I think I sympathise with the fakers. If I had lived for two whole years in the Balkan front line, and only a little scrap of paper of this kind stood between another visit to the Divisional Theatre, I should be very much tempted to try to bluff the guardians at the portals of so much delight and happiness.

Eight Shows a Week

The pantomimes have meant extremely hard work for all concerned. Eight shows a week, including two matinées (no Sunday performances) has been the rule, and the men so engaged, largely infantrymen, have earned their pay ten times over. Pantomimes comprise leading ladies and ladies of the chorus. This is a difficulty which has long since largely disappeared from our Macedonian shows, and in these later ones it has been triumphantly overcome. Each production has its leaven of mediocre female impersonators, who are not expected to do much more than look pleasant (as they do) in the costumes provided for them. But each production also has something startlingly good to show in this respect. The qualities include striking beauty, good dancing, good singing, and—in one case particularly—amazing *joie de vivre* and sprightliness of the soubrette type. There are several cases where it is frankly next to impossible to believe that the radiant creature on the stage is a soldier-man. At each of the three pantomimes I have been "behind" after the show, and though, of course, one had no real illusions as to the sex of the players, yet, all the same, it came as a shock to see these dainty creatures peeling off their feminine finery and putting on again the rough khaki of active service. Shakespeare was not confronted with the supreme difficulty one has always imagined in having to use men for his female parts. The Balkan Army has shown that it can be done with an extraordinary amount of success.

We have a principal boy (not unknown to the London stage) who is a positive marvel of willowy grace, and it is a curious thing that this part, as played by a man, is the only one difficult to accept, so accustomed are we to thinking of the principal boy as a particularly buxom female. Two French hospital nurses who saw him opened their eyes with amaze. "*Mon Dieu, qu'il est bien!*" exclaimed one. A distinguished British officer, sitting with the fair visitors, launched into an explanation in British-French of what the principal boy stood for in pantomime; but it is to be feared that they understood him but vaguely, as not only had they never seen a principal boy before, but they had never even heard of a pantomime.

From all possible points of view, these pantomimes have been complete successes. They have stimulated a good deal of inter-Divisional rivalry and given innumerable subjects for conversation, which are good things. They are, without exception, clean, with not a questionable joke. Talent has been poured into them. The "books" are witty, the dancing good, the part-songs (in several instances) superlatively good, the acting thoroughly competent, and the comic men (and ladies) really comic. Lighting, costumes, and scenery have all been treated with a professional hand, limited only here and there by lack of space. And a very special word must be said of the orchestras. Here the various regimental bands have been drawn upon. All three orchestras were excellent; but one pantomime was easily the leader in this respect. To listen to its orchestra playing some of our best light music (cosily sunk in a trench, and with a gold-painted iron rail hung with green curtains separating it from the "stalls") was a delight such as only those long separated from the pleasures of home can appreciate. And a final word must be said for the daintily appointed theatre bars, where coffee, cakes (and even other things) could be obtained in much comfort. At one of them, during an *entr'acte*, I bought a massive *cigar de luxe* at a spot not far removed from a noted Bulgarian village massacre during the wars of 1912.

Leaving this place the morning after, I overtook a Scots battalion, marching over the plain to take up its watch on the Struma. The pipers were skirling ahead, and the sight of those swinging kilties was one to stir the blood. And I prefer to think that their jaunty step and happy air were partly accounted for by the fact that on the previous evening many of them had shared in the fun and hilarity and rousing choruses of "Dick Whittington."



The Great Passport Frauds—Part I



By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York

When war was declared, there were a number of German officers in the United States. In order that they might have a safe passage to Europe, it was necessary to provide them with fraudulent passports. This was done with the connivance, if not at the instigation, of the German Ambassador at Washington, Count von Bernstorff. How these frauds after being executed were detected by the Department of Justice, is told below:

WHEN Carl Ruroede, the "genius" of the German passport frauds, came suddenly to earth in the hands of agents of the Department of Justice and unbosomed himself to the Assistant United States District Attorney in New York, he said, sadly:

"I thought I was going to get an Iron Cross; but what they ought to do is to pin a little tin stove on me."

The cold, strong hand of American justice wrung that very human cry from Ruroede, who was the central figure (though far from the most sinister or the most powerful) in this earliest drama of Germany's bad faith with neutral America—a drama that dealt in forgery, blackmail, and lies, that revealed in action the motives of greed and jealousy and ambition, and that ended with three diplomats disgraced, one plotter in the penitentiary, and another sent to a watery grave in the Atlantic by a torpedo from a U-boat of the very country he had tried to serve. This is the story:

Twenty-five days after the Kaiser touched the button which publicly notified the world that Germany at last had decided that "The Day" had come—to be exact, on August 25th, 1914—The German Ambassador at Washington, Count von Bernstorff, wrote a letter effusively addressed to "My very honoured Mr. von Wedell." (Ruroede had not yet appeared on the scene). The letter itself was more restrained than the address, but in it Bernstorff condescended to accept tentatively an offer of Wedell's to make a nameless voyage. The voyage was soon made, for on September 24th Wedell left Rotterdam, bearing a letter from the German Consul-General there, asking all German authorities to speed him on his way to Berlin because he was bearing dispatches to the Foreign Office. Arrived in Berlin, Wedell executed his commission, and then called upon his uncle, Count Botho von Wedell, a high functionary of the Foreign Office. He was aflame with a great idea, which he unfolded to his uncle. The idea was approved, and just after the elections in November he was back in New York to put it into execution, incidentally bearing with him some letters handed him by order of Mr. Ballin, head of the Hamburg American Steamship Company, and another letter "for a young lady who goes to America in the interest of Germany." If unhappy Wedell had let this be his last voyage—but that belongs later in the story.

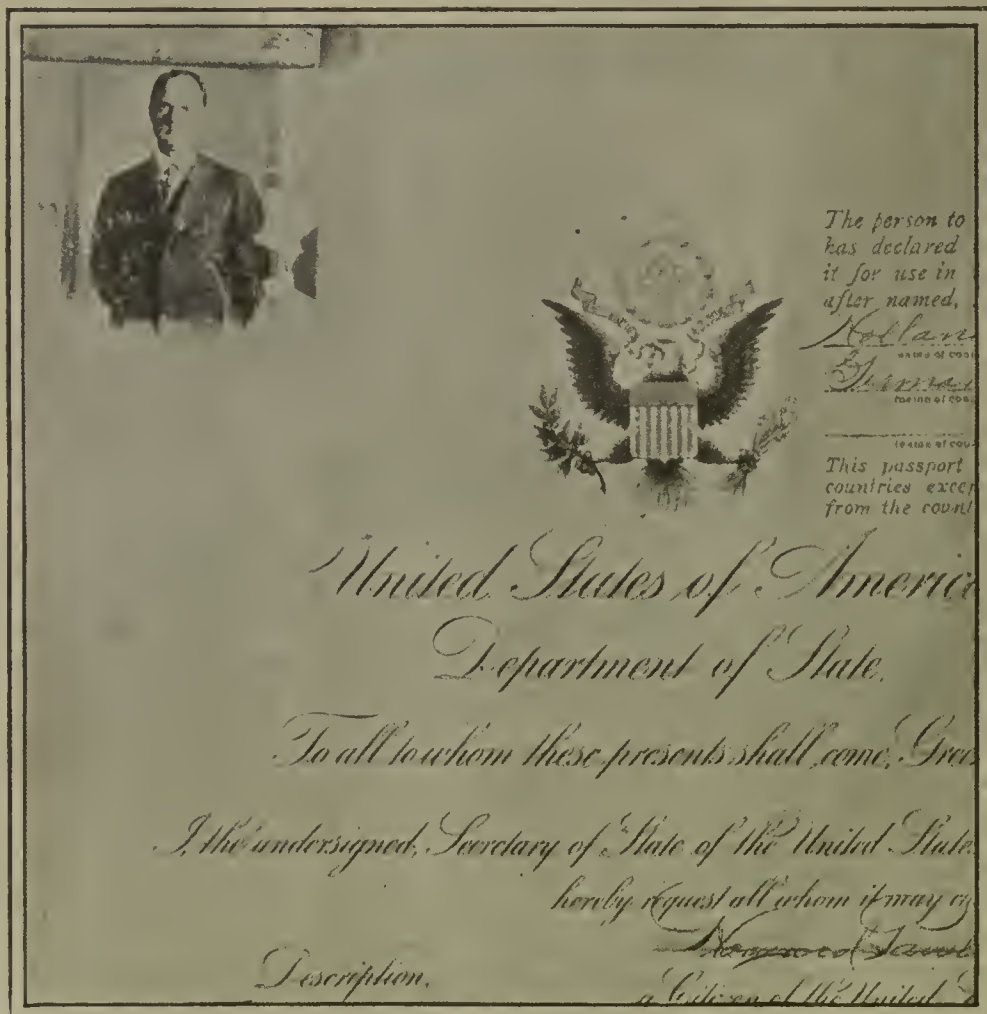
Wedell's scheme was this: He learned in Berlin that Germany had at home all the common soldiers she expected to need, but that more officers were wanted. He was told that Germany cared not at all whether the 100,000 reservists in America got home or not, but that she cared very much indeed to get the 800 or 1,000 officers in North and South America back to the Fatherland. Nothing but the ocean and the British Fleet stood in their way. The ocean might be overcome. But the British Fleet—? Wedell proposed the answer: He would buy passports from longshoremen in New York—careless Swedes or Swiss or

Spaniards, to whom \$25 was of infinitely more concern than a mere lie—and send the officers to Europe, armed with these documents, as neutrals travelling on business. Once in Norway or Spain or Italy, to get on into Germany would be easy.

For a few weeks, Wedell went along famously. He bought passports and papers showing nativity from Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and Swiss longshoremen and sailors. Meantime, he got in touch with German reserve officers, and passed them on to Europe on these passports.

But he was not content with these foreign passports. In the case of a few exceptionally valuable German officers he wished to have credentials that would be above all suspicion. Consequently, he set about to gather a few American passports. Here his troubles began, and here he added the gravest burden to his already great load of culpabilities. For von Wedell was an American citizen, and proud of it. But he was prouder still of his German origin and his high German connections, and in his eagerness to serve them he threw overboard his loyalty to the land of his adoption.

Von Wedell applied to a friend of his, a certain Tammany lawyer of pro-German sympathies, who had supplied him with a room belonging to a well-known fraternal organisation as a safe base from which to handle his work in passports. What he wanted was an agent who was an American, and who had political acquaintanceship that would enable him to work with less suspicion and with wider organisation in gathering American passports. Through the lawyer, he came



How Ruroede (Wedell's Successor) Altered Genuine—

This particular passport is one of four genuine passports especially prepared by the State Department for the use of the Department of Justice in getting the legal evidence upon which Ruroede was arrested and convicted. The identifying photograph of "Howard Paul Wright," in the upper left-hand corner, was the photograph of an agent of the Bureau of Investigation. Another Agent of the Bureau, who had worked his way into Ruroede's confidence, sold this passport to Ruroede, who altered it for the use of Arthur W. Sachse, a German reserve officer. The method of alteration was ingenious: Ruroede pasted Sachse's picture over "Wright's" (the picture above shows the Sachse picture rolled back and the original Wright picture revealed). In order to get on Sachse's picture the

in contact with an American, who for the purposes of this article may be called Mr. Carrots, because that is not his name, but is remotely like it. Carrots seemed willing to go into the enterprise, and at a meeting in von Wedell's room, von Wedell carefully unfolded the scheme, taking papers from a steel cabinet in the corner to show a further reason why the American passports he already had would soon be useless. This reason was that the Government was about to issue an order requiring that a photograph of the bearer should be affixed to the passport, and that on this photograph should appear half of the embossing raised by the impression of the seal of the Department of State. He agreed to pay Carrots \$20 apiece for all genuine passports he would supply to him. Carrots accepted his proposal, and departed.

Instead of going out to buy passports, he went at once to the Surveyor of the Port of New York, Mr. Thomas E. Rush, and told him what Wedell was doing. Mr. Rush promptly got in touch with his chief in the Treasury Department at Washington, who referred the matter to the State Department, and they, in turn, to the Department of Justice. The result was that Carrots went back to Wedell about a week later and told him he would not be able to go on with the work, but would supply some one to take his place. This was satisfactory to Wedell.

In the meantime, Wedell had introduced Carrots to a fellow-conspirator, Carl Ruroede, a clerk in the ship forwarding department of Oelrichs & Company—a man of little position, but fired by the war with the ambition to make a name in German circles that would put him in a position to succeed Oelrichs & Company as the general agent of the North German Lloyd in New York.

About this time Wedell lost his nerve. He was a lawyer, and realised some of the possible consequences of some of his acts. He had had occasion to forge names to two passports; and, also, he found out that he had reasons to suspect that he was under surveillance. These reasons were very good: he had arranged for the transportation to Italy of a German named Doctor Stark, using the passport of a friend of his in the newspaper business, named Charles Raoul Chatillon. Wedell got wind of the fact that Stark had been

taken off the steamer *Duca de Aosta* at Gibraltar, and was being detained while the British looked up his credentials.

Wedell by this time was in a most unhappy plight. Bernstorff and von Papen had no use for him because he had been bragging about the great impression he was going to make upon the Foreign Office in Berlin by his work. If any impressions were to be made upon the Foreign Office in Berlin by anybody in America, Bernstorff and von Papen wanted to make them. Wedell was so dangerously under suspicion that von Papen, von Igel, and his Tammany-lawyer friend had all warned him he had better get out of the country. Wedell took their advice, and fled to Cuba.

The substitute whom Carrots had promised now entered the case, in the person of a man who called himself Aucher, but who was in reality a special agent of the Department of Justice. Aucher was not introduced to Ruroede, the now active German, and so, when he began his operations, he confronted the very difficult task of making his own connections with a naturally suspicious person.

Carrots had been dealing with Ruroede after Wedell's disappearance; and, by the time he was ready to quit, Ruroede had told him that "everything was off for the present," but that if he would drop around again to his office about January 7th, 1915, he might make use of him. Aucher, now on the case, did not wait for that date, but on December 18th called on Ruroede at his office at Room 204 of the Maritime Building, at No. 8 Bridge Street, across the way from the Customs House.

In this plainly furnished office, Aucher appeared in the guise of a Bowery tough. He succeeded admirably in this role—so well, indeed, that Ruroede afterwards declared that he "succeeded wonderfully in impressing upon my mind that he was a gang man, and I had visions of slung-shots, pistol-shots, and hold-ups" when he saw him. Aucher opened the conversation by announcing:

"I'm a friend of Carrots'."

"That's interesting," was Ruroede's only acknowledgment.

"He's the guy that's getting them passports for you," went on Aucher, "and all I wants to know is, did you give him any cush?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ruroede.

"Nix on that!" Aucher exclaimed. "You know what I mean. Did you give that fellow any money?"

To which Ruroede replied: "I don't see why I should tell you if I did."

"Well," retorted Aucher. "I'll tell you why. I'm the guy that delivers the goods, and he swears he never got a penny from you. Now, did he?"

It was at this point that Ruroede had his visions of "slung-shots," so he admitted he had paid Carrots one hundred dollars only a few days before.

"Well," demanded Aucher, "ain't there going to be any more?"

"Nope. Not now," Ruroede replied. "Maybe, next month."

"Now, see here," said Aucher. "Let's cut this guy out. He's just nothing but a booze-fighter, and he's been kidding you for money without delivering the goods. What's the matter with just fixing it up between ourselves?"

Ruroede now tried to put Aucher off till Christmas, having recalled meanwhile that the steamer *Bergensfjord* was to sail on January 2nd, and that he might need passports for officers travelling on that ship. But Aucher protested that he was "broke," and further impressed on Ruroede that he had received no money from Carrots or Wedell for his work for them. He also produced six letters written by the State Department in answer to applicants for passports, and finally convinced Ruroede of his good faith and that he ought to start him to work right away. They haggled over the price, and finally agreed on \$20 apiece for passports



—Passports for the use of German Officers

embossed impression of the State Department seal, which is always required to show, he turned the photograph face down and placed over the back side of the seal a silk handkerchief folded three or four times. Then with a blunted instrument like a letter opener he traced the seal on to the photograph of Sachse by rubbing the yielding surface of the damp photograph into the indentations of the seal on the dry photograph of Wright. When Sachse's picture dried, the seal showed on it much better than in the accompanying reproduction, for before this was taken the Sachse picture had been loosened again. But, for reasons explained in the article, Sachse got only half an hour toward Europe on the steamer with it before he was taken off the ship by men from the Department of Justice.

for native-born Americans and \$30 apiece for passports of naturalised citizens—the higher price because getting the latter involved more red-tape, and hence more risk. Aucher was to come back on December 24th and bring the passports and get some money on account.

On that day Aucher called at Ruroede's office, and after further quarrelling about Carrots and his honesty, Ruroede declared that he was ready to do business. Aucher objected to the presence of a young man in the room with them, and Ruroede replied:

"Oh, he's all right. He's my son, and you needn't be afraid to talk with him around."

Aucher then produced an American passport, No. 45,573, made out in the name of Howard Paul Wright, for use in Holland and Germany. (A corner of this passport is reproduced on page 14.) It was a perfectly good passport, too, as it had been especially made out for the purpose by the Department of State at the request of the Department of Justice. It bore Mr. Bryan's genuine signature and a photograph of "Wright," who was another agent of the Bureau of Investigation. Aucher also declared he was on the way toward getting the other five passports. Ruroede threw the Wright passport on his desk, and said:

"I'll keep this. Go ahead and get the others."

"What about money?" demanded Aucher.

"I'll pay you \$25 for it—no, I'll do better than that. To show you I mean business, take that," and he threw a \$100 note on the table. Ruroede also gave Aucher photographs of four German officers, and begged him to get passports right away to fit their descriptions, because he wanted



Von Wedell's Successor in the Passport Frauds

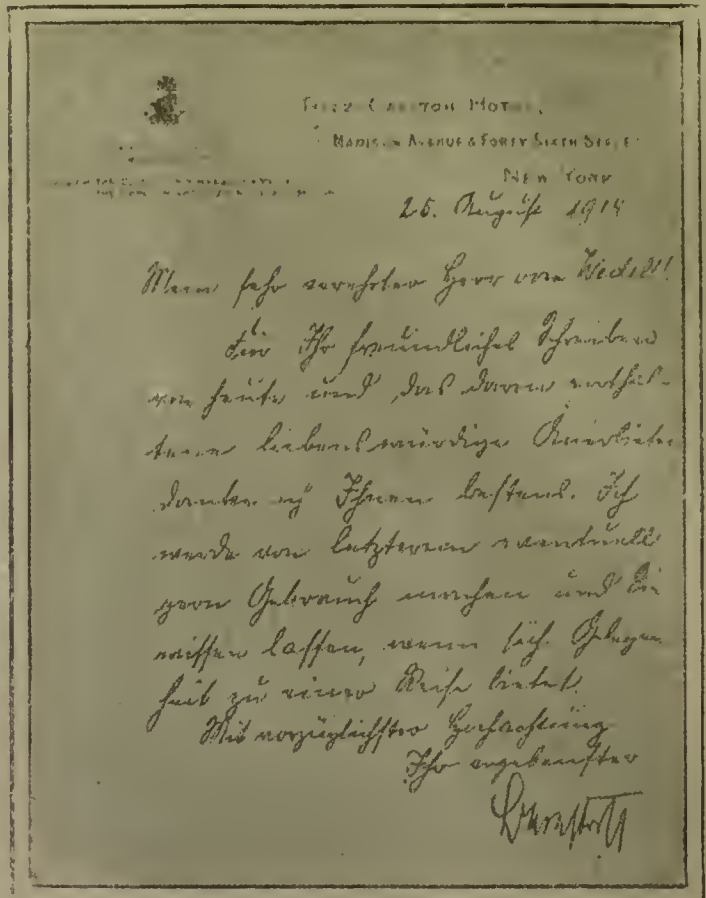
Carl Ruroede, who operated from an office in the Maritime Building, across the street from the Custom House in New York. His efforts to buy American passports through American agents led him into trouble, involving him in the toils of one of the cleverest and most complete pieces of detective work ever worked out by the United States Department of Justice. How the agents of the Bureau of Investigation played upon his vanity to his undoing, and how he unwittingly became a party to the strange outcome of Von Wedell's career, are described in this article.

to get these men off on the Norwegian Line Steamer *Bergensfjord*, sailing January 2nd. He added that the officers of the Norwegian Line had all been "smeared" (otherwise "fixed"), and that they would "stand for anything." He also said that he would take at least forty more passports from Aucher.

Aucher delivered two more passports to Ruroede in his office on the morning of December 30th. Ruroede was rather indifferent about getting them because—alas for the glory of the "invincible" Prussian arms!—two of his German officers had got "cold feet," and had refused to go. Ruroede told Aucher to come back at two o'clock, and he would give him \$100. Aucher invited Ruroede to have luncheon with

him; and as they left the building, Ruroede explained, with much pride, that he had chosen his office here because the building had several entrances on different sides of the block, and he used one entrance only a few days at a time, and then changed to another to avoid suspicion.

The Government's special agent complimented him highly



Bernstorff appears as a principal of Wedell's

This letter reads in English as follows: "My very honoured Herr von Wedell: I thank you very much for your friendly letter of this day, and the very kind offer therein contained. I shall, eventually, gladly avail myself of the latter and shall let you know when an opportunity for a trip presents itself. Most respectfully, BERNSTORFF." What the trip was for is explained by illustrations on pages 16 and 17.

on this bit of cleverness in the art of evasion. Five minutes later the two were sitting at a lunch-counter, with another special agent casually lounging in and taking the seat next to his fellow detective, where he could overhear and corroborate the account of Ruroede's conversation.

After a discussion of Wedell's forgeries and present whereabouts, and a further discussion of the buying of passports (in which Ruroede confided to Aucher that "there is a German fund that was sent over here for that purpose"), the pair walked back toward Ruroede's office. At the Whitehall Street entrance, Ruroede told Aucher to come round to the Bridge Street entrance in about fifteen minutes to get the money, and that in the meantime he would send his son out to cash a cheque so he could deliver it in notes.

In a few moments, Ruroede's son rushed out with a bank-book in his hand. Aucher stopped him, and told him he ought to have a coat on—a device to let Aucher's fellow-detective identify the boy.

When the boy returned, Aucher again spoke to him, and said: "Tell your father I will be in the café at Whitehall and Bridge streets, and that he is to meet me there. I don't think it is a good thing for anybody to see me hanging around the front entrance."

The boy went on, and Aucher walked to the assigned rendezvous.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

We regret that it was erroneously stated in our issue of February 21, that the series of articles entitled "John Rathom's Revelations" had to be suspended at request of the United States authorities.

We are informed this was not the case. There were important reasons, fully appreciated both by "The World's Work" of New York and by Mr. Rathom, which made further publication undesirable; and in deference to their wishes the series was discontinued in LAND & WATER.

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

A Contemplative Mind

CAPTAIN GERALD WARRE CORNISH, whose volume *Beneath the Surface* has just been published by W. Grant Richards (6s. net), was killed in France on September 16th, 1916. He was not a professional author; his writings, spread over twelve years, consisted of a few "sketches" and stories. He desired them to be collected and published; but, says Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, in his delicate little introduction, "without any memoir or account of himself." The reader who has finished the book will understand this wish: the author was not principally interested in himself. If he had ambition, it would not be ambition for fame, but ambition to do well the thing he was trying to do. He was far too concerned—one might almost use the hard-driven word obsessed—with the eternal problems of man and the Universe to attach much importance to the dates and daily actions of his own life; and if, as a meditative man must, he took an interest in his own personality, it would not be because it was his own but because it was the nearest and most observable of many millions, all equally mysterious and valuable. Where the first personal pronoun occurs in this book it is used merely as a convenience.

* * * * *

He was, that is, what is called an objective writer; he had the seeing eye and "the visiting mind." The term "objective," however, is most frequently applied to men who are largely preoccupied, in a hard scientific way, with outward appearances. From these he was poles apart. "Spirit, not matter, was the "object" of his contemplation; not the surface, but what lies "beneath." He was far from blind to material beauty, and in "A Visit" he paints a mellow and charming scene for its own sake. But he cannot rest on the surface long. He is continually, like the bookbinder in *The Poet and the Atheist*, seeing visions, terrible or exquisite, through fissures in the face of things. Minor truths occupied him less than the greatest truth of all; and, being human, all he could do with that was to grope after it.

* * * * *

The most remarkable and the longest of his stories faces this directly. If any novelist has ever made so ambitious an attempt, I can only say that I do not know him. The attempt to tell how the explorer Fin Lund travels up the Euphrates, sailing simultaneously backwards up the stream of creation, to penetrate, actually in the body, to the source from which life flows over the earth, is not a complete success: it could not be. But it is an astonishing failure; and had the author contented himself with recording phenomena, and made fewer attempts at disclosing a metaphysical hypothesis which could not be fully comprehended either by him or by us, it would have been more remarkable still. As it stands, he has done far more than could have been expected: created, convincingly and without cheap dodges, a man of more than normal powers, and infected us with his own vision, however fragmentary, of the process of creation. This is certainly the part of the book which gives one the greatest respect for his possibilities as a writer; but there is not one of the stories which a person of reflective habit would not read more than once and more than twice.

* * * * *

It is a slight book. And it is not, one may frankly say, a book for everybody. It is dramatic; but its drama is subtle. It has incident; but the incidents and adventures are not of the gross theatrical kind; and though a steady spiritual ardour, which deserves the name of passion, is throughout present, the fires that commonly appropriate that name are not. Many phases of life and action are seen and recorded: there are battles, travels, fox-hunts, scenes in poor cottages and slips, recreations of Persia, Babylon, and Rome. Hosts of men fight and kill on the plains of Mesopotamia; work or strike under the smoke of English industrial districts. But there is strange absence of noise. All these things are seen, as it were, through a veil of meditation, which softens, deadens, gives every age and spectacle a common tone, a certain uniformity, something of the quality of dream. As he shows them, his cottagers and his hunting M.P. in Lancashire are no nearer, and no farther, no more and no less "vividly" imagined in their surroundings than Horace on his Sabine farm and Cyrus on Xenophon during the campaign against Artaxerxes. The people are

equally real, are seen from the same point of view, and with equal sympathy and comprehension; and the details of their backgrounds are no more fully suggested in one case than in the other. Most writers, when "reconstructing" ancient history, tend to concentrate too much on the trappings. They think that if only they produce enough exotic names, beasts, accoutrements, jewels, fabrics, designs in wood and stone, they will produce the illusion of another civilisation. It would clearly have bored Gerald Cornish to go to museums and archaeological books to accumulate such masses of material detail as, for instance, Flaubert did when he was writing *Salammbô*. "Now," he writes,

the Greeks were armed. Their six-deep line was a mass of armour, stretching for half a mile and more inland from the river, and shining with the dull blue glow of well-oiled, well-tended steel. The rows of round-casqued, plumeless helmets pulled down over the faces, with two eyeholes in each vizor, presented a terrifying and savage aspect. It seemed as if some common wave of national hatred, sharper and deeper than all ordinary feelings, had risen to the surface, and was holding them motionless and set like a steel-toothed trap, ready to snap and spring.

He sees it clearly; he makes us see it clearly; he does not destroy his effect by labouring the shapes of greaves or the names of the animals from whose hides straps were made, or the order in which the countless tribes of Asia were lined. He gives enough for the reader's imagination to catch hold of; and succeeds in conveying a complete picture, material and mental, whilst he is doing the thing he does always: communicating his awe and wonder before the endless stream of glittering life and the deep mysteries below it.

* * * * *

It was natural that so sincere and so unselfconscious a man should write both simply and originally. One may be fond of the pomp of magniloquence, the careful music of the poet, the tumultuous music of the inspired enthusiast; without wishing Gerald Cornish's writing anything else than it was: straightforward prose which says precisely what he wants it to say without ever reminding one that there is a writer behind it, crossing out weak words in favour of strong ones, concocting verbal melodies, seeing to it that his paragraphs begin and end effectively, laying himself out to make the reader exclaim: "This man knows how to do it." As his writing is, so is his approach and his "form." Me at least he never reminds of any other writer. A man putting on paper the vacuity of that hunting M.P. and the way in which he spent his day might well have succumbed to the influence of Mr. Galsworthy, who has frequently done that sort of thing. Had he so succumbed, he would have contracted Mr. Galsworthy's over-emphasis of the trivial and sordid aspects of his subject, and he would have lost that sympathy which Cornish felt for the man he was analysing—analysing as a fellow-creature, not as an offensive insect. The *Anabasis* might have been done like Flaubert; *Beneath the Surface* invited treatment in the manner of Mr. Wells, or even in that of Henry James. Cornish escapes all these beckoning influences; he writes as though nobody had written before. And for the reason of it we return whence we started: he was interested in his subject matter; and in his art only secondarily as an instrument for dealing with it. It is difficult not to speculate about what a man with his intellect and his temper might have gone on to do had he survived.

The main incidents of the French Revolution have provided material for many novelists, and what may be termed the subsidiary incidents have also been often dealt with. In *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*, by D. K. Broster (John Murray, 6s.) the rising in La Vendée and the expedition from Southampton in 1795 to aid the Royalist cause in France provide the framework of a good story, and one that deals with a phase of the revolutionary activity which is, so far as the novelist is concerned, very nearly virgin soil. Fortuné de la Vireville, the central character of the story, is a fitting figure for a romance of this kind, and the author has made a stirring narrative of his adventures—and his quixotry. Vireville, sentenced to be shot, and waiting his execution, gives scope for a fine piece of descriptive work; again, he and Raymonde, the heroine, alone in the fog together, enact a scene shown with real power—these as instances out of many, for the author writes in such a way as to make his characters alive. The sense of the period is evident throughout the book, though, in spite of fidelity to historical fact, this is not so much a story of a period as of men and women bravely facing life.

Chronicles of the Great War

THE novelist and the biographer would find this a poorer world to live in, were there readily available to readers the actual chronicles of all wars—proclamations of kings, orations of statesmen, Parliamentary statutes, and the bare recital of battles by land and sea. These contain the very words that stir the blood and that ring in the ears like the noise of trumpets. The language, for the most part, is sparing, rhetoric is avoided, the phrases are as cold as cold steel—and as deadly. *The Times* is now preparing a *Documentary History of the War* (the first four volumes are before us), and every word written here applies to them.

The idea is to collect in these volumes (17s. 6d. each) documents of the war in all its aspects, so arranged as to record the events of the struggle and the circumstances which led up to it. This history will consist of papers issued officially or recognised by the various belligerents, such as diplomatic correspondence, proclamations, ultimata, military orders, reports, messages from monarchs to their peoples, etc., together with public statements by responsible Ministers and correspondence in the Press of an authoritative character. It is proposed to have at least five main divisions: Diplomatic, Naval, Military, Overseas, and International Law, each division to appear in its own distinct set.

The first two volumes of the Diplomatic series carry the story of the war to the beginning of October, 1914, and the first two volumes of the Naval series to the end of that month, so it is apparent that when these stately chronicles are complete, *The Times* will have issued almost a library of the vital facts of this mighty struggle for the survival of European civilisation. The volumes are stoutly bound in cloth, with excellently clear red and gold impressions on the back—a matter of importance to librarians. There is no comment, brief notes being added where it is absolutely necessary to elucidate the text. A special feature is the indexing; it is lucid, and cross-references and annotations abound. Looked at from the point of view of the student or the historian, these volumes must be regarded as classics, so carefully has every detail been thought out and put into execution—details to assist the worker in his task.

What a long way we have travelled since that September day of 1914, when at the prorogation of Parliament the King began his speech in these words: "My Lords and Gentlemen, I address you in circumstances that call for action rather than speech."

In the Naval section we have, among other papers, the story of the escape of the German battleships, *Goeben* and *Breslau*, the latter now at the bottom of the Mediterranean. There is hardly any single incident which has exercised a more potent influence over the future course of the war than this one, and at this time of day it is most interesting to read the contemporaneous records of the episode.

Also here may we read the German account of the victory off Coronel of Admiral von Spee's ships over Admiral Cradock's brave but unfortunate squadron. This happened on November 1st, 1914, which was All Saints' Day, and the German admiral begins his dispatch in these words: "Yesterday was All Saints' Day, and a lucky day for us." But there was not to be any luck for the German admiral some five weeks later—on December 8th, which was No Saints' Day—when off the Falkland Islands his squadron met the same fate as Admiral Cradock's. These two naval engagements are described in these volumes in the naked sentences of dispatches, and their story is a grand one, for on both sides there was bravery, and the German Navy in the Pacific had not then tarred and feathered its fair fame with the cowardly and contemptible actions in which it has since gloried. Space forbids us to deal further with these chronicles. No person of intelligence can open them and begin reading without finding difficulty in laying the book down. The fact is that when great deeds and splendid actions are done, the fewer words in which they are described the more fascinating becomes the story. We have yet to apprehend fully that action is far older than language, and that no system of human speech has been devised, which does not in some way conceal the glory of noble deeds. It is for this reason that the old ballad quickened the pulses with its crude and rough diction, and in these modern days the dispatch of general or admiral who does *not* polish his periods has much the same effect on the human mind.

A Neglected Industry: By Christopher Turner

Potato Production in tons (Board of Trade figures):

	United Kingdom.	Germany.
1893 ..	5,634,000 ..	27,530,000
1913 ..	5,726,000 ..	49,463,000

THE full and proper use of the potato has never been understood in this country. The soil and climate of England are more suited to potato growing than those of Germany, and our potato growers are the most highly skilled in the world: yet compare the above results both relatively and progressively. The chief reason why the United Kingdom does not show better results is that our people think of the potato in terms of "table" use, whereas the German thinks of it as a most valuable raw material of industry. Of the fifty million tons of potatoes produced in Germany only some ten million tons were used for human consumption. The remaining forty million tons were used in the production of alcohol—the key to the bleaching and dyeing industry (which they captured from us) the residuary pulp being used as cattle food—in the production of potato flour, corn-flour, artificial sago, dextrine, glucose, starch, size and so forth. From time to time one hears of the need of subsidiary agricultural industries. What a range of industries might not the potato alone set going!

The potato produces more starch per acre than any other plant. So that, on the one hand, we see in Germany a great reserve of carbo-hydrates which, when the war broke out, could be utilised for human food as necessity required, and on the other hand, in this country an ever-lessening supply of carbo-hydrates, till we find ourselves to-day faced with such a serious shortage that, after satisfying the bread and flour requirements of human beings, we are left with insufficient concentrated food for pigs and cattle.

Last year owing to the efforts of the Government (and to it being a good potato year) some two millions tons above the average were produced. A sound policy of concentrating on a vast increase in the output of pigs and potatoes, if

inaugurated three years ago, would have placed the nation in a very different position from that in which it finds itself to-day in regard to food. Even now all attention should be centred upon these two commodities, for quicker and greater results can be achieved with them than with any other articles of food.

But we must not rest content with the production of an extra two million tons of potatoes. We should aim at an extra ten million tons. The national safety demands it. This great increase could be effected without interfering with the policy of the Government as regards cereals. It would remove any fear of actual starvation and any surplus of potatoes could be used for feeding pigs and cattle. Quite a sufficiently fat pig can be turned out fed on potatoes and scraps with little or no meal at all.

But hand in hand with the increased output of potatoes should go the erection of potato flour mills and drying plants. Excellent bread can be made with 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. potato flour added to the wheat flour.

The Government is encouraging the growth of potatoes, it has fixed the prices for the coming crops; it has agreed to buy all the potatoes that the farmer cannot sell in the ordinary course. But it is to be feared that the farmer is still thinking in pre-war terms, and in spite of the Government's offer the idea of an extra ten million tons would probably stagger the producer.

The question is: "Has the Government taken a sufficiently strong line in regard to potatoes?" If it is agreed that they are a prime necessity, then at all costs the area of land necessary to produce the desired quantity should be prescribed. Necessity knows no limits. Before the crop comes in we could have our drying plants and our mills ready for it, if the Government takes the matter in hand seriously. We should in this way be able to obtain a supply of pig meat that would greatly ease the situation from the point of view of food, and also on the financial side; for a largely increased production of potatoes and pigs would reduce our enforced expenditure on imported meat and flour stuffs.

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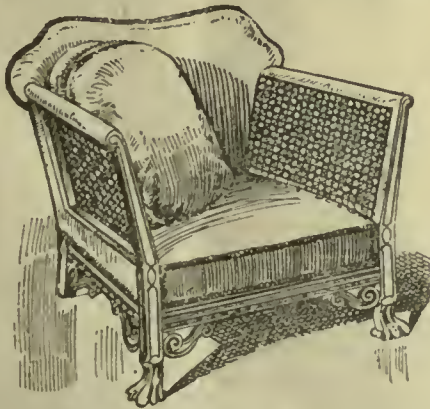
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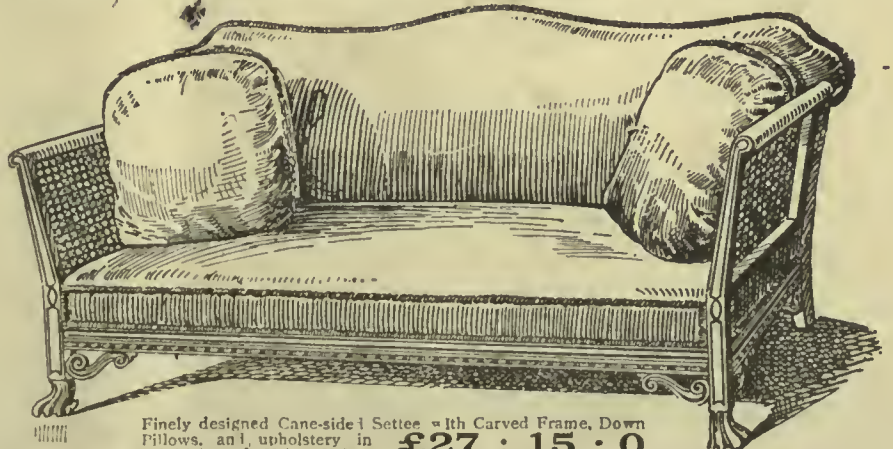
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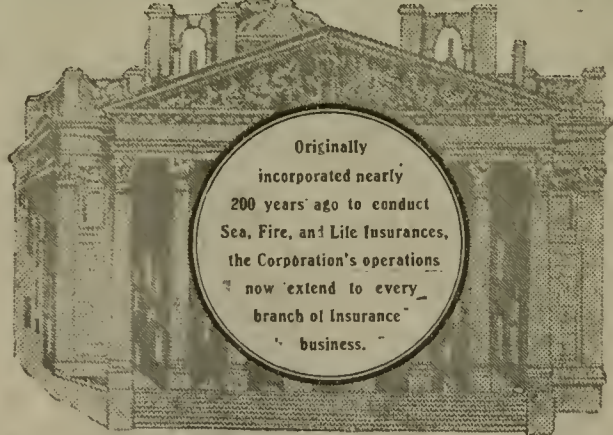
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OPTIMISM

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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1918

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
PRICE NINE PENCE



The British Soldier, Britain's Shield

By William Orpen, A.R.A., an Official Artist at the Front.



The Road from Arras to Bapaume

Some of the fiercest fighting of the great battle took place on this road.

By C. R. W. Nevinson, an Official Artist at the Front.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1918.

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The Outlook

NO Royal act during the war has given intenser pleasure to the nation than the unpremeditated visit of the King to the Western Front last week, and the informality which accompanied it. His Majesty went to his armies in the heat of the great battle as the representative of the British nation, or, more precisely, of the British Empire. He was able, by his presence among the soldiers, to convey to them in a way no words could express how the thoughts of the whole Empire are with them, and the complete confidence which the Empire places in their "indomitable courage and unflinching tenacity." Nor can anyone fail to perceive the contrast between the Supreme War Lord of Germany, who flings his subjects into the furnace of battle with wilful recklessness in order to save his dynasty, and of the King-Emperor of the British Dominions, whose advent on the battlefield is to hearten his men and to carry the nation's sympathy to the stricken and wounded. These two Royal cousins epitomise in their acts and words—(place the King's letter to Sir Douglas Haig beside the vainglorious messages of the Kaiser on the first days of the battle)—the two civilisations which are at war together. Much is written, and often written vaguely about democracy and militarism; it is not always easy to define them, but we cannot mistake the spirit that underlies these opposing ideals, and it was this spirit that was manifest in France last week.

The great battle of Picardy upon which the enemy is staking everything for a vague decision is now clearly perceived to stand, up to Easter Sunday, in two phases. The first almost exactly covered the week following its inception, and ended upon Wednesday, the 27th of March. It had taken the form of successive advances by the enemy, each slightly less pronounced than the last, and putting him at their close within possession of a great triangular area with a western and a southern face, the western menacing Amiens and the main railway to Paris held mainly by the British, the point of contact between the two armies being a few miles south of the Somme River. This western or main front was the result of the British retirement pivoting upon Arras. Meanwhile, a southern front at right angles had been created, running from La Fère to Montdidier. The last western 20 odd miles of this, after it left the Oise Valley, were uncovered, exposing the enemy to some peril upon his flank, and compelling him to concentrate heavily there. The second phase of the battle, which filled the end of Holy Week, took the form of no further serious advance, but a violent and fluctuating struggle; and one in which this trace was, upon the whole, maintained everywhere. The hinge at Arras successfully stood out against a violent assault. The enemy made a few hundred yards' progress at a few separate places south of the Somme on the southern front; a furious and continuous combat still left things uncertain,

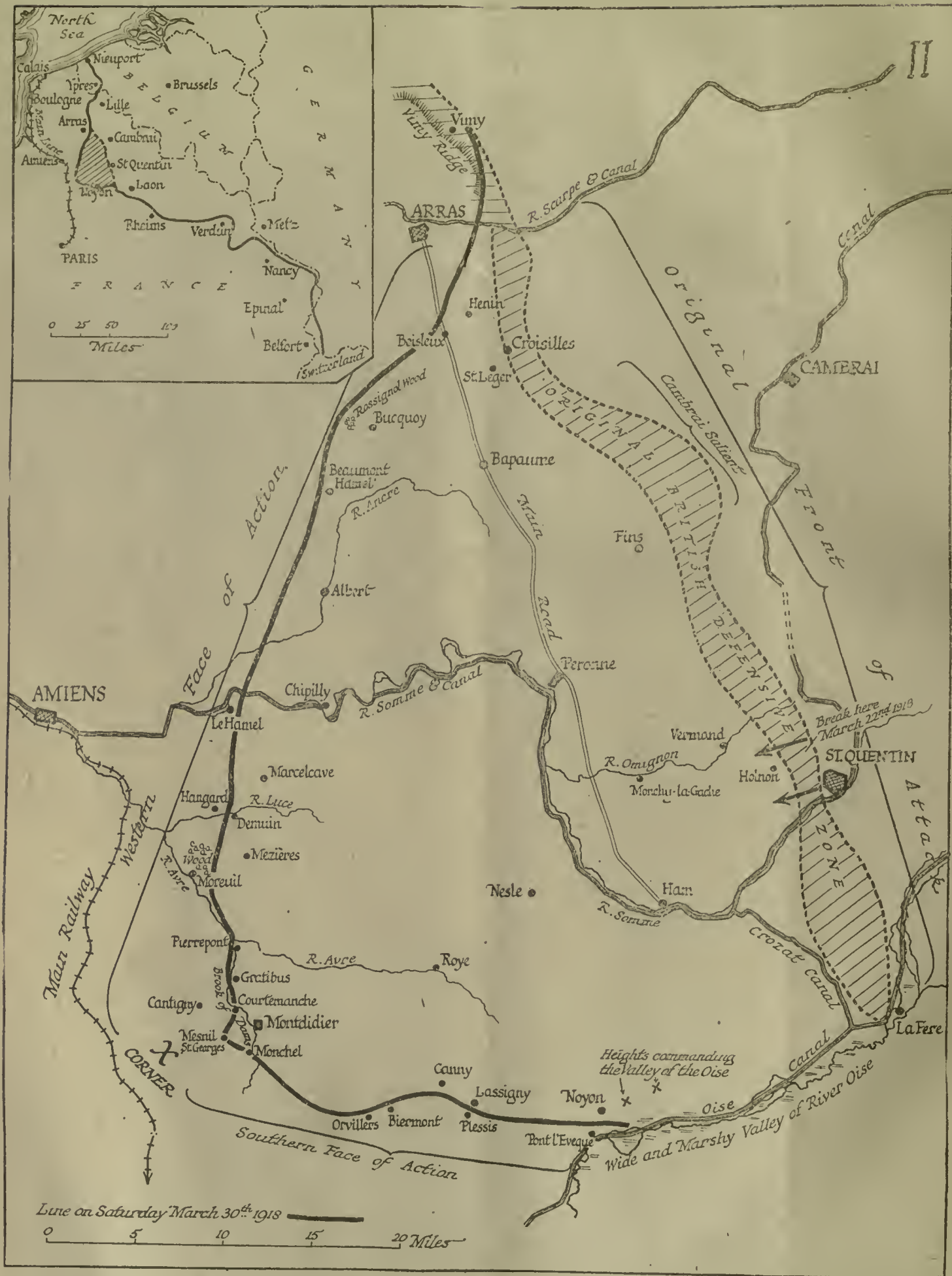
and the fighting belt developed on the 27th was but little changed by the 31st.

Apart from the great battle, certain other minor military events have occurred during the week. The new long-range guns have continued to bombard Paris, causing upon Good Friday in particular, at the moment of the afternoon service, a terrible disaster in a great Metropolitan Church. In Mesopotamia there has been a renewed advance up the Euphrates for 83 miles north-west of Hit, with the capture of 5,000 Turkish prisoners, an event which shows both the present disorganisation of the Turkish forces in the absence of the former German control and supply, and the lack of correspondence between their nominal strength and divisions and their real strength in numbers. The same thing has been apparent in Palestine, where a further advance has been made of about two miles along the Sechem or Nablus road. But, more important than this, the Hedjaz Railway upon the East has been reached by colonial mounted troops, who have destroyed many miles of its track at a point nearly east of Jericho. This cuts off any Turkish troops who may remain in the Arabian field, where we know them to have been formerly operating against the Arabs of Mecca and the Holy Places. It also ends any anxiety (for which, however, there was no ground) of an enemy force arriving on the east of the British force and behind it:

The Prime Minister has sent to the Dominions a strong appeal for more men, and in this message reiterates that the Government propose to ask Parliament to authorise immediate measures for the raising of fresh troops. Parliament does not re-assemble until next Tuesday, but it is to be hoped that the proposals which the Government intend to lay before it, will be authoritatively announced before then. The nation is ready to accept a most stringent measure, but any half-measure or any shrinking from responsibility will be strongly resented. Ireland must at last be brought within the scope of conscription. This is not the occasion for adverse criticism of past actions, so long as there is no repetition of them. Never in the history of our race has there been more urgent need for courageous leadership. The people look for it. They understand the situation well, partly because there are few homes—certainly not a hamlet or village—which has not at least one representative actively engaged in this vast struggle. It is a battle of nations, not of armies, and this nation is ready to fight to the last man. But it requires to be led.

"Kultured" Teutons, with their admiration for Shakespeare's plays, must be reminded of the tragedy of Richard III. by the manner in which the ghosts of the past refuse to rest quiet in their graves. The latest spectre to fix blood-guilt on the Kaiser is Prince Lichnowsky, who with murdered Buckingham might declare: "The last was I that felt thy tyranny." From his notorious memorandum, *The Times* has given copious extracts. It is obvious that the Prince, when German Ambassador in London, worked not only sincerely in the cause of peace, but also most ably for the advantage of Germany, and the terms he was able to obtain from Sir Edward Grey in order to promote a better understanding, were of so generous a nature that they seemed only just to fall short of abdication of dominion. Fortunately for the British Empire, the German war machine was in 1914 considered complete and perfect in all its parts, so diplomacy was scrapped; but had the war been delayed for a few years, and had Germany accepted the rights our Foreign Office offered to them in Asia and Africa, it is difficult in the light of the last three years to see what could possibly have saved the British Empire from disruption when the clash of arms came. These revelations establish conclusively that Britain had no desire for war, nor the slightest wish to run a ring-fence round the German Empire.

The big guns that bombard Paris are no longer a mystery; they are the work of Krupps—not of an Austrian factory, as was at first thought. Whether the gun is an effective engine of war is doubtful, its purpose so far having been to terrify Paris—a purpose in which it has failed. That it should have bombarded Paris on Good Friday is entirely in keeping with the German spirit. This spirit has nothing in common with Christianity, as Christianity is understood and practised here and in France. When will people fully realise this fact? The Germans are barbarians, for all their science and material progress; and the longer the war lasts the more forcibly is this truth emphasised. They continue to pile up offences against humanity for which there can be no condonation. Punishment must eventually be exacted if freedom and mercy are to be maintained. Can any one doubt this?

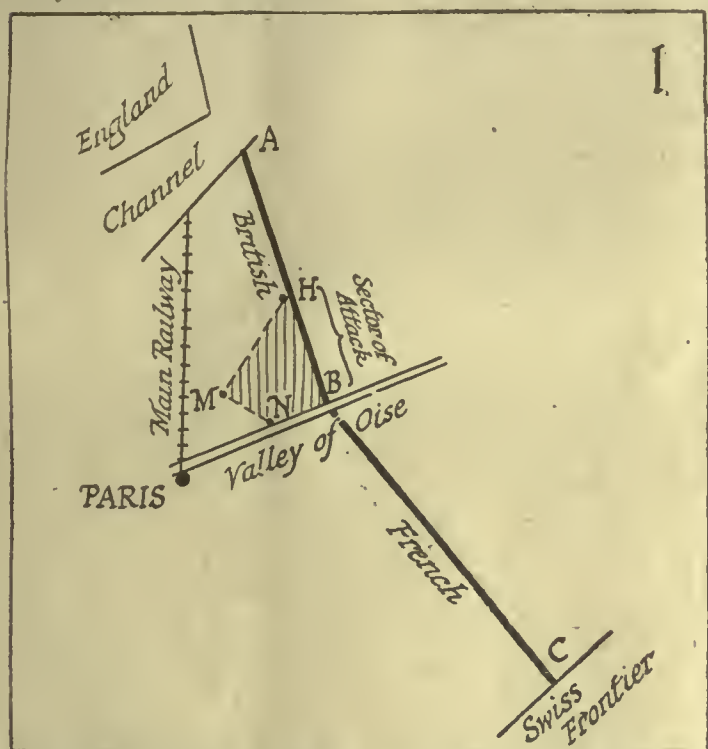


The Battle Line in Picardy

The Great Battle: By Hilaire Belloc

WHAT is the Great Battle of Picardy, the second Battle of the Somme? What is its main outline as it has developed in its first ten days up to the end of March? Let us grasp this as a preface to any comprehension of it.

There was a great line from the North Sea to the Alps held under siege conditions, that is, under those of a war of positions. The enemy had been forced back to this while he was still fighting upon two fronts, the Eastern and the Western. He held it in the West with difficulty against a superior force because his vast resources had to be divided for an Eastern War. Opposed to him were two armies proceeding from two very different civilisations, the French and the English, acting in alliance to defend Europe. These two armies held the one, the southern half of the Western line from the Alps to the neighbourhood of the River Oise, the other the Northern half from the neighbourhood of the River Oise to the North Sea. That is very roughly and truly the first condition.



Upon the diagram appended the scheme is suggested by the sides of an obtuse angle, A—B, which is the British line, and B—C, which is the French.

The enemy's continued inferiority was turned into a certain superiority by the betrayal of the Allied cause in Russia. He no longer had an Eastern front to consider. He could mass his enormous forces against the West. What should he do? It would take him some little time to concentrate upon the West, and further he must await the season. But with the advent of the season and with that time elapsed he could strike with superiority upon the West whenever he chose. Would it be to his advantage to strike thus upon the West at all? His submarine campaign was progressively diminishing the strength of his great western opponents. It was hampering the civilian life of one island half—Britain—(especially to distant areas of warfare based on the Mediterranean), and its continuance appeared assured. His losses had been, in proportion, somewhat more severe than those of the French; more than those of the Italians, and far more than those of the British; he therefore had but his last resources to use if he would risk them. The new American pressure could not be felt seriously for many months to come. Upon such a purely military calculation it was his to stand still upon the defensive in the West in spite of his slight present superiority and to take advantage of the increasing domestic strain among those opposed to him: Not to strike at least till that strain was at its maximum.

Civilian conditions within his own country, however, were far more serious than those among his opponents. Under the pressure of these conditions he determined to stake everything, and to win or to lose in a brief and intense adventure.

This conclusion reached, what should be his scheme?

Clearly, to strike upon the right of the British front, that is, nearer B than A and as near B as possible.

Such a blow would have the advantage of coming at the point where British supply had the furthest to travel from the Channel. It would menace the main Allied railway communication; it would have the incidental minor advantage of choosing the driest ground—particularly dry after a long spell of exceptional weather and therefore permitting rapid movement. It would have the capital advantage—the whole object of the move—of separating the French from the British forces, and, if the rupture were immediately effected, of putting him upon the flank of the British line, A—B, and rolling it up. He would destroy the British Army as a fighting force before the reserves of the Allies, particularly of the French, could come into play. The Valley of the Oise, marshy and difficult, would protect him from danger upon his own flank during this sharp and very expensive, but decisive manœuvre. He would strike with an overwhelming mass—and consequently with extraordinary losses; but he would risk the expense because, that expense, if he were immediately successful, would be worth while. How could he be immediately successful? How could he obtain a decision within a space of time short enough to ensure that his very heavy losses in such a gamble would not have to be continued to the point where he should be again in a position of inferiority, and that inferiority final and irremediable?

He could do this by making the breach while his left flank was still well covered by the Valley of the Oise—a mile of marshes and backwaters with few crossings. This invaluable obstacle would serve him down to about the point of Noyon, which I mark N upon the accompanying diagram I.

If the British line yielded and he could get round it before a retirement beyond the point N had been made, he had separated the two armies: He had separated them so rapidly that the Allied reinforcements would not come up in time to be of service. He had separated them with a good obstacle between him and any danger of immediate attack upon his own flank.

But things did not so develop. The British line, losing terribly and continuing to retire, still remained intact, pivoting upon its hinge at H, which is the neighbourhood of Arras. It went right back, the French extending and keeping in contact with it as it receded. Montdidier at M was lost by the French: the angle became sharper and sharper; and there had appeared more than 20 miles of open country between M and N: open country not protected by the marshy mile width of the Oise valley, open therefore to a flank attack by the French reserves.

On the tenth day of the battle that is how the position stands. This open southern flank is his concern. The enemy must at all costs prevent increasing pressure upon this imperilled open flank between M and N, that is, between Montdidier and Noyon. If, indeed, he can still break the Allied, which is principally the British, front between M and H he has succeeded, although that dangerous southern face between M and N is still insecure—for he could then attend to it at his leisure later. If he retains sufficient strength to enlarge himself further upon that southern face between M and N and to reverse the French pressure there, he has also succeeded. But his immediate concern at the end of last week was to save that open, endangered site which has come into being through the retardation of his original programme and through the steadiness of the British retreat.

That is the scheme of the Second Battle of the Somme as it stands upon its 10th and 11th days, Saturday and Sunday the 30th and 31st of March, 1918: A battle that will probably decide the fate of Europe.

From this, the roughest outline, let us turn to follow it in more detail.

The great battle in Picardy is at the moment of writing (the evening of Sunday, March 31st, based upon dispatches sent upon the evening of Saturday, March 30th), entering its 11th day.

Considerable as that period is for an action in which more than half the German forces in the West and nearly half the German army as a whole is engaged, not only has no decision yet appeared but there has not yet appeared either any one of those final elements which point to a decision.

The junction between the Allied armies remains at the moment of writing intact: the chain though still in some movement holds in every link; the losses inflicted upon the enemy continue to be those inflicted by an inferior defensive against a superior offensive; the bringing up of the enemy's heavy artillery to his more forward positions is not yet accomplished.

Before attempting to grasp the situation as it stands at the moment, let us recapitulate the various phases of the battle and its development during these ten days.

It will be remembered that the enemy opened his bombardment upon a front of 50 miles from the River Scarpe to the River Oise an hour before dawn upon the morning of Thursday, March 21st, when he launched his infantry from three to four and a half hours afterwards (according to the sector of the line upon which he attacked). His principal effort was directed to the cutting off of the Cambrai salient and presumably to the creation of a rupture in the British line at that point.

This salient lay at about or rather more than one-third of the distance from the southern to the northern river, and had he succeeded in breaking the British defensive organisation there, he would at once have effected his purpose, for though a considerable portion—some 30 miles—of the British line would still have lain to his left (that is, below or to the south of the point of rupture), he would have turned the great bulk of the British army by its right, could easily have thrown back the remnant upon the marshy obstacle of the Oise Valley, and, long before aid could have appeared, would have begun to roll up the main line from the south northwards.

We know, from captured documents, that his plan was based upon a very rapid advance upon this first day, and that he expected by its close, having broken the main British position, generally called the third line or principal line of defence, to reach the neighbourhood of Bapaume, and to have advanced over a distance of about 12 miles.

His failure to do this upon the Thursday had, as we shall see, a very considerable effect upon the later development of the battle. Though more than one-third of his total assaulting force was concentrated upon this effort against the Cambrai salient, he did not succeed in creating a rupture, and the third line everywhere stood intact; his deepest penetration being in the neighbourhood of Croisilles and the subsequent retirement of the British through the night being effected in order to the main defensive positions behind. In mere ground, the deepest part of the belt thus occupied was less than two miles, and on the morning of the second day he still had in front of him the unbroken defensive front which it was his business to pierce. He had had extremely heavy losses, and could count as yet only 10,000 prisoners—most of them wounded—and the numerous field pieces abandoned in the front lines to which they had been pushed up to take their toll of the assault. Meanwhile, he had been acting with considerable force upon his extreme left towards the Oise, south of St. Quentin. There also he had compelled a retirement, but it was an orderly retirement, to the neighbourhood of the Crozat Canal, undertaken during the night, and here also on the morning of the second day he was everywhere in front of a main British defensive position; that is, positions fully wired and long-entrenched.

On Friday, March 22nd, things changed.

Upon that day, though still attacking with great energy along the whole 50 miles of front from the Scarpe to the Oise, his principal efforts were made upon the left in front of St. Quentin, and at some time between half-past 3 and 5 in the afternoon he pierced the main British defensive positions west of St. Quentin in the neighbourhood of the ruins and great Wood of Holnon. His forces poured through the breach thus created rapidly down in an opening fan upon the Valley of the Omignon Stream, the neighbourhood of Vermand, and the open country to the south of it. This misfortune compelled a readjustment of the whole British line which had to retire by its right, pivoting upon the north, which still stood unbroken. The retirement was over an angle of about twenty degrees, the hinge of which was the Vimy Ridge and the country to the south of it, just in front of Arras. By the Friday night, though the British right still stood just behind the Crozat Canal and upon the high ground dominating that depression from the west, the centre was bent backward to the neighbourhood of Monchy La Gache, and thence ran due north to the neighbourhood of Fins, after which point it veered north-eastward to the hinge above mentioned in the neighbourhood of Arras. The heights of Henin and St. Leger were there still held, protecting the hinge, and the Vimy Ridge, of course, in the extreme north beyond the Scarpe, was intact.

But this retirement of the second day could not be made

upon a fully prepared defensive position, for such no longer existed. It was but the beginning of a general retirement, which continued in good order, but without interruption or serious check to the enemy, throughout the next three days. The first natural obstacle behind the British as they yielded to the pressure was the middle course of the Upper Somme between Ham and Peronne, and it was already clear that the first phase of the battle would end upon a line just covering the main road, Arras-Bapaume-Peronne-Ham. With such a trace, the positions along the Crozat Canal upon the right were far forward of the centre, and a retirement in this neighbourhood also was necessary in order to conform to the general movement.

During the Sunday, March 24th, the battle was fought for this line of the main road and of the Upper Somme and necessarily terminated in favour of the very great masses the enemy had brought to bear, in which had already been identified over sixty divisions. By the Monday evening, the 25th, the enemy was in Bapaume and in Nesle and had crossed the defensive middle line of the Upper-Somme. He probably counted at that moment some 50,000 prisoners and 600 guns, the former category including, of course, wounded men who made up by far the greater part, or nearly the whole, of the list, for there had been no surrounding of units—as is proved by the fact that no Staff captures were reported. The French were already in action upon the extreme right of the British, but as yet in comparatively small numbers. They were only beginning to take over the right of the British line.

Character of the Defensive

We must pause at this moment in the action to emphasise two essential facts: First, that so far the whole weight of the enemy had been thrown against the British alone; secondly, that the defensive had been undertaken, as classical rule directs, by the smallest number of men necessary to maintain the line intact and to inflict the maximum number of losses upon the defensive. Meanwhile that defensive was now being rapidly fed with newly arriving units, and though the retirement could not fail to continue with the necessary losses in prisoners and in guns the chances of preserving the line increased.

On the Tuesday evening the Germans stood before Albert; the French, who were rapidly taking over the southern part of the line, had abandoned Roye and Noyon, so that the battle was to rage the next day along a line nearly due south and north from the neighbourhood of Arras, the hinge in the north, which still stood intact. By this time 70 German divisions at least had been identified as having been thrown into the battle area. Albert was occupied by the enemy upon the evening of the Tuesday. Upon Wednesday the somewhat increasing strength of the British line began to tell, and this, coupled with the difficulty the enemy had in following up his rapid advance with supplies, munitions and heavy guns, caused but a slight fluctuation upon the map north of the Somme, where the line lay from just before Chipilly along the heights to the west of Albert, across the old starting-point of the battle of the Somme near Beaumont-Hamel, and so through Bucquoy to the unchanging positions which defended Arras.

But on the same day—Wednesday—two events modified the battlefield; the first was the crossing of the Somme near Chipilly by the Germans, compelling a considerable retirement upon its left bank to the neighbourhood of Le Hamel, while much farther to the south against the French, the Germans reached a point immediately in front of Pierrepont; and the French, evacuating Montdidier and the hollow of the river Avre stream called "Des Doms" (of the ponds) which passes by that town, took up positions on the heights immediately to the west of it. These positions therefore form, as will be seen upon the map, the point of an angle too sharp to be long maintained either by the enemy or by the Allies.

The enemy now held—that is, by the morning of last Thursday—two quite distinct faces of the angle. The one face ran for 55 miles to 60 looking a little north of west from Montdidier to east of Arras; the other ran at right angles to it, facing a little west of south, and passing from these heights near Montdidier through Lassigny to the Oise below Pont-L'Évêque. With this sharp right-angular form of the fronts, which was to give the battle all its characteristics during the ensuing days, I shall deal at length in a moment; for it is still at the moment of writing the capital point in the situation.

Meanwhile, all during this Wednesday, the 27th, a separate attack in very great strength was made upon a narrow front with the object of breaking the standing hinge at Arras.

Upon this action a short digression may be permitted; for though local, it was of extreme importance.

The enemy mustered here no less than ten divisions with the special object of breaking the hinge, a success the effect of which would have been to shake the whole line and compel we know not what dangerous and rapid modification of it to the south.

Not only the place, but the time, is worthy of special attention. By this, the seventh day of the action, it was already apparent that the enemy was prepared to throw in ultimately the full 100 divisions of which we have spoken, and much more than three-quarters of them had been already compelled to suffer the strain of the enormous conflict. His losses, which were in the ratio of anything between 2½ to 3 times those of the defensive, had reached something like a quarter of a million and may have approached the larger total of 300,000. It may be an exaggeration to say that one man out of three in the troops used for attack had fallen; but as a rough gauge of the proportion it would not be greatly in excess of the truth. We must remember in this connection that these gigantic totals have quite a different meaning in an action of this sort, compelled by political circumstance and therefore depending wholly upon rapidity, from what they had in the long drawn out struggles of Verdun and the Somme. This is true not only from the obvious fact that time permits the training of new recruitment and its gradual absorption, and is still more valuable in permitting the return of wounded men, but also from the effect of such enormously rapid losses upon organisation and moral. The Germans had certainly not reached the maximum loss which they had budgeted for as the very maximum they could afford for the price of complete success. They therefore certainly intended to throw in fresh units with equal vigour for many days more rather than abandon their hope of ultimately breaking the line. But the limit was approaching much nearer than had been allowed for in so short an interval and undoubtedly gave cause for anxiety. The enemy press was already being instructed to warn opinion within the German Empire of the severity of these losses and to say all it could to prepare opinion for their reception.

Note, for all these reasons, the importance of the effort before Arras begun upon this Wednesday, and continued till Thursday evening. This first great assault upon the Arras hinge was fiercely prosecuted, but completely failed. On the north of the Scarpe it reached the foot of the Vimy Ridge, and just touched the lower southern heights of it, but went no further. Here the British position was, of

course, strongest, and it is possible that the enemy did not envisage his principal success here, for by a success to the south of the Scarpe he would have turned the heights, could have compelled a retirement from the Vimy Ridge, and thus disengaged the whole area. In other words, he would have broken the hinge if he had succeeded, as he spent the utmost energy in attempting to do south of the Scarpe.

The battle continued all during the Thursday, when it reached its height, and was observed and directed by the enemy from the hill of Monchy, which he had captured some days before, and whence the whole of the country south of Arras lies below one to the west.

By 9 o'clock of the Thursday morning the German 12th Reserve Division had gained somewhat over a thousand yards of ground, and reached what were their supporting trenches before the battle of Arras this time last year. It was believed, on account of the importance of the point, that a second attempt would be made upon the Friday or, at any rate, upon the Saturday, when fresh troops could be brought up; but no such development followed, and the last dispatches received—those reaching London upon the Sunday—give no news of any continued effort to shake the pivot point in the north. But it may well be renewed by a continued attempt to turn Arras from the south.

Captured documents during this action show—what was also obvious from its nature—that the enemy's purpose was to turn the Vimy Ridge from the south and to enter Arras itself, and in the course of the second day it was established that the total forces mentioned above—no less than six divisions engaged in the first attack and four brought in later—had been engaged. In other words, upon this comparatively narrow front—a sixteenth of the whole line—more than an eighth of the whole of the German units hitherto thrown in had appeared and had been broken without attaining the success they had aimed at. The Field-Marshal characterised the whole operation as a severe defeat for the enemy. The phrase is a strong one, but not too strong for the result when we consider the very great importance to the enemy of attaining the objects he sought here.

From this digression, we may return to the main action southward.

We left the Allied line (after the enemy had forced the crossing of the Somme near Chipilly, and thus compelled the falling back of the British to the neighbourhood of Hamel) running north with little indentation from the sharp corner just west and south of Montdidier, covering Pierrepont, Hamel, and west of Albert, near Rossignol Wood, and so near Bucquoy up to the positions in front of Arras, which were the scene of the action just described. The enemy counted at this stage, when the line had reached a fairly even trace from Montdidier to the Vimy Ridge, 70,000 prisoners and over a thousand guns.

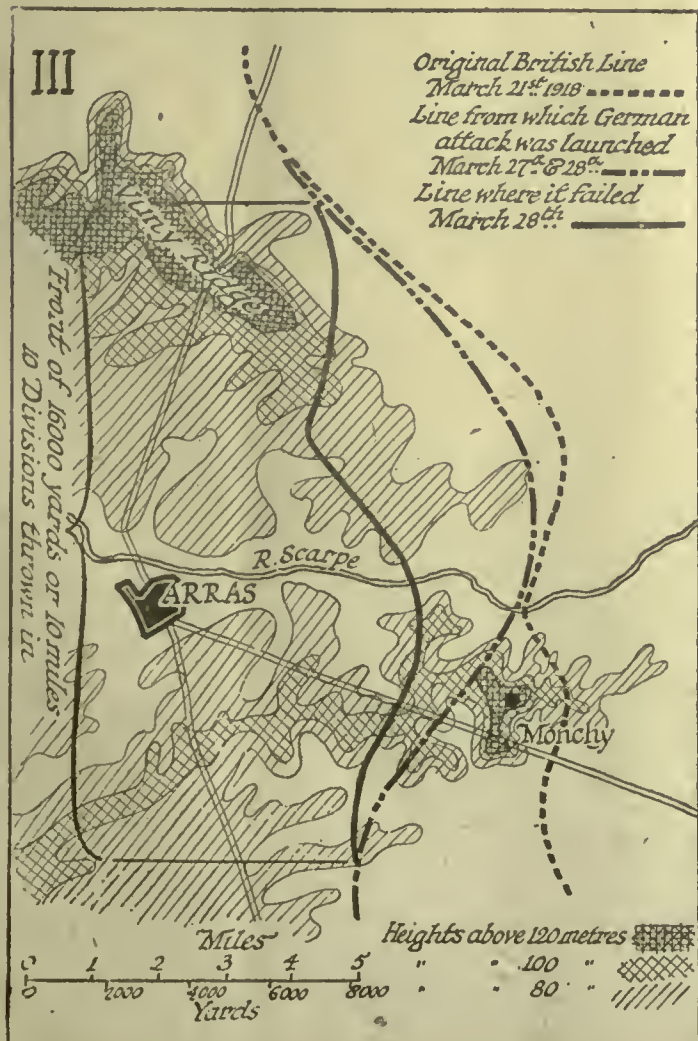
On the Friday, the 29th, his activity north of the Somme slackened, but south of the Somme he fought very hard to advance his line, and a large and continuous concentration beyond it was observable proceeding during the whole day. He pushed forward to just beyond Hamel, some hundred yards west of Marcelcave, and reached his furthest western point in the fields just west of the ruins of Demuin. So much for the British section upon that day—Friday, the 29th.

Upon the heights just west of Demuin was the point where the French, relieving the English line, were in contact with them upon that day. The French held the ruins of Mezières; thence their line bent back towards the Avre, covering Laneuville, Pierrepont, and Gratibus. It stood, therefore, just in front of the little stream of the Avre and upon the heights dominating its depression from the East. The stream is here not difficult to cross, and forms no serious obstacle. Were it otherwise, the line would have been taken up upon the west of it. It crossed the small tributary of the Avre, the brook of Doms, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Courtemanche and held the heights, the crown of which is marked by the village of Mesnil St. Georges, west of Montdidier.

From that point, as will be seen upon the map, the second and now quite separate southern face of the enemy's great angle begins. It runs round through the hamlet of Montchel, where it crosses the marshy little sources of the Doms Brook, uncovers Lassigny, and reaches the Oise in the neighbourhood of Pont L'Évêque.

Now, it is to this southern face that we should direct particular attention if we are to understand the enemy's position upon Saturday and Sunday last, after which dates we have no material upon which to study the action for the purposes of this article.

This southern face is of the last importance to the enemy. It has developed in a fashion which he did not allow for when he laid down his plan for the great attack.



Its trace running at a sharp angle to the main front which faces and threatens Amiens, is an obvious peril to him. It is here that the French can concentrate most rapidly, and he has that concentration right upon the flank of his main effort; so that if the French pushed him northward between Montdidier and Noyon his lines of supply would be lost, his enemy would have got behind him. His main attack on the British he had designed to proceed more rapidly than it has actually proceeded. While he created the breach which he took for granted he would create in the British line, while he thus separated it from the French, he planned to be secure upon his flank by reposing it upon the marshy valley of the Oise. Across that marshy valley all the way from La Fère to the neighbourhood of Noyon a passage is extremely difficult. The enemy could hold it with a comparatively weak curtain of troops and guns, and, from the heights north-east of Noyon especially, he swept the whole of it. Had he made his gap while his flank still extended no further than beyond Noyon or its immediate neighbourhood, he would have been secure. As a fact, that flank now exists over open country for more than 20 miles from Mesnil to Pont L'Évêque. He is therefore under an immediate and unexpected necessity of checking the French menace here and of getting plenty of elbow-room, which effort may in its turn develop into an attempt to obtain here his principal success.

Let us, before following what has happened along this critical piece of country, pause for a moment to consider the effect upon the enemy of such an unexpected change of plan.

A battle which does not proceed exactly according to plan will necessarily, as it develops, produce elements of weakness to the side which has had the best of it; and it is when those elements of weakness can be taken advantage of by the hitherto weaker opponent that the tide is turned. We saw that in the case of the Marne, and all history is full of it. But very great actions rarely proceed according to plan. Now, it is a curious modern tradition of the Prussian service to exaggerate this conformity of an action to its original design. In their dispatches they are perpetually using phrases to indicate that all goes along lines previously prepared; in their military studies they delight to present an original plan, real or fictitious, which corresponds to the actual event, and when the plan is not carried out there is always a note of grievance in the account.

This trait in the Prussian service proceeds mainly, of course, from the general character of that service, and especially from its rigidity; but to-day it also and mainly proceeds from the crushing successes of 1864, 1866, and 1870.

We should never forget that the mechanical fighting machine produced by the Prussian State has experienced only one closely connected set of campaigns in just on a hundred years. Between June, 1815, and July, 1914, it had no experience of war in any form save the campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870, which gave Prussia complete power over Northern Germany and ultimately over Central Europe. By an accident which was very useful to the Prussian State, the oldest men who supervised those campaigns could just remember as young men the last of the fighting in 1812-5, first on Napoleon's side, and then against him; while the youngest men fighting in those campaigns have also lived to be present as soldiers in their old age upon the present battlefields. But, in spite of this advantage, which gives a personal continuity to the Prussian tradition, the fact that only one very brief and enormously successful interval of war exercised it during a whole century has had a powerful effect. Contemporary fighting, which the Prussians have very carefully studied (the American Civil War, the perpetual English colonial campaigns, the Russo-Turkish and the Russo-Japanese campaigns, etc.), informed them theoretically, but failed to affect the spirit of their army. For at bottom they despised everything that was not themselves.

Now, it so happened that this group of campaigns, 1864-70, followed plan exactly, and that in a sort of crescendo each new Prussian strategic scheme followed its calculated course even more exactly than its predecessor. The consequence was that from 1870 onwards the Prussian mind was firmly fixed on the idea of a strategic plan which, if it were Prussian, would in some necessary way lead to a preconceived result along precise lines laid down for it; conversely, a disturbance of plan weighed more heavily upon the Prussian service than upon its rivals. It would be a bad misunderstanding of this feature to neglect the advantages attaching to it. It permits of extraordinarily detailed study and exceedingly accurate machinery, but the disadvantages are such that even an unexpected success cannot be properly developed—witness Caporetto, the stunning magnitude of which produced nothing, after all; and witness also the Marne. To-day

we are the spectators of a great debate as to whether a similar unexpected development, upsetting the original Prussian plan, can be restored to the Prussian advantage, or will be decided against it. This development is, as we have seen, the great extension of the southern front against the French.

The original Prussian plan was perfectly clear. One might almost say that it was not even concealed. It has been twice stated here. Its central object was the creation of a rupture between the British and the French armies. A breach anywhere from the neighbourhood of Cambrai southwards would have sufficed. The more it lay to his left towards the Oise the better for the enemy.

We have also seen how that plan failed to follow its exactly calculated lines. The time-table could not be observed. No complete breach was effected in the British line. By the time the exceedingly expensive but deep advance of the enemy had reached the line of the Avre and the Doms Brook on the west and of the villages from Hamel to Mezières, as its extreme extension that is, upon the evening of Saturday last, the 30th of March, an open flank much more than 20 miles in extent as the crow flies, and more than 25 following all the sinuosities of the line, was exposed between the Oise at Pont L'Évêque, just south of Noyon.

Of the fighting upon this essential piece of country nothing conclusive can be said at the moment of writing. There is, as it were, a race between the French pressure increasingly exercised upon it from the south, and the German counter pressure exercised by the perpetual bringing in of fresh units from the north. The dispatches of Saturday present a picture of a closely contested fluctuating struggle along the double front of which ceaseless small fluctuation takes place. Pont L'Évêque and the crossing of the Marne is lost and taken again by the French. The little village of Plessis de Roye, just south of Lassigny is lost, retaken, and then half lost again, the French line passing, upon Saturday night, through the corner of the Park immediately to the south of it. Biermont and Orvillers, four miles to the west, the French recover. They approach Cappy also. The hamlet of Montchel, down on the marshy sources of the Doms Brook a couple of miles south of Montdidier, the French having abandoned it, they retake at the point of the bayonet. The height of Mesnil about 100 feet above the valley facing and overlooking Montdidier, is still held. There is no appreciable result obtained during all that day's fierce struggle upon the one side or the other.

* * *

Such is the general aspect of the Great Battle of Picardy as it stands according to the news received not later than Easter Sunday morning, March 31st.

Yet, though it is the open southern face, between Montdidier and Noyon, which is the principal concern of the enemy and of the Allies in the present extraordinary shape of the whole line, with its sharp angle in front of Montdidier, the ground has other features which may at any moment assume a new importance of their own.

Look, for instance, at the situation of the great main railway line uniting Boulogne and Calais to Paris, through Amiens, and forming ever since the Battle of the Marne the great lateral communication of the Allies in the North. It is already imperilled by the German advance. At the nearest point of the fluctuating and contested line—that is, at Denuin—the enemy's most advanced troops are barely ten thousand yards from its metals—that is, only just over six miles—and it is clearly enormously to their advantage to put it out of use. Once it be cut or so nearly approached as to be useless, there is no other double line for a long way back, and the strain upon it would be very heavy, apart from the additional mileage entailed.

Again, the enemy can get more elbow-room not only by forcing the southern front, but by enlarging the corner round Montdidier to the west and the north of that town beyond the brook of Doms.

Lastly, there is the obvious point of Amiens, about which a great deal has been written because it is the most obviously appreciable geographical point for the general reader. Amiens is not, of course, and cannot be the main objective of the enemy. He is clearly making for an immediate decision, as his enormous expense of men proves, and no one can seriously pretend that the mere occupation of Amiens would give him that decision. But that does not prevent the great town from having a very high importance of its own, apart from the still greater importance of the railway which runs through it, and might equally be menaced at any other point, whether a town was standing there or not. Amiens is a centre for military activity of every kind, and the dislocation of establishment there would be exceedingly serious. It has the shops and the turn-tables and the sheds of a great railway

centre—or, rather, these are to be found in its immediate neighbourhood. It is a perfect focus of great roads.

Arras, as we have seen, is yet another secondary objective which the enemy must regard. He has tried once hard to break that hinge, and it is exceedingly probable that he will try again. But it still remains true that, short of a rupture in the line elsewhere, the exposed southern flank is, at present, the crucial piece of ground upon the fortunes of which the decision depends.

H. BELLOC.

Postscript

Since writing the foregoing, on Easter Sunday, March 31st, the battle has not developed in the matter of ground, but the official dispatches and the commentaries of correspondents make it plain that Saturday was filled with a most intense effort to create a rupture between the French and the British to approach the main railway, and therefore to exercise the greatest pressure possible just north of Montdidier up to the stream of the Luce.

The effect of the event measured in ground was not great. The heights west of the Avre were rushed by the enemy, and he took the village of Mesnil, which had up to that day formed the corner of the great angle. He gained a maximum depth in this sector of only a mile and a half. But the significance of the day was not the trifling gain in ground, nor even the sector upon which it was obtained, but the tremendous weight of infantry with which the enemy attacked, and the very high price he was willing to pay, and did pay, for his defeat. Thirteen divisions at least were identified upon the small front chosen for the effort. For some reason which is not easy to define, there was not sufficient weight of enemy artillery behind this effort; and yet the enemy thought it so imperatively and immediately necessary that he sacrificed here alone for the moment perhaps 20,000 men and had permanent losses of perhaps 8,000 in trying to get forward.

Meanwhile, upon the open front, which is strategically the problem of the whole battle—the front between Montdidier and Noyon—there was no appreciable gain either way; but we have had, with regard to that front, since the main article was written, the very significant piece of news that the enemy was beginning to entrench, especially in front of Lassigny, just west of which point the French pressure had begun to be felt most severely. If it show proof of the enemy's intention—if he fail to enlarge his line—to create a new siege front thus advanced, his power to do so obviously depends upon the factor of time: whether the Allies can begin their full pressure upon him so early as to prevent the completion by him of a good defensive scheme. We know from the experience of this war that a salient, no matter how awkward, can be held if time for the proper defence of its two angles is given. The still sharper salient of St. Mihiel is an example.—H. B.

Sea and Land Communications

To the Editor, LAND & WATER.

SIR,—Writing on "Raiding the Rhine Cities," Mr. Belloc mentions our maritime communications are "slow and vulnerable," whilst the enemy's communications, being continental, are "therefore rapid and invulnerable." I have never been able to see the force of these conclusions. Why should a fixed permanent way like a railway be less vulnerable to aerial attack than ships (which have a choice of routes over hundreds of miles of the pathless seas) are to destruction at the hands of submarines? In the latter case, a submarine cannot injure a route; it can only destroy ships, and it must do this individually and separately. On the other hand, the destruction of a railway bridge or part of the permanent way may hold up the traffic of an entire system. And surely a railway, with its junctions, bridges, and tunnels, offers a much better target for a bomb dropped from an aeroplane than a vessel offers to a submarine.

I should have thought that a fleet of aeroplanes, expressly employed for bombing the enemy railways and rolling stock as often as the weather permits, might have proved far more disastrous to him than anything he might inflict upon us with his under-sea craft. Our enemy is very short of locomotives, freight cars, etc., and his rails are beginning to wear out. It would seem, therefore, that constant and systematic attacks in this direction would cripple him in a very vital place.

ARTHUR KITSON.

The British Empire Club, St. James's Square,
March 22nd, 1918.

Pendant la Bataille

By Emile Cammaerts

La lune s'est levée derrière les peupliers,
Limpide et pure comme une fiancée,
Sous le souffle du soir les branches ont frissonné . . .
Donne leur la Victoire, ô Dieu des armées.

La brume serpente le long de la rivière,
Les sansonnets jacassent perchés sur la gouttière,
La rosée du printemps parfume la poussière, . . .
O Dieu des armées, écoute nos prières.

Les oiseaux se taisent, les enfants sont couchés,
La prairie est tendre et douce sous le pied,
Tout est calme ici, tout est sérénité . . .
Donne leur la Victoire, ô Dieu des armées.

Ce n'est pas pour la gloire, ce n'est pas pour la guerre,
Pas même pour l'idée, pas même pour la terre,
Mais pour le ciel, Seigneur, et son sacré mystère, . . .
O Dieu des armées, exauce nos prières.

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From a German Note Book

THE German Imperial Budget for 1918, which was recently published, was a reminder to the German public that they are paying heavily for glory. The ordinary Budget balanced at 366 million pounds sterling, as compared with 224 millions last year, and of the total expenditure for the year, 295 millions sterling was for interest on the public debt. A modest 9 millions sterling sufficed for the purpose in 1914: No wonder the Pan-Germans are dinning into the ears of the workers that unless Germany obtains an indemnity, she will be bankrupt. But bad as the position appears to be in the Budget, the whole of the financial statement is fictitious. Expenditure on the army and the navy is left out altogether; and what is to be said of a Budget which gives no indication of this very important item? Furthermore, as it stands it repeats the old 1914 figures, with some slight variations, and thus guileless Fritz is led to believe that 38 millions sterling will be forthcoming this year from Customs duties. All the world knows that owing to the British blockade the amount received by Germany from Customs duties has sunk very low indeed. Yet these 38 millions figured in the Budgets for 1915, 1916 and 1917, and they turn up once more in 1918. It needs no great insight to estimate the true value of a document of this kind. Nevertheless, Germany, one of the Great Powers of Europe, is not ashamed to have recourse to lying and deceptive statements of a character which even a bankrupt Central American Republic would disdain.

Even this make-believe Budget, however, ends with an enormous deficit, which will have to be made good by special war taxes. They are talking of higher duties on beer and spirits, and taxes on business transactions. But why no taxes on incomes, it may be asked? The answer is simple. The Pan-German annexationists who desire to pocket as much belonging to other countries as they can seize are very unwilling that their purses should be touched. In a recent debate on the Prussian Diet, Freiherr von Zedlitz, one of the leading lights of the reactionaries, called upon the Government to oppose with all the forces at its command any further encroachments on the part of the Imperial Treasury on private incomes and private property.

Sport and Fashions

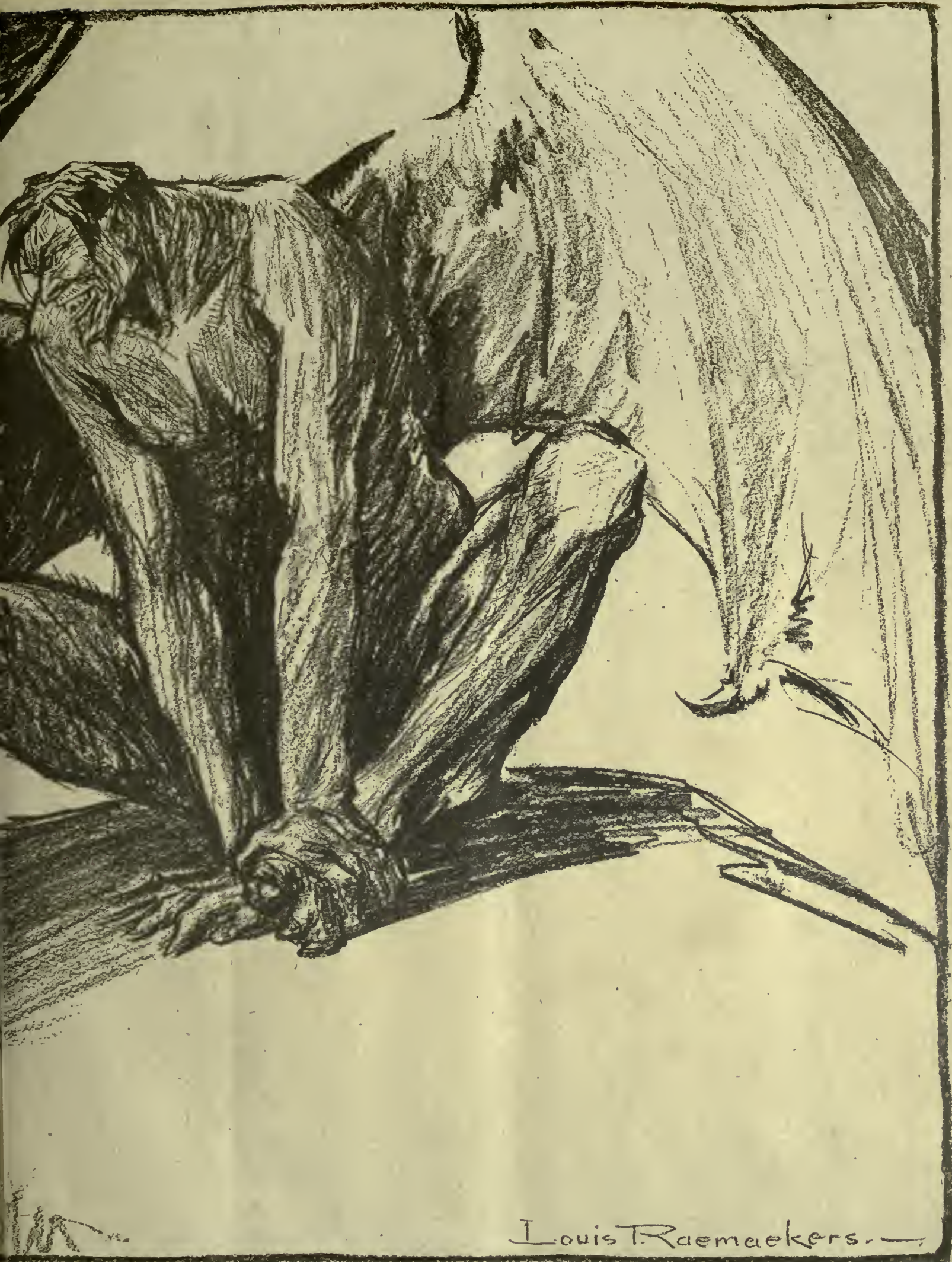
Ever since the beginning of the war there has been a movement in Germany to get rid of all foreign words, which have been replaced by native productions. In a large number of instances the transformation succeeded; but a few words were left over for which no exact German equivalent could be found. Characteristically enough, these included the words "lady" and "gentlemen," both of which were in common use in Germany. Perhaps the reason for the failure is that Germany lacks what these words indicate. And now it is the turn of sport. The linguistic specialists are greatly troubled to find exact German expressions for "sport" itself, for "lawn tennis," "hockey," "golf," "cross-country," "starter," "amateur." Scholars agitate themselves over the search, and when they find a more or less satisfactory equivalent, it sounds strange even in German ears.



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By I



Louis T. Raemaekers.

Copyright, "Land & Water."

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Citizen Soldiers: By The Editor

THE power of the Press is a far older topic of disputation than many realise. There are those who have always regarded it as *anathema maranatha*, while others have gone to the opposite extreme, and inasmuch as they deem a newspaper *vox populi*, worship its writings as *vox dei*. Both these views are strained; a man's a man, whether his daily duties be journalistic or connected with any other profession; and it may tend to steady those who still hold extravagant ideas on this subject to learn that one of the most distinguished generals in the Canadian Army is a newspaper proprietor, a man who until he joined up, in the autumn of 1914, was actively engaged in the production of a daily newspaper, and who, when the war is over, looks forward to returning to the same duties. Major-General Sir David Watson, K.C.B., C.M.G., commanding the 4th Canadian Division, is the principal proprietor of the *Quebec Journal*. He was in his forty-fourth year when war began. Since a boy, he had belonged to the Militia—or to the Volunteers, as we should call the force in this country. This he had done not from military ardour, but because he held it to be part of the duty of every honest citizen to be prepared to defend his country if occasion arose.

True to his principles, he was among the earliest to volunteer for active service in France, and he landed in England with the first Canadian contingent on that memorable October morning of 1914, in command of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Canadian Division. He commanded this battalion in the second battle of Ypres, has since taken part in many hard-fought engagements, been wounded and gassed, and is at the moment in command of the 4th Division. His business experience has served him well ever since he put on khaki; for he was one of the founders of the Valcartier Training Camp, and has been able to utilise in other ways those qualities on which he relied for success in civilian life.

It has been argued that since the war of positions began, all soldiers started even; that is to say, that the training, experience, and special education of the professional soldier were of slight service in trench warfare. There is, no doubt, much truth in this saying; for since the battle of the Marne so many unforeseen factors have been introduced into warfare that it signified little, so long as a man understood discipline, what his position in life might have been previous to the autumn of 1914, provided he was thoroughly fit in body, of an alert and adaptive mind, quick to form a decision or to seize an opportunity, and possessed of the subtle and indefinable power of being able to handle men. This truth has been more fully realised by the French nation than by ourselves, with our strongly conservative notions. One may regret it, but there is no occasion to be surprised at it; it is a defect of our qualities; were you to turn to Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*,* you will find exactly the same spirit prevailing in the management of Indian State railways forty

years ago. But war is a high explosive; it looks as if even the reinforced concrete of professional pride and prejudice (which applies to all professions alike) is, so far as the Army is concerned, to be shattered for all time. Certainly this is true of the Canadian Army, entirely a civilian force to-day.

If the civilians, gathered in from all sorts and conditions of life, bring to the Army fresh ideas and new standards of value, let it be remembered they take from it gifts at least as precious. And the best of these is discipline. Find the civilian soldier, no matter of what rank, who has fought at the front and been through the hell of battle—that hell which has been raging so furiously for the last two weeks—who will not extol the power of discipline. As General Watson remarked: "It's discipline, discipline, discipline, all the time, and the men themselves take as great pleasure and pride in the smartness and efficiency of discipline, once they realise all it stands for, as does any officer."

When these civilian armies are demobilised, they will take back with them to their homes throughout the Empire a different standard of life. No soldier will be able to eliminate from his being the influence and lessons of these months of war. This is bound to declare itself, and there is no problem which the civilian soldier ponders over more deeply than how it will work in the future. At the front, he has been receiving object-lessons in that indiscipline which was a normal part of his former life. Strikes, labour disputes, political wranglings, public intrigues, and calumnies—all this turmoil disturbs and disgusts him. Why, he asks, cannot every man do his job in the same spirit as do the fighting men; why cannot men lead in the political arena with the same clear purpose and disregard of self as they do on the field of battle; why is a man in civil life perpetually slandering and backbiting his fellow-men and is unable to see good even in his friends, while the soldier takes life as it comes, knowing at any moment it may end, and can find good even in his enemies? Few realise how deeply this questioning cuts into the heart of the civilian army. What its effect will be in the future it is impossible to forecast, but it may lead to startling surprises—socially and politically. There is certainly a strong feeling among the men who have proved themselves leaders of men in warfare not to lose their grip on their fellows in peace time, but to guide them to higher ideals and a better use of life than in the past.

It is good to have a talk with a man of one's own profession, who, laying aside temporarily the pen, has gone out to defend all he holds most dear. As one discusses the ordinary topics of life, those little intimacies which similarity of work creates, one gets a glimpse between the spoken words of the new outlook the new life has given. There has been no attempt here to put General Watson's views into print; the opinions are those his conversation, often on very different topics, awakened. But it was brought home to the writer with new force what a marvellous power for good is the bond of British blood, the common ideals which can move men to the same sacrifice in their defence in all parts of the world.



Major-General Sir David Watson, K.C.B., C.M.G.,
commanding 4th Canadian Division

* The ditty is called *Public Waste*.

On a Balloon Ship: By Lewis R. Freeman, R.N.V.R.

I HAD crossed on the old "Xerxes" in those ancient days when, as the latest launched greyhound of the Cunarder fleet, she held for a few precarious months the constantly shifting blue-ribbon for the swiftest transatlantic passage; but in that angular "cubistic" lump of lead-grey looming over the bow of my spray-smothered launch to blot out the undulant skyline of the nearest Orkney, there was not one familiar feature. Her forward funnel had been "kippered" down the middle to somewhere about on the level of the lower deck, and carried up in two smaller stacks which rose abreast to port and starboard. This had been done (as I learned later) to make room for a platform leading forward from the waist over which seaplanes could be wheeled to the launching-stage, which ran out over the bow from beneath the bridge. The break in the fore-castle had been closed in in connection with a sweeping alteration which had converted the whole forward end of the main deck into a roomy seaplane "repository" and repair shop.

The changes aft were no less startling. The old poop seemed to have been razed to clear the last two hundred feet of the main deck, and over the ten or fifteen-foot-high railing, which surrounded this, the top of a partly inflated observation balloon showed like the back of a half-submerged turtle. The whole effect was weird and "impossible" in the extreme, and I felt like exclaiming with the yokel who saw a giraffe for the first time: "Aw, there ain't no such animal."

I had been asked aboard the X—for an afternoon of seaplane and balloon practice. I had already seen a good deal of the former at various points in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, but the towed observation balloon—the "kite," as they called it—was an entirely new thing. I "put in" at once for an ascent in a kite, for I was anxious not only to get some sort of a first-hand idea of how it was being employed against submarines—of which I had already heard not a little—and also to compare the work with that of handling the ordinary observation balloons, of which I had seen so much in France, Italy, and the Balkans. The captain—whom I found just getting the ship under weigh from the bridge—after some hesitation, promised to "see what he could do," if there was not too much wind, when he was ready for "balloon work."

To one who has had experience only of hangars on land, perhaps the most impressive thing about an "aeroship" is the amount of gear and equipment which can be stowed and handled in restricted spaces. Wings and rudders which fold and re-fold upon each other until they form compact bundles that can be trundled about by a man or two, collapsible fuselages and pontoons, wheels which detach at a touch of a lever, "knock-down" transmissions—these things were everywhere the rule. One "baby" scout I saw almost completely assembled on the launching-stage, and the "tail," which a couple of men wired to the main body in little more than a minute, I would have sworn I could have knocked off with a single well-placed kick. Yet, five minutes later, I saw that same machine "loop," "side-flop," "double-bank," and (quite at the will of its young pilot, who is rated the most expert seaplane man in the British Naval Air Service) recover at the end of a five-hundred-foot rolling fall, all without apparently starting a strut or rivet. "Collapsibility" and portability are evidently secured without sacrificing any essential strength.

The science of working the seaplane from the deck of a ship is still in process of development. Even up to quite recently it was the practice to put a machine overboard on a sling, and allow it to start from the water. The use of detachable wheels—which fall off into the sea after they have served their purpose in giving the preliminary run—has made launching from the deck practicable and comparatively safe, but the problem of landing even a wheeled machine on deck has not yet been satisfactorily solved. On account of lack of room, most of the experiments in this direction have ended disastrously, even tragically.

When a seaplane is about to be launched, after the usual preliminary "tuning" up on the launching-stage, the ship is swung dead into the teeth of the wind and put at full speed. This matter of wind direction is very important, for its variation by a fraction of a point from "head-on" may easily make a crooked run and a fluky launching. As the latter would almost inevitably mean that both plane and pilot must be churned under the swiftly advancing fore-foot of the ship, no precautions calculated to avoid it are omitted.

Besides a wind-pennant at one end of the bridge, assurance is made doubly sure by the turning on of a jet of steam in the mathematical centre of the extreme tip of the launching-stage. When the back-blown steam streams straight along the middle plank of the stage, the wind is "right."

The captain, from the bridge, lifts a small white flag as a signal to the wing-commander that all is ready. The latter nods to the pilot, who starts his engine at full speed, while two mechanics, braced against cleats on the deck, hold back the tugging seaplane. If the "tone" of the engine is right, the wing-commander (standing in front of the plane, and a little to one side) brings down his red-and-yellow flag with a sharp jerk, falls on his face to avoid a collision, and the machine, freed from the grip of the men holding it, jumps away. The next two seconds tell the tale, for if a seaplane "gets off the deck" properly, the rest of its flight is not likely to be "eventful."

Practice Flights

At practice, a seaplane sails over and drops its detachable wheels near a waiting drifter, which picks them up and returns them to the ship. The machine swoops low, and "kicks" loose the "spares" at a hundred feet or less above the surface of the water, and a pilot who let his wheels go from a considerably greater altitude drew a growl from the bridge, as a long fall is likely to injure them. Its flight over, a seaplane returns to the ship by alighting on the water several hundred yards astern, and floundering up alongside as best it can. With a high wind and a choppy sea, it is rough work. The machine is so "balanced" that its tractor propeller should revolve in the air and clear the water by several inches, even in a rough sea. It will occasionally strike into "green water," however, which is always likely to shatter the ends of the blades, if nothing else. The sheathing of the blades with metal affords considerable protection, though a certain risk is always present. The operation of picking a seaplane up and hoisting it aboard is a nice piece of seamanship at best, but in bad weather is a practicable impossibility. With the wind much above thirty miles an hour, indeed, only a very real need is likely to induce a "mother ship" to loose her birds from the home nest. With the sea too rough to make it possible for a seaplane to live in it, it is sometimes possible to carry on imperative reconnaissance by sending up an ordinary aeroplane (some of which are always carried); though the latter must, of course, make its landing on *terra firma* when its work is over.

The wind had been freshening considerably all afternoon, but with no more than thirty miles an hour showing on the indicator, there was no reason for not letting me have my "balloon ride."

As the time approached for its ascent, the balloon was allowed to rise far enough from the deck to permit its car to be pushed underneath the centre of it, in order that the latter might not be dragged in the "getaway." I could now see that the monster had rather the form of the "bag" of an airship than the "silkworm-with-stomach-cramps" shape of the regulation modern observation balloon. Its nose was less blunt than that of the "sausage," and the ropes were attached so that it would be pulled with that nose boring straight into the wind, instead of tilted upwards like that of its army prototype. The three "stabilisers" at its stern were located, and appeared to function, similarly with those of the "sausage."

The basket was mid-waist deep, and just big enough to hold comfortably two men sitting on the strips of canvas which served as seats. Supplementing our jackets, two small life-preservers of the ordinary type were lashed to the inside of the basket. When I asked about parachutes, I was told that, while it was customary to carry them, on this occasion—as they were worse than useless to a man who had not practised with them—it was best not to bother myself with one. "Stick to the basket if anything happens," some one said; "it will float for a month, even if full of water." Some one else admonished not to blow up my jacket until we had stopped rising, lest it (from the expanding air, I suppose) should in turn blow me up. Then we were off. The last thing I noticed on the deck was the ship's cat, which I had observed a few moments previously rubbing his arched back ecstatically against a sagging "stabiliser," making a wild leap to catch one of the trailing guide-ropes.

"He always does that," I heard my companion saying behind me. "Some day perhaps he will catch it, and then

—if it happens at a time when there isn't an opportunity to wind in and let him down easy—I'm afraid there won't be a one of his nine lives left in the little furry pan-cake it will make of him when he hits the water. It's surprising how the water will flatten out a—anything striking it at the end of a thousand-foot fall. Only week before last—"

To deflect the conversation to more cheering channels, I began to exclaim about the view. And what a view it was! The old "Xerxes" was lying well down towards one end of the mighty bay, so that without turning the head one could sweep the eyes over the single greatest unit of far-reaching might in the whole world-war, the Grand Fleet of the British Navy. And in no other way than in ascending in a balloon or a flying machine could one attain a vantage from which the whole of the fleet could be seen. Looking from the loftiest fighting-top, from the highest hill of the islands, there was always a point in the distance beyond which there was simply an amorphous slaty blur of ships melting into the loom of the encircling islands. But now those mysterious blurs were crystallising into definite lines of cleavage, and soon—save where some especially fantastic trick of camouflage made one ship look like two in collision, or played some other equally scurvy trick on the vision—I could pick out not only battleships, but cruisers, destroyers, submarines, ranged class by class and row on row. Even the method in the apparent madness with which the swarms of supply ships, colliers, oilers, trawlers, and drifters were scattered about was discernible.

An Average Day

Save for the visibility, which was diamond-clear in the slanting light of the low-hanging winter sun, it was just an ordinary, average Grand Fleet day. A squadron of battleships was at target practice, and—even better than their own gun-control officers—we could tally the foam-jets of the "wides" and "shorts" and the narrowing "straddles." A squadron of visiting battle-cruisers had just come to anchor and were swinging lazily round to the tide. Two of them bore names which had echoed to the ends of the world; the names of two of the others—from their distinctive lines and great size, I recognised them as twin giants I had seen still in the slips on the Clyde scarcely a year previously—the world has never heard. A lean, swift scout-cruiser, with an absence of effort almost uncanny, was cleaving its way out toward the entrance just as a line of destroyers came scurrying in after the rolling smoke-pall the following wind was driving on ahead of them. Out over the open seas to the east, across the hill-tops of the islands, dim bituminous dabs on the horizon heralded the return of a battleship squadron, the unceremonious departure of which two days previously had deprived me of the last two courses of my luncheon. In the air was another "kite"—floating indolently above a battleship at anchor—and a half-dozen circling aeroplanes and seaplanes. Countless drifters and launches shuttled in and out through the evenly lined warships.

We were now towing with the cable forming an angle of about sixty degrees with the surface of the water, and running up to us straight over the port quarter. The ship had thinned down to an astonishingly slender sliver, not unsuggestive of a speeding arrow whose feathered shaft was represented by the foaming wake.

"She's three or four points off the wind," commented my companion, "and yet—once we've steadied down—you see it doesn't make much difference in the weather we make of it. A head wind is desirable in getting up to keep from fouling the upper works amidships, but we hardly need to figure it down to the last degree as in launching a seaplane. When we're really trying to find something, of course, we have to work in any slant of wind that happens to be blowing. The worst condition is a wind from anywhere abaft the beam, blowing at a faster rate than the towing ship is moving through the water. In that case, the balloon simply drifts ahead to the end of its tether, swings around, and gives the ship a tow. If the wind is strong enough—say, forty miles an hour, with the ship doing twenty—to make her give a good steady pull on the cable, it is not so bad; but when it is touch-and-go between ship and wind the poor old 'kite' is all over the shop, and about as difficult to work in as to ride in—which is saying a good deal."

"What do you mean by work?" I asked.

"Looking out for things and reporting them to the ship over the telephone," was the reply. "Perhaps even trying to run them down and destroy them."

"Can't we play a bit of work now?" I suggested. "Supposing we were at sea, and you saw what you thought to be the wake of the periscope of a U-boat a few miles away. What would you do?"

My companion laughed. "Well," he said, "if I had the old 'Xerxes' down there on the other end of the string, I should simply report the bearing and approximate distance of the periscope over the telephone, and let her do the rest."

"And what would 'the rest' consist of?" I asked.

"Principally of turning tail and running at top speed for the nearest protected waters," was the reply, "and incidentally 'broad-casting a wireless' giving position of the U-boat and the direction it was moving in."

"But supposing it was a destroyer we had 'on the string'?" I persisted; "and that you had no other present interest in the world beyond the finding of one of these little V-shaped ripples. The *modus operandi* would vary a bit in that case, wouldn't it?"

"Radically," he admitted. "I would give the destroyer what I figured was the shortest possible course to bring her into the vicinity of the U-boat. As long as the wake of the periscope was visible, I would correct that course from time to time by ordering so many degrees to port or to starboard, as the case might be. As soon as the periscope disappeared—which it would do, of course, just as soon as the eye at the bottom of it saw the 'kite'—I would merely make a guess at the submarine's most likely course, and steer the destroyer to converge with that. Our success or failure would then hinge upon whether or not I could get my eye on the submarine where it lurked or was making off under water. In that event—provided only there was enough light left to work with—it would be long odds against that U-boat ever seeing Wilhelmshaven again. Just as you guide a horse by turning it to left or right at the tug of a rein, so, by giving the destroyer a course, now to one side, now to the other, until it was headed straight over its prey, I would guide the craft at the other end of the telephone-wire to a point from which a depth-charge could be dropped with telling effect. If the conditions were favourable, I might even be able to form a rough estimate of the distance of the U-boat beneath the surface, to help in setting the hydrostat of the charge to explode at the proper depth. If the first shot fails to do the business, we have only to double back and let off another. Nothing but the coming of night or of a storm is likely to save that U-boat once we've spotted it.

"Is it difficult to pick up a submarine under water?" I asked.

"That depends largely upon the light and the amount of sea running," was the reply. "Conditions are by no means so favourable as in the Mediterranean, but, at the same time, they are much better than in some other parts of the North Sea and the Atlantic. The condition of the surface of the water also has a lot to do with it. You can see a lot deeper when the sea is glassy smooth than when it is even slightly rippled. Waves tossed up enough to break into white-caps make it still harder to see far below the surface, while enough wind (as to-day) to throw a film of foam all over the water cuts off the view completely. On a smooth day, for instance, a drifter which lies on the bottom over there—deeper down than a U-boat is likely to go of its own free will—is fairly clearly defined from this height. To-day you couldn't find a sunk battleship there."

I remarked on the fact that, in spite of the heavy wind, our basket was riding more steadily than that of any stationary observation balloon I had ever been up in at the front. "It 'yaws' a bit," I observed, "but I have never been up in a balloon with less of that 'jig-a-jig' movement which makes it so hard to fix an object with your glasses."

"The latest 'stabilisers' have just about eliminated the troublesome 'jig-a-jig,'" replied my companion.

He turned to me with a grin. "You're in luck," he said. "Ship's heading up into the wind to let a seaplane go just as they're ready to wind us in. You'll learn, now, why they call one of these balloons a 'kite.' There they go! Hold fast!"

There was a sudden side-winding jerk, and then that perfectly good seascape—Grand Fleet, Orkneys, the north end of Scotland, and all—was hashed up into something full of zigzag lines like a Futuristic masterpiece or the latest thing in "scientific camouflaging." My friends on the deck told me, afterwards, that the basket did not "loop-the-loop," that it did not "jump through," "lie down," and "roll over" like a "clown" terrier in a circus; but how could they, who were a thousand feet away, know better than I, who was on the spot? When I put that poser to them, however, one of them replied that it was because they had their eyes open. The only sympathetic witness I found was one who admitted that, while the 'kite' itself behaved with a good deal of dignity, the basket *did* perform some evolutions not unremotely suggestive of a canvas water-bucket swung on the end of a rope by a sailor in a hurry for his morning "souse."



The Great Passport Frauds—Part II



By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York

Ruroede, who was a clerk in the North German Lloyd Shipping Office in New York, was the "genius" of the German Passport Frauds in America; he succeeded von Wedell. Both the men, it was discovered, worked under the instructions of the German Embassy in Washington to secure passports by fraudulent methods to enable German officers of the reserve to return to Germany. Aucher, a Government special agent or detective, had charge of the case. He handed Ruroede two American passports, the latter agreeing to pay him \$100. Ruroede sent his young son to a bank to cash a cheque, and Aucher waited for the money in a café near by.

AUCHER then went into the café, and signalled to three other detectives to follow him. He took a seat in a boot-black's chair near the entrance, and proceeded to have his shoes blacked. In about ten minutes, Ruroede's son came out, and was about to pass by him, when Aucher hailed him. Ruroede's son then took a sealed envelope from his inside pocket, and handed it to Aucher.

"Where is your father?" Aucher asked.

"Oh, he's got a man upstairs with him," said young Ruroede, "and he couldn't come down."

"Wait a minute," said Aucher, and tore open the envelope, and in the presence of Ruroede's son, and so that the other special agents could see him do it, counted out ten \$10 notes—\$100 in all. As he was counting them, the detective who had followed Ruroede's son to the bank came in, and shouldered the boy to one side, and then stood right by him while the money was being counted. Aucher went on to

impress on Ruroede's son that business was business, and that the best of friends sometimes fell out over money matters; that his father might have unintentionally counted out \$80 or \$90 instead of the full \$100, and it was safer to take some precautions than to take a chance of creating bad blood between them. He then invited Ruroede's son to have a drink with him, which he did, both of them taking the strongest Prussian drink—milk. When they were about to part on Whitehall Street, Aucher told Ruroede's son to tell his father he would be down the next morning with the other two passports he had mentioned to him, and again impressed on the boy the importance of accuracy in money matters. Aucher then returned to headquarters with the other special agents, and made a memo of the distinguishing numbers on the notes, and marked them for future identification.

The next morning Aucher telephoned to Ruroede, and told him he had been able to get only one of the two passports he wanted, giving as the excuse for his failure to get the other the story that it had been promised to him by a man working on a job in Long Island, and that this man had met with an accident, and was in the hospital; that it would take a day or two to go out there to get a written order from him to a brother who would turn the passport over to Aucher. Ruroede accepted an invitation to take luncheon with Aucher at Davidson's restaurant at the corner of Broad and Bridge Streets.

Shortly after noon they met on the street, and went into the restaurant together. A few minutes after they were

seated, two of the special agents came in and took a table about fifteen feet away. After Aucher had ordered lunch for himself and Ruroede, he took out of his pocket another of the series of genuine passports supplied by the State Department, to which he had attached one of the photographs Ruroede had given him for this purpose. He handed the passport to Ruroede, who opened only one end of it, just enough to glance at the photograph and seal.

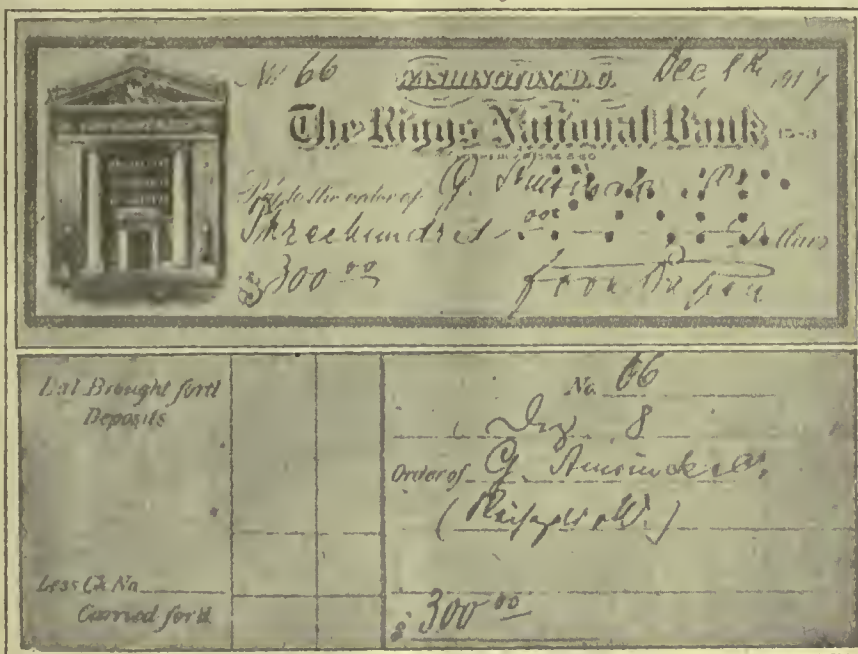
"That's fine," said Ruroede, and was about to slip it into his pocket, when Aucher seized it, and exclaimed:

"Fine? I should say—," and opened the passport wide so that one of the other special agents could see the red seal on it. "Just look at that description. Eh? He is the fellow with the military bearing, and I gave him a description I figured a man like him should answer to."

At this point, the special agent who had seen the seal left his seat at the table, and walked to the cashier's desk. As he passed, Ruroede was holding the passport in his hands

and Aucher was pointing out the description. Ruroede then put the passport into his pocket, and said again, "That's fine."

Aucher then opened a discussion of von Wedell's career and disappearance. Ruroede was very contemptuous of the missing man. "He was a plain fool," he said. "He paid £700 altogether, and got very little in return. A fellow came to him one day and told him he could get him American passports, and von Wedell said: 'All right; go ahead.' The fellow returned later and said he would have to have some expense money, and he gave him \$10. A little while later a friend of the first man came to von Wedell, wanting expense money. When von



Von Papen becomes Accessory to a crime

Though this cheque was made out in favour of G. Amsinck & Co., the German-American bankers of New York, the counterfoil bears the notation "Travelling expenses v W," that is, "von Wedell." This cheque was sent him by von Papen to enable him to escape after he had forged signatures to two fraudulent passports and realised he was under surveillance—von Papen, Military Attaché to the German Embassy, thus becoming accessory after the fact to a crime against American laws.

Wedell decided to put him off, he became threatening, and von Wedell, fearing he might tell the Government authorities, gave him some money. A few days later about twenty fellows came looking for von Wedell. But, quite aside from that sort of business, von Wedell's foolishness in forging two names on American passports is the thing that made him get away."

"Did I understand you to say," asked Aucher, "that he had gone to join his wife?"

"No," replied Ruroede, "she will be in Germany before him. She sailed last Tuesday. He went to Cuba first, and there got a Mexican passport of some sort that will take him to Spain. He ought to be in Barcelona to-day, and from there work his way into Germany."

"You say von Wedell spent £700 of his own money?" Aucher asked.

"No, no," exclaimed Ruroede, "he got it from the fund."

"Well, who puts up this money—who's back of it?"

"The Government."

"The German Government?"

"Yes," said Ruroede. "You see, it is this way. There is a captain here who is attached to the German Embassy at Washington. He has a list of German reservists in this country, and is in touch with the German Consulates all through the country, and in Peru, Mexico, Chile, etc. He gets in touch with them, and the Consuls send reservists who want to go to the front on to New York. When they get here, this captain tells them: 'Well, I can't do anything for you, but you go down to see Ruroede.' Sometimes he gives them his personal card."

Captain Franz von Papen
 Military Attaché to the German Embassy
 Washington D. C.

Handwritten notes on the back of the first card, including "1627-46" and "226".

Arthur Mudra
 Imperial German Consul
 Philadelphia

Handwritten notes on the back of the second card, including "1627-46" and "226".

Two of Ruroede's Visitors' Credentials

These cards, with the addresses written on the backs, were presented by two German officers in search of fraudulent passports. They were sent by Captain von Papen and by Dr. Arthur Mudra, German Consul at Philadelphia) who both frequently directed such officers to Ruroede for this purpose.

"Is this captain in reserve?" Aucher interrupted.

"Oh, no; he is active," Ruroede replied. "You see," he continued, "he draws on this fund for \$200 or \$300 or \$1,000, whatever he may need, and the cheques are made to read 'on account of reservists.' You see, they have to have food and clothing, also, so there is nothing to show that this money is paid out for passports or anything like that. I meet this captain once a week or so, and tell him what I am doing, and he gives me whatever money I need. You see, there must be no connection between him and me; no letters, no accounts, nothing in writing. If I were caught, and were to say what I have told you, this captain would swear that he never met me in his life before."

Who this captain was became perfectly clear through an odd occurrence two days later. On that day—January 2nd, 1915—Aucher telephoned to Ruroede at his office, and made an appointment to meet him at a quarter to one. This meeting will doubtless remain for ever memorable in Ruroede's experience.

At 12.30, a whole flock of special agents left the office of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice in the Park Row Building. There were nine representatives of the Department in the group. When they got near Ruroede's office, they were joined by two others, who had been shadowing Ruroede. They had located him at the Eastern Hotel, several blocks away, where he was at the moment with one of the German officers who planned to sail that day on the Norwegian Line steamer *Bergensfjord* with one of the false passports.

Shortly after one o'clock, one of the special agents notified the group that Ruroede had returned to his office, and then this detective, and one other, went to the Customs House and stationed themselves at a window opposite Ruroede's office to wait for a signal which Aucher was to give when he had delivered the passport to Ruroede.

When Aucher met Ruroede in Ruroede's office, Ruroede's son was present; but in a few moments the younger man took his leave, and his departure was noted by one of the agents outside. After a few minutes' conversation, Aucher handed Ruroede the missing passport and made his signal to the two men inside the Customs House window. These men reported to the main group on the street, and thereupon the whole flock descended on Ruroede's office, and placed both Ruroede and Aucher under arrest.

They seized all of Ruroede's papers before they took him away, including the passport which Aucher had just delivered to him. Aucher put up a fight against his brother officers, so as to make Ruroede believe that his arrest was genuine, but was quickly subdued and taken away. A few minutes later Ruroede also was taken from his office over to the offices of the Bureau of Investigation, but to another room than Aucher. Detectives were left behind in Ruroede's office, and in a little while Ruroede's son came in. He, too, was arrested and taken to still another part of the office of the Bureau.

Now, there entered in Ruroede's office a stranger, who to this day does not know that he unwittingly gave the officers of the United States Government the information that Captain von Papen was directly responsible for the passport frauds. This man entered while one of the detectives was busily gathering up the papers on Ruroede's desk. He said he wanted to see Mr. Ruroede. The detective asked him what his business was, and he replied that he had a letter to give him; and, answering an inquiry, he said this letter was given him by Captain von Papen, to be delivered to Ruroede.

The detective calmly informed the caller that he was Mr. Ruroede's son, and that he could give the letter to him. The stranger refused, so the detective told him that his "father," Ruroede, would be in in a few minutes. After a few minutes were up, he told the caller that he was sure that his "father" would not return, after all, and that he had better go with him to where his "father" was. The stranger agreed, and they left the office together, the detective taking him directly to the office of the Bureau of Investigation.

On the way, the stranger decided to give him the letter from Captain von Papen, and also told him that he had come from Tokio by way of San Francisco; that he was very anxious to get back to Germany; and that he was sorry he was not sailing on the boat leaving that day. He knew, he said, that Ruroede had a great many officers sailing on the ship that day, and asked if he thought the operative's "father" could make an arrangement to start him to Germany, too. He gave as a reason for his urgency the fact that he had with him eight trunks, which contained very important papers in connection with the war that should be delivered to Berlin without delay.

Upon arriving at the office of the Bureau of Investigation, the detective excused himself for a moment, and went into another room, where he concocted a plan with a fellow-agent to pose as the senior Ruroede. The detective then brought the stranger in, and introduced his confederate as his father. The stranger gave this agent of the Department his card, which was printed in German, and which read, translated into English: "Wolfram von Knorr, Captain of Cruiser, Naval Attaché, Imperial German Embassy, Tokio."

But let us leave the guileless caller in the hands of the guileful agent of Justice for a few moments, returning to him a little later.

* * *

Meanwhile, four of the agents from the Department—the minute they received the signal that Ruroede was under arrest—hastened to the Barge Office dock and boarded the revenue cutter *Manhattan*, on which they overtook the Norwegian Line steamship *Bergensfjord* at four o'clock, about one half-hour after it had set sail. They were accompanied by several customs inspectors, and ordered the *Bergensfjord* to heave to. All the male passengers on board were lined up. Strange as it may seem, they discovered four Germans, of such unmistakable names as Sachse, Meyer, Wegener,

and Muller, travelling under such palpable English and Norwegian names as Wright, Hansen, Martin, and Wilson. Stranger still, they all turned out to be reserve officers in the German Army. Sachse proved to be travelling as none other than our friend "Howard Paul Wright," for whom Aucher had supplied Ruroede with the passport—as, indeed, he had for the three others.

Meanwhile, Ruroede was the centre of another little drama that lasted until well toward midnight. He was being urged by the Assistant United States District Attorney to "come across" with the facts about his activities in the passport frauds, and he had stood up pretty well against the persuasions and hints of the attorney and the doubts and fears of his own mind. About eleven o'clock at night, as he was for the many'th time protesting his ignorance and his innocence, another agent of the Bureau of Investigation walked across the far end of the dimly lit room—in one door and out another—accompanied by a fair-haired lad of nineteen.

"My God!" exclaimed Ruroede, "have they got my son, too? The boy knows nothing at all about this."

This little ghost-walking scene, borrowed from "Hamlet," broke down Ruroede's reserve, and he came out with pretty much all the story, ending with the melancholy exclamation with which this article began: "I thought I was going to get an Iron Cross: but what they ought to do is to pin a little tin stove on me."

Ruroede admitted that he had met Captain von Papen in New York numerous times, and that von Papen had given him money at different times, but he denied that this money was given him for use in furnishing passports. On this point he stood fast; and to this day he has not directly implicated von Papen in these frauds, though it cost him a sentence of three years in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, imposed just two months later.

One thing Ruroede did confess, however; and, in doing so, he was the Hand of Fate for the timorous von Wedell. Ruroede confessed that his assertion to Aucher that Wedell was then in Barcelona was a lie, and that the truth was that Wedell had recently returned from Cuba, and was aboard the *Bergensfjord*! This confession came too late to serve that day, for the agents of the Bureau had by that time left the ship with their four prisoners, and the *Bergensfjord* was out to sea. But Fate had, nevertheless, played Wedell a harsh trick, for the processes of extradition were instantly put in motion, and with strange results.

* * *

Now, we may appropriately return to the conference between the guileless stranger from Tokio and the guileful agent of the Bureau of Investigation, in another room. The guileless stranger from Tokio revealed what Ruroede would not disclose—and revealed it all unconsciously. He talked so frankly with "young Ruroede's father" that he told several most important things. For one, Captain von Knorr declared that Captain von Papen had sent him. Whereupon the pretended Ruroede asked him whether the fact that he was expected to assist von Knorr back to Europe was known to the German Embassy at Washington. To this von Knorr replied: "Of course. I just had a talk with Captain von Papen right here in New York."

"Ruroede" still insisted on having better proof that von Knorr came directly from the Embassy, to which von Knorr retorted that "von Papen has had sufficient dealings with you for you to know that any one sent by him to you is all right."

Finding himself dealing with a somewhat reluctant savour, von Knorr adopted a conciliatory mood, and slapped his broad hand several times on "Ruroede's" left breast, saying: "That chest ought to have something," meaning a decoration from Berlin.

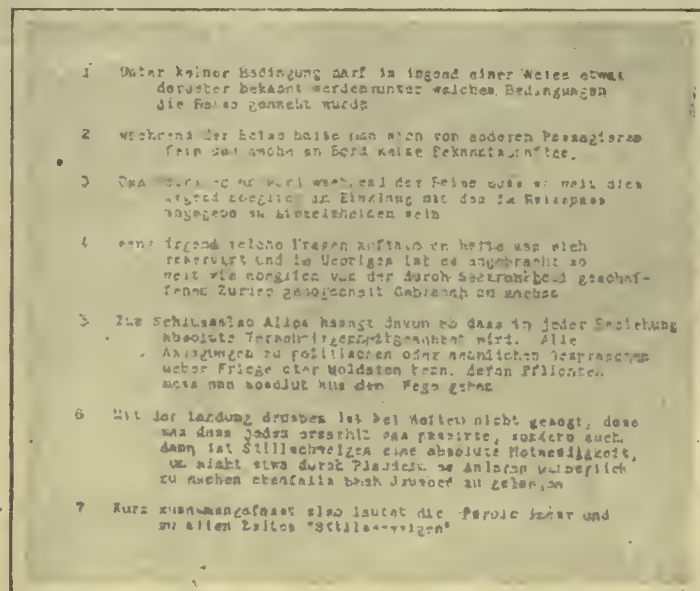
After some verbal sparring, von Knorr was allowed to drift off the scene as innocently as he had entered it, and he has yet to learn that his visit was in an office of American law and that his dealings were with the officers of Justice. But he left behind a legacy quite as valuable as his carefully remembered spoken words. This legacy was the paper which he had brought from Franz von Papen.

Two most important facts emerged ultimately from a study of this innocent bit of paper. When Ruroede was arrested, among other papers taken from his desk by the officers of the law were numerous typewritten sheets containing lists of names of German officers, their rank, and other facts about them. Ruroede never would admit that these were from von Papen, but that admission was made for him by a far more trustworthy testimony than his own. This testimony was an expert comparison, under a powerful magnifying-glass of the typewriting on these sheets and the typewriting on the von Knorr memorandum which had

undoubtedly come from von Papen. They were beyond all questioning identical. The same typewriter had written all. By this microscopic test, von Papen and the other ruthless underlings of Germany were first brought within sight of their ultimate expulsion from America.

The other pregnant fact about the von Knorr memorandum was that the eyes of Justice rested on the name of WERNER HORN, and lingered long enough to fix that name in memory. Here first swam into its ken the man who tried to destroy the international bridge at Vanceboro, Maine, and whose story is one of the most romantic and adventurous of all the German plotters! That story will be told in full in LAND & WATER. Hence it need not be dwelt on here.

One last touch in this drama: A few moments ago we left von Wedell—ambitious, timorous, von Wedell—on the high seas, bound for Norway. The Fate was after him. Ruroede's moment of weakness—his moment of trique, when he swore



Instructions to German Officers travelling on False Passports

Telling them how to behave on shipboard so that they will not arouse suspicion. In English the instructions read:—

1. On no condition and in no way whatever must anything be let out in regard to the conditions under which the voyage was effected.
2. During the passage one should keep aloof from other passengers and make no acquaintances on board.
3. Deportment on board, during the trip, should, as far as it is at all possible, be in harmony with the particular characteristics described in the passport.
4. Should any question be asked, answer with reserve, and moreover, it is fitting to make use, as far as practicable, of the need created by sea-sickness for remaining in seclusion.
5. Finally, everything will depend on the maintenance, in every respect, of absolute reticence. All incitements to political or similar discussions of the war or of soldiers and their obligations must be absolutely avoided.
6. It should by no means be understood that on landing one should tell everybody everything that happened, on the contrary, then too in silence absolutely necessary, lest through too much talking it become impossible for others to likewise get to the other side.
7. Briefly, the watchword, always and at all times, is "Silence."

he would not shoulder all this bitterness alone—had set her on his trail. A cable message to London, a wireless from the Admiralty, and then—this entry in the log-book of the *Bergensfjord*, for Monday, January 11th, 1915:

"All male first and second class passengers were gathered in the first-class dining-saloon, and their nationality inquired into.

"About noon, the boarding officer of the cruiser — (English) went back and reported to his ship. About 9.45 p.m. he came over with orders again to take off the six German stowaways and two suspected passengers. These passengers were as follows:—

"1. Rosato Sprio, Mexican. Destination Bergen. Cabin 71, second-class. . . .

"Rosato Sprio admitted, after close examination, to be H. A. Wedell. Claimed to be a citizen of the United States. . . .

"2. Dr. Rasmus Bjornstad, claimed to be a Norwegian. . . .

"As both passengers apparently were travelling under false pretences, the Captain did not feel justified to protest against the detention of the two passengers. These were accordingly . . . taken off and put on board the auxiliary cruiser—"

Unhappy Wedell! This auxiliary cruiser was a ship that never made port. Wedell's high connections in the German Foreign Office could not save him from the activities of the high officials of the German Admiralty. A U-boat fired a torpedo into the cruiser and sent her to the bottom, with Rosato Sprio, alias H. A. Wedell, aboard.

Exit Wedell and Ruroede.

Enter Werner Horn.

(To be continued.)

Angels and Ministers: By John Ruan



By Charles Sims

Clio and the Children: 1915

DREAMS, visions, apparitions, and mythological and allegorical figures ought to be treated frankly in art, for art is concerned with reality, and reality is a thing of the mind. For the purposes of art, there is very little difference—as regards reality—between an angel and a stockbroker. If anything, the advantage in reality is on the side of the angel because the stockbroker is more dependent on circumstances. An angel is an angel all the time, but a stockbroker exists only so long as there is a stock exchange. In art the important thing is not whether a thing is true, but whether it is believed.

Mr. Edward Carpenter wrote a book or an essay—I am not sure which—called *Angels' Wings*. I have never been able to get hold of it, and consequently I do not know whether or not I am plagiarising him. If I am, so much the better, because that will be two opinions instead of one. Anyhow, it has always seemed to me that the reality of art at any period could be judged from its treatment of angels' wings. If you look at the wing of an angel by Fra Angelico, or Botticelli, or the Byzantine mosaic workers, or Mestrovic, the Serbian sculptor, or at the wing of a Greek or an Egyptian sphinx, you will see that there is no attempt to make it look like the wing of a bird. There is no attempt at plausibility, and therefore the idea of impossible anatomy never enters your head.

But in the angels of even such great painters as Rembrandt and G. F. Watts—not to speak of the angels of Gustave Doré, German Christmas cards, and modern R.A.s—the wings are painted like the wings of a bird, with palpable feathers. That is to say, there is an attempt at plausibility. It is the same with the treatment of the Nimbus or Glory. In the works of the Primitives it is painted uncompromisingly as a flat plate or circle of gold; but in the works of inferior artists—inferior, that is to say, in faith—it is made to look like an emanation of the figure, "the aura" of modern psychical terminology. The paradoxical result is that you accept the Fra Angelico or Botticelli angel as a reality—a creature of the mind, an idea made visible; while you wink at the German Christmas-card angel as a polite fiction for the edification of children.

There is nothing more detestable in art than the attempt to give plausibility to miracles by approximating them to natural phenomena. The implication is that if people stick at your miracle you can always wriggle out of it by giving a pseudo-scientific explanation. Almost always the explanation is much less convincing than the miracle; as the little girl's explanation, when rebuked for falsehood, that God said: "Don't mention it, Miss Brown; I have often mistaken those big yellow dogs for lions, myself." This was much less credible than the positive assertion that she had seen a real lion in Kensington Gardens.

These reflections are prompted by the picture of "Clio and the Children: 1915," by Mr. Charles Sims. If I remember

rightly, Mr. Sims has been blamed before now for his habit of introducing mythological or allegorical figures, creatures of the mind, into everyday surroundings. That is really one of his great merits as an artist; the reality that he gives to creatures of the mind—or of faith, if you like to put it that way. Clio, the Muse of History, embodies an idea that is real because it is universally accepted. She is at least as real as Betty and Sue and Tom; and why should she not be painted with the same reality? The children, at any rate, have no doubt of her reality. They are awed not by her presence, but at the reading of her scroll. If the picture has a defect, it is not the reality of Clio, but the realism—a very different thing—of the children and the landscape. As compared with Clio, they are mere phenomena.

The slight discrepancy, not enough to hurt the picture, is interesting because it puts us on the track of a difficulty that does not exist in any art except that of painting: the rival claims of bodily and mental vision. There is not the same difficulty in writing because, even in the most realistic study, everything has to be translated into mental terms before it can be described in words. The painter, unless he forswears mental vision—when he becomes inferior to the camera—is constantly bothered by two categories. He is like a man having to do a sum in mixed vulgar and decimal fractions, and forbidden to convert one into the other. Personally—and I have the support of Blake, at any rate—I am inclined to believe that he is only self-forbidden; that if he plumped for mental vision his difficulties would disappear.

Blake said some interesting things on this point. Defending his illustrations to "The Bard, from Gray," he wrote:

The connoisseurs and artists who have made objections to Mr. B——'s mode of representing spirits with real bodies would do well to consider that the Venus, the Minerva, the Jupiter, and Apollo, which they admire in Greek statues, are all of them representations of spiritual existences of gods immortal, to the mortal perishing organ of sight; and yet they are embodied and organised in solid marble. . . . The Prophets describe what they saw in Vision as real and existing men, whom they saw with their imaginative and immortal organs; the Apostles the same; the clearer the organ, the more distinct the object. A Spirit and a Vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing; they are organised and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce.

Elsewhere he speaks of the necessity for definiteness in the treatment of the ideas of ordinary perishable things. "Yet the oak dies as well as the lettuce; but its eternal-image or individuality never dies, but renews by its seed."

Well, all artists cannot expect to have the imagination of William Blake, but they can at least give to their visions the reality he demanded, instead of trying to make them plausible with "auras" and things. And if they are to be introduced into ordinary or perishable surroundings the best way to obtain consistency is not to lower the vision to the critical standard of bodily eyesight, but to raise the perishable surroundings to the standard of the mind's eye.

The English Peasant: By Jason

A CENTURY ago one of the leading economists of the time prophesied that France would become "the great pauper warren of Europe" because she had turned her people into a race of peasant owners. His remark would have struck most of his generation as a commonplace, for the agrarian revolution which created the landless labourer seemed to the economist of the age not less happy and providential in its working than the industrial revolution that created Lancashire and the Black Country. Among the educated minds of the day it was only here and there that any misgivings arose about the future of the village society that was reformed so ruthlessly in the age of the enclosures and the introduction of the large farm. To most of the enlightened it was as clear as daylight that France was taking a retrograde step in establishing, and that England was making a great social advance in disestablishing, her ancient peasantry. The peasant, i.e., the cultivator with rights over the soil, was as much of an anachronism as the hand-loom weaver.

Of course, the contrast with France was emphasised by the war. Two nations were at war in a sense in which nations had rarely been at war in the past. For the war with France was not merely a struggle between Governments on the watch for opportunities of trade or political power, or moving restlessly for more elbow-room in the world. It was a struggle between two social systems. And just as the Europe which will emerge from the present conflict will not be the Europe we knew in that distant summer of 1914—for too many hammer blows have fallen on its body and its mind—so the Europe from which Napoleon stepped on to his exile's ship was very different from the Europe that had listened to the echoes of the tumbling Bastille. And the changes that had come about in each country were the result of the distribution of power, for the governing forces guided and controlled the changes that we are apt to speak of as economic and impersonal.

Two Diverse Societies

In the Middle Ages, England, as a rural society, differed little from the rest of Western Europe. There is a common background; a common past. How different their face to-day! Over the greater part of France the place of the serf cultivators of the Middle Ages has been taken by peasant proprietors, whereas in England the great bulk of the land belongs to large landowners who let it out to comparatively large tenant farmers who in their turn employ labourers for wages. Two diverse societies have developed from a common civilisation. Modern historians are coming to realise that the terms on which each society in Europe dissolved its old mediæval village system are among the most important facts of its history, and that the old analysis of these changes was far too easy and simple.

Why and under what conditions did the peasant survive, and why and under what conditions did he disappear? Five years ago Professor Ashley gave an important address to the International Congress of Historical Studies in which he collected the results of modern research on this subject. Roughly speaking, we may say that there were everywhere reasons of State for keeping a peasantry and reasons of class interest for dissolving it. The reasons of State are clear enough. There is an old saying: "*Pauvres paysans, pauvre royaume, pauvre royaume, pauvre roi.*" In the old statutes against depopulation stress was laid on the military importance of the peasant, and one of the charges brought against engrossing landlords was that "the defence of this land against our enemies outward is enfeebled and impaired." Peace, defence, order, and taxation all demanded, in the eyes of a provident English statesman of the sixteenth century or a Continental ruler like Maria Theresa or Frederick William III. of Prussia, that the peasantry should not be torn from the soil. On the other hand, the reasons of class interest are not less apparent, and in the eighteenth century the landlord who wanted to add to his property had the sanction of the economist not only in England, but in France, for it is important to remember that McCulloch was not more hostile to peasant farming than Quesnai or Turgot, and that the French Physiocrats were actually the pioneers in preaching enclosure.

Now, the great difference between England and France was the difference in the position of the aristocracy. In France before the Revolution the noble was a courtier, where in England he was a ruler. Consequently the actual Govern-

ment of France was not in the hands of the class whose instincts of self-interest, reinforced by the teaching of the economists, prompted enclosure. The French noble amused himself at Versailles while the *intendant* administered the countryside. The *seigneur* who resided on his estate had become, in nine cases out of ten, a mere rent-receiver. When the Revolution came the French peasants were, in the main, customary tenants of one kind or another. The Revolution released them from the dues and services—vexatious and, in some cases, humiliating—under which they held their land. In this respect, the Revolution put the peasant on his feet. Further, a certain amount of the land that was confiscated, though not the greater part, of course, came into his hands. Meanwhile the Revolution set up a Central Government, which had every motive for protecting the property of the peasant, who was the natural defender of the new order against the danger of the restoration of the ancient regime.

In Prussia

It used to be said that Stein and Hardenburg did for the peasants in Prussia what the French Revolution did for the peasant in France. This view is now discredited. The French Revolution enfranchised the peasant, by a stroke of the pen abolishing all feudal dues and obligations with the enthusiastic approval of the liberal nobles. Stein and Hardenburg enfranchised the Prussian peasant on much harsher terms, for the peasants had to surrender from a third to a half of their holdings to compensate their lords for the loss of their labour services. Secondly, enfranchisement in Prussia was limited to the larger holders; the smaller men, customary tenants and cotters, lost their footing as completely as did the English labourer. Thus the legislation of Stein and Hardenburg reflects the power of a landlord class, which was able, not indeed as in England, to do exactly what it pleased, but to control legislation in its own interest. In Bavaria, where the peasants were turned into proprietors in the middle of the last century, there was no powerful landlord class, because half the duchy had been in the hands of ecclesiastical bodies down to the nineteenth century. The peasants were consequently enfranchised on much easier terms.

In England the serf disappears much earlier than on the Continent, but the general conditions on which the mediæval village was finally rearranged were prescribed by an all-powerful landlord class. Now, the landlord class saw no conflict between the reasons of State and the reasons of class interest. In their minds public policy and private interest pointed the same way. Their power was absolute; strengthened, first, by the confiscation of the monasteries; secondly, by the Revolution of 1688; and, thirdly, by the freedom of English social life from the strict superstitions that made the French nobleman shrink from trade. The English aristocracy was immensely more powerful just because it was not a close aristocracy. And the English landowner was not a hypocrite when he asserted that the larger his estate, the more prosperous the nation. For the Revolution of 1688 had consummated the process by which the landlord class had become the Government, and he was a very active, zealous, and self-confident ruler.

To thinkers like Burke it was an axiom that the government of the landlord class was the greatest blessing that could be bestowed on any people, and if Burke could have guided the French Revolution he would have set up the nobles as the successors to the rule of Versailles, and turned the peasants into English labourers. If Burke thought this an ideal system, the landlords were not to be blamed for putting their own services to the nation pretty high, and for thinking that the dispossession of the peasantry was not too great a price to take in return. Thus the broad difference between the course that agrarian history has taken here and in the rest of Western Europe may be summarised. England escaped from the abuses of mediæval society long before the Continent, but the classes that established Parliamentary and Constitutional Government rewarded themselves by using their power to dispossess the peasantry. Mediævalism survived on the Continent down to the nineteenth century in some of its worst forms of personal oppression, but when it disappeared the Revolution (outside Prussia) helped the peasant instead of destroying him. If the English nobleman had been a gay trifler like the French, he could never have acquired the power that enabled him to make the

great enclosures, and instead of the country gentleman, an official like the *intendant* would have ruled the countryside.

The struggle between the reasons of State and the reason of class interest ceased when the State was merged in a class. The effect is seen in comparing the enclosures of the eighteenth century with those of the sixteenth. In the eighteenth century it was assumed by the governing class that a process which turned the mass of the villagers from men with rights and property into mere wage-earners was a blessing to civilisation. In the sixteenth century Governments still kept something of the old fear of the social consequences of enclosure. We have Acts of Parliament prohibiting the conversion of arable to pasture, enacting that houses which have decayed must be rebuilt, and forbidding the letting of cottages to labourers with less than four acres of land attached. We have a Royal Commission for checking enclosures in the Midlands. A century later, Charles the First actually annulled enclosures, and Cromwell's influence in the Eastern Counties has been attributed by Professor Firth to his championship of the commoners in the Fens. There is nothing of this spirit in the proceedings of Parliament in the eighteenth century. There it is taken for granted that the old common rights and common customs are obsolete, and an encumbrance. The word most often applied to them is barbarous, and it was argued that they were more suitable to a Tartar State than to a modern and civilised society. This was the view, it must be remembered, not merely of the landowners themselves, but of the thinkers and economists of the day.

Force of Ideas

If we want to know how a society will behave in any circumstances we must know what is in men's minds. The Industrial Revolution would have had quite different consequences if the age in which its decisive phases occurred had been under the influence of a different set of ideas. So with the enclosures, and the Agrarian Revolution of which they are the most striking feature. That revolution destroyed the old common life of the village and changed the population from men with rights and property of one kind or another into landless wage-earners. It had fierce critics in Cobbett, Sadler, and, after 1801, in Arthur Young. It was bitterly hated by the poor, as anybody can see from chance allusions in the novels of Fielding and Jane Austen, if his study of the period has led him no further. But the dominant view was that it was better for the nation that the man who worked in the fields should be a wage-earner, entirely under the power of the farmer, than that he should have any kind of independence. Of course, the old common field system needed reform, but it would have been possible to reform it in such a way as to preserve the elements of independence in the village population. Cobbett, Arthur Young, and the great Lord Suffield, who took so large a part in the attacks on the abuses of the prisons a century ago, presented schemes for this purpose. If the changes necessary for making the methods of agriculture more productive and scientific had been guided by their ideas England would have retained a peasant class. But those changes were carried out by men who believed with the economist, cited at the beginning of this article, that it was precisely because the men who tilled the soil of France had rights as French peasants that France was in danger of decay.

It is sometimes argued that England had to choose between poverty culminating in famine and the loss of the peasant; that it was only by means of removing enclosures that the country maintained itself during the long struggle with France. But to the generation of the enclosures there was no such reluctant and anxious dilemma. The loss of the peasant seemed not a loss, but a gain. We can see the prevailing notions of the time in the debates in Parliament and in the Reports to the Board of Agriculture which was established in 1793, with Sir John Sinclair as President, and Arthur Young as Secretary. Take, for example, the extract from the Report on Somerset in 1795: "The possession of a cow or two, with a hog and a few geese, naturally exalts the peasant, in his own conception, above his brethren in the same rank of society. It inspires some degree of confidence in a property, inadequate to his support. In sauntering after his cattle he acquires a habit of indolence. Quarter, half, and occasionally whole days are imperceptibly lost. Day labour becomes disgusting; the aversion increases by indulgence; and at length the sale of a half-fed calf or hog, furnishes the means of adding intemperance to idleness." The gentleman who reported in Shropshire put the case still more plainly. "The use of common land by labourers operates upon the mind as a sort of independence." He

went on to give as some of the advantages that would follow the enclosing of the common, "the labourers will work every day in the year, their children will be put out to labour early, and the subordination of the lower ranks of society which in the present time is so much wanted will be thereby considerably secured."

With these ideas in the ascendant it was not likely that the rights either of the individual peasant or of the village as a peasant society would be too jealously safeguarded in the process of enclosure. In point of fact, they were almost wholly disregarded. Where enclosure was carried out by Act of Parliament, procedure was by private Bill. Commissioners were appointed to inquire into local rights and to make the enclosure award. Only two interests were formally and definitely protected in the Bill: the interest of the Lord of the Manor and the interest of the tithe owner. The individual proprietor and the individual commoner had to make out his case as best he could, and the compensation he received took the form very often of a small plot of land, which was worthless when unaccompanied by rights of pasture on a common. But, of course, in hundreds of cases the small commoner could not make out a case at all. He was uneducated, and of the rights that were at issue he knew little except that as long as he could remember he had kept a cow, driven geese across the waste, pulled his fuel out of the brushwood, and cut turf from the common, and that his father had done all these things before him. If Parliament, the local commissioners, the landowners, and the lawyers had all been full of the idea that a population with rights of this kind was a better basis for building up a village society than a population of men without land and without rights, the enclosures would have been carried out in such a way as to preserve this element in village life, while enlarging the opportunities for production and the power of the improving landowner to introduce the ideas of a Coke or a Bakewell. But, as it happened, their heads were full of just the opposite idea: the idea that the nation would be happier, as well as richer, if the village labourer had to depend entirely on his earnings from day to day.

This same belief gives the key to a momentous chapter in English rural history. Towards the end of the century there came two or three years of bad harvests and high prices. The labourers, deprived of all their customary means of livelihood, were in danger of starvation. Some of the magistrates of the day proposed to establish a minimum wage for agriculture, and a Bill with this object was introduced by Samuel Whitbread into the House of Commons. But the predominant opinion was hostile. Pitt opposed the Bill, and the magistrates all over the country adopted as an alternative the vicious system, generally known in history as the Speenhamland system. Under this system a man's wages were supplemented, according to a fixed scale, out of the rates in proportion to the number of his children. The system takes its name from a place, now part of Newbury, where the Berkshire magistrates met in May 1795, in order to fix wages. But when the meeting was held, the proposal to fix wages, made by Charles Dundas, the M.P. for Berkshire, was rejected in favour of the fatal alternative. The degrading and depressing effects of this policy are notorious, and the reason for preferring to supplement wages out of the rates rather than compel farmers to pay adequate wages was the belief that the more dependent and helpless the position of the labourer, the better for society. Men were afraid of recognising any right or moral claim on the part of the labourer, and they wanted to keep the atmosphere of charity about him.

The agrarian problem, as Mr. Arthur Acland once pointed out, has two aspects. Agriculture is an industry: the system of life that depends on it is a civilisation. The great English landowners who performed such signal services to the nation in introducing improvements, and in making agriculture an infinitely more productive industry, did not lose sight of this truth. The chief argument for the form that the enclosures took was the argument that the world needed more food, and that these methods helped to satisfy that need. But this was not the only argument. It was believed that the concentration of social power produced in itself a desirable civilisation, and that the view that there was some virtue in a community of men enjoying a certain economic independence was a sentimental superstition.

Now, we are at this moment supremely interested in the problem that confronted our great grandfathers. We want to increase production, and we also have our ideas of the qualities that make a civilisation more or less desirable; and these ideas are not theirs. It will be interesting in a later article to examine the effect of the ideas of that age on the problem as we find it to-day, for the English village has lain for a hundred years under the shadow of the eighteenth century.

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Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Murders

MR. H. B. Irving—a very fine lingo one remembers—has long beguiled his leisure with criminal research, and his new *Book of Remarkable Criminals* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) is his third or fourth work of the kind. He tells here the stories of six famous criminals, and of four pairs who worked in conjunction. One may regret that he confined himself entirely here to persons who committed at least one murder (for ingenious theft is delightful to read about); and, if one is insular, one may be sorry that so many of his criminals are French ones, moving in a milieu, and speaking a language, which are not familiar to us. But his Frenchmen are excellently selected, and his Anglo-Saxons include Peace, who was only incidentally a murderer, and who, indeed, himself realised at the close of his career that his murders had been highly reprehensible. "My great mistake, sir," he said to the clergyman who visited him in the condemned cell, "and I can see it now as my end approaches, has been this—in all my career, I have used ball cartridge. I can see now that in using ball cartridge I did wrong. I ought to have used blank cartridge; then I would not have taken life."

* * * * *

Charley Peace deserves the long chapter he gets. He has claims to be considered the greatest of English criminals. It is impossible to like him: he was of repulsive appearance and a most monstrous egoist. But he had some qualities on a heroic scale—courage, alertness, impudence, imagination. The man whose execution the English crowd deplored and whose betrayer they nicknamed "Traitor Sue" was not the whole Charles Peace of real life, but the sly fox who got out through the roof when the police were downstairs; who, in disguise, discussed his own crimes with interest and reprehension; who wandered about earning his living as a fiddler under the noses of the authorities; who lived for two years in Streatham as a Christian old gentleman, entertaining the neighbours to charming musical evenings and, at a later hour of the night, sallying out at the back door with pony, cart, lantern, and crib-cracking tools to plunder their houses—that, and the daring adventurer who, even at the last, leapt out of the window of the train, and only failed to escape his warders by breaking his leg. Before him, all Mr. Irving's other criminals pale; but one may commend the philosophic Robert Butler (who said he had modelled himself on Napoleon and Frederick the Great), Professor Webster, and H. H. Holmes of America, a smug fiend whose pertinacity and cunning were only equalled by those of the man who ran him down. Webster was a Professor of Chemistry at Harvard and a colleague of that quite unimpeachable professor who wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. He was a family man; a fairly good scientist; benevolent-looking, sociable, spectacled, middle-aged. Yet—and it is still uncertain whether the crime was premeditated or the result of momentary exasperation—he slew an old friend who had lent him money and discovered him in trickery. And, having slain him, he cut him up into small pieces, buried bits of him, burned other bits, and worked for days at the job behind closed doors. Had it not been for the refusal of a fine set of teeth to be incinerated he might never have been condemned, though he would certainly have been suspected. As for Holmes, he is a remarkable example of how one thing leads to another. His original intention was merely to swindle an insurance company; a thing that many people would consider as only less venial than cheating a railway company. This led him into murder. Having murdered one man, it became necessary, in order to cover up his tracks, to get rid of the deceased person's family—six in number. He had disposed of three when he was caught. Had he been given away by nothing else, he would, to the percipient eye, have been hopelessly betrayed by his protest to the bereaved mother: "Surely you cannot think that I would murder innocent children, especially without a motive." His story, like the others, is told by Mr. Irving with commendable precision.

Tennyson once told Mr. Irving's father that he and Jowett had sat up talking well into the small hours of the morning. Asked what they were talking about, the poet said "murders." Some people would affect to be shocked at this in Tennyson; though the same people would read Browning's *The Ring*

and the *Book* with interest and admiration merely because the murder with which, and its concomitant circumstances, the poem is wholly concerned took place some hundreds of years ago, and is, consequently, history and not mere vulgar crime. But one doubts whether there is a man alive who has not at least the inclination to read murder trials, however much he may be ashamed of it. That this interest in murders is not—as is sometimes hastily assumed—a debased craving for mere blood is proved by the fact that ordinary straightforward murders in hot blood get no space in the newspapers. What provoke men's curiosity are mysteries, mysteries of motive or stratagem; astute or daring plots; the unaccountable lapses of respectable citizens; the operations of the mind in self-justification; the battle of wits between criminal and police. If a man, in a fit of sudden temper, "takes a chopper to some one," and then kills himself or delivers himself up to the police, no sane person, out of mere blood-lust, will read about him. The man we read about is he who, possessing fine qualities of courage or cleverness, endeavours to cover up his tracks; the oddity who, apparently normal, secretly poisons his fellows wholesale. We enjoy the adventures and the escapes—we even appreciate good burglaries better than good murders because we are spared the horrors—we are curious to know precisely where it is that the criminal's mind differs from ours, and we habitually, though often unconsciously, match our own resourcefulness, in face of all the legal engines of civilisation, with that of the man who has actually "done the job." For, in the last resort, the murderer and the burglar, the daring criminal and the desperate fugitive, have done in the flesh things that we all do in our minds.

* * * * *

I do not suggest that there are no differences between criminals as a class and ordinary people, though there are a good many ordinary people among criminals and a good many very wicked men who will never see the inside of a jail, and can often be found on the inside of a church. Some of Mr. Irving's murderers were criminals owing to environment or an accident that might have happened to anyone; but some certainly committed their crimes because they lacked some restraint, of reason, of morals, of human sympathy, of pity, which in most of us keeps the murderous impulse in check. But we all have the law-breaker in us, even though our better, or our more calculating, selves keep him permanently in a strait waistcoat. I do not believe there is a man alive (always excepting the Archbishop of Canterbury) who has never, sitting innocently in his chair or lying peacefully in his bed, pictured himself committing a crime and then trying to evade the consequences. Charles Peace? Jack the Ripper? Why, they were merely the projections of lines in our own mental diagrams! In animosity we have played with the idea of getting rid of our abominable private enemy or that politician whom we regard as a blight on the country; and, still more often, with our private passions totally disengaged, we have played crime as a game. We also have fired the bullet through a lighted window, tipped the man out of a train or over a bridge, poisoned thousands in a quite undetectable way, traded on our respectable reputations to burgle our neighbours, blown up rails, soaked straw with paraffin, hidden in the house in Belgrave Square, burrowed long tunnels under banks, broken jewellers' windows and bolted. We also have passed in twenty towns under twenty names, like H. H. Holmes, played the suburban philanthropist and music-lover like Peace, shaved and grown beards, had secret dug-outs, hidden suits of clothes, obtained our revolvers, poisons, and notepaper from places which would give no clue. Yes, above all, we have avoided those absurd clues. We never wear shirts spattered with little rusty spots which "prove, on examination under the microscope, to be human blood." We never carry compromising papers, leave our laundry-marks about, repeat ourselves, overreach ourselves, rashly confide in fellow-criminals, turn pale at inconvenient moments, or lose our nerve when a policeman accosts us, or publicly threaten to "do somebody in." We do what we like. Our victims are an easy prey. Our lairs are crammed with diamonds, gold watches, bullion, petrol, margarine, sugar, and matches. We go on for ever and are never caught. That is where we differ from the ordinary criminal. But we are close enough to take an interest in him; and anyone who reads Mr. Irving's book will find it fascinating.

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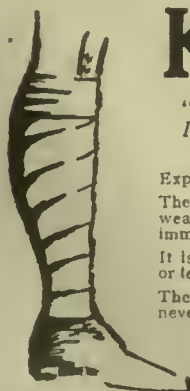
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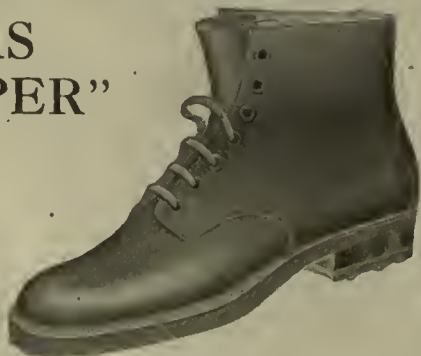
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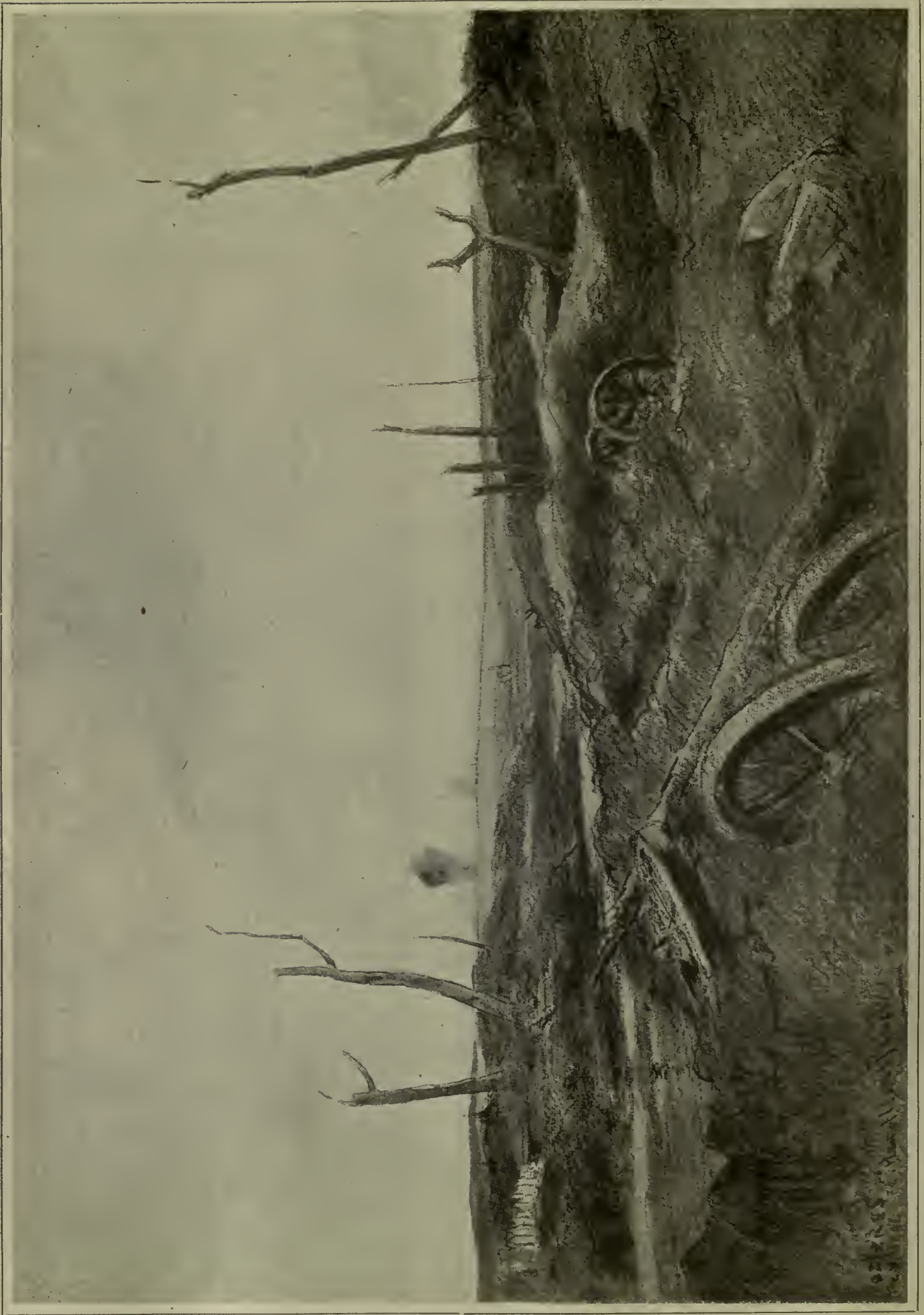
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The King's Visit to France
His Majesty talks to a Highlander just back from the Battle



Pozieres

Taken by the Australians, August 1916 : Retaken by the Germans, April 1918

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The Outlook

AT the beginning of the first week of this month the enemy's main attack was held by the increasing resistance of the Allies as portions of the French Reserves came up. But in two great attacks which followed during the course of that week, and the last and most severe of which was last Thursday, the enemy still continued his vast expenditure in men with the clear object of creating a rupture in the line as soon as possible. In the course of these efforts the Germans occupied the western or left bank of the Avre, and finally reached the point where the brook Luce falls into that river, thus occupying new ground in the shape of a crescent about twelve miles long and rather more than a couple of miles deep at the deepest point.

This movement brings the most advanced German posts to within three miles of the main railway between Amiens and Paris, which they have already had under distant fire for a long time, and, at Castel, to about nine miles from the heart of Amiens. But the cost of the effort continues to be enormous, the German losses to date being at least a third of a million men and probably more—60 per cent. of their whole annual revenue in recruitment. The Allies still stand upon the defensive, and a rough rule governing the situation is to regard that defensive as about half the strength of the offensive which it is for the moment holding, and creating in the offensive losses about double that which itself suffers.

The lesser military incidents of the week include the continued bombardment of Paris by the long-range guns which the enemy has established between La Fère and Laon, which have caused a few casualties in the course of the week, but nothing seriously disturbing the life of the city. Unfortunately, among the victims was a niece of Mr. Sargent, the painter whose unique position in this country is familiar to all. This young lady was the widow of a French officer already fallen in this war.

Apart from the main attack upon the junction between the French and British armies, strong pressure was exercised by the Germans just south of Albert, with the result that they gained a further narrow strip on the high ground beyond the Ancrè River; but considerable efforts made further to the south again, between this point and the Somme, broke down with serious losses.

The German Press continues almost unanimously to prophesy immediate victory as the result of the present action, and the attitude of the Socialist organs is worthy of special attention. These surpass their rivals in their certitude of the imminence of a complete military success and in their support of the policy now leading to it. There has been no more conspicuous change of tone in Europe than this new attitude of the German Socialists, unless it be the converse change which has taken place in this country since the enemy showed his hand a couple of weeks ago.

Never since the war began has British public opinion been more averse from a "negotiated peace" than it is at present. It is not only the battle now being fought so

sternly in Picardy that is accountable for this healthier state of feeling. The Lichnowsky memorandum has knocked the bottom out of the favourite argument of the Pacifist that this country in some mysterious way was responsible, at least in part, for the war; also recent events in Russia, Finland, and Rumania have conclusively established the kind of treatment any nation may anticipate which is willing to conclude a German peace.

The Government in carrying into effect its new Manpower Bill will be met more than half-way both in the House and the country. The proposals are far-reaching, and Ireland is at last to have conscription; but before it is enforced, a new Home Rule Bill is to be passed. It will be interesting to watch the welcome now accorded to Home Rule by the various Irish sections.

April 6th will always be hailed as a festal day in the United States. It is the date on which America entered the war, and the first anniversary was fitly celebrated in London by a luncheon given by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House last Saturday. A distinguished company had been invited to listen to the speeches of Mr. Balfour and the American Ambassador. Mr. Page made a deep impression by following up his remark that "his countrymen were aroused and united as they were never united and aroused before," with the observation: "To no previous war did we give our unanimous approval. Neither Washington nor Lincoln had all the people behind him. Such unanimity as President Wilson has is a new fact in our history. It took the boundless and barbarous ambition of Germany to bring this about."

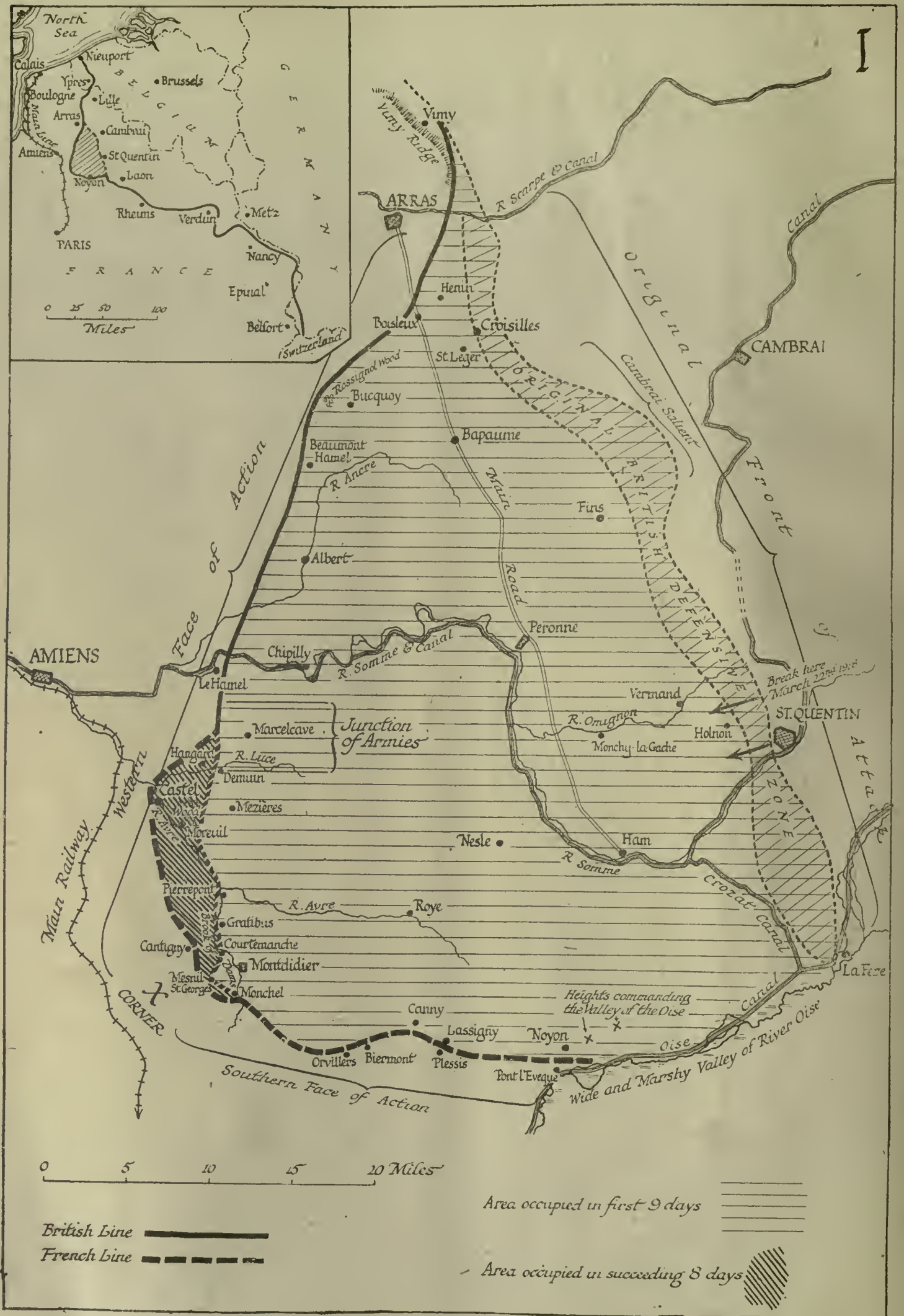
Mr. Page also put into memorable words the task that still lies before the Allies: "No nation that helps to stay this plague will ever outlive the glory of its achievement nor the thanks of succeeding generations." And on this same day Mr. Wilson delivered at Baltimore yet another of those speeches that will pass into history. According to the Reuter report, it concluded with the following sentences, to which it is impossible to give too wide publicity:

Germany has once more said that force and force alone shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it, or dominion as she conceives it, shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us—force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.

Mr. Balfour did well to differentiate clearly between the speeches and the acts of the enemy. It is a favourite German trick to endeavour to fog us with words, and it is one for which the rulers of Germany have some justification in that in this manner they undoubtedly did deceive us in the past. All their careful war preparations were made behind a cloak of protestations of desire for peace and for friendly relations with their neighbours; their endeavours to estrange the Allies have always been undertaken by verbal protests of respect first for this one and then for the other of their adversaries, and, like the drowning man, they still cling to the straw that though might fails them and their armies are defeated in the field, they will secure victory at the last either by tongue or pen. Therefore, Allied statesmen cannot be too precise and emphatic in their references to Teuton hypocrisy.

Mr. Balfour drew attention to the methods Germany is employing to secure self-determination in her own favour. "Is it not a very simple plan, either by massacre or otherwise, to change the character of a population? That sounds almost incredible in its brutality. It has been done. It is being done. And it is proposed to be done at the very moment at which I am speaking, under the agis of those civilised nations Germany and Austria." These are plain words. And to drive them home, the Foreign Secretary told what was not generally known before: that Rumania's alternative to accepting Germany's terms of peace was her destruction as a nation, her dominions to be equally divided between Hungary and Bulgaria.

The Prime Minister would be well advised to break himself of the habit of uttering words in order to galvanise his audiences. He has confessed it was the real reason for his Paris speech which gave rise to regrettable misunderstandings, and we conclude it is also the origin for the final sentence of his April 6th message to the Lord Mayor of London: "During the next few weeks America will give the Prussian military junta the surprise of their lives." It would be wiser and so much more dignified were these "surprises" only spoken about after accomplishment. Experience warns us that the anticipated "surprise" is usually a frost.



Two Phases of the Great Battle

The Continued Battle: By Hilaire Belloc

THE strategical object of the enemy in this very rapid and, to him, intensely expensive and presumably final gamble, is to separate the French and English armies.

What advantage has a general in separating two fractions of an enemy numerically equal or even numerically superior? He has the advantage that his army remains one organism while his enemy becomes two organisms, and the effect is vastly increased when the two halves thus separated are dissimilar and under distinct commands. Two divided halves are obviously weaker than one whole, for the one whole can operate with single and immediate determination, possessing full initiative after its success, and able at will to expend a minimum force in defending itself against one half of the defeated body, and a maximum effort against destroying the other half. The united whole is in this military sense much greater than the two separate parts. That is why any rupture in any line, since first human beings began to deploy and to fight with method in large organised bodies, has been immensely to the advantage of the offensive creating the rupture. That is why, to take the classical modern instance, Napoleon, in the Campaign of Waterloo, struck for and all but effected (but failed completely to effect) a rupture between the two halves of his opponents, Wellington on the left and Blucher on the right, who were considerably superior in combination to his own forces.

The enemy's first plan, as we know, was to effect a rupture between French and British somewhere between Cambrai and the Oise, that is in the sectors of St. Quentin and (or) Cambrai. Had he succeeded immediately he could have stood upon the defensive towards his left against the French with very small forces. For he would have had two advantages. First: Doing the thing at once he would have some days of grace before the French could possibly concentrate against him; secondly, he would have had, protecting that left flank of his, the broad and very difficult obstacle of the marshy Oise Valley. He would therefore have had very nearly the whole of his forces free to roll up the British line, upon the flank and rear of which he would have debouched through the gap.

He slipped upon the threshold; because the British resistance upon the first day, notably the magnificent organisation and fighting power of the Third Army, held him up with cruel losses from the Cambrai salient all the way to the hinge at Arras. Having slipped upon the threshold, he none the less did what he wanted to do—but thirty-six hours later than his time-table—in the break through west of St. Quentin upon the sector of Holnon. That thirty-six hours made a great difference, for it permitted several days, later what has been called "the shepherding" of the German push slightly northward of west from the heights just beyond Noyon. This important manœuvre we know now to have been the work of General Fayolle when he came up just in time, though as yet necessarily in small force, with French troops to begin the taking over of the right of the British line.

Result of Retirement

This "shepherding" from Noyon, coupled with the maintenance of the British line intact as it retired, pivoting upon Arras, gave the battle front at last that peculiar form of a great right-angled triangle with its apex near Montdidier, which all have remarked, and which created, in spite of the enemy and vastly to his disadvantage, a big open unprotected flank of over twenty miles between Noyon and Montdidier, upon which flank in the succeeding days the French had time to concentrate. The French meanwhile rapidly took over not only the new open southern side of the triangle—that between Noyon and Montdidier—but also a portion of the western side of the triangle, where they replaced the losses of the British Fifth Army, from the neighbourhood of Montdidier to the stream of the Luce, 12 miles away to the north. The enemy's main object was still (after more than a week's fighting, and losses in the neighbourhood of 300,000—say one-third of the vast masses he had already thrown in) to effect his breach between the British and the French armies. He had to make the attempt now under more difficult conditions than at first because he had this open flank threatening him upon the south, but the forcing of a gap still remained the grand end to which all his actions were directed. The cutting of the main railway between Amiens and Paris, the occupation of Amiens itself, were

still subservient to this main obvious and, as he hoped and hopes, decisive object: The separation of the French from the British forces.

That is the whole of the battle. It is on this account that he had been attacking, under conditions which are virtually those of open warfare, without as yet full support from his heavy artillery, with continued immense losses, and always between Montdidier and the Somme—that is, upon the sector where the British and the French armies join.

The whole first week of April was proof that the enemy in spite of the grave risk which will be presented by his open southern flank if he does not rapidly obtain a decision, and in spite of losses at three times the rate he has ever risked over so long a period in the past, and in spite of the fact that those losses are coming at the end of his national exhaustion in men, still thinks it worth while so to act in such a situation because he believes that he can get through and separate the British armies from their French Allies.

We have here one of those rare cases in the present war where the map alone is sufficient to tell the whole tale.

The Present Enemy Thrust

If the reader will look at Map 1, with its contrast between the line at the end of the 9th day of fighting—Easter Eve—with the line at the end of the 17th day (last Saturday, April 6th, the dispatches sent on which day are the latest available for this article), he will appreciate that the great rush after the enemy's momentous success just west of St. Quentin was stopped roughly upon the line River Ancre-Moreuil-River Avre-Brook of Doms-Montdidier. But he will further note that since what General Foch has called "the Dam" was built up against him his great weight of effort has been to break down that dam upon one sector. *and this sector precisely that upon which the French and British armies meet.* There is clearly apparent upon Sketch 1 the shaded "dent" which he has made during the first week of April, and that dent is as clearly the continuation of his effort to separate the two armies. To make this small advance, he threw in—and thought it well worth while to throw in—at least twenty divisions, first and last, including fresh material. He fought two actions of the utmost violence, the first putting him on the west bank of the Avre, but still leaving him east of Moreuil; the second, upon Thursday and the end of the week giving him the marshy low-lying land between the Avre and the Luce, Moreuil and its wood, and the heights upon which that wood stands, and, as a furthest point, the ruins of Castel.

In other words, before he began this violent second effort of his in the first week of April, he was six miles from the Amiens railway at his nearest point and 12 miles from the centre of Amiens town. At the end of it he had an advantage of three miles more. He was only nine miles from Amiens town and only three from the railway track. But it is not his approach to the railway (which can be supplemented by the main western line from Beauvais as well as by the single line in between), nor even his approach to Amiens, exceedingly important as that point is, which is the measure of his object or of his nearness to realising that object. The motive of this slight advance is ultimate penetration between the British and the French. If he fails to make such a gap, even by further advance, he has failed altogether. If he makes it even after a slight further advance he has succeeded. The tremendous movement after St. Quentin was a consequence of the break at Holnon; but the test of whether Holnon would break was not the rate of advance immediately before the break. The vast affair in Italy last autumn was due to the break at Caparetto; but no previous advance heralded that break.

We postulate, then, as giving its whole meaning to the present situation, that the enemy is deliberately risking a bad strategic situation with an open flank, and is deliberately risking immense losses in his last stage of national exhaustion, because that open flank will cease to count, and those losses can in his estimation be afforded *if*, before it is too late, he breaks the link between the two Allied armies.

We have next to ask ourselves what total of loss—irreparable in so short a time—would decide the issue against him should he find himself at that loss without having achieved his end.

At what does he estimate that maximum loss up to which he is prepared to go before he must admit that he has lost?

Any answer must be vague; but we may say perhaps 600,000 men. That is, some double of what he had lost in the first nine or ten days. He is clearly determined to do the thing at once or not at all. For reasons which he can gauge better than we can, which are mainly political and concerned with his condition at home, he is all out to win or lose. With his dangerously exposed southern flank he *must* do the thing quickly or not at all. If he can do it, whatever immense losses he has budgeted for will be worth his while. That is the situation.

Should he effect the rupture, he envisages this state of affairs:

Obstacle of the Somme Valley

Below Amiens runs an obstacle which is among the chief in all North-Western Continental Europe, and which has played its part again and again in the wars of the last two thousand years. This obstacle is the Lower Valley of the Somme, which is a mass of ponds and backwaters far more formidable even than the Valley of the Oise. Upon this he could count for keeping his flank towards the French while he rapidly advanced upon the isolated British forces.

Holding Abbeville, which he might regard as the consequence of the rupture following immediately after his entry into Amiens, he would have the old Noyon-Oise conditions reproduced on a vastly larger scale. The Somme Valley, a far more formidable obstacle than the Oise, would protect his left flank. He would have cut off all the remaining British forces not only from their French allies, but from most of their great ports of supply and innumerable other auxiliary aids. A rhetorician would say that he would have the Alliance at his mercy. A sober critic would say with justice that he had at least achieved his end for the time being, whatever future surprises this incalculably great campaign of the world might have in store against him. For he would have half the Western forces cut off and backed against the Channel, nearly all his own free to crush that half, and the balancing new force, the American Army, not yet in the field in any decisive strength.

There, then, is the plan, still pursued; missed in its first and easiest form, but continued in its later and more difficult form because the prize is so great and the crisis so near that the enemy thinks it worth the immensely increased and rapidly increasing risk he runs from the shape of his front and from his outrageously rapid loss. What we have to watch is his real approach—not only in ground, but in ground as measured in loss of men; not only in advance, but in advance as threatened by his open flank—towards a separation between the French and the British.

We do not know, and he does not know, how far the situation has already called up the Allied reserves. The reason we do not know is that no one ought to know this, lest it should dribble through to him. But remember, before any rash judgment is formed one way or the other, that this unknown factor is the key.

The three great factors of the battle are the maintenance of the junction between the British and the French, the strength and use of the Allied reserves, and the rate of enemy exhaustion.

The first we have dealt with. It is still intact; the consequences of its rupture we have noted, and to produce that rupture is the main object of the enemy. The second is very properly denied to all students of the situation, and must not be touched upon at all. But with regard to the third, which is co-equal in importance to the other two, we are now beginning to have serious and even detailed information. To that I shall therefore now turn.

Rate of Enemy Loss

If we knew exactly the rate of German loss and its extent to date we would, subject to the necessary silence upon the use of Allied reserves, be almost able to give a curve of the battle and of its future chances. There is nothing known yet, of course, sufficient for this; but what is already known points to a general conclusion of some moment. That conclusion is: That the enemy threw in about 61 divisions during the first nine days, increased them to 64 on the tenth, and to over 80 during the violent blow at the French right and the junction of the armies just after, and to more than 86—perhaps 90—by the fifteenth day, Thursday the 4th of April, when he captured Moreuil and Castel. Of this vast force he has of all arms lost perhaps a third. He can continue but not double the effort and the consequent loss—and all this vast expenditure is proof that the enemy is determined upon an extremely rapid decision, that is, upon a gamble against time, and our knowledge that he is so risking loss will be

confirmed by an examination of the figures we are about to give.

The figures are based upon the examination of prisoners and, occasionally, upon captured documents. They are separate altogether from vague estimates based upon a view of particular parts of the field or the number and observed effects of attacks behind the enemy's line from the air. They deal only with precise information which can be checked. We must remember that in a defensive action the first phase of which is a rapid, difficult, and very expensive retirement, the proportion of enemy prisoners taken is small and the information correspondingly insufficient.

In the fifteen days' fighting which had elapsed up to the morning of Friday, April 5th, 21 divisions of the enemy had furnished details available for publication in the judgment of the British Command. The enemy had by that time thrown in rather more than 80 divisions, of which a certain proportion had come in against the French. We may say, then, that we have at the time of writing various items of information, items of very different values, upon enemy losses in about a third of the enemy's divisions engaged against the British.

Next let us note that the losses ascertained regarded, for the most part, not the whole period of fifteen days, but only the first eight or ten.

This proportion of units dealt with, one-third, is sufficient to serve as a sample for the whole, but it is not ample. This reserve also must be made: That prisoners and documents captured usually come from units which have been specially heavily engaged. They do not always come from such units, but in most cases they are provided by a body of men which has got far forward, fought very hard, has then suffered a check, has been beaten back, and has therefore probably lost more than the average of the whole lump. I say this is *generally* the case. That there are exceptions and many exceptions is evident: For instance, you may capture prisoners from a single enemy company that has got into difficulties. Those prisoners may give you information with regard to something that happened to their whole division many days before, when it was not suffering exceptional losses. But as a rule the information on enemy losses comes to the defensive, and especially to the retiring force, from enemy units which have suffered somewhat beyond the average. It is important to make this proviso.

The 21 divisions on which we have information are as follows:

Information published in losses of divisions as a whole,	}	The 12th Division
		The Guards Ersatz Division
		The 119th Division
		The 1st Division
		The 13th Division
		The 45th Division
		The 5th Division
		The 88th Division
		The 20th Division
		The 208th Division
		The 6th Division
		The 125th Division
		The 1st Bavarian Division
Information published in losses of portions of divisions,	}	The 4th Division
		The 50th Reserve Division
		The 239th Division
		The 26th Division
		The 41st Division
		The 3rd Division of the Guards
		The 16th Bavarian Division
The 1st Guards Reserve Division		

They fall into two groups. There are those concerning which we have information of the suffering of the division as a whole, and those on which we have information, highly detailed indeed, but referring only to certain units of the division.

The former of these categories is the largest. It deals with 13 out of the 21. The latter deals with only eight. In other words, we have divisional information, though often it is only of a general kind, upon rather less than two-thirds of our subject covering the average losses of the divisions as a whole. The more detailed evidence which gives you accurate figures for small portions, which confirms doubtful points, but upon which it is more difficult to build large conclusions, deals with more than one-third of the formations mentioned. We may therefore say with justice that we get our only good view of the general losses from two-thirds of the material examined, which is but a fifth or sixth of the whole, while certain fragmentary information concerning another tenth supports us in our conclusion by detailed examples.

The 13 divisions of the first category (that which deals with divisions as a whole) are as follows :

- { The 12th Division
- { The Guards Ersatz Division
- { The 119th Division
- { The 1st Division
- { The 13th Division
- { The 45th Division
- { The 5th Division
- { The 88th Division
- { The 20th Division
- { The 208th Division
- { The 6th Division
- { The 125th Division
- { The 1st Bavarian Division

These 13 divisions on which we have general information provide that information in three separate groups—the first two showing the lightest losses, the next three heavier losses, the last eight very heavy losses indeed.

We have first the two standing at the head—the 12th Division and the Guards Ersatz.

These two betray a loss of 25 per cent. in the first week's fighting. Considering the nature of the fighting, its prolongation and the fact that these units were at work all through, that figure is low. Moreover, in the case of the 12th Division, it is accounted for largely, such as it is, by the very heavy losses of the 62nd Regiment, which was caught in its advance along the Arras-Cambrai road, early in the battle, and lost 800 men apparently at one blow.

The three next divisions—the 119th, the 1st, and the 13th—form the next group, which is that upon which we have obtained—not true divisional figures—but the average remaining strength of many individual companies after a week's fighting. We apparently have no divisional documents or information from prisoners upon these divisions from staff reports, but have found a fairly uniform return for company strength by examination of prisoners ; and in these divisions the companies examined fell to numbers varying from far below to just over one-half their original strength during the first week's fighting.

Heaviest Losses

The remaining 8 divisions—much the largest group in the whole category of 13—not only furnish information upon divisional losses as a whole, but show an extraordinarily high proportion of such losses.

The 45th Division lost 50 per cent. in the first day's fighting ; at what point in the line we are not told, but presumably upon the north.

The 5th Division is that same Brandenburg Division which has been re-formed over and over again since it was so cruelly butchered in front of Verdun two years ago. Its tradition remains, and it is one of the best divisions in the German Army. It was thrown in to try to stop that "shepherding movement" of which I spoke when the German flood was deflected westward from Noyon. It was therefore specially heavily tried. It lost 50 per cent. at Ham and more at the crossing of the Somme River immediately after.

The 88th Division lost 30 per cent. on the first day's fighting against the English and 40 per cent. of the remainder in the fighting against the French on the 29th at Mezières. The total losses, therefore, in nine days reduced it by nearly 60 per cent. It would seem that this division was one of those withdrawn after the first day's ordeal and put in again later, after a short rest. It may have been exceptionally unlucky.

The 20th Division lost in the week half its strength, and suffered especially heavily in officers. The 208th lost more than two-thirds of its strength.

The 6th (another Brandenburg Division, memorable in the attacks at Vaux in 1916) and the 125th suffered a total loss of three-quarters.

Such an enormous proportion of loss for such large units will be questioned by many. It is difficult to see how any organisation could remain after punishment of this sort, though, of course, smaller units do not come under the same criticism. But we must accept the evidence given us ; and we may be certain that it has been carefully controlled, co-ordinated, and checked.

The 1st Bavarian seems to have suffered in much the same proportion, though the figures are less precise.

Of these tremendously heavy losses in the worst tried of the enemy's divisions during the week, we have corroboration in a special instance taken from the second category of evidence, that of small units, to which I now turn.

The eight divisions which provide details of this sort—that is, details about special units only—are :

- { The 4th Division (also an elite which did very heavy work at Verdun two years ago)
- { The 50th Reserve Division
- { The 239th Division
- { The 26th Division
- { The 41st Division
- { The 3rd Division of the Guards
- { The 16th Bavarian Division
- { The 1st Guards Reserve Division.

These eight divisions provide very different types of information, but the first mentioned of them, the 4th Division, helps us, as I have said, to understand how some divisions have actually lost three-quarters of their total numbers. For we have in the case of this unit very precise details upon the fate of the 1st Battalion of the 140th Regiment.

The four companies of this battalion would, at their full establishment count 250 men each. Even if we allow only 250 men to have been actually present in the battle in each company, the losses (which have been obtained with absolute precision from a captured document) are amazing and they all took place in the first day's fighting. At the end of that day the 1st company had 35 men left ; the second company 16 ; the third 26 ; and the 4th 17—with an even heavier corresponding loss in officers and non-commissioned officers. In other words, at the end of the first day, so far as this battalion was concerned, less than one-tenth of its full establishment remained unwounded, and even if that



establishment was reduced, as most of the German establishments now are, the killed and wounded were still seven-eighths of the whole !

In the 50th Reserve Division we get something of the same sort, though the details are less precise. It would seem that the remnants of whole regiments had to be reorganised together, and we have evidence of one company completely annihilated.

In the 239th Division two regiments lost 30 per cent. to 50 per cent.

Of the 26th Reserve Division and the 41st Division we have such fragmentary evidence as that in the first case a whole company were annihilated ; in the second that one battalion lost just under half its officers apparently, in a single day.

The 16th Bavarian gives, in certain unnamed regiments, a loss of 25 per cent. only. Of the 3rd Division of the Guards we have company details only showing losses of 40 per cent.

Lastly, we have the curiously minute evidence from a fraction of the 1st Guards Reserve Division. It concerns only a single battalion of the 64th Reserve Regiment, but it is absolutely complete. This battalion was engaged in the fighting for Bapaume, astraddle of the great high road from Bapaume to Cambrai, and was reduced in the tremendous struggle for Bapaume from a full nominal establishment of a thousand) which can hardly have been much less than an actual 800 men) to only 80 unwounded at the end of the day ! It called for a draft, and could only receive 150 men, bringing it up again to 230, at which strength it stood in

Bapaume ruins when these were reached. But a day or two later, when next information could be obtained, that remnant had again fallen by nearly half: There were 120 men left.

Summary of Evidence

Now if we put all this evidence together what we arrive at is this:—

The best divisions were used early and used hard: Guards, Brandenburg, etc. The least tried divisions on which we can get information lost only a quarter of their men—but these are but a tenth of those examined. A next and larger batch lost one-half or something approaching one-half. The largest batch of all, the great majority of the divisions analysed, had enormous losses passing from one-half to two-thirds, and even, in the case of three of them, up to three-quarters. While fragmentary but highly detailed and complete evidence with regard to units smaller than divisions, from companies to battalions, show us that these very high figures are credible for the divisions as a whole.

Allowing, as we must, that most of the evidence comes from the more sorely tried bodies and that the average is brought down sharply by the bodies that came in later, or which were not concerned in the worst parts of the fighting, we are certain that in the first nine days or so, a third, at least, of the forces thrown in were hit. The evidence would warrant us putting it higher and saying nearly one-half, but one refrains from so high a figure because it would surely mean a disorganisation on the enemy's side which his continued offensive does not support. If we say of the first nine days somewhat over a third for the units thrown in during those first nine days—if we think in terms of well under 40 per cent., but more than 34 per cent.—I think we are on the right lines.

I see it suggested by the field-correspondents (who write with direct and quasi-official information before them) that we may reckon on more than three thousand, but not more than four thousand losses to the division. The latter figure would certainly be exceedingly high, yet it may, when we have full evidence, prove true. In any case, we have now confirmed by ample figures the first rough guess of a toll taken out of the enemy's material for action; it comes to something certainly not far short of 300,000 men, and possibly over 350,000, up to a period more than ten days before these lines will be in the hands of the public.

This is a rate of exhaustion the like of which has not appeared in any other fighting, even of this war. It helps to explain the continued Allied defensive; it illuminates a phrase which has been used upon the French front, and which I have heard quoted: "Patience: They have still many more divisions to pass in front of our machine-guns."

Numerical Position

We must recall at this point that foundation of all military judgment which has been somewhat obscure during the last few months, the numerical position of the enemy.

We have far less data upon which to base it now than we had a year ago. There has been no loss upon the Eastern front for very many months. What is worse, there has been no serious information from the Eastern front. The enemy has stopped giving us even those belated and wilfully lessened figures of losses which for nearly three years afforded an excellent check upon other forms of calculation.

Nevertheless, our knowledge of the situation as it stood a year ago, the known rate of German recruitment, and the known or nearly known position of his present establishment, coupled with some guess at his losses during last summer and autumn in Flanders, are sufficient to convince us, even if the enemy's movements were not there to prove it, that he is now staking everything. What he may call up from his Allies, as we shall show in a moment, is hardly significant to the struggle.

The total German losses at the end of 1915—that is, after 17 months of war, and counting as dead all those who had died after ever being upon the ration strength of that service in any form since the beginning of the war—was approximately one million. After the further lapse of an equal space of time, after another 17 months—that is, at the end of the 34th month of the war, by May, 1917—in spite of the very heavy losses suffered under the recent English and French offensives of Arras and Champagne, his losses in dead were not doubled. In other words, the total rate of loss had slightly slackened, the reason being that he had had prolonged repose upon the Eastern front during the break-up of Russia. He had not quite two million dead at this moment. He had more than a million and three-quarters.* He had

perhaps more than 1,800,000, but we may doubt whether he had 1,900,000. In the last 12 months the rate again slackened. The last Russian effort was short, and broke down, and his main losses were due to the heavy fighting in Flanders under the pressure of the British and his own pressure exercised earlier for many weeks on the Chemin des Dames in front of Laon. On the other hand, the effect of time and of the blockade was being felt; losses from sickness were going up and old cases were dropping off, many of them after discharge to civilian life. Meanwhile, he had a regular annual recruitment of just on half a million, and had called up every available lad, including, at the end of last year, class 1920. He stood before the present offensive with a ration strength of some five million and a strength organised in divisions of some three millions. Nearly the whole of what could be used for active effort was on the Western front. Of his total forces available, he has already put in, roughly, one-half into the single battle area of the triangle Arras-Montdidier and Noyon. Reckoned in fighting value, he has put in far more than one-half.

If he had no more material to put in, if the remaining half were pinned down to other sections of the line and immovable, his losses would have already been sufficient to cripple his effort. But they are not so pinned down. He can send back to quiet sectors of the line divisions hammered out of this battle and throw in as fresh material the divisions which these replace. Roughly speaking, he can still risk material and losses double those already incurred—but that will be the end or very near the end of continued offensive power so far as the German resources alone are concerned.

I do not know whether any readers of LAND & WATER want to waste time over the favourite thesis of certain writers that the German armies suffer less than the Allies (in spite of their tactical formations), or upon the alternative thesis (which seems equally popular) that the German General Staff can work a miracle and create men out of nothing indefinitely. I hope I may take it that we need not waste space here upon the discussion of these alternative theses.

The unknown factor that does apparently remain is the factor of enemy supply for the West of men other than German. I have read that there are certain Bulgarian units now west of the Rhine. No proof is given and the point is not really very material for the numbers must be insignificant in any case.

The Austrian situation is worth a more serious consideration. The highest number given for the existing Austrian divisions is 76. The Italians report 60 Austrian divisions opposed to their line. If that report is correct it means that at least 11 divisions have been brought from the east to reinforce the reduced front between the Swiss frontier and the mouth of the Piave. That would seem a very high number and some doubt has naturally been expressed in France and England as to the accuracy of the very high figure 60 which the Italians give us. But we must remember that we ignore the internal condition of the Austrian army. We do not know the present strength of those divisions well.

There is here a phenomenon something like that which was discovered—in a much higher degree—relative to the Turkish forces some months ago. The divisions supposed to exist and noted were numerous enough to make us believe that a Turkish effort was probable in Mesopotamia. No such effort developed. Upon the contrary, the Turkish front weakened more and more, and the explanation could only be that the nominal strength of the Turks was vastly in excess of their real strength, and that disorganisation, as well as other forms of loss, accounted for the balance.

At any rate, if we accept the Italian figures, there would be a balance of not more than 16 Austrian divisions; but of these, some must be at work in Russia and one or two in the Balkans, and the number that could be spared for adding to the German forces in France cannot be very large.

All this is leaving out the natural political argument that the Government of Austria-Hungary would be reluctant to send more men than it could help to the Western front, and the military argument that the obvious way to use the remaining strength of Austria would be for action upon the Italian front next month or at the latest in June, when the weather permits the renewal of an offensive upon that perilous mountain flank left open by the decision of the Allies to cover Venice, and not to retire upon the natural line of the Adige. We know that, as a fact, the Austrians have concentrated heavily in the Tyrol, and it seems to stand to reason that the Italian situation will be kept in hand as a sort of balance to work with in case the great offensive in France should fail.

H. BELLOC.

* Six or seven weeks earlier the authorities in Germany were admitting one and a half million dead to the American Ambassador in Berlin, but still giving under one million in their official lists.

A New German Port: By Arthur Pollen

WHEN Kerensky fell and the fortunes of Russia were confided to a Government of fanatics and traitors, it became obvious that the military situation on the Western front would suffer a change very damaging to us, as soon as the enemy troops, hitherto contained by our late ally in the East, could be transferred to the sole remaining field of war. What in the late autumn it was obvious must happen, has in the last three weeks actually happened. To what extent, if at all, is the naval position adversely changed by the elimination of Russia from the war?

Some weeks ago it was pointed out here that the most obvious of the naval advantages that Germany could gain by her advance on Petrograd would be the possession of so much of the Russian Baltic Fleet as was either in fighting condition or could be completed or refitted. If the battleships and battle-cruisers of the old programme had been ready by their due dates, were in fighting trim, and were so surrendered, the enemy's reinforcements might be so formidable as to make it necessary for the Grand Fleet to be enlarged by all of the American fourteen dreadnoughts. Nothing appeared in our Press on this subject since that article was written until last week, when Reuter's correspondents at Stockholm and Petrograd informed us that the Germans had landed 40,000 men, 3,000 guns, 2,000 machine-guns and armoured cars at Hango, and had already advanced to Ekenaes, twenty miles along the railway which, seventy miles further on, forms a junction with the line that leads down to Helsingfors. We learned also that at Helsingfors are moored two Russian battleships, a division of destroyers, five submarines, and numerous transports, and that these are ice-bound and cannot move, because the only ice-breaker had left Helsingfors and surrendered to the Germans at Reval, just before the landing at Hango took place. At Hango itself there were four submarines and several other Russian warships, and the commanders of these vessels, being unable to resist the landing, blew them up rather than that they should fall into the hands of the enemy.

The only satisfactory feature of this news is that some Russian warships are still under the command of men loyal enough to their country, to prefer seeing their ships destroyed to seeing them tamely handed over to the enemy, not only of Russia, but of mankind. Whether the battleships at Helsingfors are in such loyal hands we do not know. It would clearly be possible, by exploding small charges in the engine-rooms, the gun-mountings, in the guns themselves and in the ships' bottoms, to put the vessels beyond the possibility of repair, and to do so without risk of any kind to the surrounding population, supposing the ships to be moored where their complete destruction, by blowing up the magazines, would be a public danger. If they are not in such hands, the first accession of naval strength to the enemy will become an accomplished fact, and Allied plans will have to be altered to meet them.

But, as has been foreseen from the first moment when the German expedition into Finland was announced, the enemy has a second naval objective in view which, if it succeeds, may prove far more embarrassing to us than any increase of his battleship, cruiser, or destroyer strength. On Wednesday last week *The Times* correspondent at Petrograd announced that Germany's Finnish allies were already advancing on Kem, a port on the North Sea, the most important town on the Murman Railway that connects Kola with Petrograd. This correspondent also hints that some Allied effort is being made to prevent this railway falling into traitorous hands. If the possession of Kem were followed up by the effective occupation of Finland, not only would Petrograd be hemmed in from the North, but German access to an ice-free Arctic port would seemingly be secured, except for such opposition as a navy working with or without military assistance could oppose. The possession of this port would be of incalculable value to the enemy for various reasons.

The latest maps seem to give the name of Romanov na Murmanye to this latest Russian effort to get access to the sea, and it is situated half-way up an inlet known as Kola Bay, which is, in fact, the estuary of the River Tulom. It is situated about seventy-five miles from the Finnish and Norwegian boundary in the Varanger Fjord. Though nearly ten degrees north of Archangel, it is not ice-bound in winter. It is not the lowness of temperature that makes Archangel useless in the winter months, but the fact that the southerly currents from the Arctic Ocean, combined with the pre-

vailing winds, carry the ice floes southward into Dwina Bay, and there pack them in such masses that it is neither possible to prevent the channel being altogether blocked, nor to blast nor break a channel when the block has taken place. Kola Bay is free from both these phenomena, and though the surface may freeze, it seldom, if ever, attains the thickness that cannot easily be dealt with.

The advantages that a properly equipped port at this point would give to Russia had long been realised, and ever since the beginning of hostilities, great and sustained efforts have been made, not only to complete the port itself in every respect for the reception and unloading of ships, but to complete the Murman Railway to connect the port with Petrograd. There is reason to believe that both port and railway are now ready for use.

Kola Bay

If the Germans could seize the sea-board railhead, and establish railway communications either with Helsingfors or Petrograd—which they can occupy when they will—they could establish there a new submarine base free from the very patent disadvantages of those from which her underwater craft have now to operate. If we suppose, as seems likely, that the English Channel will before long be made impassable for the submarine, and further suppose that the enemy's main field of operations must always be the western end of the Atlantic lanes, Kola Bay will only be some six hundred miles further from the submarine destination: a very inconsiderable handicap when it is remembered that, in exchange for six hundred miles of well-patrolled, and therefore highly dangerous passage, the U-boats will have but double this distance to go—and a journey in which almost complete immunity from attack may be expected.

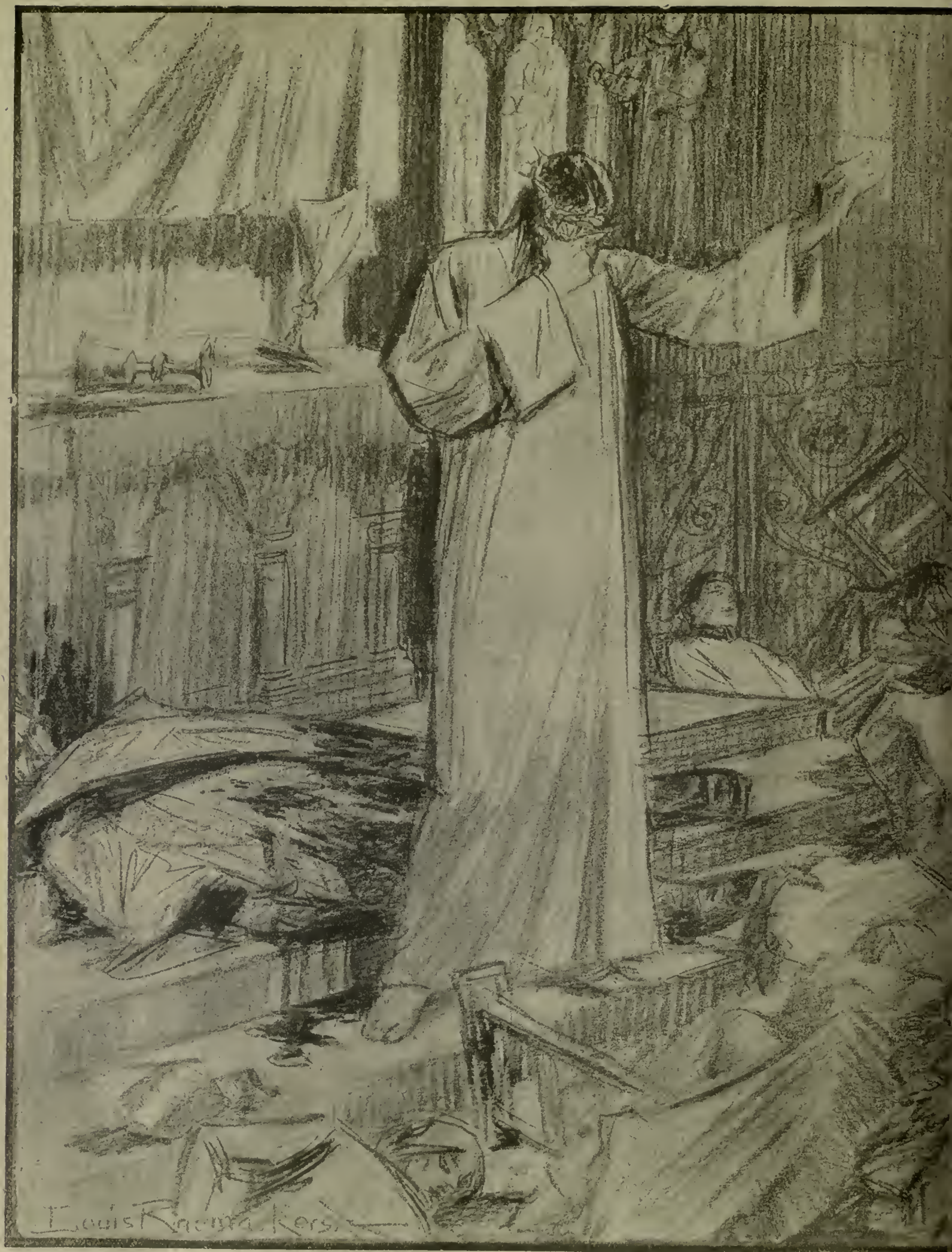
All these considerations have long been before the Allied Governments, and it cannot be doubted that some and, let us hope, adequate measures have been taken to prevent, not only the Murman Railway with its port, but, if possible, Archangel, too, from falling into enemy hands. Should certain measures, however, not prove adequate, new duties will be thrown on our naval forces, and it is perhaps worth considering what they must involve. It will make what has to be considered more intelligible to rehearse once more the essential characteristics that distinguish submarine from other attacks on trade.

Most people, when they think about the submarine, imagine its unique merit to be its power of unseen attack. This, however, is not really the case. For nine out of ten submarine attacks have to be made with the submarine either altogether or at least partially visible. The unique character of the submarine is its power of invisible passage. It can, that is to say, set before itself a destination, and by coming to the surface only during darkness, travel in almost continuous invisibility until it has reached the desired point.

The development of under-water hearing makes it possible in some conditions to discover that a submarine is in the neighbourhood. But under-water hearing cuts both ways, and for the moment it is doubtful if, in the open sea at least, the submarine has not gained most by its development. For, being able to lie motionless—and therefore soundless—on the bottom, it can, by periodically stopping to listen, decide whether at any moment it is safe to come to the surface or not. For practical purposes, therefore, the submarine, if it can avoid mines, can navigate the seas with comparative freedom from risk. Hence, though I have no definite information to guide me, I will hazard the guess that 95 per cent. of the submarines that are destroyed are caught either when they are on or near the surface for purposes of attack, or just after diving from the surface, when the area within which depth charges will reach them can be judged with sufficient accuracy to make the counter-attack almost sure. It follows, then, that only such submarines are destroyed as are either surprised when their commanders think they are in safety, or intercepted when their commanders think they are taking a legitimate risk in coming up. Thus the anti-submarine offensive depends for its efficacy almost entirely upon the greed of the submarine for its prey, just as the—very uncertain—success of an angler depends, as Sir William Simpson says, on the appetite "of a scaly but fastidious animal."

When men fish for a living, they do not rely on anything so uncertain as the combination of skill and judgment of the

(Continued on page 12.)

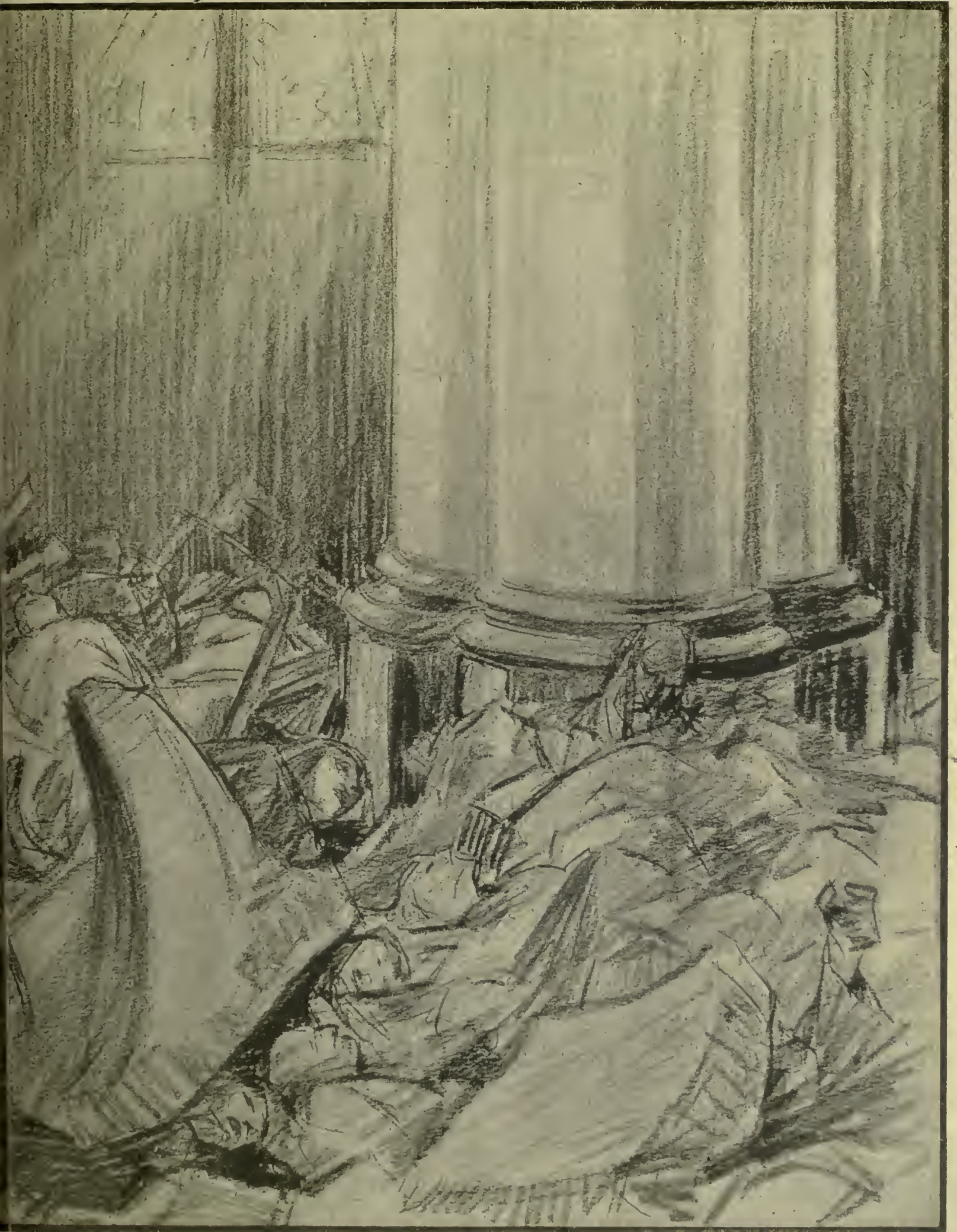


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Good Friday

By Louis Knaflitz Kers

"On Good Friday, at the very hour of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, when the faithful gathered in the churches to celebrate Divine Service and the vaulted roof collapsed, crushing many of our faithful attending Divine Service. There are at least 75,000 people who were killed at such an hour arouses reprobation in every heart. In an hour of profound grief it is our duty to echo this reprobation."



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great mystery, the Germans resumed their bombardment of Paris after several days' interruption. A shell fell on one of our injured, who for the most part are women and children. Such a crime committed in such circumstances on such a day and to the justice of God, while imploring His compassion for the victims."—Protest by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris.

(Continued from page 9).

angler with the appetite or voracity in the fish. They deal with the quarry not as a creature that can be tempted to the surface, but as a resolute denizen of the depths, and proceed to intercept him between his starting-point and his destination by means from which, being invisible and submerged, he cannot escape. The professional fishermen, in other words, recognise that the under-water quarry, if it is to be attacked wholesale, must be attacked by under-water means. The application of this counsel to the case of the submarine has, from the first, been obvious enough. The arming of merchantmen and their convoy by gun- and depth-charge-carrying destroyers, the regular patrolling of infested areas to search for submarines while recharging their batteries on the surface at night, the employment of aeroplanes to discover them near the surface—all these things may be likened to the angling side of the fisherman's craft. It is no doubt the more attractive form of fishing. It appeals more to the artist and to the sportsman. But it is too accidental to be the method that gets satisfactory results in fish brought to market. For this, wider and, if you like, brutal ways are better. For obvious reasons, you cannot trawl for submarines, nor does it seem likely that stationary obstacles, whether nets or otherwise, would be effective—if merely designed to impose a passive barrier between the submarine and his destination. Through any such obstacles as these some means could certainly be found of using a torpedo to clear a passage. But it is not at all certain that the submarine could ever find a way of evading continuous mine-fields, spread from shore to shore over the Channel and North Sea, and repeated at different depths, so that at no level or even on the surface could a safe passage be found. It looks, then, as if the only wholesale method of dealing with the submarine is to make its passage through any tract of

sea that it is bound to pass, if a destination is to be reached, wholly impossible.

The advantage of a Kola Bay port to the Germans would be the possession of a port free from what might be called the geographical shortcomings of her present naval bases. It is, of course, not a base that would be of value for anything except for submarine work, for it is inconceivable that any useful number of surface ships—even of the fastest destroyers—could pass through our guard and reach so distant a point in safety. And from this it follows that it is *in theory* a port, the use of which by submarines could be denied to the enemy by close investment. As has so often been pointed out, the present German bases cannot be blocked by a mine-barrage because mine-fields must be protected by surface ships, because the integrity of the German Fleet would make the defence of a mine-field near to the German harbours possible only by employing our own battleships there, and because to employ our battleships in narrow, shallow, and uncharted waters, would expose us to such disadvantages as to make the risk almost impossible. But if no powerful surface ships could be brought into Kola Bay, then a close investment of this inlet by a mine-field, watched by surface vessels more powerful than anything the enemy could have there, should, as I have said, be possible. But I use the phrase "in theory" because the actual operation would present extraordinary difficulties. For we should be, presumably, without a base on the Murman coast ourselves, and to maintain an inshore watch in the Arctic regions, 1,200 miles or more from the nearest port in which it would be possible to refit ships and refresh crews, would be an undertaking entirely without precedent in warfare. Emphatically, therefore, the problems that must arise from the German possession of a port in Kola Bay are far better dealt with by prevention than by cure.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Mr. Wilson's Great Stroke: By Arthur Pollen

I DOUBT if the majority of English people really appreciate the full significance of what President Wilson, seemingly at the suggestion of General Pershing, has decided to do, not only with the American troops in France, but with all the troops that can be got to France in the immediate future.

The decision in itself is that the American battalions are to be brigaded as occasion requires with the French and British battalions, and to be sent into the firing line—of course, under their own colonels, majors, and company officers, but—as units controlled by French or British Brigadier-Generals of Division and so upwards. To many people, the President seems, in this, first to have done no more than meet a very clear necessity of the situation, and, secondly, only to be following a course for which he himself and the British Admiralty have already supplied precedents. As to the first point, I see it stated that there are in France a large number of American troops available for the purposes designated, a number which must very much exceed the total of the Allied losses in the battle which still continues.

Of the timely value of this reinforcement there can be no two opinions. As to the second, a precedent for the principle involved has existed for several months in the case of the American destroyers operating in the Atlantic under the ultimate command of one of the most experienced and most brilliant of our senior admirals. They are, of course, only part of the forces at the disposal of this officer, and to make the analogy complete, Admiral Sims commanded the entire combined forces himself for a period.

This reciprocal action by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain is, I believe, entirely without parallel in history. It has often happened that Allied forces have worked together under a Generalissimo, but in each case every unit, and every individual in it, looked to the national commander-in-chief for orders. What was unique in this Anglo-American naval arrangement was that the captains and officers of English and American ships came under the direct orders of an officer not of their own nationality. Those who have been privileged to see at first hand how this arrangement has worked in practice have been deeply impressed by the skill and tact, no less than by the fine warlike and patriotic spirit which has alone made its complete success possible. And it is not a far-fetched idea to suppose that the real authors of President Wilson's epoch-making decision are Rear-Admiral Sir Lewis Bayley, Vice-Admiral Sims, and the officers and men of both nationalities who have served under them

But, precedent or no precedent, the case of the Army is in reality an infinitely more striking affair. For seamen are as a race apart. The long training and the sustained self-devotion necessary to gain mastery of a science and a craft incomprehensible to the lay segregate the sailor so completely from the landsman that when a common cause bids them unite their forces, it is almost easier for English naval officers to feel the bond of brotherhood with American colleagues than with brother Englishmen not of their own high and select calling. The professional training of the soldier confers no parallel aloofness and, where you have the citizen soldier, there is almost no qualification of his purely national prejudices and characteristics. Without question, every American who volunteered for this war—and nine out of ten of those in France must be men who had gone into training before the draft came into force—did so to become a member of a purely American force, to fight under the Stars and Stripes for the credit and glory of his own country, to be commanded by American generals, and to be led and directed by an American staff.

To sacrifice so much of this ideal, to consent to so much of the merging of so much of the national identity—this would be extraordinary in any event. It approximates to the heroic in the case of a nation so singularly self-conscious of its nationality. The President has not, of course, by any means abandoned the building up of an American Army with its whole apparatus of Generals, Staff, and so forth. But the decision not to wait for the realisation of this plan before enabling his ardent countrymen to strike a blow for justice and freedom, has necessarily postponed the Army's creation, and to do this called for moral courage of a very high order. It is a thing that claims our sincere gratitude, and not the least of its many pleasing aspects is the very obvious satisfaction of the people of America with their President's decision.

Three months ago, in these columns, I offered my tribute to the unlimited willingness of the American people to make every effort and every sacrifice demanded of them for victory; but it did not occur to me that this particular demand would so soon be made. But circumstances have made it necessary, and great and unusual as the event is, those who realise that America's determination to fight and not to stop fighting till victory is won, will not be surprised that the President has not hesitated to do what to a more narrow view of national dignity would have seemed prohibitive, or that the nation as a whole should have endorsed this finer vision with unanimous enthusiasm.



German Plots Exposed

Enter Werner Horn

By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York



THE real mystery in the case of Werner Horn is this: Who was the man in Lower 3? (If he had only known—!)

Because, except for this one missing fact, the story of Werner Horn is as clear as day. It is the story of a brave man, too honest to lie with a straight face, who was used by the villainous von Bernstorff and von Papen only after they had lied without a quiver, on at least three vital points, to him. He meant to fight the enemy of his country as a soldier fights, and they cynically sent him on an errand which they meant should be an errand of miscellaneous crime, including murder. He was to go to a felon's death, for this one of the many devilish plots they were concocting against American lives, while they lived in luxury in Washington and lied with smiling faces to the representatives of the people whose hospitality they were betraying. There have been few more despicably outrageous, more cold-blooded, crimes than this—except that other one (also of their devising) in the ship bombs case—but that is another story, to be told later.

The story of Werner Horn begins in Guatemala. Horn was the manager of a coffee plantation at Moka. He had seen ten years of service in the German Army when, in 1909, he got a furlough from the authorities in Cologne permitting him to go to Central America for two years. This furlough writes him down as an "Oberleutnant on inactive service": which means, roughly, he was a first-lieutenant of the German Army, out of uniform, but subject to call ahead of all other classes of men liable for military duty. Then came the war.

Two hours after word of "The Day" reached Moka, Werner Horn was packed and on his way to Germany. From Belize he sailed to Galveston, where he spent two weeks looking in vain for a passage. Then on to New York, where he tried for a month to sail. Finding that impossible, he went to Mexico City, and there learned that another man in Guatemala had his job. He had just found another one, on an American coffee plantation at Salto de Aguas, in Chiapas, and was about to go there by launch from Frontera, when he got a card telling him to try again to get to Germany. By December 26th he was back in New Orleans, and a few days later he was lodging in the Arietta Hotel on Staten Island, in New York Harbour.

Now began a series of conferences with von Papen. Horn was afire with honest zeal to serve the Fatherland, and von Papen was unscrupulous as to how he did it. When he could not get passage for him back to Germany, von Papen determined to use this blond giant (Horn is six feet two) for another purpose. He then unpacked his kit of lies.

A little after the midnight of Saturday, December 29th, 1914, a big German in rough clothes and cloth cap, entered the Grand Central Station, carrying a cheap brown suitcase. A porter seized it from him with an expansive smile. The smile faded long before they reached car 34 of the one-

No villainy was too bad to check the German Embassy at Washington in its plots against America, then a Neutral State. The attempt to blow up with dynamite the Vanceboro Bridge that divides the State of Maine from Canada is described here. Von Papen, German Military Attaché at Washington, again plays a leading part in this dramatic episode.

o'clock New Haven train to Boston. "Boss, yoh sho' has got a load o' lead in theah," was his puffing comment as he got his tip. The German grinned, and a few minutes later

swung the suit-case carelessly against the steam-pipes under Lower 3, and clambered to the upper. A suit-case full of dynamite—and the man in Lower 3 slept on!

Several people on the Maine Central train that left North Station, Boston, at eight o'clock the next morning, afterwards identified the big blond German who left it at Vanceboro, Maine, at six forty-five that evening. None of them recalled his luggage.

But trust the people in a country town to catalogue a stranger. Horn went directly from the train about his errand; which was reckoning without the Misses Hunter and the twelve-year-old Armstrong boy. They saw him toiling through the snow, marked the unusual weight of his suit-case from the way he carried it, saw him hide it in the woodpile by the siding—and then they talked. Soon Mr. Hunter hurried to the Immigration Office and told an inspector there about the suspicious stranger. The inspector hurried down the railroad track and met Horn returning from the international bridge that spans the St. Croix River a few hundred feet away. He asked where the stranger was going. Horn's reply was to ask the way to an hotel. When his name was next demanded he gave it as Olaf Hoorn, and said he was a Dane. The inspector then asked what he was in town for, and Horn said he was going to buy a farm. And finally, the inspector asked him where he came from. When Horn explained in detail that he had come from New York via Boston the inspector, with a true legal mind, decided that he "had no jurisdiction," and let it go at that. His concern in life was with "immigrants" from Canada—and this man had proved that he had come from "an interior point." Hence he could do nothing officially, for the moment.

But the Misses Hunter's sharp eyes saw the stranger, after this interview, recover the suit-case from the woodpile before going on to Tague's Vanceboro Exchange Hotel for the night. The host at the hotel was not on duty when Horn registered, and never saw his luggage, but his mother, who happened to have occasion to enter Horn's room in his absence on the following Monday, noticed the suit-case, tried to lift it, and wondered how any one could carry it. Horn was a marked man from the moment he arrived in town.

Evidently he sensed the suspicions he aroused, for he made no effort to proceed about his business that night, or the next. But shortly before eight o'clock on Monday night Horn gave up his room and said he was going to Boston on the eight o'clock train. He took his suit-case and disappeared. Instead of going to the station, he hid out in the woods until the last train for the night should go by. At eleven he was encountered in the railroad cutting above the bridge by an employee of the Maine Central Railroad,



Werner Horn

who got such unsatisfactory answers to his questions that he talked the matter over with a fellow workman in the roundhouse, though without results. So Werner Horn marched out alone upon the bridge—alone except for his cigar and his suit-case, the spirit of the Fatherland upon him and the lying words of von Papen in his ears.

He had need of the fire of patriotism to warm his blood and to steel his courageous spirit. It was a black, winter night. The mercury was at thirty degrees below zero, the wind was blowing at eighty miles an hour, the ice was thick upon the cross-ties beneath his stumbling feet. The fine snow, like grains of flying sand, cut his skin in the gale.



The Vanceboro Bridge

The suit case, full of dynamite, was placed beside a beam (X) at the Canadian end of the bridge.

But Werner Horn was a patriot and a brave man. Von Papen had told him that over these rails flowed a tide of death to Germans—not only guns and shells, but dum-dum bullets that added agony to death. He must do his bit to save his fellow soldiers; must help to stop the tide. Destroy this bridge, and for a time at least the cargoes would be kept from St. John and Halifax. It was a short bridge, but a strategic one, and the most accessible. So Horn stumbled on. He must get beyond the middle. Von Papen had not urged it, but Werner Horn had balked about this business from the first—not through lack of courage (he would go as a soldier upon the enemy's territory and there fire his single shot at any risk against their millions), but he would not commit a crime for anybody, not even for the Kaiser; nor would he trespass on the soil of hospitable America. Hence on each sleeve he wore the colours of his country: three bands, of red and white and black. Von Papen had beguiled him into thinking these transformed him from a civilian to a soldier. Twice as he struggled through the darkness, he slipped and fell, barely saving himself from death on the ice below. Each time he clung doggedly to his suit-case full of dynamite.

Suddenly a whistle shrieked behind him, and in a moment the glaring eyes of an express train's locomotive shone upon him. Horn clutched with one hand at a steel rod of the bridge and swung out over black nothingness, holding the suit-case safe behind him with the other. The train thundered by, and left him painfully to recover his uncertain footing on the bridge. The second of von Papen's lies had been disproved.

He had promised Horn that the last train for the night would have been gone at this hour, for Horn had said he would do nothing that would put human lives in peril. But Horn thought only that von Papen had misunderstood the time-tables.

A few moments after he had got this shock another whistle screamed at him from the Canadian shore, and again he

made his quick, precarious escape by hanging out above the river by one hand and foot. He now decided that all time-tables had been put awry, and that he must change his plans to be sure of not endangering human beings. To accomplish this, he cut off and threw away most of the fifty-minute fuse that he had brought along, and left only enough to burn five minutes. No train would come sooner than this, and then the explosion would warn everybody of the danger.

In doing this, Horn deliberately cut himself off from hope of escaping capture. He had planned such an escape—an ingenious plan, too, except that it was traced on a railroad time-table map of the Maine woods in winter by a strange German fresh from the tropics. He had meant to walk back one station westward, then cut across the open country to the end of a branch line railroad, and then ride back to Boston on another line than that on which he came east to Vanceboro. It was a clever scheme, except that it missed all the essentials, such as the thirty miles of trackless woods, the snow feet-deep upon the level, the darkness of winter nights, and the deadly cold. Still, Horn childishly believed it feasible, and he did a brave and honorable thing to throw it overboard rather than to cause the death of innocent people.

He fixed the dynamite against a girder of the bridge above the Canadian bank of the river, adjusted the explosive cap, and touched his cigar to the end of the five-minute fuse. Then he stumbled back across the gale-swept, icy bridge, made no effort to escape, and walked back into the hotel in Vanceboro, with both hands frozen, as well as his ears, his feet, and his nose. A moment after he entered the hotel, the dynamite exploded with a report that broke the windows in half the houses in the town and twisted rods and girders on the bridge sufficiently to make it unsafe, but not enough to ruin it.

Everybody in Vanceboro was aroused. Host Tague, of the Exchange Hotel, leaped from his bed and looked out of the window. Seeing nothing, he struck a light and looked at his watch, which said 1.10, and then he hurried into the hall, headed for the cellar, to see if his boiler had exploded. In the hall he faced the bath-room. There stood Werner Horn, who mildly said "Good morning" to his astonished host. Tague returned the greeting and went back to get his clothes on. He had surmised the truth, and Horn's connection with it. When he came back out into the hall, Horn was still in the bath-room, and said: "I freeze my hands." Small wonder, after five hours in that bitter gale! Tague opened the bath-room window and gave him some snow to rub on his frozen fingers, and then hurried to the bridge to see the damage. He found enough to make him press on to the station on the Canadian side, and then come back to Vanceboro, so that trains would be held from attempting to cross the bridge.

When he got back to his hotel, Horn asked to have again the room he had given up that evening. Tague had let it to another guest, but gave Horn a room on the third floor. There the German turned in and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, human nature as artless as Werner Horn's was at work in Vanceboro. The chief officer of law thereabouts was "John Doe," a deputy sheriff, chief fish and game warden, and licensed detective for the State of Maine. His later testimony doubtless would have had a sympathetic reader in the Man in Lower 3 (if only he had known!): "I was asleep at my home, which is about three or four hundred feet from the bridge; heard a noise about 1.10 a.m., which I thought was an earthquake, a collision of engines, or a boiler explosion in the heating plant. The noise disturbed me so that I could not get to sleep. (And the Man in Lower 3 slept on!) I got up in the morning about half-past five; met a man who said they had blown up the bridge."

But while Mr. Doe was about his disturbed slumbers, the superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad was making a Sheridan's Ride through the night by special train from Mattawamkeag, fifty miles away. He, at least, was on the job—he had brought along a claim agent of the road, to take care of suits for damages. When they reached the Vanceboro station they sent for Mr. Doe, and when he arrived at seven o'clock, Canada also was represented by two constables in uniform. This being a case of law, and not for commerce, Mr. Doe took charge. He told the others that the first thing to do was to cover all the stations by telegraph and arrest all suspicious parties. Then he led his posse to the hotel.

There Mr. Tague told them about the German peacefully asleep upstairs. He led them to the upper floor and pointed out the room, but went no farther, as he thought there might be shooting. His sister, being of the same mind, sought the cellar. Doe knocked upon the door.

"What do you want?" called Werner Horn.

The Petitot Snuff-Box : By G. C. Williamson



Miniatures on the Top (Left) and Bottom (Right)

ONE of the chief treasures that belonged to the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild was the famous gold snuff-box decorated by Petitot. Few things that the great collector valued were more highly esteemed than this precious box, which has now, with other famous jewels, passed into the possession of the Countess of Carnarvon, who has succeeded to the house in Seamore Place, with all its valuable contents.



Jean Petitot

From a Portrait in the Collection of the Earl of Dartrey

and died in 1710, in the centre; Mme. de Maintenon, who in her turn ousted Montespan, on the right; and La Duchesse de Fontanges, Marie Angelique de Scoraille, another of the king's favourite ladies, on the left.

On the bottom of the box were three more portraits. In the centre, the famous niece of Cardinal Mazarin, Hortensia de Mancini, who fled to England, and died in Chelsea in 1690; the Marquise de Montespan, who succeeded Louise de la Vallière in the king's affection, on the left; and, on the right, the famous beauty, Mlle. Dupré, "La Belle Jardinière de Meudon."

On the front of the box come three more: The centre is a portrait of La Duchesse de Brissac, on the right is the daughter of the Marquise de Sevigny, La Comtesse de Coigny, and on the left Mlle. de Blois, Princesse de Conti.

The back has yet three more portraits: Madame de Montespan's niece, known as La Duchesse, is on the right; Henriette de Coligny, La Comtesse de la Sure, on the left; and in the centre La Duchesse de Nevers; while right and left of the box are single portraits, the dissolute French beauty, Ninon de l'Enclos being on the right and one of the same frail sisterhood, who cannot be identified with certainty, on the left.

It will be seen, therefore, that this wonderful box is a treasure home of portraiture of the famous beauties of the Court of Louis XIV., all alike painted by the greatest portrait painter in enamel that the world has ever seen. We illustrate the top and bottom, the front, the back, and the two sides of the box, and also a signed portrait of Petitot, which comes from Lord Dartrey's collection.

So much for the portraits, of which our illustrations give ample evidence as to beauty and charm, save that they lack the exquisite colour of the originals; but what about the famous painter whose *chefs d'œuvre* they are?

Jean Petitot was a Genevan Huguenot, a man who belonged to the French Reformed Protestant religion, and came of the same group as the potter Palissy, the ébéniste Boulle, the tapestry-worker Gobelin, the architect Salomon de Brosse, the painter Jean Cousin, the sculptor Jean Goujon, and the enameller Limousin, as well as many other men who have been noted in literature and art, including Beza, Calvin and Zwingli.

His family came originally from Burgundy. His grandfather was a medical man, his father a wood-carver; and the Petitots fled from France to Switzerland on account of religious difficulties, as did the Arlauds, the Bordiers, the Huaulds, and the Thorons—all artists of repute. Young Jean Petitot, with whom we have to deal, was born in 1607, and apprenticed to the jeweller-goldsmith Pierre Bordier, some of whose descendants still reside in Geneva. His master was not very much older than Petitot himself, and the two men, master and pupil, formed a close attachment, and becoming dissatisfied with the progress of their work, determined to learn more about enamelling and to do finer portraits. For a while, in Paris, they were engaged in the workshop of Jean Toutin, the king's jeweller, and when they left him, so pleased was he with their industry that he gave them a letter of introduction to Turquet de Mayerne, the celebrated physician, who was the confidential adviser to Charles the First. This man, when they came to England, gladly received Toutin's two promising assistants, made them free of his own workshop, where he was investigating the secrets of enamel work and chemistry, and eventually introduced them to the king. Charles was delighted with their skill, and Petitot executed portraits not only for the king, but for many of the notable persons about the Court, his greatest work at this time—say, in 1642—being perhaps his portrait of Rachel de Ruigny, Countess of Southampton, the copy of the painting, by Vandyck, now to be seen, although damaged, at Chatsworth.

When the king was beheaded, and the Royal Household fled to Paris, Petitot went with them. His friend Bordier remained in England, and he it was who was employed by the Commonwealth Government to execute the Naseby jewel, which now belongs to Lord Hastings. Petitot found in Paris a cousin of his friend, one Jacques Bordier, however, entered into partnership with him, and became the most famous and popular worker in enamel in the city. Then it was that he was employed by Louis XIV., and to this period of his life belongs the famous box to which allusion is made in this article.

The drawing of the portraits seems to have been done by Petitot, and a few of his actual signed sketches survive; but in the execution of the enamel work the skill of his partner also came into play, and portraits usually ascribed to Petitot should more justly be attributed to the joint efforts of the two men.

Petitot married in 1651, and his wife was Marguerite Cuper, whose sister Anne Madeleine had in the previous year espoused his friend and partner, who now became also his brother-in-law. He had seventeen children, and has left behind him, now carefully preserved in Bordeaux, a wonderful

little journal in which he has recorded all their names and ages.

For a while he was so popular in political circles that he represented the Republic of Geneva as official agent, but when the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes took place, in 1685, disaster came, and troubles were serious and swift. The king tried to protect his favourite artist, but in 1686 Petitot was arrested and confined to prison.

Bishop Bossuet visited him many times, but to no purpose, and at length his health gave way, and then, owing to special efforts on the part of the Republic of Geneva, he was released and left Paris in 1687 for his native town. There, at first, he was not too well received, but presently was able to settle down to his profession and to produce many famous works for the well-to-do people of his country and for the Court of Poland.

While in the full strength of his work, and actually when painting a portrait, he was seized with paralysis, on April 3rd, 1691, and died that very night, at the



Downwards: View of Front, Left, Right and Back

advanced age of 84. A touching account of his last hours was written by his son Paul in the little journal to which we allude, and which we have seen. It is adorned with portraits from his own hand of himself and his wife, and besides that has other drawings in it and by him, and a vast amount of genealogical information in his handwriting, and in that of members of his family and of their descendants. It was mainly prepared in 1674, and has never left the hands of the family. It is the chief source of all the information respecting Petitot that we possess, and to it we have to go also for information concerning his almost equally well-known son who bore the same name and carried on the same tradition of fine work.

Other artists of high renown, such as the Cupers, the Bordiers, and the Prieurs, are alluded to in its pages, and on some future occasion we may perhaps return to it, and give some notes regarding two of these men, of whom but little, save their splendid productions in enamel, is known.

Our Band: By Etienne

MEETING an old shipmate at the sign of Capricornus, that Zodiacal spot known only to naval officers and to a few of the very best soldiers, which bears four cables north-west of Piccadilly Circus, we refreshed ourselves, then retiring to a corner which was adorned by the flag of a defunct U-boat, we discussed the old ship and the Navy in general.

I had left the ship some months previously, but my friend was still in her, and he explained his presence in London by the fact that the old junk was at last getting a decent refit.

"Fourteen days' leave of the best and brightest," said he, with smug satisfaction. "There are rumours of strikes amongst the riveters, so we may get an extension of four days," he added quietly, as a thoroughly unpatriotic afterthought.

This last remark amused me, for, when I had last refitted in the ship and there had been labour troubles which had delayed us somewhat, I remembered my friend had fulminated for hours in front of the wardroom stove as to the iniquity of strikes in war time, and the grave danger we ran of missing an operation which a cousin of his in high places had told him was impending.

For half an hour he told me all the local news, of how the "sub" had nearly got engaged, and that the "Pay" was suspected of designs on a Scotch widow in Edinburgh, of how they had at last wangled triplex glass out of the dock-yard, of how the engineer-commander had been defeated in the quarterly auctions for back numbers of *La vie Parisienne* by the assistant-paymaster after a duel which ran the price up to two shillings a copy. He told me that the piano on which I used to make such hideous noises was still going strong, though a bit queer in the treble, as a green sea, coming down a badly battened skylight, had half-filled up the noble instrument, and the treble strings had broken, and the ship, being far from civilisation at the time, the torpedo-lieutenant had replaced half a dozen of the missing strings with electric fuze-wire of various sizes.

All these matters, and many others, concerning their comings and goings, what they had seen—and more especially what they had not seen—in the North Sea, my friend told me of. Until at length I asked him about that which had been as an ewe lamb to me in the ship.

"And what of our band?" said I.

"Broken up," he replied, and I'll swear his hand trembled slightly as he lifted his glass. When I had left the ship, I had turned over the business of fathering our band to this officer, and he had taken it over without a murmur. The stupendous and well-filled "spring-back," replete with bills, a few receipts, and reams of official correspondence, the endless reports of band committee meetings, all these things he had cheerfully taken on his shoulders—so I had known him to be an enthusiast.

Well, the band served its purpose, and now that its chequered career of three years has ended, it seems fitting that there should be some historical record of the "Voluntary Band of H.M.S. *Orpheus*." It originated in the very early days of the war, as the result of a brain-wave between the secretary and myself. It was then of the drum-and-fife variety.

'We managed to wheedle £8 out of the ward-room, by striking when the iron was hot, after a very cheery guest night. The secretary attacked the admiral for a subscription the day he got his decoration, and touched him for £2—which shows what enormous influence secretaries have over admirals. With this capital of ten pounds we purchased instruments and started operations.

But the "matelot" is one of the most ambitious creatures on earth; wood-wind but ill-satisfied his desire for music, once the appetite was excited. One of our number, Able-seaman Thomas, suddenly produced a cornet, upon which instrument he proved to be a remarkably good performer. A brass band was forthwith suggested and it was enthusiastically approved.

In strict historical fact, the honourable part played by the torpedo-lieutenant should come in here; but if this meets his eye, he will, I feel sure, excuse me if I show a reluctance in attempting to describe the extraordinary complicated transactions which took place before the drum-and-fifers were amalgamated with the "brassers" with a minimum of resignations from either camp. I had never fully understood the trials which theatrical managers and producers have to undergo in their dealings with the artistic temperament—I do now; all the members of our band claimed the artistic temperament, and A.B. Thomas was the greatest artist on the lower deck. His opening gambit, when

brought up before the commander on those rare occasions on which he was caught breaking the regulations, ran as follows:

"Intimately associated as I am with every social organisation in this 'ere ship, I begs to point out . . ."

The alternative to this opening was as follows:

"Speakin' not so much fer myself as fer those wot ain't fluent, I begs to point out . . ."

Either remark is a perfect index to a character which, though interesting to study, was a thorn in many flesh. Early in 1915 the brass band was in full swing. A.B. Thomas was the amateur bandmaster, and undoubtedly knew his job. He played the cornet with tremendous vigour, and kept the band in good order. I remember, one day in the middle of the Japanese Anthem, he removed his cornet from his lips, and, shaking it in the direction of a panting signalman, shouted: "Blow you—, yer dirty hound." A fearful blare from the criticised performer, who was supporting a bassoon, testified to the accuracy of the bandmaster's criticism.

The manner in which this signalman became a bandsman was typical of many of our recruits, and illustrates the average sailors' belief in his own capabilities. Signalman Bunting came to my cabin one evening, and informed me that he desired to join the band. Much gratified, I inquired what instrument he played. He explained that he did not actually play any instrument, but that, noticing an advertisement which offered a second-hand bassoon for £6, and observing that he happened to possess £5, he considered that the opportunity was unique.

Although I did not feel quite so sanguine as he did, I had not the courage to damp such enthusiasm; I had my reward, for, strange to say, as a result of daily practice in the solitude of the starboard condenser-room, Bunting became quite a good performer. Another sportsman bought a silver-plated trombone on the credit system, which was priced £12 10s. On being pressed for payment, he applied to me for a loan of £10.

I was weak enough to oblige him, and every month I used to receive masses of coppers and sixpenny-bits, until at the end of a year we were square. I could never make out where he got the money from, as he was in the habit of bringing instalments at all sorts of odd times, whilst the hands, of course, are paid monthly. The secret was revealed upon the day on which the ship's police discovered him presiding over a crown and anchor board in the screw alley. Fortunately for me, this event took place some time after the debt was liquidated. I can still remember the anxiety with which I used to watch this gentleman on those occasions when we came under shell-fire.

As the months went by, the band improved and grew in grace; a certain town sent us music, and, more wonderful, an official letter to the School of Music eventually extracted some most interesting old orchestrated operas whose tuneful melodies must have charmed our fathers; not that it mattered in the least, as our band would have played César Franck, Debussy, Rameau, Scriabine, or any of the moderns with the same pleasure with which they tackled "The Merry Peasant" or the latest ragtime—all was grist that came to their mill.

Every morning at 8 o'clock they played three national anthems from amongst those of the Allies, and our initial practice of betting in our baths as to which they were, soon lost its interest. As soon as the band got properly going it was placed on a semi-official basis; it had a special routine of its own, the principle of which was that, in return for services rendered at route marches, and to the ship's company during the dog-watches, the band were excused certain duties.

The rush of recruits was amazing, and at one time we had no less than thirty-seven, all working "'ands" on some form of musical instrument. The commander was a true patron of the fine arts; but when the excused list rose to thirty-seven I had an interview with him, and I was told that future candidates would have to go on a waiting list, unless they were exceptionally talented.

I also used to find a certain difficulty in persuading the gunnery-lieutenant that musical members of a gun's crew were as well employed at their instruments as at their guns during "quarters clean guns" periods. Can it be that gunnery-lieutenants as a class are not musically inclined?

It must not be supposed that the band had no enemies, for, though much appreciated by the ship's company as a whole, there were always a few objectors.

The big drum was punctured at regular intervals in a most mysterious manner; these outbreaks generally coincided with the expulsion of some refractory member from the band. One memorable evening the band were playing to a

crowd of about a hundred sailors on the boat deck, when an enemy of the band threw a halfpenny down the euphonium. As the euphonium-player, a certain Stoker Emmanuel Millar, explained to me afterwards in the privacy of my cabin, "I was a-suckin' at the moment, sir! an' that swine 'e knew it, 'e did, and wot I sez is, I chucks me blinkin' 'and in, I does, with this 'ere band. I expects appreciation, not insults." I eventually soothed his outraged feelings, but it cost the band fund £3 12s. 6d. to get the euphonium stripped in Edinburgh and the deadly coin removed. Two engine-room artificers and the blacksmith volunteered to do the job as a mark of their esteem for the band.

As time went on, most of the other ships of the neighbouring squadrons started bands; and a tremendous spirit of competition grew up, deadly feuds existing between rival bandmasters. This was well illustrated at the squadron sports, at which function the bands were scheduled to perform in "mass" formation. The burning question arose as to which bandmaster was to have the honour of conducting. It was eventually decided by drawing lots. The lot did not fall upon Able-seaman Thomas, whereupon this gentleman registered his displeasure on the day of the event by persistently playing his cornet a tone flat, alleging, in reply to my indignant accusations, that "me lips were all of a crack." Curiously enough, this unsportsmanlike act was highly approved of by all our band, who apparently considered it a very natural outcome of an artistic temperament.

The band continued with ups and downs for three years, when most of its members left the ship, and it died a natural death.

Before concluding its history, one incident in connection with our big-drummer deserves to be told. We had a very fine big drum, on which our battle honours were cunningly inscribed, and its purchase price hung for months like a mill-stone round our financial neck. The drum was played by an enormous seaman, who, by dint of much saving, had purchased a second-hand leopard skin; and when route marching he was our pride and joy. At Jutland he lost a leg, and soon after his removal from the operating-room, I went along to see how he was getting on. A pal of his came in at the same time and, by way of letting him know the worst, said, in lugubrious tones:

"Them Huns have put a shell right through your drum, Bill—smashed it up, a fair treat, they have."

Bill was supposed to be suffering from severe shock at the time, and the sick berth steward was horrified at the bluntness of this remark. It acted in an unexpected manner on Bill, who had been lying very still.

Raising himself on one arm, he shook his fist at the deck overhead, and came out with a torrent of abuse concerning the Huns. The doctor told me afterwards that Bill spent most of the night muttering and damning the Germans; he seemed to consider that the loss of a leg was a matter of secondary importance. It is pleasing to record that Bill is now established in a comfortable job ashore, and that the shattered drum is in safe keeping as an honoured relic.

Though the band is now dispersed and its members are scattered, it served its purpose and brightened many a monotonous hour in the North Sea. We may also say with pride that where we led the way others have followed, as I believe there are at the present moment more than a dozen voluntary bands in the small ships of the Fleet. Perhaps we are a musical race, after all?

Jason's essays on reconstruction have been a feature of LAND & WATER for some months past. A baker's dozen of them are now published in book form under the title *Past and Present* (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.). The author mentions in his preface that he makes no attempt to explore the whole field of social politics; he lays down no programme, he only discusses a spirit which will revolutionise our way of looking at every programme. In his opinion, "the great lesson of the war is the lesson of equality." Jason reviews the past only to show the more palpable social errors that have been committed, and he regards the future as being critical just in so far as we can or cannot combine power with equality, organisation with freedom. "For the needs and perils of the world make the waste and disorder of energy a crime, and the human will revolts against tyranny, whether it takes the name of military necessity or economic law." We have indented rather largely on this preface in this introduction of these essays in their new book form, for it explains the author's true purpose. Jason, in our opinion, voices the sincere desire of a large body of intellectual men and women that in the future wider and wiser freedom and opportunity be given to all classes, and that in this country we abolish that poverty and misery which are the outcome not of individual failings, but of the faults of our social system.

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Mr. Asquith as Author

EXCLUDING collections of political speeches, Mr. Asquith's *Occasional Addresses*, 1908-16 (Macmillan, 6s. net), is his first book; unless, indeed, like most able young lawyers, he wrote something about Torts or Company Law in an earlier age. The book consists mainly of five considerable addresses: on Criticism, Biography, Ancient Universities and the Modern World, Culture and Character, and the Spade and the Pen—the last being concerned with classical studies and the place of archæology. There are also lesser addresses on the English Bible, Omar Khayyam, and other subjects, a Latin speech made at Winchester, and several obituary "tributes" to eminent men deceased. These last, perhaps, would not all have been included had Mr. Asquith not desired to give the public a respectable sized book for its money.

But the smaller book would have been well worth it. No professional author has constructed in our time so clear, so compressed, so convincing a defence of the humanities, and so eloquent a demonstration of their daily practical value as Mr. Asquith has produced in the sporadic addresses of his restricted leisure. It is not to be supposed that he devotes himself entirely to generalisations as to "culture," absorbed discursively, or under curriculum. Both his addresses to students and the others are full of incidental judgments upon books and men, criticisms usually indisputable, and often original. His criticisms of the literatures of the ancient world, as well as of English books of several centuries, would be well worth having if they illustrated no general argument at all. His tastes are, on the whole, orthodox; one deduces that he is most drawn to the admittedly greatest of writers. But though never eccentric, he thinks independently. The evidences of this are everywhere. One may quote his acute observation that

if we were given fewer of a man's letters to his friends, and more of his friends' letters to him, we should get to know him better because, among other reasons, we should be better able to realise how his personality affected and appealed to others.

One may quote also his illuminating pages on the neglected autobiography of Haydon, the painter; his description of Haydon as "one of the acutest and most accomplished critics of his time," and his question, though it be a mere question, why it was that Haydon was not a great portrait painter. We may note, incidentally, as lights on his tastes, that he is a close student of Bacon and a devotee of Sir Walter Scott, and that he believes most of Shakespeare's sonnets to have had no relation with the poet's personal career. One has not, however, space here to enter into such questions of detail; and one must be content, as to Mr. Asquith's general views about culture, to refer readers to the book itself, and especially to the noble passages on pages 25 and 69. Nothing is more remarkable about these addresses than the apparently effortless way in which their author "lifts" to a higher level of eloquence. He favours the sustained peroration; but his perorations grow out of, are all of a piece with, what has gone before, instead of being shamelessly stuck on like those of the wanton rhetorician. One result of this, however, is that they are not detachable: one always wants to take in the sentence before, so to speak. Instead of attempting to quote them, therefore, one may be permitted to pass to a few remarks upon his way of expressing himself: what, vaguely, we call his style.

In his lecture on "Culture and Character," Mr. Asquith refers to the frequency with which "a man takes an hour to say what might have been as well or better said in twenty minutes, or spreads over twenty pages what could easily have been exhausted in ten." The offence of being "slipshod and prolix" is never committed by him. There is no greater living master of the summary; and the qualities of his speaking are present in his writing. He surveys his field from a detached eminence, and sketches its main outlines with precision and in their due proportions. His survey is so simple and straightforward as sometimes to appear easy and obvious; but a man who should succumb to that impression might be recommended to attempt the operation for himself. The certainty with which Mr. Asquith grasps his general ideas is matched by, and allied to, the lucidity with which he formulates them. No one, I might add, who was not habituated to accurate expression could,

when occasion calls, say nothing at all with Mr. Asquith's ease and safety. His verbal instrument is the perfect servant of his mind. It is indeed difficult for a politician to retain a sound style. Whenever he rises he must play St. Anthony to beckoning hosts of clichés; and according to his temperament he will be more liable to yield to one bevy or the other, to those of wooden pomposity and sham dignity or to those of intemperate rhetoric and sham passion. Mr. Asquith, as a political speaker, has been known, not infrequently, to lapse into a hollow resonance, and there are a few examples of this pardonable and almost unavoidable humbug in the obituary speeches printed at the end of this volume. But as a speaker—or, rather, a writer—on other subjects he is entirely free from it; and his style is literally a model of its kind.

It is what is called a classical, what used to be called a "correct" style: the style natural to a man of his intellect and temper. His sentences are close-knit: packed, but easy. Every phrase adds something; but an intractable content never destroys the balance. In the Latinity of the language, in the structure of the sentences, in the objectivity, impersonality, of the writer's attitude, there is something reminiscent of the eighteenth century. There are constant faint traces of Johnson, of Burke, of Gibbon. We observe the affectionate use of words like "denigration" and "fuliginous"; and admirably compendious phrases like that in which, referring to the production of superfluous biographies, he speaks of "the monuments which filial piety or misdirected friendship is constantly raising to those who deserved and probably desired to be forgotten." One has employed the word "affectionate"; and here, of course, is one of the places where personality does come in. Marked proclivities in language are in themselves windows into personality. And in these addresses Mr. Asquith's individuality peeps out in all sorts of ways: in the revelation of his tastes, in the warm mental glow which saves from frigidity the most "scientific" of his paragraphs, and in his frequent humour. But he does not write to display his powers of writing; he does not parade his tastes because they are his, announcing them merely because they appear to him to be sensible and reasonable; and he does not jump over the hedge for any joke or take even those which stand right in his road save in the most delicate and undemonstrative manner. Many readers, by no means obtuse, might well miss the gentle jest in his address to the Royal Society, which was founded by Charles II.:

Whether the interest in anatomy displayed, as your annals show, by the Society in its earliest years was due to the proclivities of its Royal Patron, I do not know . . .

The passage on the uses of the bastinado and the knout in criticism might also be quoted; and the charming account of Jeremy Bentham's variegated evenings. His criticisms and apt images are all the more enjoyable because of their subservience to his main purpose: his refusal to allow the garlands to conceal the pillar. And one must mention his extraordinarily happy and judicious use of quotations. They are never dragged in by the heels to display learning or import a facile colouring; but the few he makes, both from English and from classical authors, are, by their very nature and pertinence, an unmistakable proof of large reserves. His temper, almost always, is amiable. But just as the even surface of his language is sometimes abruptly and effectively broken by an unusual or a colloquial word, so his pervasive easy tolerance now and then yields. Something hard comes into sight, like black rocks under a smooth sea: self-knowledge, determination, a settled, though usually concealed, contempt for the complacent, stupid, and the pretentious superficial. But he never loses his self-control.

It would be easy to supplement this brief catalogue of some of Mr. Asquith's qualities with a list of the qualities which he does not possess. He has little, no doubt, in common with Rousseau, Shelley, and John the Baptist; like the rest of us, he is something and not something else. But, reading this too slight collection, one remembers the superb generalisation that "conference maketh a ready man, reading a full man, and writing an exact man"; and one feels that the three processes have here been operating, with uniform success, in one person.

Motor Tractors in Agriculture: By H.



By courtesy of the Highland Agricultural Society, Scotland

A Steel Mule breaking up Grass Land

THE gradual adaptation and improvement of machinery for agricultural uses was a well-marked feature of the latter half of the nineteenth century, a period which was especially notable for the introduction of the self-binder, which is still one of the most ingenious of farm implements and the greatest of labour-savers.

The inventiveness and resource of the agricultural engineer throughout the same period evolved various farm implements now considered almost indispensable, such as corn-drills, potato-diggers, cultivators of various descriptions, and a variety of machines for dealing with the hay crop. On large arable farms at the present day an inspection of the implement shed is an indication of the large quantity of expensive machinery now considered essential for the prompt and efficient performance of the various agricultural operations. For the care and best use of such implements not only the farmer, but those in his employ, must have quite a considerable mechanical knowledge such as was little thought of even thirty years ago.

The severity of the period of agricultural depression between the 'eighties and the end of the nineteenth century no doubt gave an increased stimulus to the use of machinery in agriculture. The low level to which prices fell made it impossible to employ profitably as much manual labour as formerly, even at the moderate rate of wages then prevailing, and if agriculture was to be carried on at all an increased reliance on mechanical power became inevitable. During this period, however, the whole trend of invention was in the improvement and perfecting of the implement or machine which it was always assumed would be horse-drawn, and no other form of motive power was thought to be possible in practice. It is true that fully fifty years ago high expectations were formed of the capabilities of steam ploughing; but, from one cause or another, steam tackle gradually went out of use, and was almost entirely abandoned. Objections were found in the severe compression of the soil at the ends of the fields by heavy engines, the ill effects of which were in some cases apparent for several years. Damage was also done in many instances to tile drains, and on uneven ground it was difficult to maintain the plough or other implement at an even depth.

The invention of the internal combustion engine, and its rapid application to motor traction on roads, not unnaturally turned the thoughts of engineers afresh to the problem of motive power in substitution for horses in agricultural operations. Moreover, with the early years of the present century came signs of a slight revival in agricultural prosperity, accompanied in many districts by an increasing scarcity of

agricultural labour. Emigration of agricultural workers to Canada and Australia became considerable, and the question of rural depopulation began to engage the serious attention of politicians and economists. One view expressed was that agricultural labour was being driven off the land by the increasing use of machinery. This explanation was, however, manifestly incorrect, seeing that there was no agricultural unemployment. What had in reality occurred was that the increasing scarcity of labour had compelled the farmer to rely more and more on machinery in place of manual labour. These conditions have, as is well known, become greatly aggravated since the outbreak of war. Agriculture has, in common with other industries, contributed her full quota to the fighting forces; but has felt the strain in a special degree, partly owing to the fact that the rural population form the healthiest and strongest class from which recruits are drawn, and also on account of the urgent demands now being made for increased cultivation.

There can be little doubt that for these reasons, coupled with the increased cost of labour, the application of mechanical traction for agricultural work has received its greatest impetus. Motor tractors have been so much advertised and written about that it is almost impossible for anyone not an expert to form a reliable opinion upon respective merits. One farmer may state he has found a certain type of tractor invaluable and reliable for ploughing and other kinds of work. Another farmer may, from his experience, express an entirely contrary view. Such conflicting evidence merely goes to prove that the agricultural tractor is yet in its infancy, and that its development within the next few years can scarcely be foreseen. It may be asserted, however, with some confidence, that tractors have come to stay—at any rate, in the cultivation of large arable farms—and that improvement in design and increasing reliability may be looked for in the future.

Probably the most extensive and complete demonstrations and trials of agricultural tractors which have yet taken place in this country were those organised by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland in the autumn of 1917. The trials were held at three centres—Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth—and a special report has been published dealing with the results. (*Demonstration of Agricultural Tractors and Ploughs*. Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, October, 1917.) Twenty-nine tractors were entered, and a short description and illustration of each is given in the report. To anyone desiring full information on the subject this report will repay careful study. The Committee have avoided placing the tractors entered for the trials in any order of merit, and

(Continued on page 22.)

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(Continued from page 20.)

probably they are wise in taking this course. They have, however, summarised their conclusions as follows:—

Weight.—The weight of tractor should not exceed 30 cwt.

Horse-power.—Should be ample. Not less than 20 B.H.P.

Caterpillars and Wheels.—Caterpillar tracks have not been shown to possess any advantage in gripping-power over the best type of wheels.



On Heavy Ground

Spikes, Bars, and Spuds.—Well-designed spuds (on wheels) appear preferable to either spikes or bars.

Accessibility and Protection.—Working parts of machinery should be readily accessible. Complete protection against weather and interference should be provided.

Brakes.—Adequate brakes should be fitted.

Durability.—Exposed gear drives on wheel tractors and excessive wear on caterpillar tracks tend to impair durability.

Speeds.—2½ and 4 miles per hour forward, with reverse, appear to be most generally useful.

Fuel.—Complete vaporisation of paraffin does not appear to have been generally attained, and it may be found more satisfactory to use petrol when normal conditions return.

Price.—The price should not exceed £300.

Several of the tractors entered for the demonstrations would not comply with these conditions, and from a study of the particulars of each machine it is not difficult to reduce the number, from which to make a selection, to comparatively narrow limits.

There do not seem, meanwhile, to be many reliable records of the cost of operating tractors for ploughing or other work. Much naturally depends on the skill of the man in charge for freedom from minor accidents and breakdowns, which in many instances have been the cause of unforeseen and exasperating delays. Even where accurate records exist of the cost of wages, fuel, etc., there must be an element of uncertainty as to the proper allowance for depreciation, and for current repairs and replacements. It is clear, however, that the cost of ploughing by tractor is not meanwhile any less than ploughing with horses, the rates charged for the hire of tractors varying from 20s. to 25s. per acre.

With increasing reliability, reduction of prime cost, and, above all, substantial reduction in the price of oil and petrol, there is every reason to anticipate that the operating charges may be substantially reduced in the future. It must be acknowledged that, in spite of present defects and shortcomings, the tractor has been the means in a national emergency of getting a considerable area of land ploughed and put under crop which would have otherwise remained in grass. The sphere of usefulness of the tractor is by no means confined to ploughing. It has been tried with some measure of success in various other agricultural operations, such as cultivating, harrowing, drilling corn, hauling reapers and self-binders, and also when stationary for driving a threshing mill.

It seems probable, however, that, whatever the tractor may accomplish on the land, it is not likely to be efficient for

road-haulage purposes. In the first place, the speeds suitable for work on the land are too slow for road transport, and to design the engine and gears for higher speeds would not only add to the weight, but would unduly complicate the machine. Another practical difficulty in adapting tractors for road haulage is the absence of springs. These would merely add to the weight without any corresponding advantage for work on the land, while for road transport strong springs are almost essential in order to protect the engine and working parts from excessive vibration.

Fortunately, another form of road transport suitable for agricultural purposes is already available in the motor lorry, carrying a load of from one to three tons. The lighter types have proved of great value, especially for market garden and for dairy work. To meet the requirements of the more remote and outlying districts, however, the motor carrying a three-ton load is preferable in every respect. The cost of horse haulage has become almost prohibitive in carrying out agricultural improvements such as liming, draining, or the erection of new buildings, unless a railway station is available within a few miles. Even the routine carting of grain, feeding stuffs, manures, and coals is becoming an increasingly costly item of expenditure. Experience has proved that the larger the load carried by motor lorry the lower the cost per ton; but the application of this principle is limited in country districts by the capacity of the roads to stand the traffic, and a further limit is placed upon the width and length of the motor, by the narrowness of gates and roads, and the sharp turns which may have to be encountered. In practice, therefore, it has been

found that a motor lorry weighing three tons unladen and carrying a three-ton load is about the most convenient size. Many thousands of motors of this type must be in use for military purposes, some of which might be subsequently made available for rural transport. It would be impossible for any but the largest farms to find constant employment for a motor of this type, but the purchase and management of a three-ton motor at rates of hire calculated to cover all working costs and depreciation would be an eminently suitable object for farmers or small-holders, co-operative societies or similar bodies. In many instances, no doubt, the owner of an estate might acquire such a motor for estate purposes, and for hire to tenants on the estate.

The choice of machinery and implements open to the agriculturist is now so wide that there is a strong temptation to the enthusiast entering upon farming to purchase more than he actually requires, and to sink too much capital in



A General Farm Tractor

this branch of expenditure. The safest test to apply, to any machinery or plant not in constant use, is that of the balance-sheet. Is the saving which it is expected to make in manual labour or in other ways at least equal to the depreciation on the particular implement or machine and the interest on its cost? If, to use a term beloved of Cabinet Ministers, "the answer is in the affirmative," the contemplated purchase is clearly desirable. If, on the contrary, "the answer is in the negative," the purchase is undesirable, and the money can be better spent on some other form of agricultural outlay.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1918

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Daily Mirror Photo

Brigadier-General Sandeman Carey, C.B.

"At one point there was a serious gap. General Carey gathered together signalmen, engineers, a labour battalion, odds and ends of machine-gunners—everybody he could find—and threw them into the line and held up the German Army, and closed that gap on the way to Amiens for about six days. He deserves special mention for one of the most brilliant achievements in the history of the British Army."—The Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, April 9.

The Flanders Battlefields



Duck-walks below the Passchendaele Ridge



Sunset, Inverness Copse

By Lieut. Paul Nash, an Official Artist at the Front

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1918.

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The Outlook

IN the extreme gravity of the present moment the prime duty of all is to keep their sense of proportion. Panic is the worst of counsellors. Next worst is distortion. The magnitude of the war has been such from its very origins that this task has been exceedingly hard to fulfil. There has been something of the contrast here which one gets in private life when there is Death in the house. The little affairs of every day go on side by side with the tremendous event which overshadows us. What is more, we do not get out of the rut of the past. We do not forget or see the pettiness of our ordinary anxieties until long after the blow has fallen.

So it is with these terrible four years and their present climax. We are all inevitably driven to see things out of perspective; to remember political quarrels which are now meaningless; still to discuss personalities and policies of finance or domestic administration, when all that should really concern us is that overhanging issue, the maintenance or the fall of England. No one escapes from this unfortunate and inevitable lack of proportion, but every man can escape from it in that degree at least to which he makes his effort to see things as they are. It is possible to state things as they are. It has been done over and over again here and elsewhere. It may be made yet clearer with each repetition, and there is still ample need for the reiteration of the truth.

* * *

Prussia, strong in a vast alliance of various dependencies, forced on what she thought would be a short and triumphant war. These dependencies were (for the purposes of war) almost subjects. The Prussian and Austro-Hungarian armies had, one word of command and one system of drill and organisation, from Lemberg and from Königsberg to the North Sea, the Vosges, and the Alps. They had a population of 121 millions to recruit from. They had no active internal difficulties within their boundaries. It is quite futile to discuss the Prussian motive; it is enough to affirm it. That motive was a mixture of wounded vanity, exaggerated (almost insane) pride, including a mystical belief in a "mission" of vileness; contempt for things outside the orbit of Prussia; and all this mixed with two apparently (but not really contradictory) things; curiously detailed and treasonable study of special conditions in countries other than those which Prussia dominated; and an ignorance of their soul. Prussia, thus prepared and inflamed, desired the war, Prussia made the war, and her closest friends abroad (and here) have, under the recent effects of domestic revelations and her last military policy, themselves abandoned the ridiculous falsehood of some "misunderstanding." There is a clean conflict between a mere ruining force in Europe and the civilisation which it is attempting to destroy. Prussia wanted the war; Prussia launched the war. If Prussia loses, Europe lives. If Prussia wins, Europe breaks down.

* * *

The ability Prussia has thus discovered after a long siege to press the issue to an immediate conclusion is entirely due

to the collapse of the Eastern front. Nothing that we could have done in the West would have saved the situation. That situation was produced entirely by the internal condition of the Russian Empire. That State—largely artificial—existed through and by an autocratic central machine. The religious foundation of that autocracy had long declined; it had recently been actively challenged; it was in rapid decay. It had governed and united artificially a vast population, exceedingly backward according to the standards of modern material civilisation, and particularly backward in the industrial development of to-day.

Being thus backward, the common enemy pushed this, our insufficient ally, back by hundreds of miles when once the original stock of supply was exhausted. The populations under the Tsar suffered frightful losses, and thereby was provoked an agitation against the only possible form of government which could hold together what had hitherto been called the Russian Empire. When that agitation passed a certain point the autocracy and its central government collapsed. Nothing could take its place.

* * *

It is foolish to regard the sly, cowardly, and corrupt international elements that then came to the front as mere paid agents of the Germans, though the Germans indirectly subsidised many of them. They thought peace with the enemy an obvious good because the love of country which alone can make the abominable suffering of war tolerable was ridiculous to them. They had no country. The mere fact that they tempted men with a relief from the terrible strain drew to them at once the mass of the broken-up soldiery and the worn-out countrysides. The enemy from that moment had nothing more to fear upon the East. The siege under which he had lived for three years was raised. He could concentrate entirely upon the West. The result was that from last summer onwards the initiative passed into his hands.

He struck first, last autumn, in Italy, overrunning a whole province, capturing a quarter of a million men and half the artillery of his Italian opponent; he was only just prevented from driving that opponent wholly out of the field. The weight of his attack having proved so rapidly and easily successful, his losses were not yet serious, and he was free to design at leisure the risk of a next blow against his chief antagonists, the French and the English, between the Alps and the North Sea. But when we say that such a policy was a policy of risk, we are saying a thing not less obvious than his power to undertake it upon his own initiative. His domestic conditions were (from lack of food, and especially of lubricants and fats) getting desperate. The United States would, in time, provide overwhelming masses of men and material against him. His great Western attack, therefore, unless it were immediately successful, might be so expensive as to leave him at the end of it exhausted before he could reap its fruits.

* * *

He took the risk in the fullest sense. He engaged all he could possibly engage. Opening his attack upon March 21st, he has continued it to the present day. He has paid a price in total casualties which amount already to nearly one-third of his available margin for offence; and the corresponding losses he has inflicted upon an equal opponent who (if Prussia fails) will soon be a greatly superior opponent, are much less than his own. It is none the less worth his while to press the adventure on. For if he loses, he does but die earlier, having to die anyhow; whereas if he wins before he reaches his maximum possible expenditure in men—perhaps double what he has already invested—he will have saved himself and have destroyed us.

In this tremendous moment he is occupied in pursuing such a gamble of life and death. Nor must we misjudge the situation either through overstrain during its sharpest moments or through reaction during the checks he receives. Whatever happens during the process of the great battle—it is all one battle on whatever sector he may choose successively to fling himself—the ultimate issue is the only thing that counts. Either he will fail before breaking us—in which case he has failed for good, and we shall reap the full fruits of the failure rapidly enough—or he will succeed in breaking us before his last margin of men is spent. He has himself forbidden himself all opportunity for a third course. *If he exhausts his remaining margin without reaching a decision, he is at our mercy.*

In the presence of this obvious truth, there is only one problem, and it is a problem of life and death. It is how to increase the military strength of the nation by the means—principally indirect—which are alone now open to us between this moment and the end of the summer. For in those few weeks (and they will pass with terrible rapidity) the fate of this country will be decided.



The Two German Salients

Battle of the Lys: By Hilaire Belloc

THE present action of the enemy in Flanders is connected thus with the campaign as a whole:—

The enemy had planned to make his great attack in the West upon March 21st. He had concentrated for that object a far greater weight of artillery than had ever been gathered before. Out of a total force of not quite 200 divisions available for every kind of service, he marked down actually *over one-half*, and those the best, for a particular object—to fail or to succeed in which would probably decide the war.

What that object was is now as clear as daylight. Now that we know he was prepared to put in one hundred divisions, and now that we have seen the continuous expenditure in men which he deliberately permitted, it is mere nonsense to speak of the great attack of three weeks ago as but one of two or more plans. It was as single and as decisive a moment as ever there has been in military history. His aim was to tear through the British line as near to its right as possible, where it joined the French; to pour through the gap, restore a war of movement—for which he had been training close on a million men first and last for months—and by his rapidity and the superior value he claimed in such a war of movement to thrust the British Army up north with blow upon blow towards the sea, daily reducing its value as an opponent, and rapidly thus achieving a decision.

There existed, as he well knew and perpetually discussed in his Press, a large Allied force free from the line and ready to act as a mass of manœuvre. That was his risk. But his insurance against that risk lay in the calculated rapidity of his action against the British Army when it should have been torn asunder from its Allies and should be compelled to what he conceived would be its increasing confusion in an open war. The British Army had been created during a period of siege war; once manœuvring at large, he thought himself its master.

We know what followed. It was the unexpected for both sides—much the most general happening in war. He did break through. He did restore a war of movement. But he just did not succeed in maintaining it. The flood began to pour through, but was rapidly dammed. Its full energy was maintained for nearly a week. By the tenth day—that is, by Easter Sunday—it was slowly gaining in a few last waves, but had already come up against a sufficient bank of resistance. In a day or two over the fortnight it was definitely held: for the last great assault of April 4th failed with murderous loss.

A number of subsidiary advantages which the enemy had gained were the elimination of a quantity of Allied material, the threat to one great line of communications, etc. But on the debit side there was far more, and the balance was against the German. He had lost upon the balance, far more men than his equal opponent, just in this phase of the war when the whole thing is a struggle of each to reduce the effective numbers of his foe. And he found himself upon an abominable line, with high ground against him everywhere, with a huge vulnerable flank of over 20 miles on the south, and more than half as much again to hold in mileage without prepared defences as he had before he began.

The price of all this failure—for it was a failure—was the elimination of a great part of the margin which he had free for attack over and beyond what was necessary to hold his line.

He had no option but to make a new, a separate movement, while the continued holding of their hands by the Allies permitted him the initiative of risking these continued losses. He might make that movement wherever he chose. He might have made it, for instance, upon any part of the great new Montdidier salient. He might even make it where his last pressure had ebbed away on the westernmost point of that advance towards Amiens. But even so, it would have been a second and a separate effort, and would have had to be made with less strength than the first, for the simple reason that less strength remained to him.

He decided, as a fact, to make it upon the northern sector of Lille; acting thus as he has always acted, to wit, in copy of his own past; for to strike alternately and to create double salients was his method all through his Russian campaign and remains his gospel for his last effort in the West. The date April 9th was chosen for this second effort, and, as I have said, the sector in front of Lille and an ultimate development of 20 miles of front there—less than half that of his first effort—was his choice.

The reasons for which the enemy chose this particular sector of attack may be tabulated as follows:—

(1) It was as far north—that is, as distant from his first main battlefield and point of pressure in front of Amiens—as could usefully be chosen to impose by its distance a maximum strain upon Allied reinforcement. Had he struck yet further north he would have had high ground in front of him and north of that again flooded country.

(2) Striking thus not in the extreme north, but in the north of the centre he could threaten the communications of, and therefore, if he were immediately successful, would destroy all the British forces that lay between his point of attack and the sea.

(3) He knew that there were here not a few divisions sent to redress, under the conditions of a sector long quiet, the strain and loss which they had suffered elsewhere; and he knew in particular that one division consisted of what he was pleased to describe as second-class troops.

(4) He enjoyed a remarkable superiority in railway communication.

This point is of such importance that I would beg my readers to consider it in detail.

Railway Communications

If the reader will turn back to Map I., and look at the sinuous line of the front as it stood from the Amiens-Arras sector to the sea at Nieuport upon April 8th—the eve of the new offensive—he will perceive what admirable opportunities for concentration upon Lille the railways, double and single, in the hands of the Germans present; and, at the same time, how perfect is the continuous line of lateral communications from Ostend southward through Lille and Douai and Cambrai. The whole is a double-line railway, with the exception of the strip between A and B. This in the past four years he must surely have doubled—no very difficult task, for it runs through flat country. When I speak of this part of the line as single, I am entirely dependent upon information as belated as that of 1913. Unless I am mistaken, the section between A and B was a single line in that year; but all the rest of the lateral communication was a double track, and we observe that it exactly follows the line of the front all the way down, and at a sufficient distance from that to be continuously available, in spite of the heavy work done against it from the air. Upon Lille itself there converge no less than *five* great main lines of double track, probably increased by this time, as I have just said, to six. There are, of course, large railway works and sheds, innumerable sidings, and all the opportunities for concentration afforded by a great town.

Now contrast this with the corresponding communications upon the Allied side *in reference to the sector of attack*.

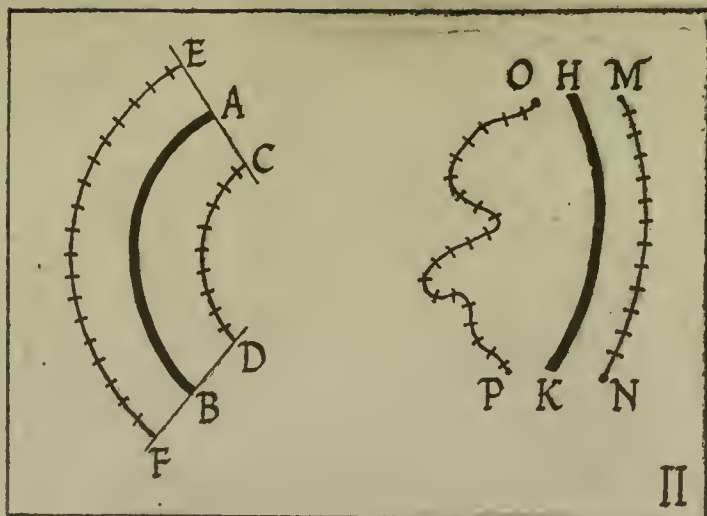
Here also there is a lateral line: Dunkirk-Hazebrouck-Béthune-St. Pol-Amiens. But it is devoid, in the neighbourhood of the sector opposite Lille, of any great centre of concentration—the best is the comparatively small though exceedingly important junction of Hazebrouck. It has—or had—a very considerable sector of single line; it is indifferently parallel to the front, approaching it far too close at Béthune, receding too much from it elsewhere. What Hazebrouck means, by the way, we shall see later on, when we consider the field of action in detail. The alternative line behind the nearest lateral communication is the great main railway Amiens-Calais; the hilly country between, coupled with the necessity of linking up the ports, has thrust this line far back.

Added to these advantages in railway communication which the enemy would enjoy if he chose this Lille sector for his second offensive was the fact that, so far as railways were concerned, he was virtually working upon interior lines.

Let me explain this point.

If you are working within a large concave, such as that of A-B in the accompanying diagram, and if both your lateral communication C-D and that of your opponent E-F are each roughly parallel to the front, it is clear that you can move your troops more quickly than your opponent can move his. You can bring a particular unit of yours from D to C in a little more than half the time that he can bring a unit of his from F to E. That is called the strategic advantage of working upon interior lines. There is no such advantage, of course, when the concavity is small and cramped, but the advantages are obvious when it is large.

Now this advantage of interior lines exists in another form



even if your front has not a concave shape, for it exists when your most vital and necessary communications (which to-day, in spite of the extension of petrol traffic, still take the rare and expensive shape of railways) give you more rapid movement. For instance, your front might be actually convex as in H-K, but if your lateral communications were short and convenient like M-N, while those of your opponent were long and inconvenient like O-P, you would still have the advantage of what could technically be called interior lines, for you could move a unit from M to N more rapidly than your opponent could move one from P to O.

With this consideration in mind we have only to look at the railway map of Northern France and Belgium to see that the enemy here, although the front as a whole is not concave, has this advantage, and if we consider not only the northern part from the Arras-Amiens sector to the sea, but the whole line from Alsace to the sea, the greater distance through which the Allies must move to meet an enemy concentration is still more apparent.

(5) Apart from this advantage in possessing what were virtually interior lines, which the enemy would enjoy if he chose this sector for his second offensive, there were certain local advantages which will appear more clearly when we discuss the action in detail. He had the great town of Lille in which to mass unobserved; it was screened by the Aubers Ridge; and above all, *certain vital nodal points of communication* lay dangerously close to our front, notably Hazebrouck, Cassel and Béthune. If the reader will look at map III. which indicates the railways and main roads of the northern British front he will see the capital importance of these three points: Hazebrouck, Béthune and Cassel.

Everything coming up from the south directly by rail must go through Béthune. Everything coming indirectly from the south by the Boulogne railway, or directly from the north and west, the Ports of the Channel, must go through Hazebrouck junction. The only line excepted is the insufficient single coastal line Calais-Dunkirk. Save round by the coastal road, all road vehicles supplying and evacuating that front converge directly upon and must pass through Cassel. The sea was not far behind and there could be no rapid retirement of a large force beyond a sea line.

(6) For what it is worth, there was the *moral* effect of an attack developing close to and threatening that highly sensitive point the Straits of the Channel, the shortest and most direct communication between this country and its forces overseas. But this must be set against a corresponding disadvantage which will be mentioned in a moment.

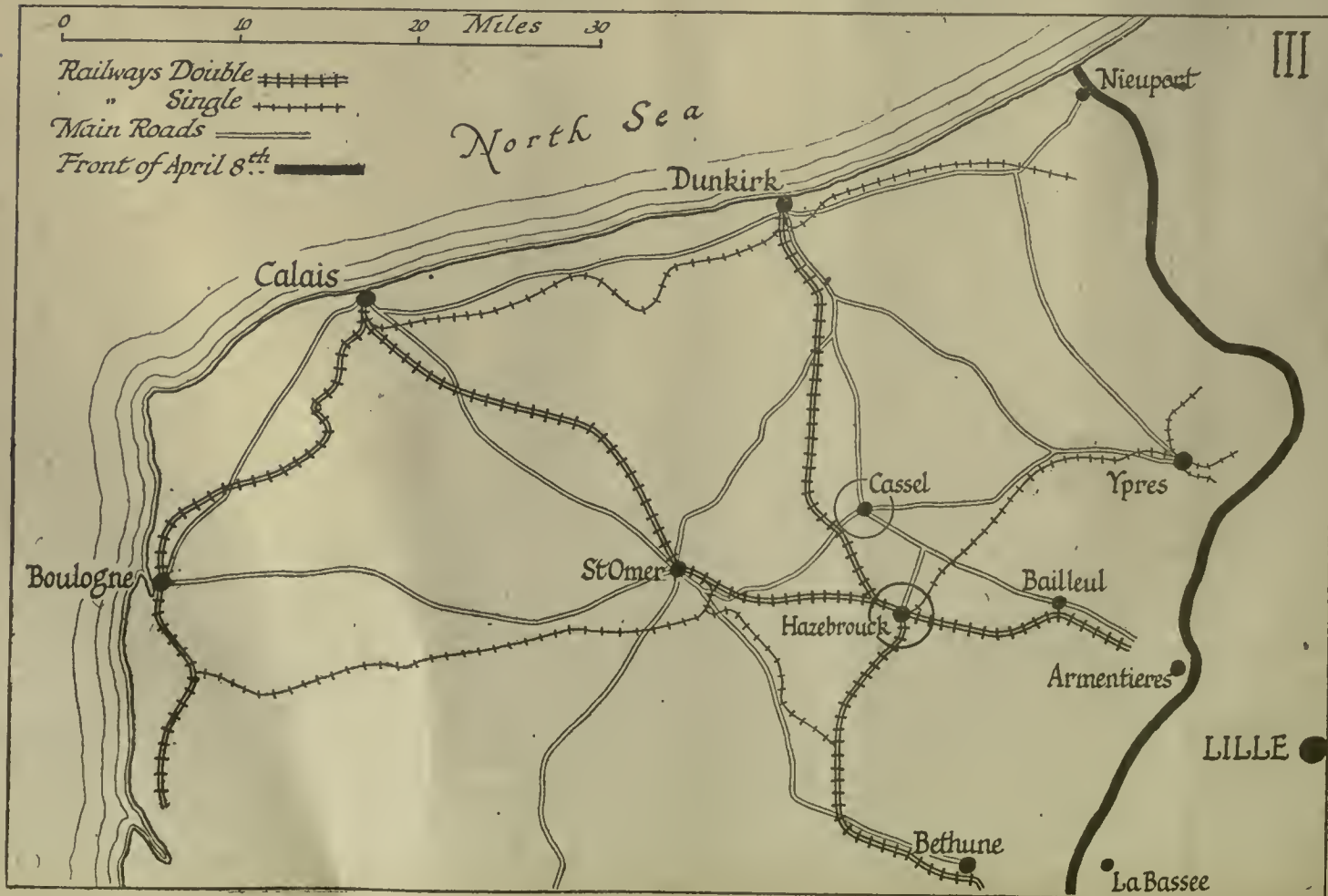
So much being said, we may equally tabulate the disadvantages and therefore risks which the choice of this sector would entail and which were as well known to the enemy as to ourselves.

(1) It was the sector upon which reinforcements from this country could be poured most rapidly and the one behind which was the largest and most immediate supply of material as well as of men.

(2) Upon one flank at least, that to the north, was the strong position of the Messines Ridge, continued by the strong position of the Passchendaele Ridge. To the south there was no equally strong flank, and it is on this account, as we shall see, that the enemy in his first plan made *Béthune* his chief objective—an objective which he failed to reach through the gallantry of the Lancashire troops. He knew then that if he did not succeed upon his left at Béthune his right would almost certainly be held on the Wyttschaete-Messines heights and that he would be condemned to action upon the comparatively narrow front of 10 miles.

(3) The triple lines in front of him—that is, the defensive zone which he had to break—ran through difficult, marshy ground, cut by numerous dykes, and the countryside having been densely populated before the war was full of strong posts in the ruins of cottages and farms. The enemy was therefore well justified in boasting of a special feat when he proved his capacity to break through this long-prepared and difficult organisation. Further, there lay immediately behind this defensive zone an obstacle, not very formidable, indeed, but still not negligible, in the shape of the Lys River. This little stream is a partly canalised piece of water, quite narrow (hardly anywhere 100 feet across), and in most places fordable so far as depth is concerned; but it has a muddy bottom, and the approaches are often marshy.

(4) Any such offensive would, after the failure of his main



scheme in the south between Arras and the Oise, with its vast expense in men, depend upon a smaller attacking force for its conduct. This was by far the most important matter from the enemy's point of view. The new offensive, wherever it was decided upon, would have to be on a lesser scale than the first, and, other things being equal, would have a lesser chance of effecting a complete decision. If he were to exploit a success here his exploitation would have to be rapid because he had already committed himself irrevocably in another and distant field to the use of the great mass of his men, to the loss of a great proportion of them, to the pinning down of many for the maintenance of an open, greatly increased, and extended front.

We shall not understand the battle at all, even the factors against us, still less the factors in our favour, unless we fully appreciate this point, which I have already emphasised but to which I would return. When the enemy deliberately engaged a month ago in what may properly be called his great speculation between Arras and the Oise he banked upon putting in more than half of his total numerical strength, far more than half his real fighting strength, as measured not only in numbers, but in the efficiency of units. He had thus mortgaged on the speculation of victory there the most of all that he had in men and material available for attack. He could, of course, draw up very considerable reinforcements northwards for a struggle of many days, but the whole thing would necessarily be on a reduced scale.

He also in that deliberately planned hazard prepared to lose, and did lose, men upon a scale—measured in numbers and time—unprecedented even in this war. He must have lost in a fortnight, for immediate purposes at least, more than a quarter of a million men, and perhaps nearer a third of a million. An even larger expenditure would have been justified had it produced the expected rupture between the French and the British. Failing to produce such a rupture, its excess over the expenditure imposed upon the Allies was dead loss; and, as we know, that rupture was not effected.

But this is not all. His full measure of success in the south, between Arras and the Oise, had put him upon a trace of new front far longer than his old one, and also more expensive to hold. Nowhere in all that new front, did the enemy get hold of good defensive dominating positions. He failed with very heavy loss to seize the Lassigny Hills; he failed to take the Renaud Hill in front of Noyon; he failed

to carry the great glacis which slopes up westward from the Avre, and he failed to take the especially important bank of high ground west of Albert and the Ancre Valley; he failed to carry the Vimy Ridge on the extreme north. He started from a line of 50 miles. He created by his advance a line which, in all its sinuosities, is nearly 85 miles in length, and on the whole of its vast concavity he was not in any one place possessed of a naturally strong defensive position. He was everywhere overlooked. All this meant that he would be compelled to do whatever he had to do in the north quickly and with but a reduced remaining margin of the force he could spare for attack.

As a matter of fact we discovered that even at the moment when his destruction of the main defensive zone and his passage of the Lys upon the first day, April 9th, had given him his great opportunity, he could not throw in, fresh and used combined, more than thirty divisions over a period of five days. That is a very large number *positively*, of course. It indicates a loss enormously in excess, mile for mile, time for time, prisoner for prisoner, and effect for effect, of what the French and British offensives cost in the past. Also that tremendous expenditure did in this case permit him to break through a defensive zone and create for a time a war of movement. But *relatively*, even this great number represents action upon a scale nearer a third than a half of that upon which the first great effort of March had been designed.

The Action

Now let us turn to the details of the action.

The enemy as he conceived his plan and studied the battlefield before him had the following ground to consider:—

From above Merville to Armentières the little river Lys flows through a plain some miles to the north of which run, in a crescent, a series of obstacles: The great forest of Nieppe, the slightly rising ground of Bailleul, and its neighbourhood, and at last the Messines-Wytschaete heights, which come down near to the river again on the east. That plain extends south of the river for some five miles, up to the Aubers Ridge, covering Lille, where the enemy had his observation-posts, and from whence (it is very low) he overlooked the scene of his coming attempt. He proposed to break through upon the flat from Béthune to Armentières, seizing Béthune at once so as to cut the final junction there



and to prevent his action, as it developed, having too narrow a base and the salient created being too pronounced. He proposed, immediately he had obtained a rupture on the flat between Béthune and Armentières to push on across the Lys, mushrooming out to the left and the right; upon the left getting round the big Nieppe Wood and closing upon Hazebrouck, the second vital railway junction, and upon the right working up from the south behind the Messines Ridge, while further forces upon his right came into play against the same ridge from the east. With that ridge gone, further advance right and left turns the middle of the crescent of heights, gives him Bailloul, and brings him up towards Cassel, the great junction of road communication, as Hazebrouck is of railway communication. By that time, if the blow could be struck with sufficient rapidity, he would have the whole of the forces opposed to him between the hills of the Artois, which run from St. Omer to Calais, and the extreme northern front which runs round Ypres to the sea at Nieuport, disorganised and undone.

We shall see in what measure he carried out this programme, and where and how it was in part—and, let us hope, finally—checked.

The details of the action up to the moment of writing cover six days, Tuesday morning to Sunday night inclusive, and are as follows:—

At 8 o'clock in the evening of Monday the 8th of April, a heavy bombardment opened upon a front of about 12 miles from the neighbourhood of Houplines beyond Armentières upon the north-east, to the La Bassée Canal upon the south-west, that is, over all the flat and marshy plain which extends southwards from the Lys River. This bombardment lasted eight hours, ceasing at midnight. The back areas were particularly heavily searched and the enemy employed gas very extensively, especially against the towns which were points of concentration far behind the Allied lines and also in Armentières upon their front. From 12 midnight to 4 a.m. the bombardment ceased; but at 5 minutes past 4 in the morning of Tuesday, April 9th, just before dawn, up to a quarter past 5 in some places, and as late as half past 5 in others, a last intensive bombardment was delivered and was carried on not only along this line and with special vigour against the back areas, but far to the south of the La Bassée Canal, in order to prepare what was coming. The weather was very misty—as in the first great affair a month ago.

At a quarter past 5 a.m., just as it grew light, the first German infantry attack was launched against Neuve Chapelle and almost immediately, that is within the next quarter of an hour, the whole line was at work from the La Bassée Canal right up to Armentières. Under this pressure, the first, second and third lines in the centre, held by the Portuguese, were overrun. Laventie, a strong part of the organisation on the last or third line was reached by the enemy by about 11 o'clock, and though certain posts still held out for an hour or two later, some of them apparently even up to 2 o'clock, the centre may be said to have gone by noon, and this wide breach in the defensive zone to have been created in the first six hours of the action.

Meanwhile, it was essential for the enemy, if his full plan was to develop, that he should immediately reach Béthune upon his left. If he failed to do this, if this corner still held for any considerable time against him, the presence of the strong Messines Ridge on his right, coupled with this resistance upon his left, would cramp him within a comparatively narrow gate, and though he might expand the area he should occupy beyond that gate and to the north and west of it, he would inevitably be checked in his advance unless the neck of the area were widened. Essential as it was for him to seize Béthune at the earliest possible moment in this first successful shock, he threw in directly westward towards against the point of Givenchy no less than four divisions out of a total eight (rapidly increasing to eleven) which he had put forward for his first blow.

But at Givenchy a division which he had hoped to find weak from fatigue, the 55th from the western part of Lancashire and Liverpool, upset his plan. The ruins of Givenchy stand upon a very slight rise of ground, only just showing above the general level of that flat and marshy land. Fighting four to one the ruins were rushed by the enemy, apparently before noon; but the Lancashire men retook them. Further masses of the enemy debouched from La Bassée and fought all day to re-obtain the place. During the night they once more entered the ruins, and were once more thrown out, and by Wednesday morning Givenchy still held, covering Béthune—covering, therefore, the important double track of railway by which communication is maintained from the south to Hazebrouck, and which comes nearest the enemy's line (and is therefore most imperilled) at Béthune. This

unique and splendid local defence of Givenchy modified at its very outset the course of the battle. Elsewhere the whole of the Tuesday was taken up by the enemy in reaching, and attempting to cross, the line of the Lys. He could only touch the river at the extreme of the salient he had created—that is, opposite Estaires, perhaps near Sailly, and opposite St. Maur, where there used to be a ferry, succeeded for many years past by a bridge. All these three points are approached by a road. To the left of these points the continued defence of Lestrem held him and on the right the continued defence by the British of Fleurbaix.

The Lys Forced

The accounts are still somewhat confused, so that exact hours cannot be given; but apparently the enemy forced his way across the Lys—at any rate, at the point of St. Maur, if not at other points—in the course of the afternoon or evening of the Tuesday, for it was during the night that a counter-attack threw him back across the river at St. Maur and in the suburbs of Estaires. There had been at the very end of Tuesday a sharp advance of the enemy beyond St. Maur for nearly a mile to the place called the Ferry Cross, or Croix du Bac. But the counter-attack in the night threw the enemy right back from there, and he did not re-advance to it until the next day. In the early morning of Wednesday, the 10th, therefore, the second day of the battle, the position would seem to have been somewhat like this:—

The 55th West Lancashire Division at Givenchy and unnamed British troops at Fleurbaix held either post or corner of the big gap made where the triple line of the defensive zone between Laventie and Neuve Chapelle had given way in the overwhelming of the Portuguese divisions, which originally stood upon either side of Neuve Chapelle.

The enemy had reached, crossed for a moment, then re-crossed during the night, and was now again fighting for the passage of the River Lys, and he created a salient of over three miles at his deepest part upon a front between Givenchy and Fleurbaix of nine miles, and, the defensive zone being gone, he was fighting in the open.

So far, the only German army which had come into play was that of von Quast—the 6th Army. His command was apparently of the strength of 12 divisions, of which only 8 had so been identified in the course of the fighting, though probably 11 had already appeared in the first twenty-four hours. But with the morning of the second day—Wednesday, April 10th—a development of the utmost importance appeared, the ultimate fate of which was comparable upon the north to what the resistance of Givenchy had been upon the south. This development was the entry into play of the 4th German Army, lying to the north of von Quast, under the command of Arnim, and the attempt of this in co-operation with Quast's troops to seize the Messines Ridge, and thereby to enlarge immensely the area of the push, give it elbow-room, and permit its far more rapid advance.

The enemy apparently calculated, rightly enough, that the Messines Ridge could hardly be taken by any direct assault from the east. He lay upon this morning of the Wednesday just to the east and beneath it from Hollebeke to the Lys before Warneton, and if he had struck from this line up the slopes unaided he might not hope to reach the summit. The full plan was, therefore, partly to threaten to turn the Messines Ridge from the south, while attacking directly from the east, von Quast's extreme right undertaking the first task, and von Arnim's divisions the second.

At the same time, on the morning of the 10th, apparently early in that day, the Germans, who had crossed the Lys at St. Maur, had already got so far round to the east that they were in Ploegsteert and into the big wood to which that village gives its name immediately to the north. They thus already looked at the Messines Ridge from its reverse side. Nearly coincident with this movement came the blow struck by von Arnim upon the east. The attack blazed up from the south northward, beginning in the early morning, and by noon had reached the summits of the ridge at Messines and Wytschacte, while to the north-east von Arnim's men had taken the ruins of Hollebeke.

There must have been a moment at and after the middle of this second day in the action—Wednesday, the 10th—when it looked as though Messines Ridge and all that it meant might go. But the 9th Division counter-attacked in the early afternoon, pushed well past Wytschacte, driving the enemy down the eastern slopes by some 500 yards. A harder task was involved in the clearing of Messines, nor was the site of that vanished village wholly retaken; but by nightfall most of the summit was recovered, though the enemy remained just clinging to the further edge of it, and so remained apparently through the succeeding days. This

maintenance of the Messines Ridge was of the greatest consequence to all that followed.

Meanwhile, in the plain below, Armentières, more and more threatened as Quast's troops over the river spread eastward and von Arnim's troops attacked westward, was being evacuated as rapidly as could be (it was full of gas) before disaster should befall it. The evacuation was far from completed before the place was virtually surrounded; for the enemy claimed the surrender therein of 3,000 men and the General Officer commanding them.

During this same day—the second day of the battle, Wednesday, the 10th—the enemy also crossed at Estaires, and was fighting northward and westward from that town. He had tried hard to get further elbow-room westward by taking Lestrem; had held it for a moment, but lost it again. He would seem, then, by the evening of the second day—Wednesday, the 10th—to have been upon the line indicated on the map: the second line in front of Steenwerke and Nieppe Village, beyond Estaires, holding part of Ploegsteert Wood, just clinging to the eastern slopes of Messines, missing Wytshaete, and so round to Hollebeke.

On Thursday, April 11th, it was apparent by mid-morning that the momentum of the attack was being diverted and in places held. Though there is naturally complete silence upon the rapidity and number in which reinforcements were pushed up to the British line, their effect had begun to be felt, and that although the enemy seeing what a gate he had obtained through the defensive zone, and how thoroughly he had obtained (though upon a comparatively narrow front) a war of movement, had for at least thirty hours past begun to call up from the south and elsewhere further divisions.

Up to this moment—Thursday, April 11th—about 16 German divisions had already been identified, counting the four from von Arnim's army, which had struck against the Messines Ridge (among which four may be quoted the first two to attack, the 49th Reserve German Division and the 17th). But before the next three days were over the enemy more than doubled this feeding in of divisions. He reached, as we shall see, by Sunday night the total of well over 30, the latter half of which were mainly spent in attempting with increasing difficulty to advance the line attained, a result only effected—and that imperfectly—on his extreme left beyond Estaires.

The end of that Thursday—the third day of the battle—found the enemy just north of Estaires and Steenwerke, holding all the ruins of Ploegsteert, and perhaps half-way between that village and Neuve Eglise, and most of Ploegsteert Wood; but they had made no further impression upon the Messines Ridge, though once again there had been a tremendous assault upon it, and once again the enemy had been thrown out by the 9th Division, which still stood there maintaining the crest.

On the next day—Friday, the 12th—probably by the arrival of considerable new forces, the enemy enlarged himself upon the north by a crescent as much as a mile and a half in depth at its deepest part, and achieved the very real success of pushing westward to Merville; whence, as we shall see, he was to push southward and try to turn Béthune. The crescent by which he advanced on the north brought him from his positions in front of Neuve Eglise to a fluctuating and violently contested front not far from Bailleul Station; thence round between Old and New Berquin, and so just including Merville to the river line. The importance of this extension westward, including Merville, was that it turned the stoutly defended line of that little obstacle the Lawe, and therefore for the first time seriously threatened Béthune. This will be clear from looking at the line upon the sketch-map which indicates the position upon the evening of Friday last. That line may be seen still to cover Givenchy and the straggling hamlet of Locon, but the line of the brook is abandoned, and the enemy is facing right down upon Béthune from the north. It goes without saying that a huge projection of this sort, curling round a strongly held post like Givenchy, would be very perilous to any advancing force, if there were at the right moment sufficient bodies of opponents to press hard into the neck of the salient—that is, from the Givenchy region north-eastwards—and so threaten its existence. But it is clear that the enemy, when he thus flooded westward into Merville and then turned southward towards Béthune, still took for granted, and had a right to take for granted, his continued numerical superiority. He was in again, as he had been a fortnight before, on the Somme, for all he was worth, though upon a smaller scale. By the night of this fourth day, Friday, the enemy claimed 20,000 prisoners and 200 guns.

Upon Saturday the gravest enemy success, so far as the still-important point of Béthune is concerned, was registered. The enemy entered (but did not pass) Locon, and just reached

the projecting curve of the Béthune Canal. If the British line still at that moment held Givenchy, a point on which I have no information at the moment of writing, the German thrust southward on this extraordinary bulge must have reached its utmost limits of stability.

In every other part of the field the advance was held. Though the enemy was now wholly in possession of Ploegsteert Wood, and even got into Neuve Eglise, he was thrown out of the latter place. He could not push, during the Saturday, beyond the neighbourhood of the railway at Bailleul Station, which railway he failed to reach or to cross at that point. He just passed the railway somewhere in front of Meterem; thence south-eastward he was much where he had been before, between Old and New Berquin, and close on the former, and feeling the eastern edges of the big Nieppe Forest. The whole effect of that Saturday on the shape of the front was slight. There seemed to be taking place what had taken place on the Somme—a gradual banking up of the flood.

All the next day—last Sunday, April 14th—he was fighting furiously to increase this front, by however little, but the resistance grew stronger hour by hour, and he on that day achieved nothing appreciable to affect the future. He still stood, when night fell, upon the line which runs from Hollebeke to just the southern end of the Messines Ridge, thence in front of Wulverghem, Neuve Eglise, Bailleul, Meterem—all of them so high glacial, or rising slopes, possessed by the British. Thence his line curved round, no further advanced, in front of Merris, Old Berquin, the edges of the Nieppe Forest; so west of Merville town, due south across the Clarence River until it touched the canal; thence through the ruins of Locon, and so to Givenchy; all the latter part making an extraordinary western bulge of impossible shape.

The factors in the maintenance, extension, or redressing of this western bulge we cannot judge; but apparently, for the moment, it can neither be used by them for further outflanking Béthune, and thus cutting the railway and increasing their area of movement, nor as yet by us in counter-stroke behind them. That western bulge upon its either face, northern and southern, looks at, threatens, and approaches the two vital railway points marked A and B upon map 4. The one A, that through which passes, or did pass, a direct supply of men and material from the south; the other, B, that through which comes all railway supply in men and material from the channel ports, Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk. Their retention or loss the future must decide.

The Numerical Situation

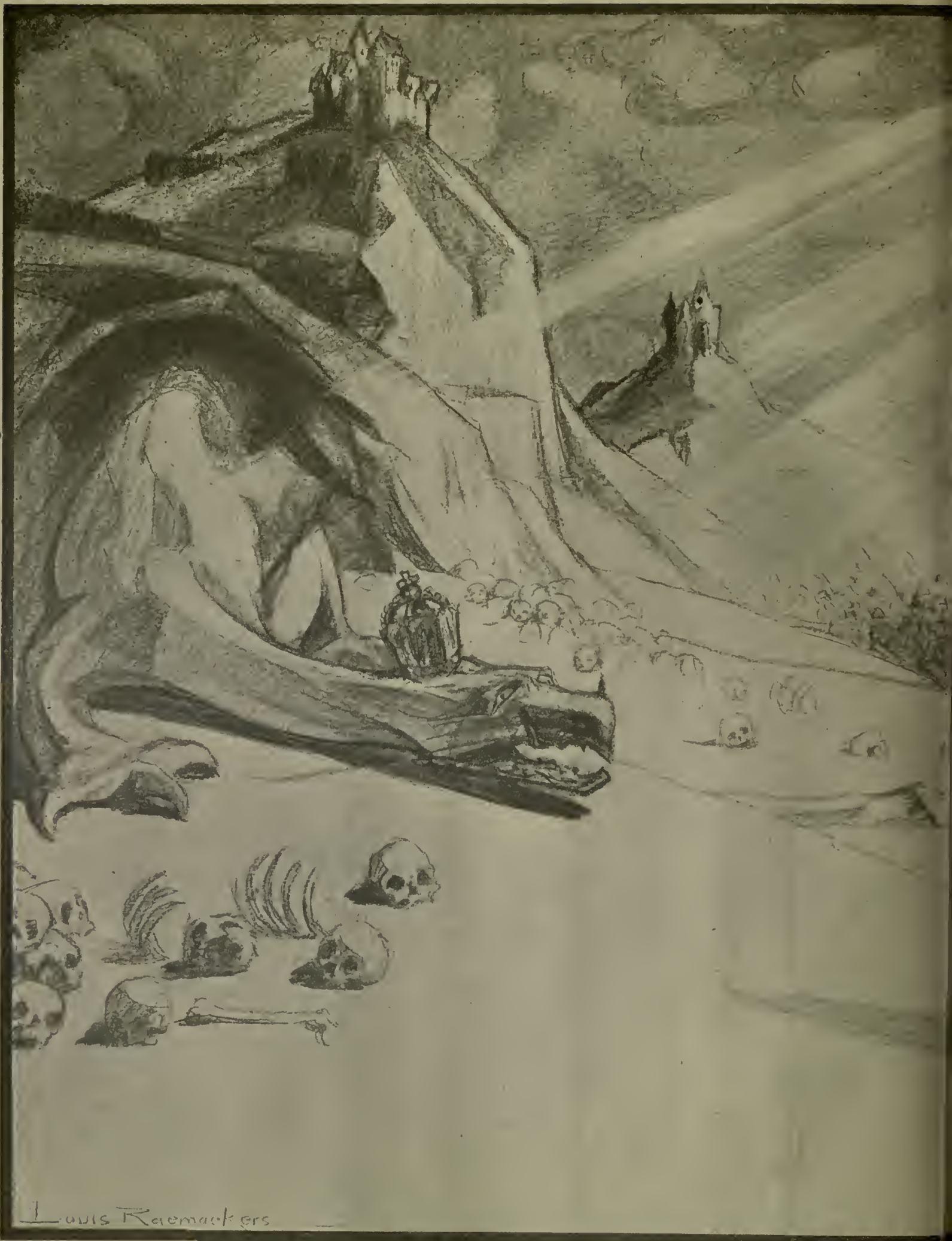
Such was the situation when the last dispatches were sent after the nightfall of Sunday last, April 14th. The line of that moment, as shown in those dispatches, is indicated upon the accompanying map.

But meanwhile there came by Saturday evening news more interesting and perhaps more important than the description of the line in the war of movement thus restored. It concerned a point already touched on, *the number of divisions which the Germans had already thrown into the mill*. That is the heart of the matter.

Up to that date—the evening of April 13th—there had been identified upon the fronts of the two offensives since March 21st no less than 110 German divisions, and of these no less than 40 had been thrown in twice.

Now let us appreciate what this means. We are dealing with exactly twenty-four days, of which about two-thirds have been days of very violent fighting, and of which the remaining third have also seen very expensive and heavily pressed local attacks. We may say that we are dealing with the equivalent of twenty days of maximum effort. During this period there has been a call upon the German Army to the equivalent of 150 divisions. He began with 50 in line during the first two days of his great main offensive of March, the fifty grew to over 100; his second offensive, here in April, used in the first two days perhaps 16. The 16 grew in six days to something well over 30—perhaps to 40. He is putting stuff through the mill at the very maximum rate. He is giving divisions much less than half the old average time to rest in between two appearances on the battlefield. He has used his units at more than three times the rate of their use during the longer drawn battles of the last two years. In other words, he is straining his power of endurance after a fashion which we may represent as multiplied by two or three times the fashion of any earlier period—of Verdun, Champagne, or the Somme. The whole thing is a violent confirmation of the thesis that he is out to win in a very short time, or to be decisively beaten.

HILAIRE BELLOC.



Louis Raemaekers

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Lichnowsky's Revelations: By Sir M. Durand

SOME remarkable papers have seen the light in Germany during the last few weeks, and the more they are studied by the British public the better; for they reveal with striking clearness the real facts about the responsibility for the war, and incidentally they bring out the difference between the general attitude of Germany and that of Great Britain in matters of foreign policy. We English—or nearly all of us—have been satisfied from the beginning that we were entirely in the right. Like most people, we are apt to take that view of our own proceedings. But it is one thing to be absolved by the voice of conscience, it is another thing to find ourselves openly and formally absolved by an enemy who has hitherto proclaimed that England has been the arch-plotter against the peace of Europe—the instigator and leader of a wicked conspiracy to hem in and destroy the peace-loving German Empire.

First among these papers is the famous memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky, late German Ambassador in England. Prince Lichnowsky was representing his country here when the war broke out, and he had therefore the fullest knowledge of the course of affairs. He has not hesitated to declare in his memorandum that the responsibility for the war rests upon Germany—not upon England. "We deliberately destroyed," he says, "the possibility of a peaceful settlement"; and "my London mission . . . was wrecked not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy." These assertions he supports by a statement of "indisputable facts" drawn from official publications, and not controverted by the German White Book. He shows that to the end Great Britain made repeated efforts to maintain the peace of Europe; and he sums up with the remark, "it is not surprising that the whole civilised world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world war." The unfortunate Ambassador, it may be observed, was tricked by his own Government as to their intentions; for under a system well known in the German service, the Kaiser kept in London two diplomatic instruments, one a representative, himself deceived so as better to deceive our people, the other a subordinate working in secret over the head of his chief.

Prince Lichnowsky does not stand alone, for Herr Mühlön, an ex-director of the great Krupp firm, almost simultaneously declared that the Kaiser himself was personally responsible for the war. Then Herr von Jagow, German Foreign Minister from 1913 to 1916, was apparently put up to answer Prince Lichnowsky's memorandum; at all events, his observations upon it are published by the German Government. And what is his answer? Anyone who studies it will see that it is practically no answer at all, for the main facts brought forward in the memorandum are in no way disproved. As to Great Britain, Herr von Jagow makes the following remarks: "I am by no means willing to adopt the opinion, which is at present widely held in Germany, that England laid all the mines which caused the war; on the contrary, I believe in Sir Edward Grey's love of peace, and in his serious wish to reach an agreement with us. . . . Among the English people also the war was not popular." It is true that Herr von Jagow says Sir Edward Grey "did not prevent the world-war, as he could have done," but no proof of this assertion is brought forward beyond the remark that "he had involved himself too deeply in the net of Franco-Russian policy" and "could no longer find the way out."

Finally, other persons of some note in Germany have apparently accepted, and have been permitted to express, the view that Great Britain was not the guilty party. For example, the naval critic, Captain Persius, has written in the *Berliner Tageblatt*: "An understanding ought to be easier now that we have heard from two opposing sources, from von Jagow and Lichnowsky, that England was not responsible for the war, as hitherto has been believed in wide circles in Germany."

Now, the first thing that strikes one on, reading these various pronouncements is the fact that they should have been allowed to see the light in Germany. It seems evident that the publication could not have been made without the permission of the German Government. Such a complete change of front must have a meaning.

A friend of mine once told me it was a saying in his country that the best way of coming to terms with an Englishman was to knock him down first and then talk nicely to him. The words of Captain Persius quoted above, and other expressions used by German newspapers, would seem to show that the German Government has resolved to try this method. It looks as if they hoped that by dealing a great

blow at our Army in France, and then proclaiming the innocence of Great Britain, they might induce us to conclude a separate peace, inducing their own people at the same time to regard such a settlement with favour. It is a grotesque idea; but any other explanation of the German action is difficult to imagine.

This, however, is a point of minor importance. Whatever may be the intention of the German Government, the immediate effect of their action is clear. The veil has been torn from the face of the Kaiser, and the responsibility of Germany for the war is definitely established. It will be observed, incidentally, that no German except Lichnowsky seems in the least ashamed either of the villainous aggression by which the war was brought about or of the long-continued campaign of falsehood by which the German Government sought to throw the blame on England.

Some hard things have been said of late in England about the British Foreign Office and the methods of British diplomacy. I hold no brief for the Foreign Office, and fully believe that some of its proceedings in the past have been open to attack. Granted that the Foreign Office is full of sin, this is not because its proceedings have been false and aggressive like those of the Germans; it is for the precisely opposite reason, that they have been simple and conciliatory to the verge, and at times beyond the verge, of feebleness. Partly from that timidity in matters of policy which is marked a characteristic of our people as courage in the field, partly from an honest desire for peace and goodwill among men, we have not always "held up our end," as we might have done; and we have suffered in consequence.

Our Policy Towards Russia

An excellent example of this is the course of our policy towards Russia, especially since the Crimean War, when she began to push out seriously along her natural "slope" to the eastward, and in the opinion of our statesmen to threaten India closely. We allowed the Russians, when they were much weaker than we were in Asia to "draw" us to an extent which would have been really comic if it had not been so dangerous. By an attitude of perpetual apprehension—not to say alarm—at their smallest movement in Central Asia, we impressed them and unluckily impressed all Asiatics, including the natives of India, with the idea that we were afraid of Russia and dared not stand up to her. This attitude did great harm.

Writing as late as 1897, I urged that Russia was not strong enough to attack us, and that we should do well to show more confidence in our own strength, which, as long as the people of India trusted us, was immense. I urged also that we should do well to show less distrust of the good faith of the Russians, who had not for seventy years made any serious encroachment on the treaty frontiers of Persia, and were pledged by a formal agreement, not hitherto broken, to respect the frontiers of Afghanistan. But this was not the view generally taken, and the old policy of alarm continued to hold the field. Then in 1907 came indeed a new policy, one of rapprochement towards Russia, prompted in great measure by our growing sense of the aggressive spirit of Germany; but there remained with the new policy the old exaggerated estimate of Russian strength, and the old distrust of our own. The result was the Anglo-Russian Convention, by which we hoped to put an end to Anglo-Russian rivalry in Asia.

I am not now discussing the general merits and effect of that agreement. I wish only to bring out the particular point that our policy towards Russia was conciliatory in the extreme. When the matter came up in the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Sanderson pointed out that in the past we had been ready to come to an understanding with Russia, but that she had been unwilling to meet us. And the critics of the Convention had no difficulty in showing that, now she had met us, we had in the interests of conciliation made a very bad bargain with her.

We undoubtedly had a bargain so bad that it was regarded throughout Asia as a discreditable surrender to superior force. For example, in Afghanistan the Russians were to have any trade facilities the Afghans might give us, but there was no clause securing to us any facilities they might give the Russians. Also, though we promised the Russians equal commercial opportunities in that country, where our influence predominated, they did not promise us equal opportunities in regions where they were predominant. As Lord Lansdowne

observed: "A more one-sided application of a sound principle I never came across."

More might be said about Afghanistan and something about Tibet. But the main sacrifice was in Persia. That great country was divided into Russian and English spheres of influence in no way corresponding to the positions—political and commercial—of the two Powers.

Further examples of the conciliatory and peaceful attitude of our Governments for a long time past might easily be cited from the history of our relations with other Powers—with Germany, perhaps, in particular. To the very end, when she had everything ready for war, and, to use Lichnowsky's words, was "insisting that Serbia must be massacred," England, whom she accused of encircling and throttling her, was granting her concessions of many kinds, even consenting—most improperly, I think—to the extension of the Bagdad Railway down to Basra, so as to open Mesopotamia to her operations. Every one knows of the conciliatory spirit in which we met France when the time came for a rapprochement. Every one knows, of the spirit of goodwill—and more than goodwill—which for years past we have shown towards the Americans, until our Governments really seemed actuated at times by the feeling which a famous American novelist ascribes to one of her characters, "the desire that England should have an excuse to hug us."

As is evident from what I have written, I do not contend that our prevailing attitude in matters of foreign policy has always been dignified or successful. Personally, I believe it has often been wanting in strength, and has led at times to the sacrifice of the legitimate interests of Great Britain and the Dominions. I feel that when the personal and party feelings involved have passed away, history will not easily forgive the extreme anxiety shown by some of our public men to make the nation believe in German goodwill towards us when they well knew, or certainly ought to have known, that no such goodwill existed—an anxiety which even led to shameful attacks upon the great soldier who spent his last years in trying to open our eyes and make us prepare for the deadly peril that was coming upon us. For such proceedings there can be no excuse. And it may well be held that a more virile attitude might often have been not only more honourable to us, but more useful to the world.

But when all that is said, there remains something more to be said. If other nations besides Germany have now and then seemed inclined to take advantage of our softness—if, for example, the Russians in Asia were somewhat high-handed in their working of the Convention of 1907—yet I believe the certainty that England could be trusted to keep to her engagements, and was honestly desirous of peace, did have its effect upon the attitude of the world towards us. As Admiral Mahan asked when discussing the alleged "stupidity" of British officers: "Where has it placed Great Britain among the nations of the earth?"

It is not a little thing that *Palavia Inglesa* has become a household word. Substantially the nations keep faith and peace with us as we keep faith and peace with them. Russia, until she broke up under the twin solvents of *idéologue*

TURKEY AND THE WAR.

When the history of the world-war comes to be written, the most outstanding event after the battle of the Marne will be found to have been the entrance of Turkey into the war on the side of the enemy. But for this there would have been no Gallipoli, no fall of Kut; the expeditionary forces to Salonika, Mesopotamia, and Palestine would have been unnecessary; the Dardanelles would have remained open for the export of corn and oil from Russia and Rumania; Rumania would have been secure, Bulgaria not daring to move, with neutral nations friendly to the Entente on either flank; there would have been no Armenian massacres. Think what it would have meant, had Turkey remained neutral! Victory would have been won months ago.

Friendship and goodwill between Great Britain and Turkey was traditional. How did it come about that it broke down at this tremendous crisis? The circumstances have hitherto been veiled in secrecy, but with the publication of the diplomatic experiences of Mr. Morgenthau, the American Ambassador at Constantinople from 1913 to 1916, all the facts will be revealed.

Mr. Morgenthau's diplomatic record will be published in *LAND & WATER* early next month. It is an invaluable contribution to the history of these times; it relates the incidents of the escape of the "Goeben" and "Breslau," and it explains how Germany was able to establish her dominance over Turkey at that critical hour. It is all the more interesting in that Mr. Morgenthau was by birth a German, having been born at Mannheim; he went to America when ten years of age, and is now American to the backbone.

chatter and German gold, adhered faithfully to the understanding which lay at the root of the Convention, and did great service to the Allied cause. Our old enemy France is now our firm friend and staunch ally. Along the immense frontier line between Canada and the United States there has been peace for a hundred years, and practically no armed force, because on each side there has been an honest desire for peace; and now, thank God, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack are flying side by side in defence of liberty. Italy, Greece, Belgium, Japan, and many other countries seem to trust us thoroughly. Only Germany was left to denounce us as false and aggressive, and now the guilt of falsehood and aggression has been firmly fixed by Germans themselves upon their own country; and the sincerity and peacefulness of England have been formally acknowledged even in Germany.

Of course, the German Government has not definitely accepted the burden of criminality. It has left itself a loophole for the repudiation of the truth, and when England declines to be tricked into peace by soft words the old bogey may be set up again for the deception of the German people. But if they should be again deceived no one else ever will. Prince Lichnowsky and others may be disgraced and punished for speaking the truth, but it has been spoken, and nothing can alter that fact.

Henceforth, England stands out clear of all responsibility for the monstrous wickedness which has been let loose upon the world; and when the gigantic conflict comes to an end she will be not only greater than ever, but more highly trusted and honoured.

The Irish Convention: By Harold Cox

WHETHER the Convention over which Sir Horace Plunkett so patiently presided for nearly nine months has rendered any service to Ireland is a matter upon which opinion is divided; that it has rendered an immense service to England is beyond question. For two generations at least Irishmen in all parts of the world have been denouncing England as the cause of all their troubles. They have proclaimed on thousands of platforms that England denies to Irishmen the right to self-government, and insists on holding in subjection a nation that for centuries has struggled in vain for freedom.

The report of the Irish Convention has disposed of this delusion. It proves that the obstacle to Home Rule for Ireland is not some curious mental twist on the part of Englishmen, but the inability of the inhabitants of Ireland to discover any scheme of Home Rule upon which they can even approximately agree.

The Irish Convention was called into being last summer as the result of correspondence between the present Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and the then leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, the late Mr. John Redmond. "Irishmen of all creeds and parties" were invited to meet together "for the purpose of drafting a constitution for their country."

A more comprehensive invitation cannot be imagined. The mere fact that it was given disposed of the idea that the British Government for some strange malicious motive wished to deny freedom to Ireland. The subsequent history showed what is and always has been the obstacle to Home Rule for Ireland. Every effort was made at the outset to meet the Prime Minister's request for a Convention representing the whole of Ireland. A very considerable amount of success was achieved. The members of the Convention were well chosen; they were men of distinction in their respective spheres of activity, and probably no better men could have been found to give expression to the different points of view which they represented. Yet even so, the Prime Minister's ideal of "all creeds and parties" was not attained, for the very important Sinn Fein Party refused to have anything to do with the Convention. Therefore even if the findings of the Convention had been unanimous they would have been discounted by the fact that a party which has won a majority of the by-elections in Ireland in the past twelve months was contemptuously hostile.

But the Convention did not reach an agreement—not even an approximate agreement. Sir Horace Plunkett, whose services to Ireland cannot be too highly estimated, evidently struggled hard to secure some show of agreement. He got

so far as to feel himself justified in saying, in his letter transmitting the report to the Prime Minister, that the "Convention had laid a foundation of Irish agreement unprecedented in history." That may quite easily be true, for as far back as the history of Ireland can be traced the inhabitants of that island have been engaged in fighting with one another. Therefore, judged by Irish standards, it is possible that some progress has been made. But when we pass from Irish conceptions to prosaic facts it will be seen that agreement, for all purposes of action, is as remote as ever.

In the first place, Ulster remains outside. Nineteen representatives from Ulster attended the Convention in the hope of finding some common ground between themselves and the Nationalists. They report that the Nationalists, instead of trying to meet their objections to the Home Rule Act of 1914, put forward claims which went far beyond that Act. The only concession offered to Ulster was a proposal that in an Irish Parliament "Unionists should have a temporary representation largely in excess of what they are entitled to on the basis of population." This proposal may have been well meant, but obviously such an arrangement could not long endure, and the Ulster representatives prudently declined to accept the proffered concession.

The Southern Unionists

On the other hand, there is the notable fact that the Southern Unionist representatives on the Convention, led by Lord Midleton, did co-operate to a very considerable extent with the Nationalist Party, and did vote in the final division in favour of the motion "That the report as a whole be adopted." That motion was carried by 44 to 29. As the Convention at the time of voting contained 90 members, it will be seen that less than half voted in favour of finally endorsing the report. The majority of 44 consisted of Nationalists and Southern Unionists, plus two or three Labour representatives; the minority consisted of the Ulster Unionists and eleven of the more extreme Nationalists. Thus superficially there was a combination of moderate men in favour of the report, while the extremists on both sides voted against it. This is just the kind of situation that is dear to the heart of an Englishman. But the English love of compromise finds no place in Irish mentality, and when two Irishmen have agreed to what appears to be a compromise it is safe to assume that they have only agreed to differ—which is a very different proposition. An examination of the report of the Convention will show that this is exactly what happened in the case of the apparent compromise between the Southern Unionists and the more moderate Nationalists. They both indeed had one common purpose—to prevent the partition of Ireland. The Southern Unionists are opposed to the exclusion of the six north-eastern counties of Ulster—to which John Redmond and his followers agreed both in 1914 and in 1916—because they want the support of their Ulster friends against their Nationalist enemies; the Nationalists, since the Sinn Fein movement became formidable, refuse any longer to accept the exclusion of the six counties because that exclusion conflicts with the conception of "Ireland a Nation." This was the common ground between the Southern Unionists and the Nationalists; there was none other.

The Southern Unionists begin their separate note to the report by declaring "their unaltered conviction that the Legislative Union provides the best system of government for Ireland." They go on to say that they entered the Convention in response to an appeal from His Majesty's Government which they did not feel justified in disregarding, and that they had done their best to assist in devising a constitution. After this preface, they enumerate the conditions which they consider vital to a satisfactory settlement, and they say expressly that their action "must be subject to these conditions." That is to say, the Southern Unionists must be regarded as opposed to the scheme for which they voted unless these conditions are satisfied. The more important of the conditions enumerated are the following:

"That all Imperial questions and services, including the levying of customs duties, be left in the hands of the Parliament of the United Kingdom."

"That the whole of Ireland participate in any Irish Parliament."

"That an adequate contribution be made by Ireland to Imperial services."

The first of these points raises an issue the importance of which has not hitherto been appreciated in England. In reality it is a touchstone by which to test the meaning of the phrase Home Rule. The mere Englishman or Scotchman who says he is in favour of Home Rule for Ireland means by that phrase that Ireland is to be endowed with a strictly subordinate parliament, whose powers will be limited to

strictly Irish affairs, leaving the parliament of the United Kingdom in unquestioned control of all matters concerning the kingdom as a whole. That is also the meaning attached to the phrase by American critics of alleged English obstinacy. "Why not," asks the impatient Yankee, "make Ireland a State in your Union, as Massachusetts is a State in our Union?" The answer is that this is not what the Irish Nationalist wants. His slogan is "Ireland a Nation." Massachusetts is not a nation, it is a state; the nation is the United States. The Irish Nationalists are not content with statehood; they want nationhood. Some of the Nationalists, in spite of the Sinn Feiners, are willing that the Irish nation shall continue to form part of the British Empire, but only on condition that it has the full status of a Dominion like Canada, or Australia, or South Africa. With absolute disregard for the facts of geography, the Irish Nationalists demand that Ireland, situated within sixty miles of the coast of Wales, within eyesight of the coast of Scotland, should be placed on the same footing towards Great Britain as the Dominion of Canada two thousand miles away, or the Commonwealth of Australia at the Antipodes.* That is why the customs controversy occupied so large a share of the time of the Convention, for the control of customs is everywhere a function of the national or federal legislature, never of the state or provincial legislatures. Consequently, the Nationalist demand for the control of customs shuts out the federal solution of the Irish problem which is so often talked about by people on this side of St. George's Channel. How, then, did the Convention deal with this crucial issue? Simply by postponing it.

The second of the conditions enumerated above as being requisite to any acceptance of Home Rule by the Southern Unionists is that the whole of Ireland should participate in an Irish Parliament. This means that unless Ulster comes in the Southern Unionists will have no Home Rule. In this case the Convention did not even make a pretence that unity had been reached. The attitude of Ulster is unmistakable. The six north-eastern counties demand exclusion, and mean to insist upon it.

The third condition on which the Southern Unionists insist as essential to their acceptance of any form of Home Rule is that an adequate contribution must be made by Ireland to Imperial services. The attitude of the Nationalists towards this demand is made sufficiently clear by the separate reports which the two Nationalist parties on the Convention have drafted. Both these parties, while verbally accepting "the principle" of an Irish contribution, make it clear that they do not intend to part with any appreciable amount of cash. They demand that the amount of the contribution should be left to be settled by agreement between the Irish Parliament and the Imperial Parliament, and they show the spirit in which they would approach negotiation on this question by insisting that Ireland must be freed from all liability for the Imperial debt. Ireland is to receive the full security that victory will bring to the United Kingdom, but she is to accept no responsibility for the debt incurred in winning that security. More than this, the Nationalist parties demand that in fixing the amount of contribution from the prosperous Ireland of to-day account must be taken of sums alleged to be due to Ireland for hypothetical over-taxation eighty or ninety years ago, when Ireland was poor. In addition, the extremer Nationalists, who represent the real driving force in Irish politics, suggest that the cost of various services which they admit to be Irish must still be debited to the Imperial Exchequer and that any balance due from Ireland "could best be paid in kind by the provision of ships or other war material manufactured in Ireland."

There we have a revelation of the true Irish mentality—picturesque talk about Ireland a nation, but a refusal to part with a single sixpence to pay for the pride of nationhood. Nor is that all. It was said above that on no point was an agreement reached by the Convention. That statement is not quite accurate; on two points the Convention was unanimous. It decided unanimously that the Imperial Exchequer should be called upon to furnish more money both for Irish Land Purchase and for Irish Housing. In fairness to the Unionist members of the Convention, it must be added that they insisted at the same time on the full liability of Ireland for an adequate share of all Imperial charges, so that the Irish taxpayer would in their view have shared the increased burden with the British taxpayer.

* In his speech in the House of Lords when the Home Rule Bill of 1893 was rejected, the Duke of Argyll said that he had recently been spending a few weeks "in a part of Scotland whence we look down upon the hills of Antrim. We can see the colour of their fields and in the sunset we can see the glancing of the light upon the windows of the cabins of the people. And this, my lords, is the country which we are told must be governed as we govern the Antipodes."



German Plots Exposed

Fay and the Bombs

By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York



ROBERT FAY landed in New York on April 23rd, 1915. He landed in jail just six months and one day later—on October 24th. In those six months he slowly perfected one of the most infernal devices that ever emerged from the mind of man. He painfully had it manufactured piece by piece. With true German thoroughness he covered his trail at every point—excepting one. And five days after he had aroused suspicion at that point, he and his entire group of fellow-conspirators were in jail. The agents of American justice who put him there had unravelled his whole ingenious scheme and had evidence enough to have sent him to the penitentiary for life if laws since passed had then been in force.

Only the mind that conceived the sinking of the *Lusitania* could have improved upon the devilish device which Robert Fay invented and had ready for use when he was arrested. It was a box containing forty pounds of trinitrotoluol, to be fastened to the rudder post of a vessel, and so geared to the rudder itself that its oscillations would slowly release the catch of a spring, which would then drive home the firing-pin and cause an explosion that would instantly tear off the whole stern of the ship, sinking it in mid-ocean in a few minutes. Experts in mechanics and experts in explosives and experts in shipbuilding all tested the machine, and all agreed that it was perfect for the work which Fay had planned that it should do.

Fay had three of these machines completed, he had others in course of construction, he had bought and tested the explosive to go into them, he had cruised New York harbour in a motor-boat, and proved by experience that he could attach them undetected where he wished, and he had the names and sailing dates of the vessels that he meant to sink without a trace. Only one little link that broke—and the quick and thorough work of American justice—robbed him of another Iron Cross besides the one he wore. That link—but that comes later in the story.

Fay and his device came straight from the heart of the German Army, with the approval and the money of his Government behind him. He, like Werner Horn, came originally from Cologne; but they were very different men. Where Horn was almost childishly simple, Fay's mind was subtle and quick to an extraordinary degree. Where Horn had been humane to the point of risking his life to save others, Fay had spent months in a cold-blooded solution of a complex problem in destruction that he knew certainly involved a horrible death for dozens, and more likely hundreds, of helpless human beings. Horn refused to swear to a lie even where the lie was a matter of no great moment. Fay told at his trial a story so ingenious that it would have done credit to a novelist, and would have been wholly convincing if other evidence had not disproved the substance of it. The truth of the case runs like this:

Fay was in Germany when the war broke out, and was sent to the Vosges Mountains in the early days of the conflict. Soon men were needed in the Champagne sector, and Fay was transferred to that front. Here he saw some of the bitterest fighting of the war, and here he led a detachment of Germans in a surprise attack on a trench full of Frenchmen in superior force. His success in this dangerous business won him an Iron Cross of the second class. During these days the superiority of the Allied artillery over the German caused the Germans great distress, and they became very bitter when they realised, from a study of the shells that exploded around them, how much of this superiority was due to the material that came from the United States for use by the French and British guns. Fay's ingenious mind formed a scheme to stop this supply, and he put his plan before his superior officers. The result was that, in a few weeks, he left the army and left Germany, armed with passports and £700 in American money, bound for the United States on the steamer *Rotterdam*. He reached New York on April 23rd, 1915.

One of Fay's qualifications for the task he had set for himself was his familiarity with the English language and

In this picture of infernal imagining the true character of German plottings in America stands revealed. Ingenuity of conception characterised them, method and patience and painstaking made them perfect. Flawless logic, flawless mechanism! But on the human side, only the blackest passions and an utter disregard of human life; no thought of honour, no trace of human pity.

with the United States. He had gone to America in 1902, spending a few months on a farm in Manitoba and then going on to Chicago, where he had worked for several

years for the J. I. Case Machinery Company, makers of agricultural implements. During these years, Fay was taking an extended correspondence school course in electrical and steam engineering, so that altogether he had a good technical background for the events of 1915. In 1908 he went back to Germany.

What he may have lacked in technical equipment, Fay made up by the first connection he made when he reached New York in 1915. The first man he looked up was Walter Scholz, his brother-in-law, who had been in America for four years, and who was a civil engineer who had worked there chiefly as a draftsman—part of the time for the Lackawanna Railroad—and who had studied mechanical engineering in his spare time. When Fay arrived, Scholz had been out of a job in his own profession and was working on a rich man's estate in Connecticut. Fay, armed with plenty of money and his big idea, got Scholz to go into the scheme with him, and the two were soon living together in a boarding-house at 28 Fourth Street, Weehawken, across the river from up-town New York.

To conceal the true nature of their operations, they hired a small building on Main Street, and put a sign over the door announcing themselves in business as "The Riverside Garage." They added verisimilitude to this scheme by buying a second-hand car in bad condition and dismantling it, scattering the parts around the room so that it would look as if they were engaged in making repairs. Every once in a while they would shift these parts about so as to alter the appearance of the place. However, they did not accept any business; whenever a man took the sign at its face value and came in asking to have work done, Fay or Scholz would take him to a neighbouring saloon and buy him a few drinks, and pass him along by referring him to some other garage.

The most of their time they spent about the real business in hand. They took care to have the windows of their room in the boarding-house heavily curtained to keep out prying eyes, and here, under a student lamp, they spent hours over mechanical drawings which were afterwards produced in evidence at the trial of their case. The mechanism that Fay had conceived was carefully perfected on paper, and then they confronted the task of getting the machinery assembled. Some of the parts were standard—that is, they could be bought at any hardware store. Others, however, were peculiar to this device, and had to be made to order from the drawings. They had the tanks made by a sheet-metal worker named Ignatz Schiering, at 344 West 42nd Street, New York. Scholz went to him with a drawing, telling him that it was for a gasoline tank for a motor-boat. Scholz made several trips to the shop to supervise some of the details of the construction, and once to order more tanks of a new size and shape.

At the same time, Scholz went to Bernard McMillan—doing business under the name of McMillan & Werner, 81 Centre Street, New York—to have him make a special kind of wheels and gears for the internal mechanism of the bomb, from sketches which Scholz supplied. At odd times between June 10th and October 20th McMillan was working on these things, and delivered the last of them to Scholz just a few days before he was arrested.

In the meanwhile Fay was taking care of the other necessary elements of his scheme. Besides the mechanism of the bomb, he had to become familiar with the shipping in the port of New York, and he had to get the explosive with which to charge the bomb. For the former purpose he and Scholz bought a motor-boat—a 28-footer—and in this they cruised about New York harbour at odd times, studying the docks at which ships were being loaded with supplies for the Allies and calculating the best means and time for placing the bombs on the rudder-posts of these ships. Fay finally determined by experience that between two and three o'clock in the morning was the best time. The watchmen

on board the ships were at that hour most likely to be asleep or the night dark enough so that he could work in safety and with little fear of detection.

Fay made actual experiments in fastening the empty tanks to the rudder-posts, and found that it was perfectly feasible to do so. His scheme was to fasten them just above the water-line on a ship while it was light, so that when it was loaded they were submerged and all possibility of detection was removed.

The getting of explosives was, however, the most difficult part of Fay's undertaking. This was true not only because he was here most likely to arouse suspicion, but also because of his relative lack of knowledge of the thing he was dealing with. He did know enough, however, to begin his search for explosives in the least suspicious field, and it was only as he became ambitious to produce a more powerful effect that he came to grief.

The material he decided to use at first was chlorate of potash. This substance in itself is so harmless that it is an ingredient of tooth-powders and is used commonly in other ways. When, however, it is mixed with any substance high in carbons, such as sugar, sulphur, charcoal, or kerosene, it becomes an explosive of considerable power. Fay set about to get some of the chlorate.

But it is now time to get acquainted with Fay's fellow-conspirators, and to follow them through the drama of human relationships that led to Fay's undoing. All these men were Germans—some of them German-Americans—and each in his own way was doing the work of the Kaiser in America.

Herbert Kienzle was a dealer in clocks with a shop of his own on Park Place, in New York. He had learned the business in his father's clock factory deep in the Black Forest in Germany, and had gone to America years ago to go into the same business, getting his start by acting as agent for his father's factory over there. After the war broke out he had become obsessed with the wild tales which German propaganda had spread in the United States about dum-dum bullets being shipped for use against the soldiers of the Fatherland. He had brooded on the subject, had written very feelingly about it to the folks at home, and had prepared for distribution in the United States a pamphlet denouncing this traffic. Fay had heard of Kienzle before leaving Germany, and soon after he had got to New York he got in touch with him as a man with a fellow-feeling for the kind of work he was undertaking to do.

One of the first things in Fay's carefully worked out plan was to locate a place to which he could quietly retire when his work of destruction should be done—a place where he felt he could be safe from suspicion. After a talk with Kienzle, he decided that Lusk's Sanatorium, at Butler, New Jersey, would serve the purpose. This sanatorium was run by Germans, and Kienzle was well known there. Acting on a prearranged plan with Kienzle, Fay went to Butler, and was met at the station by a man named Bronkhorst, who was in charge of the grounds at the sanatorium. They identified each other by prearranged signals, and Fay made various arrangements, some of which are of importance, and will be described later in the story.

Another friend of Kienzle's was Max Breitung, a young German employed by his uncle, E. N. Breitung, who was in the shipping business in New York. Young Breitung was consequently in a position to know at first hand about the movements of ships out of New York harbour. Breitung supplied Fay with the information he needed regarding which ships Fay should elect to destroy. But first Breitung made himself useful in another way.

Fay asked Kienzle how he could get some chlorate of potash, and Kienzle asked his young friend Breitung if he could help him out. Breitung said he could, and went at once to another German who was operating in New York ostensibly as a broker in copper under the name of Carl L. Oppegaard.

It is just as well to get better acquainted with Oppegaard because he was a vital link in Fay's undoing. His real name was Paul Siebs, and for the purpose of this story he might as well be known by that name. Siebs had also been in America in earlier days, and during his residence in Chicago, from 1910 to 1913, he had become acquainted with young Breitung.

Siebs, moreover, had gone also back to Germany before the war, but soon after it began he had returned to the United States under his false name, ostensibly as an agent of an electrical concern in Gothenburg, Sweden, for the purpose of buying copper. He frankly admitted later that this copper was intended for re-export to Germany to be used in the manufacture of munitions of war.

(To be continued.)

From a German Note Book

WHATEVER else may have influenced the German High Command to launch their offensive in the West, certain it is that two factors predominated.

The German people were suffering from that sickness of hope deferred. Peace had been forced on Russia, and yet peace conditions in Germany are as far away as ever.

The news of the offensive electrified the nation. People were transported back into the days of August, 1914, when every edition of the newspapers brought intelligence of victory. As in that early period, so during the last two weeks the crowds in Berlin thronged round the windows of the newspaper offices to read the telegrams. But while in 1914 their rulers held out to them the promise of world dominion, to-day their task-masters babble of peace.

At any rate, the offensive has reawakened the war fever in Germany—no small matter for the military party. But it was also necessary for another reason. With clock-work regularity Germany has floated a war loan every six months—in March and September. Seven have already been launched; the eighth is now in progress. The result of the loans certainly warranted the satisfaction they called forth. The seven war loans have yielded altogether 3,632 million pounds sterling. Be it remembered, however, that the inflation of currency in Germany, even on German showing, is immense. Secondly, the country is denuded of all stocks, and manufacturers and shopkeepers have plenty of money, but no goods. What are they to do with their cash?

The day of reckoning, however, will come after the war, when the investors will require cash and will sell out their holdings of war stock. The results may be imagined, when such large amounts are involved. But even now there are searchings of heart. In the budget for 1917, no less a sum than 178 millions sterling was allocated for payments of interest on the war loans. When in the budget for 1918 the sum was fixed at 295 millions sterling, even the most patriotic Germans were aghast, and the Press could not restrain its anxiety. Where would this lead to?

Wherefore, when the eighth war loan was floated, it was not popular. The wildest rumours spread about among them that the Government would confiscate all the stock, and would-be investors were a little frightened of coming forward. The President of the Imperial Bank found it necessary to make a public statement in which he reassured the public that all was well.

This atmosphere of doubt and hesitation was hardly conducive to a successful loan. The offensive therefore became a necessity, and was in a sense part of the propaganda for the war loan. "Read the daily *communiqués* and subscribe," the German reader was urged in all the papers on March 27th. "The success of the loan means the success of the sword. The success of the sword means—Peace. Therefore, subscribe!" This was the significant message on the succeeding day. And on the 29th, the following legend was put under his eyes with that characteristic lack of perception which marks the Prussian soul: "Are you still debating whether to subscribe or not? Ask the Frenchman and the Russian, the Serb, the Rumanian, and the Italian what it means to have the enemy in the land. Are you still debating?"

The enthusiasm engendered by the results of the offensive is somewhat damped. Industry is at a standstill; only the munition works are doing well. A manufacturer has informed the readers of the semi-official Prussian State organ that in the cotton industry only 70 out of a total of 1,700 spinning and weaving establishments were kept going; in bootmaking, only 300 factories out of 1,400; in the oil industry, 15 alone are left out of 720 works; and in the silk-weaving industry 2,500 looms are still busy out of a total of 45,000.

Bad as are these conditions, they are aggravated by the high cost of living, and still more by social diseases brought about by the war. Berlin swarms with criminals who carry on their nefarious handiwork on a large scale and in organised bands. There were four startling murders in one week in Berlin only a fortnight ago. Burglaries are daily occurrences, and the advertisement boards exhibit any number of flaring red posters offering rewards for the capture of the guilty parties. Very frequently the robberies are perpetrated in broad daylight.

One of the Berlin insurance companies estimates the number of daily burglaries in the German capital at 300, to say nothing of thefts on the railways. In 1912 the Imperial postal authorities had to recoup the public for parcels lost in transit to the extent of £5,000; in 1917 the amount had risen to £155,000. Goods trains are boarded en route and the railway guards attacked by armed men, who seize and decamp with what they can lay hands on.

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Shakespeare's Sonnets

IT is nearly twenty years since Messrs. Methuen, with Mr. W. J. Craig as editor, began the publication of the Arden Shakespeare; nearly ten since Mr. R. H. Case took over general control of the series; and, I should think, at least two since a volume was issued. Mr C. Knox Pooler's edition of the Sonnets (3s. net) has at last appeared. It was worth waiting for.

* * * * *

The notes are considerably more voluminous than the text. This is not always a tribute to a poet's editor; and it necessitates an arrangement of the page which makes the edition an inconvenient one for ordinary reading. At the same time, a man who should habitually read the Sonnets without an occasional hankering for a fully annotated edition would be more than human. Both their nature and their condition make them cry out for explanation. They appear to tell a story; but what story? They are evidently a sonnet sequence; we have the sonnets, but almost certainly not the sequence. They are dedicated by the printer to a mysterious person whose identification might or might not provide a clue which would illuminate their whole content. They are full of phrases which need explanation, and words which open the door to conjecture; the originals of the greater portion of our text are two evidently corrupt editions. One of these editions was published, apparently by a pirate, in Shakespeare's lifetime; the other by an ignoramus twenty-four years after his death. On all sides we are besieged by questions. For whom did Shakespeare write them? Are the whole of them meant to hang together? Where does euphuistic compliment end and passion begin? Who were the persons mentioned, including the brother-poet? Which of the thousands of variant readings are correct? What is the correct order? And even—though this is not commonly put—do we possess the whole of them?

* * * * *

Mr. Pooler is an editor of the cautious and judicious type. His notes on the text—interpretations, variants, parallel passage—embody a great deal of what is valuable in the work of his predecessors, and much, uniformly sensible, that is his own. On more general questions, however, he inclines to summarise the arguments of two centuries of commentators instead of parading theories of his own. One positive and exhaustive argument he does carry through, as I think, successfully. He argues, as against Sir Sidney Lee, that Benson for his edition of 1640 had no other materials than Thorpe's 1609 edition and *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), which contains two sonnets. *Prima facie*, there is a good deal in favour of Sir Sidney Lee's view: Benson leaves out some sonnets, misdescribes many in head-lines, muddles them up with other poems, and frequently varies the text. But most of his exploits can be explained away as the stupidities of a dolt or the deliberate changes of a knave. Premising that "one blind beast may avoid the hole into which another blind beast has fallen, but it cannot fall into the same hole unless it is going over the same ground," Mr. Pooler collects a very large number of instances to show that, where Thorpe had committed misprints or errors of punctuation which play havoc with the sense, Benson continually follows him. This is not what is called a "mere" bibliographical question. For in Benson's edition, to put it briefly, a great many of the "he's" are altered into "she's," and if it could be proved to be anything more than a mere adaptation of Thorpe's, the sex of the person addressed in most of the Sonnets would be more open to doubt than it is.

* * * * *

The theory that the Sonnets do not refer to actual occurrences, often propounded (and recently, supported, by the way, by Mr. Asquith), does not seem to me tenable; I do not think that a poet whose own personal feelings were not directly engaged ever produced sonnets with the ring that these have. There is no justification, on the face of the poet's statements or in the general spirit which permeates the sonnets, for those interpreters who, sometimes from interested motives, have detected abnormality in Shakespeare's love for that friend of whom he said:

And for a woman wert thou first created
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated. . . .

But he existed; Shakespeare urged him constantly to marry;

and there was a breach. In spite of all the fever of all the controversialists, we do not know who he was. We do not even know whether his initials were W. H.; Sir Sidney Lee thinks that "W. H." was a seedy hanger-on of the publishing trade. Whether the "Dark Lady" has ever been identified with Anne Hathaway, Mr. Pooler does not say, and I do not know. But there are several candidates for her post, and at least six for that of the "rival poet." The amount of incidental information brought to light by all their supporters has been enormous; even Baconian research has a silver lining. But nothing near proof has ever been produced. The "Dark Lady" remains in the dark, and under "W. H.'s" dedication, as under Junius' title, the motto "*Stat nominis umbra*" must still be written.

* * * * *

Possibly the mystery will never be solved. But even if it were, a greater mystery remains, and one that envelops the Plays as well as the Sonnets. It is the greatest of all Shakespearean mysteries; far greater than the mystery, so obsessing to the Baconians, of how "the drunken illiterate clown of Stratford" could have known so much law, grammar, and classical mythology. Why was the greatest of all poets so utterly careless about the perpetuation of his texts; why did he apparently take no steps to get the bulk of his work published or even to correct the corrupt versions that did get published? Why, in an age when everybody rushed into print, did he leave his manuscripts about to die or precariously survive like foundlings? In any case, had he never said a word about his art himself, this would have been inexplicable, in the light of what we know of human nature and the nature of poets. But, apart from that, there is plenty of quite indisputable detailed evidence that he who envied "this man's art and that man's scope," and who spoke of the "proud full sail" of a rival's "great verse" revered his own calling. More, over and over again, in the Sonnets themselves he not only shows that consciousness of his own powers which great poets always have but definitely anticipates the durability of what he has written. He never says that he is writing for his private amusement or relief and that he does not care what becomes of his work or whether anyone ever reads it: though that is the attitude that some critics, anxious not to admit any puzzle insoluble, have absurdly imputed to him. What he says is:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time:
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor War's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

"Who will believe my verse in time to come?" he asks again. "Do thy most, old Time," he says. "My love shall in my verse ever live long." "To times in hope my verse shall stand, Praising thy worth":

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

And where he is not promising, but hoping, we see the confidence behind the hope, as in that sonnet with the marvellous beginning:

Since brass nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower.

He had written in some of these sonnets the greatest lyric verse in the world, and he knew it; verse which in its effortless fertility of image, its "inevitable" directness of phrase, its perfection of rhythm, must be the idol and the despair of every writer who reads it and sees Shakespeare doing a thousand times "on his head" what he himself would be proud to do once. There are contorted sonnets; there are even dull ones; but the best, and the best parts of the others surpass anything in English poetry. And they were, apparently, the by-product of a voluminous professional dramatist.

Official Art: By Charles Marriott

SO far as can be judged from a photograph, the first prize design for a memorial plaque to be presented to the next of kin of members of His Majesty's Forces who have fallen in the war has the right dignity and simplicity. The idea expressed in the design is worthy, the feeling restrained, the symbolism apt and easy to read, and the modelling clean and firm. On the whole, the artist, the Government, and the general public are to be congratulated. As a rule, this sort of thing is done badly in England, and it may be worth while trying to discover the reason why. Certainly it is not lack of ideas or of technical ability in this country.

For some reason or other, a great many people, including intelligent and educated people, and even some artists, do not seem to be able to bring to art the same good faith that they bring to literature. For example, they use the words "truth to nature" with an entirely different meaning in speaking of literature and in speaking of painting or sculpture. In the case of literature they tacitly, and rightly, mean truth to nature in words; but in the case of painting or sculpture they do not mean truth to nature in paint or bronze or marble. They mean the imitation of nature in those substances. In the one case they tacitly assume translation into terms of the medium, and in the other they do not. As applied to literature, they interpret the phrase "holding the mirror up to nature" figuratively, as it was intended; but in the case of painting, they interpret the phrase literally, as it was not intended. The reflection in a mirror is a respectable ideal for a possible art, but it is not the art of painting. It is the art of perfect colour photography. The art of photography, indeed, is essentially and literally the art of holding up a mirror to nature and fixing the reflection.

As will be seen, a good deal of the confusion is caused by the bad habit of talking about "art" in the abstract. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as art as distinct from the particular arts of painting, carving, or modelling. The essential thing about any art is control of the medium according to its nature and capacities. In the case of literature this is more or less clearly recognised. The people of whom I spoke recognise that, irrespective of subject, literature is primarily the right and effective use of words; that the writer is, in fact, a word-smith; but they do not recognise that, equally irrespective of subject, art is primarily the right and effective use of paint or marble or bronze, or whatever the substance may be; and that in one case, as in the other, truth to nature implies translation. The parallel in literature to what such people expect of painting or sculpture would be the sacrifice of articulate language to imitative sounds.

In order to satisfy the public, and, above all, the official public, an artist has to make a compromise between truth to nature in terms of his medium and the imitation of nature which violates his medium—as imitative sounds would violate language. Even in pictorial art, where a reasonably close imitation of nature can be indulged without serious injury to the medium, the difficulty exists; but when it comes to special forms of art, such as the designing of coins

or medals, the difficulty is enormously increased. There is not only the special substance, but the special form to be considered in the translation of nature. I have talked to several of the artists responsible for official insignia actually in use, and they all tell me the same story: the problem was to dodge in the interests of craftsmanship the official demand for an imitative representation. Generally, the result is a bad compromise; and if you examine the various examples of official art in use, from decorations to "Bradburys" and postage stamps, you will see that their general character is that of a more or less good pictorial design clapped on to the surface of the materials. They are not designed in terms of the material or in terms of the particular art involved.

The difference between the task of the artist and that of the writer in satisfying the official mind can be illustrated in a very simple way. Everybody must have noticed that in most public memorials the inscription is the best part. The reason is not

necessarily that the artist was inferior to the writer chosen, but that the writer was addressing a sounder judgment. He could use his medium freely with the certainty of being understood. Nobody would pull him up and point out that the word was not really "like" the thing. Good as is Mr. Preston's design for the memorial plaque, it has not quite the felicity of the inscription: "He died for Freedom and Honour."

I cannot help thinking that the combat between the British lion and the German eagle was an anticipatory concession on the part of Mr. Preston. As somebody said when I pointed it out, he has done it "very small." Certainly it adds nothing to the dignity of the design or to the value of the leading idea. Fighting for honour and freedom and fighting Germany are not inevitably the same thing. They only happen to coincide.

The reason why most of our official art is bad is not that the artists are incompetent or that the officials are insensible to fine conceptions or even hostile to good craftsmanship in itself. It is the much simpler and much less discouraging reason that, as a rule, the officials responsible do not understand that in art, as in literature, in order to be effective the thing must be done in terms of the medium.

Sometimes, of course, the chosen artist is incapable of making the necessary translation because he has not been trained as a craftsman, but only as an "artist." It is much easier to imitate nature skilfully than to master a medium. Hundreds have poetical ideas, most people can write, but few can write poetry. I would say that for every hundred artists who are capable of a fine conception there will be only ten who can embody it in a good design; and for every ten who can embody it in a good design in the abstract, there will be only one who can design it in characteristic terms of a particular material for a particular purpose.

Fortunately, this last is a removable deficiency, and that brings me to what I believe is one reason why Mr. Preston has succeeded where so many have failed. Besides being a medallist and painter, he is a maker of toys, and he has done a great deal of work in connection with the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. I venture to say that he learnt more about designing medals in his toy-making than from his artistic training in the usual sense of the words.



Design for Memorial Plaque

By E. C. Preston



Electrification of Seeds: By Charles Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P.

ELECTRICITY is a word to conjure with. In the estimation of the ignorant it is a kind of superior witchcraft, a mysterious power that is capable of working great marvels, they do not in the least know, or care, how. For this very reason, those who do know a good deal about electricity are apt to be sceptical when some new claim is made on its behalf. They are inclined to put the claim—provisionally, at any rate—on a level with the assertion that "Electricity is Life," and to regard it as a bit of quackery.

This, at least, was my own mental attitude when I heard it asserted that treatment of seeds by electricity before they are sown produces an increase in the crop that grows from them, and I was reluctant to waste time in investigating the process. But when I was assured that an agent of the Ministry of Food was taking sufficient interest in the process to inquire into it, I began to think there might be something in it; when I found that the Ministry of Munitions had released the materials and machines necessary for construction and working of the plant, my interest was aroused; when I read the reports and heard the verbal explanations of agricultural experts of eminence, it seemed that the thing was worth examination; when I heard that the firm of Mitsui, the Rothschilds of Japan, had taken the matter up and are arranging to instal a plant in Japan, I was confirmed in the view; and when I discovered that practical farmers, farming on a large scale, who had in previous seasons made trial sowings of a few acres, were now preparing to sow a large acreage—the whole of their cereals—with treated seed, I could no longer doubt that the project was worth serious examination. I was now prepared to find that there is something in it. I was not quite prepared to find how much there is in it.

The process was invented by Mr. H. E. Fry, a gentleman residing at Godmanstone, near Dorchester, who has been working at it for the last six years, and by means of some hundreds of experiments of gradually increasing magnitude, has brought a promising conjecture to a practical success. He has been fortunate in possessing open-minded neighbours, who have confidence in his ability, and who have conducted for him field-trials upon a considerable scale. The process consists in steeping the seed in a liquid, such as solution of common salt, or of calcium chloride, that is a good conductor of electricity, and in passing, when the seed is thoroughly soaked, a current of electricity through the solution, and thereby through the seed also. The current is allowed to flow for a time that varies with the kind of seed treated, the optimum duration for each having been determined by many careful experiments. The moment the proper time has elapsed, the liquid is run off, and the seed is taken out and dried; and at this stage a very unexpected result was manifested.

In the early trials, the seed was not thoroughly dried, or but little attention was paid to the drying; but subsequent experiments showed that the drying is a very important part of the process. The temperature needs careful regulation, and the more thoroughly the moisture is removed, the greater is the increase in the yield of the crop. The crude methods of drying at first resorted to are now superseded by kiln-drying, which, though not ideally perfect, is very satisfactory in practice. When the seed is dry, the process is complete, and the seed is ready for sowing. The sooner, in reason, it is sown, the better are the results; but it is ascertained that the seed retains its increased power without serious diminution for a month, and may then still

be sown with profit; but at or before the end of two months deterioration sets in, and the seed gradually reverts to the condition it was in before being treated. It suffers no harm from the treatment, if this is properly conducted, but if the sowing is delayed beyond a month the treatment is partly or wholly wasted.

The early experiments showed varying results. In most of them there was a gratifying and encouraging increase in the growth of the plant, and in the yield from it. In some, little or no improvement could be discovered; and in a few there was an actual deterioration. As the experiments proceeded and the method was perfected, these discrepancies disappeared, and a stage has now been reached at which it is possible to reckon confidently upon an increase in the crop, and upon a greater increase than was attained in the early stages of experimentation. It may now be said that an increase of yield more than compensating for the cost of the process is assured.

The cost of the treatment is, indeed, trifling, being only about 14s. per sack, which will sow an acre of ground in spring and more than an acre in autumn. To get this money back at the present price of wheat, the yield should be increased by 3 bushels per acre, or about 10 per cent. on a moderate crop of 30 bushels to the acre. In fact, the average increase on the trials in 1914-5 was 36 per cent.; in 1915-6, 22 per cent.; and in subsequent seasons these percentages have been maintained.

To judge of the trustworthiness of these results, it is necessary to know how the trials are conducted. The method is this: of a given bulk of seed, so many sacks are taken and submitted to the treatment. The treated seed is then sown in one patch, side by side with the untreated seed from the same bulk. The whole of the field has precisely the same preparation; the whole has been cropped in the same manner in previous years; the whole is similarly manured; the two samples of seed are sown on the same day, with the same drill, the rows at the same distance apart, the same amount of seed to the acre. The subsequent cultivation is the same in every respect. No field is precisely uniform in every respect in every yard of its surface, but these little local differences are swamped and submerged when a sufficient area is taken. In the trials that have been made, the areas taken have been considerable; that is to say, several acres—from 6 to 20—in extent. When, under these conditions, trial after trial, by different farmers, in different parts of the country, as widely distant as Dorset and Cheshire, show results uniformly in favour of the treated seed, it is no longer possible to doubt that the difference is due to the treatment the seed has undergone. Scepticism becomes unreasonable.

It would be incorrect to say the results have been uniformly in favour of the process. There have been a few failures; but when these have been investigated it has been found that either the treatment of the seed has been in some respect faulty, or the conditions of cultivation have not been the same.

If the facts are as here stated, doubt becomes unreasonable; but are the facts as here stated? To establish this it is necessary to call evidence. The evidence is abundant, far too abundant to give here, and I must be content with citing that of a single witness, but this witness is of unimpeachable authority. Mr. Molyneux is accepted throughout the world of agriculture and horticulture as a man whose authority cannot be gainsaid. He has judged more frequently at agricultural shows than perhaps any other living man,

and the following extracts are from a report signed by him that appeared in the *Gardener's Chronicle* on December 6:—

On approaching the field I at once detected a difference in the greater luxuriance of the growth. [Mr. Molyneux does not say so; but, in fact, the difference was noticeable at a distance of a quarter of a mile.] On a closer inspection, the straw on the half of the field so treated was found to be eight inches higher than in that untreated. Mr. Smith seized a handful of straw in quite a haphazard manner in both plots—treated and untreated. The comparison showed much difference in the thickness of the straw and the size of the ears.

The next field inspected was 10 acres of Champion Hybrid Yellow Turnips. . . . The treated seed occupied every fifth drill. The difference in the appearance of the plants in this single row was very striking. The foliage on many of the plants was much more robust, and possessed more chlorophyll than the untreated plants in the four remaining drills. I pulled up roots opposite each other from the two rows without any attempt to choose. That from the treated seed was distinctly larger. . . .

We then crossed over to Nethercerne, a neighbouring farm, owned by Mr. Maby, who has taken an interest in the subject, and has sown two fields with treated and untreated seed. The barley was being cut. Here the untreated portion showed less luxuriance of growth in the thickness of the straw, as well as in the height and in the size of the ears.

The oats were sown in a field which had previously lain some years as derelict grass. . . . Here the difference in the treated portion was most striking in the length of the straw.

The conclusions I drew from these inspections are that, to use a common phrase, there is "something in it." If by treating the seed only two more sacks per acre are produced, which is a low estimate, in value the two sacks are worth 40s., and surely the gain is considerable.

In the Middle Ages, a Pope could not be convicted of crime except on the evidence of at least seventy-two unimpeachable witnesses. That a Pope should be guilty of crime is in the highest degree improbable; but it would be almost as difficult to convince a farmer that the yield of his corn can be increased by 30 per cent. as to convince him that a Pope could be guilty of crime. In the one case, as in the other, a multitude of unimpeachable witnesses is required; and as to the corn, the witnesses are forthcoming. They are not only agricultural experts like Mr. Molyneux, or ignorant outsiders like myself, but comprise seed experts, seed merchants in a large way of business, and, above all, practical farmers whose living depends on their success in farming, and who are by nature a cautious, sceptical race, clinging to traditional ways that have proved successful through the years of many generations, and shy of new-

fangled methods that have been insufficiently tested. More than a hundred such men have already testified in the most practical manner to the value of the electrifying process by using electrified seed. On a Saturday of last month no less than twenty tons of electrified seed potatoes were sold in Dorchester Market alone, and it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of tons of electrified seed potatoes will be sown this season, and hundreds of acres will be sown with electrified seed corn.

It seems to me, therefore, that a knowledge of the process should be more widely disseminated in other parts of the country. I do not say that it is so completely past the experimental stage as to warrant its universal adoption, but I do say that it is worth a widely extended trial. It is open to any agriculturist to experiment for a few shillings with a sack or two of corn. The trial plots are already so numerous that the harvest of 1918 will put the matter beyond doubt; but localities, soils, and other circumstances differ so much that the trials cannot be too widely extended.

In conclusion, let me say that my interest in the matter is scientific and patriotic only. Of the commercial side of it I know and care nothing.

The Attorney-General's Pilgrimage

THE extreme versatility of the writer is the first impression gained from perusal of Sir F. E. Smith's *My American Visit* (Hutchinson, 6s. net). The tour occupied two months, including the voyages to and from Liverpool; in that period "F. E." addressed forty-eight meetings, which meant an average of about four a day; yet there was time to visit, time for Turkish baths, for dinners with such people as Elsie Janis and Maxine Elliott, and a considerable amount of social intercourse. The reflections on American life, and especially on America at war, may be assigned to the slack times of the return voyage, which, on the word of the author, gave opportunity for the compilation of the book.

In spite of the hurried nature of the visit, the view afforded of the States is very complete, probably because the writer has not attempted to present a reasoned study of conditions from New York to San Francisco, but has set down ably and simply the things that he saw and the people he met. Where necessary, the narrative is supplemented by statements of American men—notably that declaration by the President of the American Federation of Labour:


I lived in a fool's paradise; I have believed in men; believed that, when they solemnly pledged themselves and those in whose name they were authorised to speak, they would go to the limit in their own countries to prevent the rupture of international peace. I believed them, for I felt that I would have gone to the furthest limit to uphold those pledges. Almost out of a clear sky came the declaration of war, and I found the men who pledged their word to me and mine to maintain peace, flying to the colours of the greatest autocrat of all time—a scientific, intellectual murderer—flying to attack their brothers whose lives they had sworn to protect; and from then until the peace of the world is assured I count myself transformed from a pacifist into a living, breathing, fighting man.

In this statement Sir F. E. Smith saw the attitude of the United States toward the war. He emphasises the necessity for patience. "The United States have undertaken simultaneously a number of tasks, each of which is so stupendous that even their gigantic energy must prove slower in its fruits than was hoped." He bears testimony to the unity of the American nation. Even the German element in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, etc., supported the Military Service Act and made no more attempt to appeal from conscription than the rest of the population—"many of them, it was pointed out, had left Prussia precisely in order to avoid the military virus which had brought this cataclysm upon the world." It is almost incredible that in so short a tour one man should have seen so much and done so much—the net impression of the book is a panoramic view of all the States, necessarily superficial, but not the less interesting, and even illuminating with regard to the quality of the war America is waging.

There are certain criticisms of the application of "dry" measures to the various States of the Union which are not devoid of humour, both conscious and unconscious; these are necessarily brief, for throughout the book is the note of hurry that must have been a dominant characteristic of the tour itself. The author admits that his work is "informal and often disconnected," but it is doubtful if a more careful and pretentious record of such a crowded tour would have been equally effective as this vivid series of keen and often brilliant impressions.

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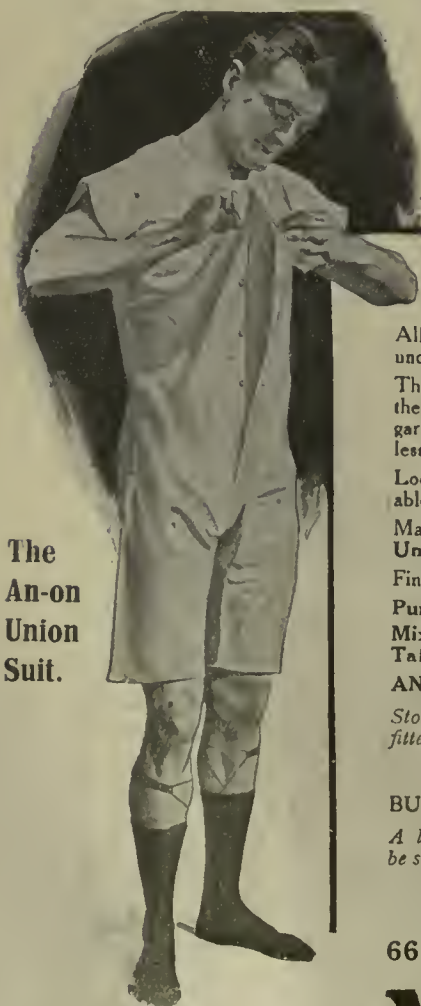
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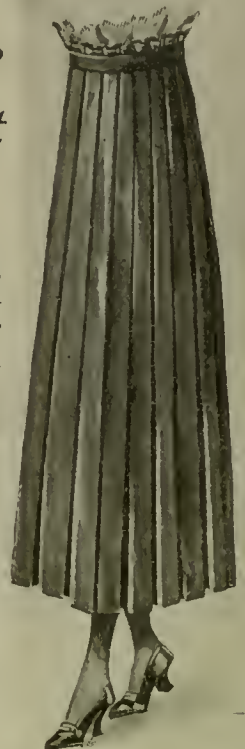
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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXXI. No. 2920. [50TH
YEAR]

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1918

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
PRICE NINE PENCE



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Lieut.-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., D.S.O.,
late Vice-President of the Air Council.

General Henderson's resignation, following the retirement of Sir Hugh Trenchard, Chief of the Air Staff, has given rise to much discussion.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1918.

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The Outlook

THE military situation during the second week of the battle of the Lys gave no appreciable new advantage to the enemy with the exception of putting him in possession of the summits of the Wytshaete Ridge. He obtained the ruins of Wytshaete as he had those of Messines—or, rather, their sites—and held them from the night of Tuesday, the 16th. This success naturally compelled a flattening of the Ypres salient, but it was effected in perfect order, and without the enemy's knowledge, or the loss of any men or material.

For the rest, on the northern front of the enemy's salient he advanced his line by a few hundred yards through Meteren, in front of Bailleul and Neuve Eglise, points that put him at the foot of the hills, which it is his object to hold or turn, but do not seriously advance that object.

Two more remarkable actions have marked the week; the first, which might have had very serious consequences, was an attempt a week yesterday to force the Belgian front just north of Ypres with four German divisions; to advance towards Poperinghe, and so to turn the whole of the British positions on the Kemmel Hills. It completely failed, leaving in Belgian hands over 700 prisoners. The second was the very vigorous effort on Thursday, the 18th, to force the La Bassée Canal just where it covers Béthune, at the place where it was formerly crossed by the Hinges Bridge, an action supported by strong pressure to the left and right at Rebecq and Givenchy.

The rest of the military news of the week consists in that of a local French advance at the extreme apex of the new salient in front of Amiens, with the capture of about 800 German prisoners. The Germans reacted here, and fighting was still in progress when the last dispatches of Sunday left the front.

There has been noted, but without any official confirmation of it, the concentration of considerable bodies between Albert and Arras, as though this sector were the next to be attacked. The minor features of the last few weeks have also taken their part; the long-range guns bombarding Paris claimed a number of victims at a public nursery in Paris; but interruption in the action of these pieces has lasted in the course of the week for as much as forty-eight hours. The French divisions sent north in aid of the British upon the Lys, have arrived, and have taken part in the fighting upon the northern front of the new German salient.

An estimate has appeared under official French sanction of the enemy situation in the west in round figures. He is credited with some 200 total divisions, of which from 170 to 175 are available for the strain of attack. Of these, from 106 to 110 have already been put into the recent offensives; more than a third of them twice and about half a dozen three times. There remain, therefore, still some 60 to 70 divisions which have not yet been in the fighting and can replace tired units. In other words, the enemy has chosen to use in the intense action of the last month just on two-thirds of his available force.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a man of integrity in private and public life, and it was only reasonable for him to assume that when the Prime Minister offered him a seat in the War Cabinet it was because, in Mr. Lloyd George's opinion, Mr. Chamberlain could render service to the country at this crisis. It must, therefore, have been a surprise to Mr. Chamberlain that, no sooner had he received the offer, he should be made the subject of virulent personal attacks in the very organs of the Press which have assured and reassured the country that the present Prime Minister is the one and only public man in England who can win the war. On the strength of it, these journals have at times almost claimed for Mr. Lloyd George the ancient divine right of kings, so this attack on Mr. Chamberlain for the fault of Mr. Lloyd George serves as a curious commentary on the prescience of those who are responsible for these opinions.

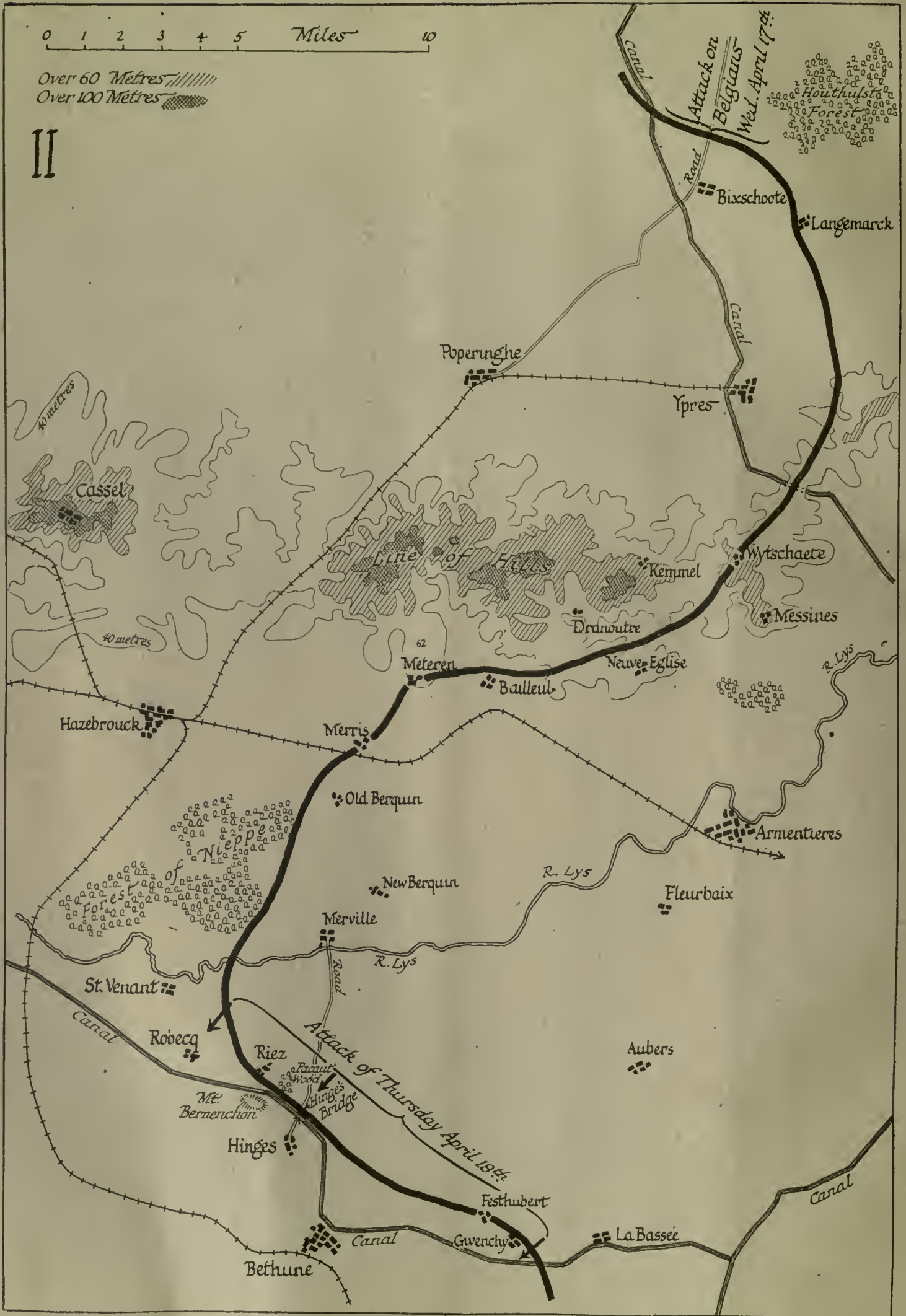
In our opinion, neither the inclusion of Mr. Chamberlain in the War Cabinet nor the transference of Lord Derby to the British Embassy in Paris are to be commended, and it cannot be overlooked that both these gentlemen exercise considerable political influence in two important areas—Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham, Lord Derby in Lancashire. But for this influence, would they have been chosen by the Prime Minister? This question has been widely asked, not in a rancorous spirit, but because even firm supporters of Mr. Lloyd George find it impossible to justify either appointment by outstanding ability.

These political movements have distracted the public mind from a far more serious change in personnel—we refer to the resignations of Sir Hugh Trenchard and Sir David Henderson from the Air Board. It may at the outset be said without fear of contradiction that if efficiency and proved ability were the touchstone of office, the resignation of every one else on the Air Board would have been accepted before Sir Hugh Trenchard was permitted to retire. General Trenchard is perhaps the most outstanding figure the war has produced; flying men regard him as the Nelson of the Air Service. He has that touch of genius both for command and brotherhood which made the British Fleet what it is to-day and bestowed immortality on Nelson. We are aware that this is exceedingly high praise, but we have never yet met an active member of the Air Force whose praise and appreciation of General Trenchard was not higher. Sir David Henderson has also done splendid work for the Force, and his resignation is almost equally to be regretted.

Lord Rothermere is to be given an opportunity in the House of Lords this afternoon to explain personally these resignations, and also, it is hoped, the reasons which led to his letter to Colonel Faber, M.P., and its publication at that juncture. The implication, of course, is that the multiplicity of staff appointments at the Hotel Cecil is the root-cause of these resignations. This we believe is entirely erroneous, and the Minister of the Air Force will no doubt welcome gladly this opportunity of setting facts straight. But the departure of Sir Hugh Trenchard is a serious matter, emphasised as it is by the going of Sir David Henderson. It will be felt through every branch of the Air Force; the actual truth of it will soon be known by all ranks, because though easy to conceal from the public, when a man is beloved in his own service, no trouble is too great in order to obtain exact knowledge on a point of honour. But back of all this is the uncomfortable feeling that the best interests of the country are being jeopardised by the inexperience of a Minister. We have established a superiority in the air, for which General Henderson and General Trenchard are largely responsible, and this is the last moment when anything should be done that is calculated in the least degree to check or interfere with this superiority.

The whole of Great Britain is now rationed for meat and sugar. It has taken time to do this, but now the scheme is in force it works so well that already one hears of its extension to lard and possibly to tea.

We have bowed the knee for so many years to the fetish of German organisation and efficiency that we may well ask ourselves how it comes about that rationing works so much more easily here than there. The German people, we know, are disciplined, yet the British nation, though far from being disciplined in the German manner, have shown greater readiness to conform to these irritating rules and restrictions than the subjects of the Kaiser. The truth probably is that, being convinced that these restrictions are necessary, and knowing that they are applied to all equally, every subject of the King has taken a certain pride in conforming to them.



Battle of the Lys

week, so far as we have them up to the moment of writing, for all that I can say here is based at the latest upon the dispatches sent from the front upon Sunday night, the 21st.

The Action

The battle of the Lys had, when the dispatches of Sunday night, April 14th, reached London, lasted six days, and upon the events of those six days my last article was based.

Those six days had seen the following situation develop:

The enemy had completely broken through the old defensive zone between Fleurbaix and Givenchy. He got up to the line of Lys at the end of the first day, and in the course of the night was occupied in trying to push beyond the river. That was on Tuesday, April 9th—the first day of the battle. This success was unexpected, considerable, and the enemy hoped it might be decisive. But three accidents interfered with his complete success. The first was the magnificent defence of Givenchy, covering Béthune; there he was completely held, and so long as he was completely held there the main line by which supply and reinforcement could come up from the south was free, and the avenue for his advance was cramped upon that side: his left.

The second interruption to his plan was the defence of Fleurbaix, which held him for most of the first day upon the northern post of that same gate, cramping his advance.

The third interruption, which he had foreseen, but the length of which he had not foreseen, was the position of the Messines Ridge behind and further to the right.

The enemy crossed the Lys successfully in spite of counter-attacks which made the line fluctuate, and reached on the evening of the third day a sort of flat horseshoe front, mushrooming out to the right and to the left, but especially to the left of his original advance. He had made no impression upon Givenchy, but he had got beyond Merville; he touched the edge of the Nieppe Forest, and round by the north he was outside Bailleul and Neuve Eglise. Meanwhile he had made a determined effort to get hold of the Messines Ridge, but had only succeeded in holding on to the southern end of it by the ruins of Messines, not quite at the summit; from the other end at Wytschaete he had been thrown off.

That was the situation in the first three days advance, which were the three serious days at the opening of the action. They were the days in which the element of surprise (which was evidently considerable) was fully taken advantage of; they were the days in which though reinforcement was hurrying up it had not yet arrived in any sufficient strength.

The three following days were of quite a different nature. On the one side the enemy was bringing up fresh divisions to exploit this success; on the other hand British reinforcement was already beginning to come in strength, and the front of the salient was but slightly advanced. It did get a little nearer Béthune; it was contesting the outskirts of Bailleul and of Neuve Eglise, but the Messines Ridge as a whole still held, and one might say that with the Sunday night, April 14th, a first phase of the battle of the Lys was ended.

The enemy then stood upon those two fronts I have described making about a right angle one with the other, much in the same form as the two fronts which, upon a larger scale, make an angle one with another from Arras to Montdidier and from Montdidier to Noyon in front of Amiens.

The first day of the second phase of the battle, the phase in which the enemy was trying to enlarge an accomplished salient, the phase which began upon Monday, April 15th, developed almost entirely upon the northern face. The pressure here resulted in a withdrawal, during the night, of the British troops which had been holding Bailleul, and by Tuesday morning the German line ran north of that little town just along the brook which separates it from the considerable range of hills of which it is the outpost. The occupation of Bailleul by the enemy gave him no appreciable advantage in the way of ground and was exaggerated in importance at home.

What took place the next day, Tuesday, was correspondingly misunderstood, though it was far more important—for on Tuesday the 16th, the enemy reached the summit of the Messines Ridge in every part. He already held the site of what had been Messines on the southern end; he now held the site of what had been Wytschaete upon the northern end. It was clear that if he could maintain himself upon the summit of this low rise, it would compel a certain flattening of the salient round Ypres to the north; a retirement which was duly and regularly accomplished without molestation from the enemy and without any loss in men or material.

A counter-attack which, the next day, Wednesday the 17th, re-took the northern end of the ridge for some hours, was

probably intended only to give elbow-room for the end of this retirement to the north.

The loss of the Messines Ridge was of importance, not because it would compel this flattening of the Ypres salient—a purely sentimental point—but because it prepared the way for the turning of the Kemmel range of hills from the east. The summit of the ridge gives observation westward to the slopes of Kemmel and over the depression between, and positions there support any advance north-eastward from Neuve Eglise through this depression which the enemy might make with the object of turning the hills by that end; since they are so difficult of direct assault.

He did not, however, on that Wednesday pursue his advantage at this point. He undertook another manoeuvre most significant and interesting which, had it succeeded, would have altered the whole situation suddenly in his favour.

There was a very obvious strategic move open to the enemy—so obvious that he had been told cheerfully enough in the continental Press, and particularly by the French, how glaring it was, and how thoroughly it was appreciated upon the Allied side.

That move was to strike north of the Ypres salient. Were the enemy to succeed here—I mean, were he to break a front here—he would certainly uncover Dunkirk and put out of action a very large number of men and guns between the southern thrust and the northern. That one successful movement upon an axis Bixschoote-Poperinghe would in its ultimate effect give him all that he has failed to achieve upon the Lys. But, I repeat, the thing is so obvious that there can be no element of surprise in it. An advance here not only turns the line of hills from Mont Kemmel to the Mont des Cats, it also turns the obstacle of the inundated country upon the Lower Yser; it cuts through the main lateral communications by road between the Ypres sector and the sea; it compels rapid retirement north and south of it through bottle-necks which are quite insufficient to the task.

Seeing that every one perceived this, and that, in countries where the Press writes in military terms, it was openly defined as the serious menace of the moment, the reader may ask whether the enemy will again attempt his original failure in which we are about to follow.

The answer to this is that no sensible being dares to prophecy in war.

Immediately in front of the south-western edge of the forest and astraddle of this main road, lay the Belgians. The enemy designed to break the front here, on a front of 4,000 yards, just as he had broken the Portuguese front south of the Lys eight days before, and thus to create a highly pronounced, rapid, and perhaps decisive enveloping movement against all the Ypres forces in between. Had he got through he would have been half way to Poperinghe that night.

The extreme significance of this move was naturally not seized at once by opinion at home, nor the corresponding value of its failure; but it was certainly apparent over there. The attack was made with 21 full battalions—rather over 5 men to the yard were chosen for the shock, drawn from four first-class German divisions: The 2nd Naval Division furnished 3 battalions—the 5th regiment; the 58th Saxon furnished 3 battalions of one regiment; the 6th Bavarian sent in 6 battalions (2 regiments), and a 4th division, the 1st Landwehr, sent in all its 9 battalions. The concentration had taken place during the course of the previous forty-eight hours, and it is clear that the moment for attack was to be timed by the enemy occupation of the Messines Ridge to the south. That occupation was effected upon the Tuesday, as we have seen. Upon the Wednesday, the 17th, at half past eight, the German infantry went over the top without the usual preliminary bombardment: It was an effort at surprise. The first lines of the Belgians were pierced at one point about 3,000 yards from the forest immediately to the west of the Bixschoote high road. The reinforcements immediately sent up by the Belgians came on the advancing enemy from that enemy's right flank, that is from still further west, and completely restored the position. They drove the Germans into pockets of marshy ground, killed some 2,000 first and last, and took over 700 prisoners. By the beginning of the afternoon this attempt to envelop the Allies by their left had disastrously failed.

These movements upon the north having come to nothing after occupying the first three days of the week, the enemy turned to the southern face for his next blow, and undertook upon the following day an action as momentous as that which had failed in the north.

On Thursday, April 18th, then, came this extremely important movement upon the part of the enemy, the magnitude and significance of which was not at first grasped in

this country for the simple reason that it failed. And here again we may remark that the enemy attacks which fail are not sufficiently emphasised in our Press nor their significant character grasped by public opinion. In the enemy's country it is otherwise. The German General Staff do everything to impress upon its civilian population the undoubted truth that when an opponent makes a great and expensive effort the results of which would have been of great moment had it succeeded, and when that effort fails, then, even if not a single prisoner is taken, and even if the trace of the front does not vary by a yard, a big item has at once to be set down upon the credit side of the great account in losses whose sum is victory.

The important movement of which I speak was the effort made by the Germans upon this Thursday last, the 18th, to pierce the southern front of the new salient he has created, and to turn, as so far he had failed to turn during eleven days of effort, the essential position of Bethune.

It may be remembered that the enemy had already reached some days before a point where he just touched the canal which runs eastward from La Bassée to Aire and beyond. This canal is the chief defensive obstacle, slight though it is, covering the position of Béthune. Its whole object on this Thursday, the 18th, was to force the line of the canal and to establish a bridge-head upon the further side.

The essential points to remember in this narrow area are the following:

First a road (see map) which runs from Merville to Béthune, formerly used a bridge (now destroyed) across the canal, called "Hinges Bridge," and continues on its way to Béthune beyond the canal through the village of Hinges.

Secondly, a wood coming quite close to the canal—within two hundred yards of it, and with a frontage facing the canal of about a thousand yards. This wood is known, from the name of a neighbouring hamlet, as the wood of Pacaut.

Thirdly, south of the canal, upon the side which the Allies hold, the isolated lump known as Bernenchon Hill, about 40 feet high, which gives observation over everything to the north beyond the canal, from Robecq, on the left, to far past the Hinges Road, on the right.

The enemy's object was to force a passage of the canal in this neighbourhood and to establish a bridge-head as near as possible to the point where he could use in his further advance the Hinges Road. If he had succeeded, the threat to Bethune would have been serious.

During the whole of the previous night—the night of the Wednesday and the Thursday—he had continued a prolonged and heavy bombardment upon all this sector, far to

the right and far to the left of the central point which he desired to seize as a bridge-head. It was a bombardment characterised like all these upon the Flanders front during the last fortnight by a lavish use of gas. He had also occupied the village of Riez in front of Robecq to support his centre. At four o'clock in the morning of the Thursday, while it was still dark, he launched the infantry in extraordinarily dense formation. Six divisions were used first and last on that day from the Pacaut Wood to Givenchy. But at the vital point of the Hinges Bridge his depth was at the rate of one division to every 800 yards, or something like nine or ten bayonets to the yard run: two divisions in just over a mile appeared before the end of the attacks. Three divisions were also concentrated against the "pillar" of Givenchy on the extreme British right, while upon the left, near Robecq, one division attacked: to pin the troops down in front of it and prevent reinforcement of the centre. The pressure at the Hinges Bridge must have been as heavy as anything that has been seen even in this extraordinarily expensive German effort on the field of the Lys.

The divisions which had the principal task assigned to them—that of forcing the canal at or near the point where the bridge used to stand, by which the Hinges Road crosses the waterway—were easily identified after their defeat. They were the 240th and 239th Divisions. The 240th attacked first, the German right or west, and the 239th later to the left of it.

The first movement in the early morning before dawn was made by the enemy in four waves which issued from the Pacaut Wood, under the imperfect cover of which their concentration had been made the day before, and charged for the canal. The banks of the waterway were nearly reached, but the rate of destruction was too much for them and ultimately they broke just before it grew light. Then came a pause of over one hour in the enemy's effort, during which he was presumably drawing up the fresh men of the 239th, and certainly reorganising the chaos of the broken 240th which had taken refuge again among the trees.

In this second effort—principally made by the 239th along the main road east of the wood—not only was the bank of the canal reached but pontoons and floaters began to be placed by the survivors of the terribly expensive onslaught. But the crossing was not made. Those who had succeeded in beginning the placing of the pontoon floaters were wiped out. Another wave of men coming up immediately behind were upon the bank before the crossings could be destroyed, and it looked for a moment as though the crossing would be effected. The fire of the defence was just too much for



them. There was something like a local panic, some of the men offering to surrender even as they advanced, and the whole at last breaking back for the cover of the wood in disorder. As may be imagined, under such conditions in what was now broad daylight, those who fled were nearly all destroyed before they reached the edge of the wood, close as this cover was. A few prisoners, some 200 or 300, were taken on the canal itself.

Upon this second failure—which was complete before 8 a.m.—the attempt to cross the canal that day was abandoned and the main effort had failed. Meanwhile, upon the two wings, towards Robecq upon our left and Givenchy upon our extreme right, the whole day was filled with a very violent struggle. Certain advanced posts round Givenchy changed hands many times, but at the end of the day the "pillar" on which the whole of this front depends, stood firm with the same trace in front of it as had been held at the beginning, save for the loss of two outposts. Upon the right in front of Robecq the enemy made a most determined effort to advance, chiefly conducted by his 16th division, and was also there completely checked.

At the close of this effort, therefore, the line stood as it had stood at its opening. The obstacle of the waterway was intact. Robecq upon the left and the far more important point of Givenchy on the right were both held. Neither side could claim ground. But the severe repulse of so intense an effort will form a landmark in the story of this battle.

Though this was the principal work of the Thursday,

heavy fighting was, of course, proceeding elsewhere upon the northern face of the salient. There was a strong effort to advance beyond Meterem, which failed. The ruins of that little place remain a No Man's Land, and apparently the slightly rising ground to the north, which used to have a windmill upon it, and is known as Hill 62, is not yet in the hands of the enemy. To the south, where Merris is in his hands, there was a slight Allied advance.

The third scene of special action was upon the front between Bailleul and Dranoutre. Here no advance was effected.

The fourth region of effort, though very heavily pressed, could hardly have been expected to succeed, but must rather have been in the nature of a containing action, for it was pressed right upon the steepish and wooded slopes of Mount Kemmel itself. However, whether it were a side-issue or no, it was engaged with not less than two divisions, one of them fresh, and at a particularly heavy expense, which could be the better noted from the fact that the whole field here is a gradual and even rise up the slopes of Kemmel right under the eyes of the observation-posts above.

So heavy had been the loss in men and the futile expense in energy of this Thursday that the whole of the next three days—last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—were passed by the enemy without any serious effort to attack along the whole of the line. The British took occasion of this lull to effect upon the second day, the Saturday, a rectification of the line in front of Givenchy and Festubert, where a couple of advance-posts had been rushed by the enemy two days before. Beyond that there was nothing to report.

The Meaning of Reserves

AFTER more than a month of the most intense effort upon the part of the enemy, an effort far more intense than any that has been made before in any phase of this war by any belligerent, and therefore an effort of exceedingly rapid exhaustion, there is still a necessity for making clear the fundamental point of all which is that of *reserves*.

The governing principle of the whole matter is this: No party to any struggle can put in his whole strength at once: he can only act through a number of successive moments.

Whatever you have in hand at any given moment still fresh, not yet engaged, is in the most general sense of the term, your reserve.

That reserve, then, always existing to some degree in general form up to the last moment of a conflict, is given a particular form by the commander when he calculates its amounts and apportions its station. It enters into his plan at any given moment as a factor separate from the troops actually engaged at that moment. As we shall see, it can be used in various ways, kept back for one blow at the end, dribbled out, thrust in quite early, etc., and it is largely upon the calculation of which way of using it is best that military success depends.

In the present great struggle the units in which you count your reserve are great numbers of divisions; you say "a reserve of 50 divisions," etc., and a division is, for nearly all the belligerents engaged to-day in the West, nominally to be measured as 9,000 bayonets. In practice, with deductions for services out of the field, for inevitable delays in recruitment, for occasional temporary disabilities, etc., it is 8,000 or somewhat less. You must measure in bayonets—that is, in infantry—because although your other arms largely increase the total, and are each essential; and although some of them—notably the artillery—may on occasion suffer more than the infantry; and although the power both of the attack and of defence is also controlled by the weight of artillery; yet the one great measure of strength, the one great element that is used up, and the using up of which is the test of the whole, is the infantry.

Both parties have an income as well as an expenditure in divisions; therefore, you cannot establish a fixed limit in time and say: "We are only concerned with the expenditure up to such and such a date, and our reserve can be exactly measured at this moment by the numbers remaining in hand between it and the final date." But this income is obviously of less importance as the rate of wastage increases.

Next, let it be noted that a revenue in men—that is, in divisions—may come in various ways. It may come in continuously or it may come in by big lumps twice a year, or even only once a year. It may be increasing rapidly on the one side while it is constant or diminishing on the other—and so forth. All these modifications affect the issue of reserves.

One power is getting its recruitment by yearly classes; it will have incorporated nearly all the men of the 1919

class before it can incorporate the next class of the 1920 men. Another Power takes every lad as he reaches the age of 18, and trains small batches successively, enjoying thus a continuous income. The system once matured can only with difficulty be changed. Yet another Power (such was Great Britain two years ago, such is America to-day) has a prospect of a rapidly increasing income in men. The rate at which it is receiving at a given moment is less than the rate at which it will be receiving four months hence, and that in its turn much less than the rate at which it will be receiving eight months hence.

With all these obvious preliminaries clearly before us, we can approach the particular point we are studying—that is, the situation of the two groups in the West during the present crisis and the meaning of the word "reserves" as applied to them.

The enemy has for effective use upon the West about—or perhaps just over—170 divisions. The actual number on which he can count in the West as a total is now a little over 200 divisions. But he will not be able to use more than 170 or 175 of these because the balance are not of a composition suitable for the tremendous strain involved. Call it 180 divisions at a maximum, and you have a figure certainly beyond the mark.

Can this figure be materially enlarged in future? It cannot, for reasons we have already seen in these columns. The small active balance of the German armies is needed in the East even under present conditions. The succour that Austria-Hungary can afford is very small. That Power is not now more than one-third as strong as her Ally. She also has to act upon the East, and, unless we are misinformed, is compelled to maintain the great mass of her forces upon the Italian front. It has been said that Austria could not, in the course of this fighting season, lend her ally more than ten divisions. That is the figure given even by those who desire, for whatever reason, to put at the utmost the forces against us, and it is certainly not under-estimated. As a fact, we have seen no Austrian divisions against us yet, though we have seen plenty of Austrian guns, and the Austrian infantry is not of a type that would be kept for final use on account of any superior excellence of theirs over the Prussian. There may be Austrian forces in the West behind the lines, but they cannot appreciably affect the issue.

There remains annual recruitment. The annual income of the German Empire in men is about half a million. It is probably in practice a little less; but half a million is the round figure to take. These lads provide, by the time they are trained and incorporated, the equivalent of 35 divisions. All class 1919 has been incorporated long ago. Part of 1920 is being incorporated, but it is the bulk of 1920 which we have to consider. It has already been summoned for some weeks; it will be examined and put in full training immediately. It can begin to appear in active units towards the

end of the present fighting season, but not before. As the enemy is working at the highest possible pressure—that is, spending men at the maximum rate—all that he really has to consider as available in the crisis of this spring and summer is the sum of more than 170, but less than 180 divisions.

Of these he has put in since March 21st at least 106—perhaps 110. Many of them have been put in twice, and some of them even three times; but for the moment we are only considering the total number of divisions available. Fresh divisions not yet used leave him a balance of something between 60 and 70 divisions.

The exhaustion of all fresh divisions does not mean the exhaustion of an army. A division "put through the mill" is not destroyed—it is only weakened. Nevertheless, it is by the "fresh" divisions remaining that one measures the comparative reserve strength of two opponents, for he that has the largest such group in hand at the critical moment should win.

The enemy, like ourselves, has to hold a long line as well as to mass upon the sectors of active engagement. He must, therefore, always have a certain proportion of his total kept out of the battle upon those lines; but this does not mean that his divisions upon what are called "the quiet sectors" form no part of his reserve. They do. They can be brought in one after the other, and their place taken by "tired divisions" withdrawn from the battle.

We may say, then, that the enemy has in hand a reserve of some sixty to seventy divisions at the present moment, and this statement, as applied to the limits of this fighting season and of these great actions (which he evidently intends to be decisive one way or the other), is mathematically true. It is mere waste of time to argue against people who think that there is some miraculous method of increasing the number, just as it would be waste of time to argue against what exactly the same people would be saying if they were in one of their opposite fits, to wit, that the German force in reserve was smaller than it is. The enemy has from sixty to seventy *fresh* divisions which he can use in various fashions according to what his plan may be, and on his use of them, as compared with the Allied use of theirs, will depend the result.

Alternative Offensive Methods

Now, there are two ways in which you may choose to use reserves when you are on the offensive, and two ways in which you may choose, or may be *compelled*, to use reserves when you are on the defensive. These two ways are apparent all through military history in either case, in the case of the offensive and in the case of the defensive, whether you are dealing with the smallest tactical operations or with the largest strategic ones.

You may definitely ear-mark a proportion of your forces, set them aside to be used at a critical moment which you foresee coming, and then launch them to obtain your decision at that moment. That was Napoleon's usual method, which he used with success time after time; which he hesitated (perhaps wrongly) to use at Borodino, and which he used too late at Waterloo. Or you may feed in your reserve continually using it as a reservoir with the tap always on, maintaining your rate of expenditure pretty well the same throughout your operations, and approaching your limit of exhaustion by regular steps.

Let us see the advantages and disadvantages of each method in the case both of the offensive and of the defensive.

If you are on the offensive, and you think that your success under the circumstances can be obtained by an immediate and maximum expense of energy, you adopt the second plan. You cannot put in all your men at once, but you put them in as fast as ever you can, and you use your reserve as a reservoir from which you draw at top speed and without cessation in the hope that a favourable decision will be obtained before your limit of exhaustion is reached. In the alternative case you judge that continuous pressure distributed over some time will put him into a condition in which at a particular moment a sudden and much more violent blow will break him up. In most cases, and in this case of the German attack, the offensive is free to choose the one method or the other.

In the case of the defensive the problem is nearly always to keep as large a reserve as you can, for as long a time as you can, and meanwhile to hold your enemy with as small a force as you dare. But the defensive has not the same choice as the offensive here. That phrase "as small a force as you dare" is the kernel of the whole business. You may say: "I will hold with only twenty units, and keep ten back; I think the twenty are enough to hold and exhaust the attack." If the twenty prove not to be enough, and a

weak sector gets into trouble so that the line looks like breaking, gets badly pushed back, loses great numbers of men and material, etc., then, willy-nilly, you find yourself compelled to draw upon the balance which you had kept back for action when your attacking enemy should be exhausted.

If your enemy by his attack compels you to exhaust the whole of your reserve within the limits of the action, while he has still fresh troops for assault in hand, he will win. But if you manage to hold with less forces against him, costing him (as he is the attacking party) much heavier losses than your own; and if you thus find yourself at the end of the process, with a balance of fresh troops still in hand, while he has reached the limits of his, you will win.

In the light of this simple contrast the present battle is plain enough, and indeed its character has been emphasized over and over again without much difference by the two opponents in their Press, and even in their official pronouncements.

The Germans are working upon the first system of the offensive. That is perfectly clear. They seek to obtain as rapid a decision as possible with a continuous and very high expenditure in men. Never was an army more thoroughly committed to this system than is the German Army at the present moment. So obvious is this that we find the first German blow delivered not only with more than half the total number of infantry available for all purposes, but with the very best units.

The last tremendous attempt to break the Western line in front of Amiens was made on April 4th, after more than a fortnight of the heaviest possible fighting and after losses involving certainly a quarter, and probably more, of the assailants.

The second blow began immediately afterwards with the bombardment of April 8th in the north and the infantry attack at dawn on April 9th. It continued from that day to last Thursday without any intermission, and fresh troops were perpetually being called up to replace broken divisions, and were thrown daily. The enemy so acts because he calculates that this continued effort will, before his limits of exhaustion are reached, have brought all that there is for defence against him into line. He knows as well as we do that if his calculation fails he is defeated. For he has not in one short month put *two-thirds* of his available strength through the mill without meaning to do the trick this season or never.

It is, on the other hand, the firm calculation of the Allies—that is, of their higher command—apparent in everything they have done, in the comparatively small forces with which they have held this tremendous onslaught; in the choice of the vital points for resisting it, and, above all, in the frequent but necessary exhortations to patience which they have given to the civilian population upon which they repose, that at the end of the effort they will still have in hand a sufficiency of *fresh* forces when the enemy shall, though still possessed of very large bodies, have none not yet put under the ordeal.

In these circumstances it is, or should be, grasped by every publicist that his duty is to confirm public opinion. The test of character is a defensive, and the proof of folly is panic and impatience under that test.

A defensive deliberately adopted and biding its time, perhaps for months, is the hardest trial through which an army and the nation behind it can be put.

Anyone who in the midst of a defensive battle—or, to be more accurate, during the defensive phase of a great battle—tries to act behind the soldiers, or, in spite of the soldiers, butts in with inane amateur suggestion, vents a personal spite, or, still worse, attempts some private profit to be obtained through excitement at the expense of the nation, is almost like one who spreads disaffection or disorder in a besieged fortress. The only difference is this: The case of a besieged fortress, every one understands, and therefore, short of actual treason, it is a case in which every one does what he can to keep out the enemy. Mere ignorance and mere folly would there have little chance of appearance. But the nature of a great action in which the first phase is necessarily a prolonged and difficult defensive—the way in which that first phase is the necessary and inevitable condition of final victory—is less generally understood. By the mass of your politicians and wire-pullers it is not understood at all. These men should therefore be told sharply, and their dupes more gently, that to hurry or to disturb the operations of the defensive phase is in effect, though, of course, not in motive, exactly the same as direct treason. Our whole duty—and, after all, an easy and a simple one—is to stand by.

H. BELLOC.

The Channel Straits: By A. H. Pollen

THE following question has been put to me: "I observe that, in the current number of LAND AND WATER, your colleague, Mr. Belloc, in explaining the enemy's selection of the Messines-Givenchy sector for his recent attack, points out that, among the arguments in its favour, 'for what it is worth there was the moral effect of an attack developing close to, and threatening that highly sensitive point, the straits of the Channel.' Is it not possible that he had something more than 'moral effect' in view?"

"I am driven to ask this question: Is it possible the enemy has some objective, altogether independent of the direct military advantages of his procedure? Is he, in other words, trying to manoeuvre us into giving up Dunkirk, and then, possibly, Calais? If there were some overwhelming naval advantage to be gained by the possession of Dunkirk, his policy might seem to be justified. Is it possible to state, with some precision, the change that would be brought about in the naval position if the enemy were either at Dunkirk, or at Dunkirk and at Calais?"

In essaying to answer this question, I shall not attempt to assess either the probability of or the military effect of our withdrawal from Dunkirk, or of our being compelled to give Calais to the enemy. Though the first seems to me highly improbable, and the second altogether out of the question, all I am concerned with here is to deal with the effect their tenure by the enemy would have in assisting his naval operations in impeding ours, and in giving him means, other than naval, for interfering with our sea traffic. Before attempting a reasoned answer, it might be as well to glance at what may be called our traditional policy with regard to the Dutch, Flemish, and French Channel ports; for it is really to this tradition, and not to the facts of the situation of to-day, that we must look for the moral effect of which my colleague wrote last week. From very early times it has been taken for granted that the possession of these ports by an enemy must constitute a serious sea menace. It is largely for this reason that, ever since the fall of Napoleon, the maintenance of the independence and neutrality both of Holland and of Belgium has been a corner stone of our foreign policy. When, therefore, in September and October, 1914, the enemy, having seized Ostend and Zeebrugge, was engaged in a determined effort to get Dunkirk and Calais as well, the utmost uneasiness was created in this country. But I do not think many people could have stated explicitly their exact ground for uneasiness in the sense of being able to say precisely what particular naval and military operations the possession of these ports would have made possible for the enemy. People forgot that our historic attitude in this matter dated from the period when there were not only no submarines, but no thirty-knot destroyers, nor guns with the modern command of range, nor air power. Consequently, if it was traditional policy with us that the Dutch ports, the Flemish ports, and the French ports, should be in separate possession, and two of the groups neutral, it seemed necessarily to follow that, if an enemy could get two groups into his own possession, not must an immediate blow have been struck at our prestige, but some kind of naval loss of a serious kind would follow. Calais and Dunkirk, then, grew into symbols just as Verdun did later on. To possess them became an end in itself, and hence their denial to the enemy became of crucial importance.

As a simple matter of fact, the actual possession of Dunkirk, or even of Calais—viewing the thing altogether apart from the military consequences involved—would affect the naval position adversely at a single point only. And the explanation of this is not very recondite. The two governing factors at sea are, first, that the enemy's only free naval force is his submarine fleet, which is almost independent of port facilities, and, secondly, that outside the immediate vicinity of his larger ports, the enemy possesses no freedom of surface movement at sea at all. If you examine these propositions separately, their truth becomes obvious. The two main and most profitable fields of the enemy's submarines have been from the Chops of the Channel westward, and in the Mediterranean *passim*. To be a thousand miles from its base makes, therefore, very little difference to the submarine. To give a submarine-using enemy a base a few miles nearer his main field would consequently confer no advantage on him of any kind whatever.

Curiously enough, if we suppose the Channel to be the field of their operations, the same thing is true about the enemy's surface craft, though for a very different reason.

For, as things stand to-day—and as they would stand if he got Dunkirk, Calais, and even Boulogne—his freedom to get his destroyers or other ships out of harbour can be exactly measured by the distance he is from the nearest British base. The truth of this was instructively shown last week. Twice in the course of a few days we heard that our ships had swept into the Kattegat and the North Sea, each time destroying German trawlers on outpost duty, and capturing their crews. On two other occasions unsuccessful efforts were made to cut off destroyers that had been bombarding parts of the Belgian coast, west of Nieuport. On each of these the enemy escaped in the darkness. The point of the contrast lies in this. When he is four or five hundred miles away from a British base, the enemy can venture out by daylight, so long as he does not go so far afield that he may be cut off and brought to action before dark. If no British force appears in such distant waters for some days together, he may even venture to send out light craft, such as trawlers, either to lay mines or to sweep for them, or to engage on some other operation. But even here he risks their destruction if he does so. But from Zeebrugge, which is less than eighty miles from Dover, he dare not venture out at all except by night. You never hear of German trawlers being raided off Ostend by Admiral Keyes' command. And, whenever there is news of an engagement, it is either a midnight or a mid-fog affair.

Zeebrugge and Ostend

Zeebrugge and Ostend, then, are, on the experience of the last three years, perfectly useless to him for any daylight work. They are just jumping-off places for night raids, and refuges into which the marauders must rush for safety at the first threat of attack. Observe that never yet has the enemy in such encounters even pretended to fight the engagement to a finish. He runs—as he did the other day—though he had a force of eighteen boats against a bare half-dozen! He cannot, from the nature of the situation, even risk delay. He must always fear a still stronger force coming on the scene. Hence, they are not bases from which systematic naval operations could be carried out, nor any orderly form of sea-pressure be put upon us by regular and methodical operations. The fact, then, that we control the surface of the sea robs Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne of any surface-craft value to the enemy, just because they are so much nearer to our main base at Dover than are Zeebrugge and Ostend. Indeed, we can go further. If he hardly now dares come out of Zeebrugge, it is doubtful if he would run and go into Dunkirk or Calais. Neither can help him then with his destroyers. And, because submarines do not require bases into which to run for refuge, these ports are unnecessary to him for his submarine campaign.

I said just now that there was one respect in which the possession of this strip of French coast would be an advantage to the enemy. It is that the blocking of the Channel at its narrowest parts by mine barrages would be either impossible or exceedingly difficult. But the possession of Dunkirk only would hardly affect this, for from Dunkirk to Cape Gris Nez is nearly forty miles; and our establishment and maintenance of a barrage would not be affected unless the enemy occupied not only Dunkirk, but the whole coast right round to Boulogne.

We may then, it seems to me, make our minds comparatively easy as to the effect on the naval situation of any further advances of the enemy along the French seaboard, so far, at least, as the naval situation can be affected by purely naval means. But are there not other than purely naval means that would affect, if not our naval forces, at any rate, the sea traffic which it is one of the main objects of naval force to protect and guarantee? The enemy, we are told, has been bombarding Paris with unpleasant regularity from a range of seventy-five miles. From Dunkirk to the Downs is not more than half this distance. Every mile he can push on of the twenty-five that intervene between Dunkirk and Calais will very nearly reduce the range of the English coast by an equal amount. Would it still be safe for ships to come up Channel and enter the mouth of the Thames? Or would London cease to exist as a port, except for such traffic as could come to it north about? Far be it from me to suggest the limits of the enemy's ingenuity in designing, or of his industry in producing, cannon of fabulous reach. But the merest tyro in the art of gunnery would be

(Continued on page 12).



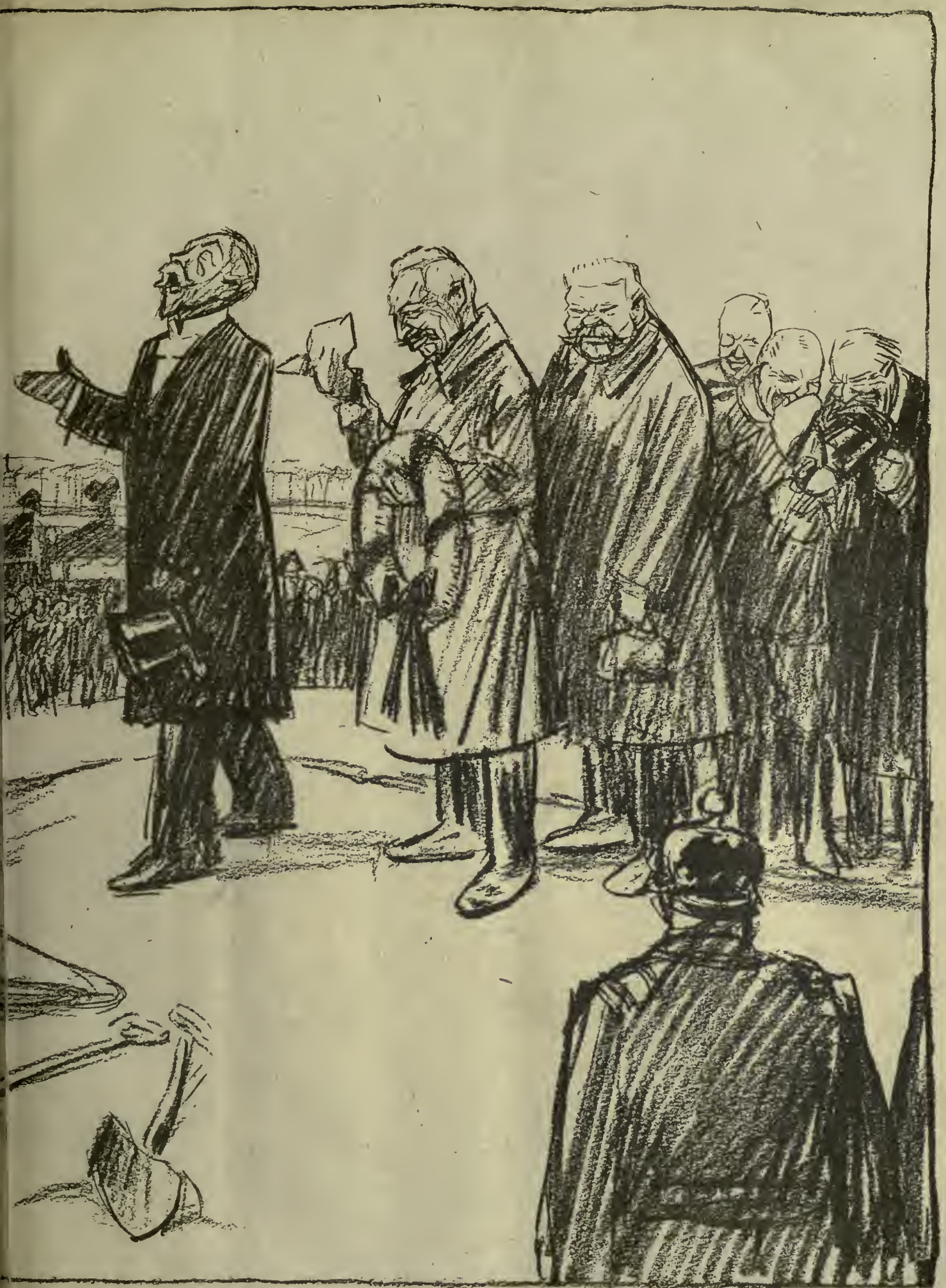
Louis Rieckaers.

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At the Grave of

By Louis

Scheidemann, a leader of the German Socialists, has publicly declared that Socialists



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German Socialism

makers.

at their influence in Germany since the military successes on the Somme and the Lys.

(Continued from page 9).

able to reassure us on the value of this artillery as a menace to trading shipping going up and down the Channel. If the enemy held the coast of France from Dunkirk to Cape Gris Nez, his guns could reach Shoreham on the Sussex coast and Orfordness in Suffolk; so that the whole of Kent, all of Surrey and Sussex that lie east of the main Brighton line would be under his fire. His limit of range would be just short of Croydon, from a point just opposite Erith to the south of a line through Chelmsford and Colchester. The lower corner of Suffolk, including Ipswich, would complete the danger area. The Thames, of course, would be under fire almost right up to the docks in London.

This may all sound very terrifying, but it would be entirely without naval significance, for the simple reason that at these extreme ranges no aiming with a gun is possible at all; and the value of guns of this kind, trained even on a great city like London or Paris, is not distinguishable from that of

regularly conducted air raids. Indeed, as far as destruction of life is concerned, it is probable that the same number of air bombs—from the fact that their explosive charge is so much greater—would be far more deadly than the 9-inch shell, which the German long-range gun is supposed to carry. As to such guns, or even the much more accurate naval gun, being mounted on the coast to prevent the passage of merchant shipping, this menace is entirely chimerical. If the best naval ordnance in the world were perfectly mounted and controlled from Dover or Calais, shipping could, in broad daylight on a clear day, pass up mid-Channel with complete safety, if they adopted the simple precaution with which every merchant skipper is familiar, from his experience with submarines. He has only got to zigzag his course to make hitting impossible at ten miles, and at twenty no accurate fire of any sort would be conceivable. We must, therefore, look for a purely military explanation of the enemy's present military policy. A. H. POLLEN.

Climax of Two Great Wars: By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D.

AT no time during the present war have the prospects of the British people been so gloomy as they were after the collapse of Austria in the Wagram Campaign of the year 1809 and the disgraceful Walcheren expedition of that autumn. It may be well to outline the situation in the years 1810-11 and to suggest comparisons at some points with that of the far greater war against the Central Empires and their Allies. In this article I attempt to form estimates on military and naval affairs at the two periods, and in a subsequent article to treat questions of food-supply, commerce, and financial stability.

The defection of Russia has brought about a state of affairs not unlike that which Napoleon's triumph over Austria produced in 1809. Thenceforth, up to the end of 1811, he threw his whole strength into the West. In 1810 a veteran army under Masséna swept through Spain and Portugal, and pinned Wellington's forces to the Lines of Torres Vedras. The tenacious British resistance (far from appreciated at the time) saved from utter ruin the cause of the Portuguese and Spanish "Patriots," inaugurated a time of balance in the Peninsular War, and encouraged the Tsar, Alexander I., to the independent fiscal policy which brought about the French invasion of Russia in 1812. Thus the years 1810-2 form the crisis of the Napoleonic War. Without Torres Vedras, there would have been a timorous peace, an unchallenged French ascendancy, broken by no retreat from Moscow, no Leipzig, no Waterloo.

The obedient journalists of Berlin have asserted that the great German push which began on March 21st, 1918, can be more than once repeated; that they do not rely chiefly on the submarine campaign, but will force a military decision. In a general way, therefore, the present push may be compared with the effort of Masséna; but Germany confronts Allies who equal her in determination and excel her in man-power, money, and material. She controls a central mass of territory and possesses an admirable military organisation—advantages possessed in a unique degree by Napoleon over his feeble opponents of 1810-11. But her mass, like his, is gripped by sea power; and she, any more than he, cannot escape from its economic pressure by subjecting Russia as he did at Tilsit in 1807. Indeed, the more the Teutonic yoke galls the Russians, the more likely are they to cast it off at the first opportunity. The more intelligent Germans blame their Government for imposing humiliating terms on Russia, just as Talleyrand censured Napoleon for alienating public opinion in 1811-12. But the Germans persist, even as he persisted. Early in 1812 his nervousness as to the East prevented him sending into Spain the forces needed for ending the war. Even so, the Germans persist in their penetration of Russia. Sooner or later, then, sympathy must reawaken among the Russians with their former Allies, just as in the winter of 1811-12 Alexander I. based his resistance to the Napoleonic decrees on his confidence in Wellington's indomitable resistance, while the duke fought his uphill fight with the more spirit because he foresaw the Russo-French rupture. *Adsit omen!*

As the Berlin Press assures the world that the time is at hand when the war-will of the Western peoples must collapse, it may be well to recall the odds against which our forefathers fought. The census of 1811 gave the population of Great Britain as 12,596,803 souls. That of Ireland in 1821 was 6,801,827; and in 1811 it may be reckoned at about 6,250,000.

The numbers of the white population in our chief colonies are not known until the following dates: Canada, 1,172,820 in 1844; New South Wales (inclusive of what is now Victoria), 36,598 in 1828; Van Diemen's Land, 12,303 in 1824; Western Australia, 2,070 in 1834; South Australia, 17,366 in 1844; New Zealand, about 3,000 or 4,000 in 1847; Cape Colony, 68,180 in 1839. In 1811 these figures would be about one-half of those just presented. Consequently, we then had no military succour from the British race beyond the seas; and, owing to the disputes with the United States and the Dutch, Canada and Cape Colony (not to speak of India) needed considerable garrisons from the motherland. It is well, then, to realise that the British race within the Empire (including the Irish, but excluding the French-Canadians and the Dutch of Cape Colony) numbered less than twenty millions in the year 1811. Captain C. W. Pasley, R.E., in his *Essay on the Military Policy of the British Empire* (1811), reckons only Great Britain as counting in the war, and, estimating the population of the Napoleonic Empire and vassal States at 77,000,000 souls, concludes that the odds against us were more than five to one. Probably he exaggerates the hostile numbers and underestimates our own; but, after Napoleon's annexations of the Papal States, Illyria, Holland, and N.W. Germany (as far as Lübeck), the French Empire must have included nearly 60,000,000 souls. This, however, is not all. In June, 1812, Napoleon marshalled for the Russian campaign 147,000 Germans from the Confederation of the Rhine, and some 80,000 Italians, 60,000 Poles, and 10,000 Swiss, besides exacting contingents of 50,000 from the quasi-dependent States, Austria and Prussia. If we include all the lands which furnished the Emperor with man-power, Pasley's estimate of the odds is within the mark—at least, for 1811.

It is needless to point out the sharp contrast afforded by the present struggle. Probably the white population of the British Empire now approaches—or even equals—that of Germany, about 68,000,000. The deficiencies of the Allies are in their scattered positions and their military unpreparedness. But in 1811 the British and the Spanish and Portuguese patriots were still more deficient by comparison with Napoleon. He had the great advantage of inheriting a system of national conscription founded by the French Jacobins in August, 1793, and developed more systematically in 1798. He applied this system to his vast Empire, and expected vassal princes to supply almost as large a quota. True, by the year 1810, warlike enthusiasm had declined, and bands of refractory conscripts had to be hunted down. The levies which he exacted from his vassals were half-hearted, only the Poles and the North Italians fighting with enthusiasm. Still, love of glory, hope of plunder, or the longing to secure a lasting peace impelled the mass forward. As Count Ségur says: "There was not a hope which Napoleon could not flatter, excite, and satiate. . . . A war was often only a battle or a short and brilliant excursion." Such, too, is the Prussian tradition, based on the triumphant wars of 1864, 1866, 1870.

To break down the moral which in 1810-11 still inspired the best of Napoleon's troops was a stupendous task; but Wellington impaired that moral at Busaco, wore it down at Torres Vedras, displayed the full fighting strength of the British soldier at Badajoz, and his superiority in the mighty clash of Salamanca (July, 1812). Even so, in the present war, the Allies, owing, first, to lack of numbers, and then of

thoroughly trained troops, have been confined mainly to a defensive strategy. The Germans, also, like Napoleon, having the advantage of inner lines of operation, could adopt his methods which so often won a decisive triumph in a single campaign. Considering their superiority in numbers, equipment, and position in 1914, they cannot be pronounced brilliant pupils of the great commander.

It is well to realise how slowly and awkwardly the British military machine worked in Wellington's day. Nor must the fault be ascribed solely to the Government; it must accrue to the nation as a whole. Take the following jottings of Lord Uxbridge's agent at Plasnewydd in August, 1807, when England stood entirely alone:

"Our regular army is now to be increased by enlistments from the militia, but there is great unwillingness to save the country unless in a constitutional way. . . . Our country gentlemen make no distinction in the means of defence they would adopt between an insignificant rebellion in Scotland and the mighty invasion with which we are now threatened. . . . We have nothing very great to expect till the enemy is actually amongst us. He will then give us a practical lesson."*

Politicians Aforetimes

Nothing awakened John Bull. He jogged along in the old ruts. Successive Cabinets sought to co-ordinate the regular army, militia, and volunteers. Pitt, Dundas, and Windham; Addington and Hobart; Pitt, Camden, and Castlereagh; Grenville and Windham, successively produced their reforms until chaos reigned supreme. The Perceval Ministry (1809-12) totally failed to solve these difficulties, which, of course, could be overcome only by the adoption of conscription; but that nervous Cabinet feared to take so drastic a step. After the disastrous failure at Walcheren it hesitated to send Wellington the needful supplies either in men or money; and (as will appear later) so unpopular was the Peninsular War that the Whigs, who opposed it outright, might well have ejected Perceval if he had greatly increased the taxes. Home politics, therefore, prevented a vigorous prosecution of the war, until, in the summer of 1812, the action of Russia breathed new energy into the calculating trimmers of Westminster. Harsh things have been said by soldiers of politicians during this war, but nothing comparable to the insults hurled by Napier at the memory of Perceval: "The politician, believing in no difficulties because he feels none, neglects the supplies, charges disaster on the general, and covers his misdeeds with words."†

But the damning charge against the Portland and Perceval Cabinets is their ineffective use of the existing forces. In 1808-9 the effectives were 26,500 cavalry, 178,000 infantry, artillery and engineers, 24,000; and the embodied militia, 77,000. Pasley in 1811 reckoned that, by calling up the reserve militia and training the volunteers, 120,000 men might be spared for active service. He arraigned British statesmen of timidity and blindness in keeping so many regulars at home, and in frittering others away in spasmodic and generally belated efforts. Our troops (he wrote) cost half as much again as those of any other nation; our politicians rarely looked ahead, never framed a consistent military policy, or provided adequate equipment. If they continued to act thus we should "have nothing before us but the gloomy prospect of eternal war." We must act on land as vigorously as by sea, or else we might be conquered on both elements. Trust in Coalitions was futile; indeed, in course of time—"Germany might become so powerful as to act the part which France now does." Let us vigorously support Wellington and the Spaniards, for there only could we hope to overthrow Napoleon's power.

Such is the gist of Pasley's essay, which I recommend as a tonic to the croakers of to-day.‡

Wellington also, in the spring of 1812, asserted that Napoleon's ascendancy was rotten at the base, being "sustained by fraud, bad faith, and immeasurable extortion"; and that an honest understanding among the European Powers would end it.§ If in those dark times our military thinkers foresaw the issue of 1814-15, have we any cause for pessimism now, when all the Powers of the world are united for the overthrow of a supremacy which is less intelligent and inspiring, far more odious and extortionate? May we not also derive confidence from a survey of our recent military

efforts which dwarf everything that Pasley deemed possible? In efficiency the British Army probably excels our Peninsular Army which in December, 1812, Wellington pronounced inferior to a French army presumably of equal size.* The levies of 1914-16 are certainly equal to the highly trained German Army—a feat of organisation which dwarfs every other effort in our annals.

Relatively to Germany, it seems probable that we occupy a position more favourable in naval affairs than our forefathers did to Napoleon in 1810-12. At that time and down to the spring of 1812 he excluded us from intercourse with the Continent, except Turkey and parts of the Spanish Peninsula. His empire comprised nearly all the coastline from Hamburg to Venice and Ragusa; he had the active support of the Danes, and in June, 1812, when Russia failed him, the United States declared war against Great Britain. Potentially, therefore, his resources in shipbuilding were far greater than ours, and he hoped to overwhelm us at sea. Thus, on March 8th and August 9th, 1811, he bade Decrès, Minister of Marine, prepare for great naval enterprises in 1812; eight sail of the line must be ready at the Texel, twenty at Antwerp or Flushing, and large squadrons in French and Italian ports, for expeditions to Ireland, Sicily, Egypt, Martinique, Surinam, "*et tout le Continent hollandais*" (Australia). Pinnaces were to be built suited to the navigation of the Nile and the Surinam. The Boulogne flotilla must be prepared to carry 30,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 2,000 artillerymen. In the spring of 1812 fears of invasion revived in England. On January 23rd, 1813, (that is, even after his disaster in Russia), he ordered naval construction which would raise the numbers of his battle-ships to 104. At that time we had only 102 in commission, with 22 in reserve; and in view of the hostilities with the United States, the horizon was not reassuring. True, we had reduced the last of the enemy colonies, Java, and we controlled the tropics; but the immense extent of the Napoleonic coastline required that at least five British squadrons should blockade or observe his chief ports, and he hoped thus to wear us out until his new fleets could challenge us to decisive combat.

In guerilla tactics at sea he had many advantages. It was impossible to prevent hostile cruisers from slipping out and doing mischief. In 1811 the French and their naval Allies captured seven, and in 1812 eight, British cruisers, while we took or destroyed seven and four respectively. Our losses by wreckage were always far heavier (e.g., three sail of the line and 15 cruisers, as against one French cruiser in 1811). In that year not one hostile squadron evaded our blockading forces, though the Toulon fleet attempted a futile sortie. But Napoleon continued to press on naval construction, and Pasley deemed the scattered British possessions so vulnerable as to make the issue doubtful against the dominating mass of the Napoleonic System. Strategically, it possessed enormous advantages over the present German Empire, which in open waters can act only from "the wet triangle" (the Ems, Heligoland, the Elbe) and from the Flemish coast. The further his System extended, the heavier were the losses to our merchant shipping, viz., 387 in 1804 to 619 in 1810. Thus, Trafalgar procured no immunity for our mercantile marine, which in 1810-12 was at the mercy of cruisers and privateers from nearly all the ports between Copenhagen and Venice.

On one topic the Napoleonic and the German strategy lays equally insistent stress, viz., the supreme importance of possessing the Flemish coast. "He who holds Antwerp," said Napoleon, "holds a loaded pistol at the head of England." During the futile negotiations at Châtillon in March, 1814 (i.e., when he had virtually lost Holland), he said: "I am ready to renounce all the French colonies if I can thereby keep the mouth of the Scheldt for France." That dominating point, then, was worth the former colonial Empire of France, obviously because from Antwerp to Ostend he could coerce England at his will. Such, too, is the creed of Berlin; and by their submarine and aerial warfare, waged largely from Belgian bases, the Germans have, with their usual fatuity, supplied novel and irresistibly cogent arguments for ejecting them thence.

The crowning contrast between 1811-12 and 1917-8 has already been hinted at. Perceval's unwise maritime procedure led to the American declaration of war in June, 1812, and to a serious diversion of British naval and military strength. The signal tact and moderation of the British Foreign Office and Admiralty in 1914-7 paved the way for friendly relations with our kinsmen; and under the pressure of German frightfulness these developed into an alliance which may prove to be one of the decisive issues of the war.

* *The Paget Papers*, II., p. 316.

† Professor Oman (*Peninsular War*, IV., p. 67) rebuts the diatribes of Napier against Perceval (Napier, bk. xi., ch. 10, xiv, ch. 2); but, surely, after Torres Vedras, Perceval should have properly supported Wellington or resigned if Parliament refused.

‡ Pasley, *op. cit.*, pp. 19, 40, 98, 105, 119, 146, 498-501.

§ *Life of Sir W. Gomm*, p. 240.

* Croker's *Diaries*, I., p. 41.



German Plots Exposed

Fay and the Bombs—II

By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York



Three years ago—on April 23rd, 1915—there arrived in New York, one Robert Fay, a German soldier born at Cologne, who had been through the earlier fighting of the war. His avowed intention was to check or prevent the export of munitions from America to the Allies. He had lived in America for some years previous to the war, and could speak English fluently. He also had a brother-in-law, Scholz, a civil engineer, in the United States; the two men came together and opened, as a blind, a garage in New York for motor repairs. Here they worked at making bombs to attach to the rudders of ships. Their main difficulty was to obtain explosives, and with this end the two men got in touch with four other Germans who were prepared for due payment, to help in their schemes. These men were Kienzle, a clock maker; Bronkhorst, who worked at a sanatorium at Butler, New Jersey, run for Germans; Breitung, a friend of Kienzle in the shipping business, and Siebs, who knew Breitung and was in New York ostensibly to buy copper for a Swedish Company but really to ship it to Germany. At this point the story of "this infernal imagining," of which the first part was told in LAND & WATER last week, continues:

SIEBS had not had much success in his purchases of copper, and he was finally forced to make a living from hand to mouth by small business transactions of almost any kind. He could not afford a separate office, so he rented a desk in the office of the Whitehall Trading Company, a small subsidiary of the Raymond-Hadley Corporation. His desk happened to be in the same room with the manager of the company, Carl L. Wettig.

When Breitung asked Siebs to buy him some chlorate of potash, a chemical largely used in making certain forms of explosives, Siebs was delighted at the opportunity to make some money, and immediately undertook the commission. He had been instructed to get a small amount—perhaps 200 pounds. He needed money so badly, however, that he was very glad to find that the smallest kegs of the chlorate of potash were 112 pounds each, and he ordered three kegs. He paid for them with money supplied by Breitung, and took a delivery-slip for it. Ultimately this delivery-slip was presented by Scholz, who appeared one day with a truck and driver, and took the chemical away.

Fay and Scholz made some experiments with the chlorate of potash, and Fay decided it was not strong enough to serve his purpose. He then determined to try dynamite. Again he wished to avoid suspicion, and this time, after consultation with Kienzle, he recalled Bronkhorst down at the Lusk Sanatorium in New Jersey. Bronkhorst, in his work as superintendent of the grounds at the sanatorium, was occasionally engaged in laying water pipes in the rocky soil there, and for this purpose kept dynamite on hand. Fay got a quantity of dynamite from him. Later, however, he decided that he wanted a still more powerful explosive.

Again he applied to Kienzle, and this time Kienzle got in touch with Siebs direct. By prearrangement, Kienzle and Siebs met Fay underneath the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and there Siebs was introduced to Fay. They walked around City Hall Park together, discussing the subject; and Fay, not knowing the name of what he was after, tried to make Siebs understand what explosive he wanted by describing its properties. Siebs finally realized that what Fay had in mind was trinitrotoluol—one of the three highest explosives known. Siebs finally undertook to get some of it for him, but pointed out to him the obvious difficulties of buying it in as small quantities as he wanted. It was easy enough to buy chlorate of potash because that was in common commercial use for many purposes. It was also easy to buy dynamite because that also is used in all kinds of quantities, and for many purposes. But trinitrotoluol is too powerful for any but military use, and it is consequently handled only in large lots and practically invariably is made to the order of some government. However, Siebs had an idea and proceeded to act on it.

He went back to the Whitehall Trading Company, where he had a desk, and saw his fellow-occupant, Carl Wettig. Wettig had been engaged in a small way in a brokerage business in war supplies, and had even taken a few small turns in the handling of explosives. Siebs had overheard him discussing with a customer the market price of trinitrotoluol some weeks before, and on this account thought possibly Wettig might help him out. When he put the proposition up to Wettig the latter agreed to do what he could to fill the order.

In the meanwhile, Fay had sent another friend of Breitung's to Bridgeport to see if he could get trinitrotoluol in that great city of munitions. There he called upon another German who was running an employment agency—finding jobs for Austro-Hungarians who were working in munition

factories so that he could take them out of the factories and divert their labour from the making of war supplies for use against the Teutons. The only result of this visit was that Breitung's friend brought back some loaded rifle cartridges which ultimately were used in the bombs as caps to fire the charge. But otherwise his trip was of no use to Fay.

Carl Wettig was the weak link in Fay's chain of fortune. He did, indeed, secure the high explosive that Fay wanted, and was in other ways obliging. But he got the explosive from a source that would have given Fay heart-failure if he had known of it, and he was obliging for reasons that Fay lived to regret. Siebs made his inquiry of Wettig on October 19th. The small quantity of explosives that he asked for aroused Wettig's suspicions, and as soon as he promised to get it he went to the French Chamber of Commerce near by and told them what he suspected, and asked to be put in touch with responsible police authorities, under whose direction he wished to act in supplying the trinitrotoluol.

From that moment, Fay, Siebs, and Kienzle were "waked up in the morning and put to bed at night" by detectives from the police department of New York City and special agents of the Secret Service of the United States. By arrangement with them Wettig obtained a keg containing 25 pounds of trinitrotoluol, and in the absence of Fay and Scholz from their boarding-house in Weehawken, he delivered it personally to their room, and left it on their dresser. He told Siebs he had delivered it, and Siebs promptly set about collecting his commission from Fay.

Siebs had some difficulty in doing this because Fay and Scholz, being unfamiliar with the use of the explosive, were unable to explode a sample of it, and decided that it was no good. They had come home in the evening and found the keg on their dresser, and had opened it. Inside they found the explosive in the form of loose white flakes. To keep it more safely, they poured it out into several small cloth bags. They then took a sample of it, and tried by every means they could think of to explode it. They even laid some of it on an anvil, and broke two or three hammers pounding on it, but could get no result. They then told Siebs that the stuff he had delivered was useless. Siebs repeated their complaint to Wettig, and Wettig volunteered to show them how it should be handled. Accordingly, he joined them the following day at their room in Weehawken, and went with them out into the woods behind Fort Lee, taking along a small sample of the powder in a paper bag. In the woods the men picked up the top of a small tin can, made a fire in the stump of a tree, and melted some of the flake "T.N.T." in it. Before it cooled, Wettig embedded in it a mercury cap. When cooled after being melted, T.N.T. forms a solid mass resembling resin in appearance, and is now more powerful because more compact.

However, before the experiment could be concluded, one of the swarm of detectives who had followed them into the woods stepped on a dry twig, and when the men started at its crackling, the detectives concluded they had better make their arrests before the men might get away; and so all were taken into custody. A quick search of their boarding-house, the garage, a storage warehouse in which Fay had stored some trunks, and the boat-house where the motor-boat was stored, resulted in rounding up the entire paraphernalia that had been used in working out the whole plot. All the people connected with every phase of it were soon arrested.

Out of the stories these men told upon examination emerged not only the hideous perfection of the bomb itself, but the direct hand that the German Government and its agents in America had in the scheme of putting it to

its fiendish purpose. First of all appeared Fay's admission that he had left Germany with money and a passport supplied by a man in the German Secret Service. Later, in the witness-box, when Fay had had time enough carefully to think out the most plausible story, he attempted to get away from this admission by claiming to have deserted from the German Army. He said that he had been financed in his exit from the German Empire by a group of business men who had put up a lot of money to back a motor-car invention of his, which he had worked on before the war began. These men, so he claimed, were afraid they would lose all their money if he should happen to be killed before the invention was perfected. This tale, ingenious though it was, was too fantastic to be swallowed when taken in connection with all the things found in Fay's possession when he was arrested. Beyond all doubt, his scheme to destroy ships was studied and approved by his military superiors in Germany before he left, and that scheme alone was his errand to America.

Von Papen Again

Far less ingenious and equally damning was his attempt to explain away his relations with von Papen. The sinister figure of the military attaché of the German Embassy at Washington leers from the background of all the German plots. And this case was no exception. It was known that Fay had had dealings with von Papen in New York, and in the witness-box he felt called upon to explain them in a way that would clear the diplomatic service of implication in his evil-doings. He declared that he had taken his invention to von Papen and that von Papen had resolutely refused to have anything to do with it. This would have been well enough if Fay's explanation had stopped here.

But Fay's evil genius prompted him to make his explanation more convincing by an elaboration of the story, so he gave von Papen's reasons for refusal. These were not at all that the device was calculated to do murder upon hundreds of helpless men, nor at all that to have any part in the business was to play the unneutral villain under the cloak of diplomatic privilege. Not at all. At the first interview, seeing only a rough sketch and hearing only Fay's description of preliminary experiments, von Papen's sole objection was:

"Well, you might obtain an explosion once and the next ten apparatuses might fail."

To continue Fay's explanation:

"He casually asked me what the cost of it would be, and I told him in my estimation the cost would not be more than \$20 apiece. [\$20—£4—apiece for the destruction of thirty lives, and a million-dollar ship and cargo!] As a matter of fact, in Germany I will be able to get these things made for half that price. 'If it is not more than that,' von Papen said, 'you might go ahead, but I cannot promise you anything whatever.'"

Fay then went back to his experiments, and when he felt that he had perfected his device, he called upon von Papen for the second time. Von Papen's reply was:

"Well, this thing has been placed before our experts, and also we have gone into the political condition of the whole suggestion. Now, in the first place, our experts say this apparatus is not at all seaworthy; but as regards political conditions, I am sorry to say we cannot consider it, and, therefore, we cannot consider the whole situation."

In other words, with no thought of the moral turpitude of the scheme, with no thought of the abuse of diplomatic freedom, but only with thoughts of the practicability of this device and of the effect upon political conditions of its use, von Papen had put the question before technical men and before von Bernstorff, and their decision had been adverse solely on those considerations—first, that it would not work, and, second, that it would arouse hostility in the United States. At no stage, according to Fay, was any thought given to its character as a hideous crime.

The device itself was studied independently by two sets of military experts of the United States Government, with these results:

First, that it was mechanically perfect; second, that it was practical under the conditions of adjustment to a ship's rudder which Fay had devised; and, third, that the charge of trinitrotoluol, for which the container was designed, was nearly half the quantity which is used on our own floating mines, and which is calculated upon explosion twenty feet from a battleship to put it out of action, and upon explosion in direct contact, absolutely to destroy and sink the heaviest super-dreadnought. In other words, beyond all question, the bomb would have shattered the entire stern of any ship and would have caused it to sink in a few minutes.

A brief description of the contrivance reveals the mechanical

ingenuity and practical efficiency of Fay's bomb. A rod attached to the rudder, at every swing the rudder gave, turned up, by one notch, the first of the bevelled wheels within the bomb. After a certain number of revolutions of that wheel, it in turn gave one revolution to the next; and so on through the series. The last wheel was connected with the threaded cap around the upper end of the square bolt, and made this cap slowly unscrew, until at length the bolt dropped clear of it and yielded to the waiting pressure of the strong steel spring above. This pressure drove it downward and brought the sharp points at its lower end down on the caps of the two rifle cartridges fixed below it—like the blow of a rifle's hammer. The detonation from the explosion of these cartridges would set off a small charge of impregnated chlorate of potash, which in turn would fire the small charge of the more sluggish but stronger dynamite, and that in turn would explode the still more sluggish but tremendously more powerful trinitrotoluol.

The whole operation, once the spring was free, would take place in a flash; and instantly its deadly work would be accomplished.

Picture the scene that Fay had in his mind as he toiled his six laborious months upon this dark invention. He saw himself, in imagination, fixing his infernal box upon the rudder post of a ship loading at a dock in New York harbour. As the cargo weighed the ship down, the box would disappear beneath the water. At length the ship starts on its voyage, and, as the rudder swings her into the stream, the first beat in the slow, sure knell of death for ship and crew is clicked out by its very turning. Out upon the sea the shift of wind and blow of wave require a constant correction with the rudder to hold the true course forward. At every swing the helmsman unconsciously taps out another of the lurking beats of death. Somewhere in mid-ocean—perhaps at black midnight, in a driving storm—the patient mechanism hid below has turned the last of its calculated revolutions. The neck piece from the bolt slips loose, the spring drives downward, there is a flash, a deafening explosion, and five minutes later a few mangled bodies and a chaos of floating wreckage are all that is left above the water's surface.

This is the hideous dream Fay dreamed in the methodical 180 days of his planning and experimenting in New York. This is the dream to realise which he was able to enlist the co-operation of half a dozen other Germans. This is the dream his superiors in Germany viewed with favour, and financed. This is the dream the sinister von Papen encouraged and which he finally dismissed only because he believed it too good to be true. This is the dream Fay himself in the witness-box said he had thought of as "a good joke on the British."

In this picture of infernal imagining the true character of German plottings in America stands revealed. Ingenuity of conception characterised them, method and patience and pains-taking made them perfect. Flawless logic, flawless mechanism. But on the human side, only the blackest passions and an utter disregard of human life; no thought of honour, no trace of human pity.

It happened in the case of Fay that the agent himself was ruthless, and deserved far more than the law was able to give him when convicted of his crimes. But through all the plots, von Papen, von Bernstorff, and the Imperial German Government in Berlin were consistent. Their hand was at the helm of all, and the same ruthless grasping after domination of the world at any price led them to the same barbarous code of conduct in them all.

(To be continued.)

TURKEY AND THE WAR.

WHEN the history of the war is written, the most outstanding event after the battle of the Marne will be found to have been the entrance of Turkey into the war on the side of the enemy. But for this there would have been no Gallipoli, no fall of Kut; the expeditionary forces to Salonika, Mesopotamia, and Palestine would have been unnecessary; the Dardanelles would have remained open for the export of corn and oil from Russia and Rumania; Rumania would have been secure, Bulgaria not daring to move; there would have been no Armenian massacres. Think what it would have meant, had Turkey remained neutral! Victory would have been won months ago.

Friendship and goodwill between Great Britain and Turkey was traditional. How did it come about that it broke down at this tremendous crisis? The circumstances have hitherto been veiled in secrecy, but with the publication of the diplomatic experiences of Mr. Morgenthau, the American Ambassador at Constantinople from 1913 to 1916, all the facts will be revealed.

Mr. Morgenthau's diplomatic record will be published in LAND & WATER early next month. It will be found to be an invaluable contribution to the history of these times.

Rumania's National Shrine: By G. C. Williamson



Cathedral of Curtea de Arges, a town in the Carpathians

VERY few persons have travelled in Rumania compared to those who have followed the ordinary tourists' ways, but the country was well worthy of more attention, and those whose occupation or desire have led them in past years to visit that interesting land have been well rewarded.

It is a country of great natural beauty, its mountains and rivers, forests and valleys well repaying attention. Its people are little spoiled in the more remote districts by modern civilisation, and their village handicrafts and those of the vagabond gipsies who abound in the place are of great interest.

Its language, which is so closely akin to Italian, is easy to learn, the costumes of its people are beautiful and picturesque, its history is one long romance, and many of its notable buildings are of the highest architectural and historical importance. Students of Roman antiquities will find there a new field of activity, and the Roman basilicas, the Trajan monuments at Adamklisi commemorating his Dacian victories, the Villa of Commodus at Celeiv, the Trajan wall at Cernavoda, the great road of the Dobrudja, and the Temple at Slaveni, will all repay closer investigation. The student of natural history will be interested in the famous black buffaloes of Rumania, in the remarkable hosts of waterfowl, in the rare species of crows and woodpeckers, and in the bears and chamois. The entomologist will find several very rare insects in the country, especially some curious weevils; while the mineralogist will find ample fields for attention in the numerous mines of rock salt, nickel-cobalt, arsenic, gold, lignite, anthracite, cuinabar, sulphur, and china clay. The greatest attraction as an architectural monument is, however, the national shrine of the Cathedral of Curtea de Arges, a church of unique importance, by far the most famous in the country, and differing from every other church in Europe.

It is very dear to the national heart of the people, and if it has been injured in the recent attacks of the enemy there

will be undying hatred on the part of the people toward their ruthless and treacherous invaders.

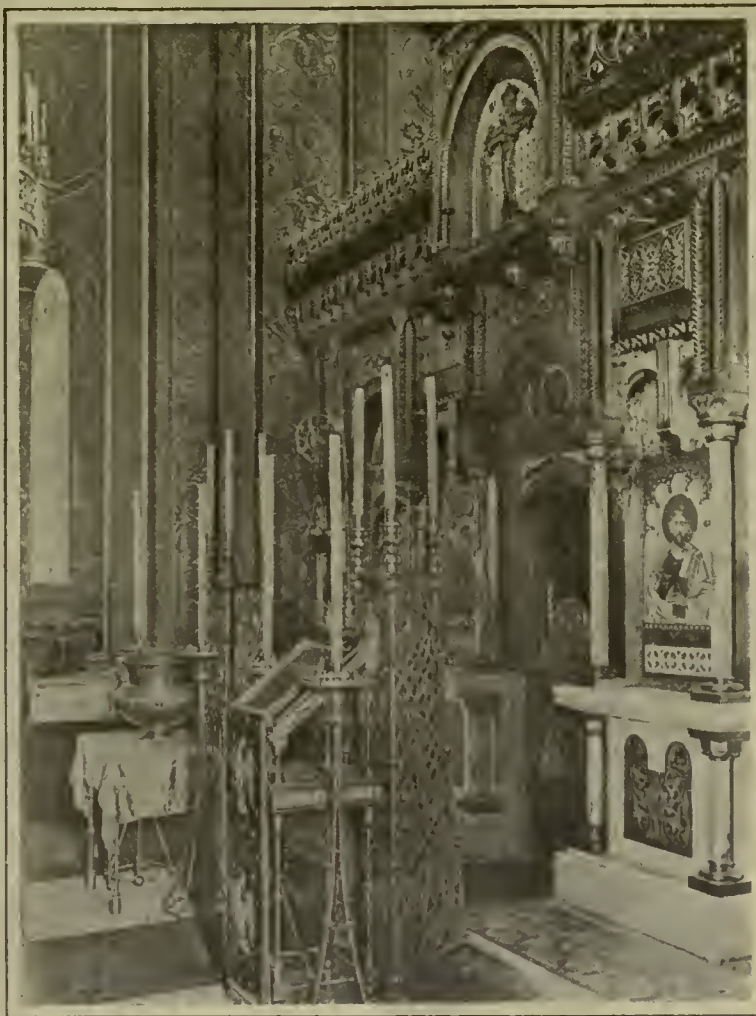
The cathedral was founded in 1517 by Prince Nagul and his wife Despina of Serbia, continued by his successor and son Theodosius, but completed by Radul d' Afumati, the Voivode of Wallachia who, with the aid of the Hungarians, defeated the Turks in 1522.

Of the original building, little save the walls and the tombs of the founders and their successors now remains, and of the accessories and treasures with which Despina enriched it still less, but all its architecture is of the deepest interest because it belongs to many successive periods, and because it is so very national in its strange Byzantine-cum-Moorish characteristics.

In the convent of Krusedol is still preserved—or was when I visited it—the collar of a chasuble wrought by Despina and her four children for the cathedral and completed on June 15th, 1519, as the needlework inscription itself sets forth, and in the great church itself are two fine images or icons which belonged to the founder, having on one of them Despina represented with her son Theodosius in her hands and the inscription "O Queen of Heaven, receive thy servant John Theodosius and guard him in thy kingdom."

There is, furthermore, a piece of beautiful woven material from a robe found in one of the tombs carefully preserved in the cathedral. In 1681 considerable additions were made to the original structure by Prince Serban Cantacuzene, but while Rumania was under the Turkish rule—and for a long period the districts of Wallachia and Moldavia were simply so many roads across which the Turks passed in their plundering expeditions against Hungary—the buildings erected by the Voivodes were destroyed, so that in 1866, when the late King Carol visited the place, he found the magnificent building largely in ruin. He took the advice of Viollet le Duc as to its restoration, and the great French architect recommended an artist named

Lecomte de Neüy, who gave immense pains to the task and encouraged and aided by the King and by "Carmen Sylva," who now, alas, lies within the building, having died since the days when they graciously entertained me many times at Sinaia—he restored the building in superb style. Lecomte tells us in his own papers how diligently he visited the churches at Jassy, Horez, Cozia, Valceâ, Padure, and Campulung, and from these famous buildings acquired a sound knowledge and deep affection for the Rumanian architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Saturated with this knowledge, he set to work, and now with wonderful frescoes and mosaics, glorious bronzes, rich marble, stained glass, and gold, silver, and wrought iron, the whole place is a glowing feast of colour. In architecture the building is rectangular, with an irregular shaped annexe, and is surmounted by a dome with two small cupolas, and by a great dome surmounting the annexe; a strange mingling of Arab, Roman, and Byzantine forms, characteristic of the people whose national shrine it has become. Its adornment is that of involved and intricate Arabesque, combined with wreaths of lilies carved on all the windows, cornices, and balconies. Wonderful bronze doors lead to its interior, adorned with fine tapestry, superb marble columns, elaborate mosaic decoration in the saucers of the domes, long and decorative inscriptions, and extraordinary fresco



The Reredos

work. The accessories for worship are, of course, all of recent date, but specially designed and carried out in the sentient designs of Moldavia; and bronzes and crosses, iconostasis and icons, candlesticks and vestments alike speak of incessant attention to detail, profound study of native art and scrupulous adaptation to purpose. The book of the Gospels is alone worth a journey to see, as, painted and illuminated by Queen "Carmen Sylva" herself, it is one of the finest works of imaginative decorative art that the century has produced, a veritable triumph of illumination, the highest possible achievement of that gifted lady for the sanctuary she loved so well and where now she is buried.

The King and Queen devoted themselves to this great work, becoming more Rumanian even than the Rumanians in their earnest desire to help their people, and their names will ever be feelingly associated with the cathedral, where Masses for their souls will perpetually be said.

When the work was completed, King Carol instructed Herr Jaffe to prepare a great book on the building, and from this elephant folio, privately printed and presented to the writer by the King himself, our illustrations have been taken. The plates are in colour and in monochrome, and it lavishly represents in every possible view the building and its contents that all Rumania loves and that the native regards as its great national shrine.

Leaves from a German Note Book

THE British blockade is making itself felt, despite German denials to the contrary. The food situation grows more and more difficult. Consider the rations of a large town like Frankfort for the first week of this month: Meat, 7 oz.; sausage, 1½ oz.; margarine, 2 oz., costing 3d.; 1 egg, costing 5d. Another change which is significant is that, as from the latter end of March, self-providers were ordered to reduce the quantity of flour for bread-making from 19 lb. to 14 lb. This hardly points to a state of plenty.

Clothing, too, is expensive and unobtainable. Take a well-to-do woman's requirements. Before the war a pair of silk stockings in Germany cost about 3s.; patent-leather boots, 11s.; tailor-made costume, 40s.; blouse, 20s.; hat trimmed with an ostrich feather, 15s.; pair of kid gloves, 2s.; umbrella, 6s. And to-day? Here are the prices taken from the lists of an ordinary Berlin general store. The silk stockings cost 15s.; shoes (be it noted, made of substitutes), 36s.; coat and skirt, 150s.; blouse, 70s.; hat, 50s.; gloves, 8s.; and umbrella, 25s. But even at these high prices, the goods are not always obtainable, and the latest ukase provides that as from the 1st instant, only one purchasing permit for boots should be allowed for a whole year.

Coal has gone up in price 11s. a ton since August, 1914, and this limit would have been left far behind were it not that the coal merchants charge the neutral consumers unheard-of prices for the coal exported from Germany. Even so, a ton of coal costs to-day in Hamburg as much as 71s.

The present is sombre enough, and over the future there hangs the shadow of economic ruin. Judging by the energy with which the authorities are endeavouring to show the people that their future is not nearly so hopeless as is generally believed, it would seem that the Germans must be greatly terrified at the prospect of being deprived, when the war is over, of essential raw materials like rubber and cotton, jute,

and copper, which the Allies control, to say nothing of such vital necessaries as palm-oil and grain. Lecturers have recently been sent all over Germany whose purpose it is to dispel the fears on this point. But the people have been deceived too often, and their eyes are no longer shut either to the past guilt or the future punishment of Germany. In view of all these sufferings and privations, the plaint of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is intelligible:

Germany's Lent has lasted almost four years—years of deepest suffering, sharpest pain, bitterest need, and manifold death. . . . Let us admit that we have at all times passed through hours of terrible anxiety, helplessness, and despair.

But now the hope of peace through victory buoy's up the whole nation. This was written at the beginning of the Great Offensive, and victory once again is deferred. Rumours of May Day labour troubles are in the air.

The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, of Vienna, which often looks at affairs dispassionately, did not share the optimism of its Frankfurt contemporary. Even if Germany forces France and Italy to their knees, she will still not have peace so long as England is in her island home and America protected by the ocean. "They would always be able to continue the war by sea and cut us off from raw materials and food. Only a peace by understanding is possible with these two countries. A peace based on might cannot be enforced by the most striking victory on land." What follows? That if Germany desires peace, she must recover from her vain dreams of conquest and forgo all her plans of vain-glorious world-dominion.

As long as England and America hold the command of the sea, even the mightiest victories on land are futile, for the determining factor of the war is in their hands. This Vienna journal has spoken many a true word before now, but nothing truer than this.

Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

Remnants

"REMNANTS" (by Desmond MacCarthy. Constable, 5s. net) is a title which is calculated to mislead. It has a savour of the depressed novel about it. We have got so used to these morose metaphors. Either, we suppose, the "remnants" will be odds and ends of unsuccessful people thrown up on some obscure beach by the sea of life, or else they will be the poor shreds of consolation with which some discontented man—or, more probably, woman—will content (damn these alternative pronouns of gender) herself after twenty-five years of disillusionment with a husband who does his best, several deaths, several survivals, crippling poverty, embarrassing wealth, and the bitter disappointment of bringing up children who have turned into young men with round, red faces—all the experiences, in fact, with which contemporary novelists make their characters unhappy and bring their readers to the verge of suicide. But in this instance the title of the book has no such name or bitter significance. The author has gathered together a few essays and stories. They are various, and they are a selection from a large journalistic product; and their modest author, evidently despairing of a really accurate descriptive title, has taken refuge in this.

The volume contains seven short stories and "sketches," and sixteen essays on places, men, books, plays, and human habits. The stories are so good that one wishes there were more of them. *The Brothers Brindle*, which exposes to the gaze the tricks of picture dealers, might to advantage have been greatly lengthened, and *The Snob Doctor* contains a beautiful idea of which much more might have been made. "Perhaps," it begins,

some of my readers also received a copy of the prospectus, which I found enclosed in a large envelope of superfine quality on my breakfast table the other morning. The drift of it was unusual. In this document, Mr. Ponde, M.A., of Harley Street, announced that his consulting hours were 10 to 1 and 3 to 5, and that between those hours he was at the service of anyone who wished to consult him about any uneasiness they might feel with regard to their social position. "It is not uncommon," the prospectus ran, "for those whose accomplishments, education, incomes, and good sense might be expected to render them immune from such uneasiness, to suffer intermittently, or even chronically, from distressing doubts as to their own claims to gentility, especially in the company of those who set store by such distinctions. Their trouble has been in most cases much aggravated by reserve, such matters being regarded as too delicate and invidious to be touched upon in conversation. For although the claims of the absent to be lady or gentleman, as the case may be, are often brightly discussed among their friends, the person concerned derives little benefit from these discussions; on his or her appearance the conversation is too often turned into other channels. On the other hand, free communication on the part of the patient about his own sufferings and symptoms—wide experience has convinced Mr. Ponde is the first step towards healthy recovery.

"Enclosed were a number of testimonials announcing complete recovery from fear of flunkeys, unintentional condescension, unwilling humility, chronic oblivion of unsuccessful relations, and cases of the most virulent compound snobbishness." We are taken to Mr. Ponde's consulting-room; we see the man operating upon a fashionable preacher who has scourged his congregation for subtly snobbish reasons, an honest Labour leader alarmed by the flutter he has felt when driving with a Marchioness, etc.; and the author's sly observation is as accurate as his manner is arch and delicate. But the best of this group is *A Hermit's Day*, which conducts us from morning to night through a typical section of the aged Voltaire's life at Ferney. The introductory paragraph is sure, firm, and arouses expectancy at once:

Blue damask curtains were drawn across the windows, but one long slit of daylight made every shadowy object in the room discernible: a cold white pyramidal stove opposite the marble fireplace, the portraits and the magnificent mirror on the walls, five writing-tables piled with neat papers, and under its canopy of blue silk the low, plain bed, with a deep cleft in the swelling pillow. Absolute stillness reigned.

In a few pages the whole character of the philosopher and his odd menage are painted: the crowd of subsidiary people

are touched in with subtle strokes, and perfect art is shown in the selection of incidents to draw out Voltaire's leading traits. It is not for everybody; nor is the book as a whole. But anyone who is already familiar with Voltaire will get a rich and a repeated pleasure out of it.

The literary and dramatic essays are rather too miscellaneous, and one or two of them are too scrappy, but they are so sane and persuasive that one can finish none of them without one's views having suffered some slight modification. Why is it that they nevertheless leave us—most of them—with a feeling of dissatisfaction?

Mr. MacCarthy has qualities which should put him among the best occasional essayists. His interests and his sympathies are universal and his tastes catholic. He is not one of those critics who are so impressionable and ductile that they take the colour of the last powerful book they read or the last emphatic man they met. He has an attitude; his ideas about morals and manners are personal and fixed. You cannot contrast one essay with another and say, "Here he is sceptical," "Here he believes," "Here passion and here reason is in command of him." He is certain about his few certainties and his uncertainties; his standards and his affections do not vary; he preserves his criteria and his balance. But his own position is always rather hinted at and implied than stated, and he is not so preoccupied with it as to be unable to give the fullest measure of understanding to men of other types and with other opinions. He has a wide knowledge of books and a love of fine writing; but he is never in the least bookish. Books are only one element in the glittering phantasmagoria of life; and his principal interest is not art, not inanimate nature, though he writes vividly and intimately of both, but the heart and mind of man, particularly in their more secret and less observed workings. His criticism is the fruit of long experience and reflection, an eye quick to seize appearances and quick to pierce them, a brain to which make-believe and self-deception are not merely wrong, but also boring. In a casual way and without parade, he will bring out—whether he is discussing the speeches of a politician or the grimaces of a clown—some truth about everybody's inner life which one has never heard stated before. He has an instrument exactly suited to him, a vocabulary full of fine shades, an easy, flexible style, capable both of fluent eloquence and colloquial abruptness. But he works under a very great handicap.

It is a handicap that must in this age oppress every essayist of his curious, sagacious, leisurely, discursive kind. That handicap is the nature of what the literary agents would call the market for serial rights. A century ago, when Lamb and Hazlitt wrote their essays; less than a century ago, when Macaulay, Bagehot, and Matthew Arnold wrote their essays on criticism, the quarterly and monthly reviews dominated the critical world. They had the reputations, they had the audiences; they usually had the funds; and their daily and weekly rivals offered them little rivalry. The man who wrote for them—and the essayist got an opening nowhere else—was allowed plenty of elbow-room; four thousand words he regarded as quite a moderate allowance, and he ran to much greater lengths when he chose. In our own day, the centre of interest and of influence has shifted to the literary weeklies and some of the dailies. Almost all the work of our best modern essayists—Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Lynd, Mr. Lucas—has originally been done either for weeklies which cannot do with more than two thousand words at a time or dailies which permit anything between twelve and eighteen hundred words. A great deal of very fine work has been done within these limitations. They restrict some writers less than others. They put a premium on rapid effects, on impressionism, on the picturesque paragraph, and the brilliant phrase, and they bear most hardly on the critics of literature who wish to exhibit a subject in all its aspects, and the meditative man who has a full mind and an undemonstrative manner. The feeling one so often has with modern essayists—the feeling of disappointment that they have come to a stop just when we are beginning to be touched or excited—is especially acute when the essayists are of this critical type, and one feels the defect of length, particularly with Mr. MacCarthy, who gives the impression that he could say ten times more on a subject than he actually has done.

The Two Frances: By Winifred Stephens

IT would be difficult to imagine any one better qualified than Mme. Duclaux to interpret to British readers the true spirit of France.* By birth an Englishwoman, by vocation a poetess, France is the country of her adoption. There, where she has long resided, she has been intimately associated with two distinguished French families and has enjoyed the friendship of gifted French scholars. Already in many volumes she has displayed insight into and sympathy with French national character, literature, and institutions. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in her *History of France* one of the clearest, most penetrating presentations of a vast subject embracing no less than 2,000 years.

Mme. Duclaux could never be dull; and every page of this book thrills with interest. Constitutional matters, philological questions, points legal and fiscal, which, under less skilful treatment might be obtruse, are so cleverly woven into the warp and woof of the story that they jump instantly to the reader's comprehension. Though far too scholarly and artistic to obtrude her own opinions, the historian introduces enough of the personal touch to enliven and point the narrative. While retaining a certain critical attitude, she cannot conceal her admiration of and esteem for France and the French, not excluding even that administration, which, although it is to-day almost universally condemned by Frenchmen themselves, Mme. Duclaux considers, despite its obvious imperfection "to be on the whole more efficient than that of any other country."

The book is fairly well sprinkled with dates. We miss some of the old familiar landmarks such as the eighth-century Battle of Poitiers or Tours and the thirteenth-century Bouvines. But the historian's object—and one brilliantly achieved—is not so much to chronicle facts and dates as to present the spirit of successive ages. Thus with perfect lucidity, for example, she follows the cross-currents in the confusion and anarchy of the "Wars of Religion." A few graphic words sum up the character of another period. "The age of Louis Quinze was not an age of glory. Contrasted with the reign of Louis Quatorze, we see the ugliness of its absurd contrasts and the monotony of its dull frivolity. And yet it was undeniably an age of progress . . . it, too, contributed to the growth of France by the general diffusion of knowledge and the gradual constitution of a public mind."

This historian is equally happy when she characterises a region: Bordeaux, "curious, intelligent, philosophic, sceptical, commercial"; Lyons "mystical, emotive, sensual yet highly moral"; Toulouse, occupying a position not unlike that of Odessa, "the depository and hoarding-place for the wealth of a vast agricultural region."

Of the striking personal portraits, many of them illustrating the marvellous, natural ability of Frenchmen, which look out upon us from these picturesque pages, it is impossible to give any idea here. Mme. Duclaux has her favourites. She, the biographer of Margaret of Angoulême, has naturally a kindly feeling for Margaret's grandson Henri Quatre. And we suspect her of a weakness for the unhappy Louis XVI., whom she does not think such a fool as many have made out. He "had a long head for detail, much good sense, a certain administrative capacity."

But perhaps what strikes one most in reading Mme. Duclaux's history is the existence of two marked and different strains in the French national character. We discern two Frances, the industrial France of Henri IV., the imperialistic France of Louis XIV., the France of the Celt, and the France of the Roman. One is the passionate advocate of freedom and the rights of man, the other of equality, unity, regularity, and noble order. One has the delicacy of a Vauvenargues, the other the coarseness of a Rabelais. One France is a devoted home-lover, the other is ever attracted by the glamour of distant lands. One France is essentially logical, ever ready to push a proposition to its conclusion; the other is sentimental and romantic. One gazes keenly into the future passing with the hopeful logic of Anatole France through "the ivory gate" which leads to the Europe of 2,270; the other dreams with Barrès of the past, performing with him the rites of *Le Culte des Morts*. In the words of our own poet, France has ever been: "First to face the truths and last to leave old truths behind."

While all down the ages of French history sometimes one, sometimes the other strain has dominated, there have been periods when the two, running side by side, seem equally

pronounced. Throughout the Revolution, for example, while with Celtic frenzy France was tearing to pieces the old régime, with true Latin statesmanship, she was building up the new order; while "sectarian fury" was raging in the provinces, the Jacobins in Paris were professing one religion, the State, and possessing one virtue, patriotism. Revolutionaries who were proclaiming the rights of man, were making war on private property. And while they were striving after the liberty of the individual, they were improvising a strong centralised Government. In the words of Marat, they were opposing "the despotism of freedom to the despotism of kings."

Not only in the same age, but sometimes in the same character the two strains meet. They were present in Henri Quatre, the leader of a faction during the Civil War, and later the originator of one of the earliest schemes for a League of Nations. They were equally present in that naturalised Frenchman, Napoleon, whom Mme. Duclaux describes as "a logical dreamer. . . . The sort which does great things in France." His attempts to realise his dreams so exhausted the nation that, returning from Elba, he found the imperialist France dead, and nothing left for the moment but the industrial France, asking only to be let alone to cultivate her garden in peace.

If Mme. Duclaux had brought her history down to the present day instead of closing it with the Battle of Waterloo, she doubtless would have continued to trace these two strains in French national character, and she would have told, as she has done so forcibly in her essay in *The Book of France*,† how, in the summer of 1914, internal discord was suddenly silenced by that "strange sinister tattoo," which, resounding throughout the land, announced that *la patrie* was in danger. This cry has never failed to end internal dissensions and to join both Frances in the bonds of sacred union.

The Miraculous Herring

MR. ARTHUR SAMUEL, who comes of a family long settled in East Anglia, and has himself been Lord Mayor of Norwich, has written a book on that humble fish the herring, which has played a bigger part in history than any other denizen of the deep, including either whale or pearl-oyster. For five hundred years—that is to say "from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries—wool and herring were what would now be called key industries. On them our national policy may be said to have largely turned, whenever the rulers of England entered upon discussions, peaceful or warlike, with other nations." These sentences are taken from Mr. Samuel's preface to his new work, *The Herring, Its Effect on the History of Britain* (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net). The policy of Britain, which culminated in Cromwell's wresting their sea-carrying trade from the Dutch, began with squabble about the herring fishery. It would be hard to over-emphasise the influence which these inexhaustible shoals have exerted over the national life of this country, both internally and externally. How inexhaustible they are may be judged that in one year—1908—a million tons of fish were taken from the North Sea, of which more than half (57 per cent.) were herrings caught in drift-nets. And this harvest has been in progress to a greater or less extent for centuries.

This book is delightfully illustrated by reproductions of old prints, illustrating fishing, curing, and eating of the herring. There are many quaint recipes given which have fallen out of use; but in these days, when, to quote *Punch*, "quite nice people eat fresh herrings," some may like to revive these recipes. The price of the herring has been frequently controlled, and in the fourteenth century the wholesale price in Yarmouth market was fixed at 6s. 8d. a last, which works out at 165 herrings for one penny! Cran, the usual measure for herrings nowadays, comes from the Gaelic word "craun," and means a barrel of 36 gallons, and it holds 3½ cwt. of fish, or from 600 to 1,000 herrings, according to size. A shoal swimming down the coast is "often eight or nine miles in length, three or four miles in breadth, and of unknown depth, the fish closely packed like sheep in a flock moving along a country lane." The miracle of quails in the wilderness is nothing to the miracle of herrings in the ocean. Read this book; it is as full of meat as the fish it describes.

* *A Short History of France*. By Mary Duclaux (A Mary F. Robinson). Fisher Unwin, London, 1915.

† See *The Background of a Victory*, by Mme. Duclaux. *The Book of France*, ed. 1915, by Winifred Stephens for the benefit of the invaded

History of the Rural Labourer: By Jason

WHEN Englishmen were full of the triumphs of the agrarian revolution, Sismondi came over on a visit. He had expected to find the labourers working on the reclaimed commons with the zeal and energy of peasants, and, instead, he found them in the workhouse, or breaking stones on the roads, or serving what looked like a penal sentence as roundsmen. For when the practice of paying allowances out of the rates spread over the country, the labourer became a kind of overseers' property. No farmer paid proper wages, but every farmer contributed to the rates, and almost all labourers were in part maintained out of the rates. The labourer was thus regarded as a kind of parish serf at the disposal of any employer sanctioned by the overseers, and passed from one farmer to another without any reference to his own wishes. Sismondi coming upon this world, of which he had heard such glowing rumours, asked a pertinent question: "You tell us you have improved the land; but what have you done with the labourers?"

The Agrarian Problem

Sismondi's question goes to the root of the agrarian problem. Nobody is satisfied with the position of the agricultural labourer or the life of the ordinary English village. Men of public spirit in all classes have been groping about for remedies for generations. But the truth is that agricultural life has been seen in a false perspective ever since the era of the enclosures, and it is that false view which has vitiated all our efforts at reform. Nobody has described the situation more accurately or more vividly than Mr. Prothero in the concluding pages of his book on *English Farming: Past and Present*:

Under the older system peasants were rarely without some real stake in the agricultural community; they were not members of an isolated class; they were not exclusively dependent on competitive wages for their homes and livelihood; they were seldom without opportunities of bettering their positions; they had not before them the unending vista of a gradual process of physical exhaustion in another's service. Under the modern commercial system the conditions from which peasants were generally free are those under which the average agricultural labourer lives, though exceptional men may struggle out of their tyranny. They have no property but their labour. Even of that one possession, such are the exigencies of their position, they are not the masters. If they fail to sell it where they are now living, or if they lose employment by a change in the ownership or occupation of the land on which they work, they must move on. Their home is only secure to them from week to week. . . . Agricultural labourers believe that there is life in the towns; they know that in the villages there is none in which they share as a right, or which for them has any meaning. They may be indispensable, but it is only as wheels in another man's money-making.

The history of the labourer is summed up in the first and last sentences of this passage. The Agrarian Revolution, like the Industrial Revolution and the philosophy that it taught, reduced men and women to the category of instruments. We have seen in the case of the industrial worker the consequences of a creed which believed that society had to accommodate itself as its first duty to the needs and demands of capital. It was supposed that a nation's prosperity depended on the encouragement it gave to capital, and that as long as industry earned high profits and the State put no restrictions on its power, men and women would secure as much happiness and liberty as this imperfect world of ours allowed. The whole life of industrial society was branded with this doctrine. The Lancashire town to-day is not the town of a society with leisure, with tastes, with any play of mind and fancy. It is the settlement of a population only thought of as workers, as the servants of the industrial system.

The same thing has happened to the village and the village population. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was boundless optimism about the expansion of agriculture. This in itself was not surprising, for it was a time of remarkable achievements and progress. Every year from 1778 to 1821 Thomas Coke, the great Norfolk Whig, used to collect celebrities from all parts of the world at his annual sheep-shearing. This event grew out of his custom of bringing all his tenants together to talk over agricultural topics and discuss discoveries and suggestions. As the fame of Coke's farming spread over the world, these annual

shearings developed into a great pageant attended by representatives from all countries who came to admire Coke's farms and stock, and to discuss with him and with Arthur Young and the chief scientists of the day the virtues of this or that fertiliser and this or that breed. The ambassadors of foreign countries used to attend, and nobody who valued his reputation as an agriculturist failed to witness one of these famous gatherings.

Coke was the most celebrated of a class of improving landowners who vied with each other in promoting scientific agriculture. His position in the agrarian revolution may be compared roughly with that of Arkwright in the industrial revolution. He supplied brains as well as capital. He made scientific farming the fashion in a country which had been conspicuous for its attachment to obsolete methods. He introduced Southdowns in place of the Norfolk sheep; he set the example in planting and in heavy stock farms; he taught the wonders of marling and draining, and he converted Norfolk from a corn-importing county into one of the chief corn-producing counties of England. A large part of the estate that he created was originally composed of salt marshes on the coast of the North Sea, and it had been believed that wheat would not grow between Holkham and King's Lynn.

Coke, unlike most landlords of his time, refused to rent his tenants on their own improvements, and gave them the relative security of long leases. He represented the best aspect of the new system. Cobbett, whose appreciation of the moral consequences of enclosures as a general policy made him a bitter critic of the landlords of his day, noted Coke's great popularity in his own county. "Every one," he said in the diary of his rural rides, "made use of the expression towards him which affectionate children use towards their parents."

Coke's generation drew from the spectacle of the new agriculture two morals. The first was the moral that in agriculture, as in industry, the one test was the test of production. The second that development of agriculture demanded the capital and the personal interest of the large landowners, and that therefore the most important thing was to make country life attractive to that class. These two views are illustrated in the legislation of the time; the first in the wild and uncontrolled process of enclosure, the second in the passing of game laws that can only be described as barbarous.

Game Laws

In 1816 an Act was passed of which Romilly said that no parallel to it could be found in the laws of any country in the world. By that Act a person who was found at night with a net for poaching in any forest or park could be punished by transportation for seven years. Next year Parliament modified the law to the extent of limiting this punishment to persons found with guns or bludgeons. When anybody tried to reform the game laws he was met with the question: "Do you wish to drive the country gentlemen off their estates?" Yet these laws were playing an immense part in disturbing the peace of the countryside. In three years, between 1827 and 1830, 8,500 persons were convicted under these laws, many of them to be transported for life.

As the labourers' condition grew more and more desperate, poaching as the alternative to starving grew more common and bolder in its methods, and magistrates more severe in the punishments they inflicted. A Member of Parliament stated before a committee of the House of Commons in 1831 that as men who had been transported were not brought back at the public expense, they scarcely ever returned, and that agricultural labourers specially dreaded transportation because it meant entire separation from former associates, relations, and friends. Readers of Marcus Clarke's famous novel *For the Term of his Natural Life* will remember the scene on the transport ship, with the village labourer thrown into the society of forgers, housebreakers, and footpads. "The poacher grimly thinking of his sick wife and children would start as the night-house ruffian clapped him on the shoulder and bade him with a curse to take good heart and be a man."

During the opening chapters of the nineteenth century the agricultural labourer passed through a period of distress and growing destitution comparable to that of the handloom weaver in Lancashire. He had lost nearly all his

(continued on page 22)

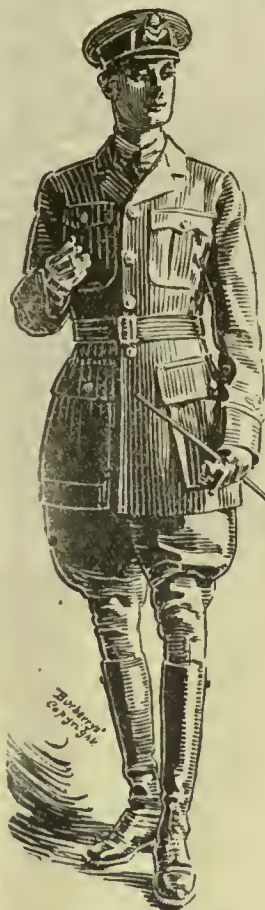
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(continued from page 20)

customary rights, which meant food and fuel. He had lost, in many places, the right of gleaning. He was dependent on wages, and his wages were falling. No body of Englishmen will resign themselves to this fate without a struggle, and the misery of the labourer broke out in the winter of 1830 in a rising. The methods of the rioters were crude, and consisted mainly in breaking threshing machines. In many cases the whole village would turn out in a threatening deputation to the farmer calling on him to raise wages. The labourers were, in fact, in revolt against the general degradation of their lives, with its squalor, its starvation, its endless servitude, and its humiliating bondage to farmer and overseer. A certain amount of damage was done, one or two of the rioters were killed, but nobody was seriously injured by any labourer or body of labourers.

If such a thing happened to-day it would be recognised as a crisis demanding attention and remedy. Unfortunately, in the state of mind of the ruling class in 1830, it was a crisis demanding only repression, for no remedy seemed possible to nine people out of ten in the atmosphere of the times. And repression took a savage form. Six men and boys were hanged for rick-burning, three for rioting, 450 were transported, and 400 sentenced to imprisonment at home. Mr. Hudson, whose vivid book *A Shepherd's Life* recalls some of the memories of those days, tells us that of the 150 labourers who were transported from the Wiltshire Downs only one in five or six ever returned.

Terrible Events

These terrible events have received little notice in our history books, and the reader of Cobbett's *Political Register* is at first a little bewildered when he comes upon them. It is probable that few of the country gentry to-day hear much about them; that, as a rule, the country parsons and the immigrants from the towns who have found quiet retreat in a village where they spend their week-end or part of the year, have never heard of them. They may know a great deal about the history of their nation and yet be quite ignorant of that passionate and very important chapter in the history of their own district. The story of the conduct of the judges who compelled the prisoners at Winchester to see their comrades hanged would read to them as more in keeping with the stories of the French Terror than with the gentle and amiable traditions of the English upper classes. They would find it difficult to believe that the peaceful village where they watch the sunset on a still evening and contrast the silence of the countryside with the distracting noise of London is the home of such fierce and cruel memories, and that so many hearts and homes were broken there only three generations ago. But the legend of that retribution still lingers in the labourer's home, as any traveller in the villages of Hampshire and Wiltshire may discover if once he can break the ice and find out what the labourers are really thinking. One boy from a Hampshire village who was hanged at Winchester for striking a country gentleman was buried in his village churchyard with every circumstance of respect from his neighbours, who looked on his execution as murder, and to-day—nearly ninety years later—it is still believed in the cottages that "the snow never lies on his grave," as a villager said to the writer.

If Hampshire and Wiltshire have burning memories of that winter, the Dorsetshire labourers have their own martyrs in the Tolpuddle exiles. In this little village a few labourers tried to form a union in 1833 (wages had just been reduced from 9s. to 7s. a week). Next year the chief promoters were arrested and sent to prison. The village parson visited them in jail to tell them that the labourer was better off than his master, to which Loveless, the men's leader, replied that he found it difficult to believe this when he saw what a number of horses were kept for no other purpose than foxhunting. The men were tried under the Act passed in a moment of panic at the time of the Mutiny at the Nore, and the judge sentenced them to seven years' transportation, not for anything they had done, but as an example to others.

The authorities in that year determined to crush the spirit of revolt, and they succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. The agricultural labourer, whose ancestors, as Mr. Prothero has pointed out, were members of a community, has been the most isolated and lonely figure in our society. Take any aspect of his life. No class of workman stood more in need of the help and power of trade unions, and in no class has the struggle for trade unionism been so hopeless.

In the old days the agricultural labourer was not friendless in his own village. The economy of small farming encouraged the labourer holding land or enjoying common rights, for by that means the small farmer could have labour when he

wanted it, without paying for it, all the year round. It was often difficult to draw the line between the small farmer and the agricultural labourer. The village was a society of men and women understanding each other, whose arrangements and lives fell into a common scheme of mutual help and sympathy. The new type of farming isolated the labourer, setting up two hostile interests—the large farmer and the shopkeeper.

The New Village

The farmer of the new type believed that if the labourer had land or any kind of independence he would be a less diligent worker; the new shopkeeper who supplied the food that was formerly supplied by the small farm thought that if the labourer could grow his own food again he would lose his customers. Thus, in respect of its economic structure, the new village was just the opposite of the old; economic influences were adverse and not favourable to the ambitions of the labourer.

Nobody took the place of the old village, for Parliament and the Church were under unsympathetic influence. In 1872 the labourers embarked on a great campaign to organise trade unions. Their leader was Joseph Arch. They had good friends in politicians like Fawcett, Auberon Herbert, Jesse Collings, William Morrison, and the great Bishop Fraser and Canon Girdlestone, who preached to his farmers that the cattle plague was a just punishment for their treatment of their labourers. But those were exceptions. The Liberal Government allowed soldiers to be used as strike-breakers; landlords sided with the farmers, and the Church followed suit. The labourers met by moonlight; they faced the dangers of eviction; they tried emigration on a large scale; but in vain. They were beaten. A year before the war there was a labourers' movement in Lancashire, and a union had made progress in Norfolk. But trade unionism has still to win its first considerable battle.

Or take again the labourers' home. It matters enormously to most of us in what kind of a house we live, whether it is adequate, comfortable, dry, warm, healthy. It does not matter less to people who have to work day after day in all weathers. Rather it matters more. In 1867 the commission on the employment of women and children in agriculture reported that there was nothing injurious in the work itself, but that serious evils arose because fuel being so difficult to get on their meagre wages, they were unable to dry their clothes, and had consequently to go to work the next morning with the wet clothes they had taken off the day before. This difficulty still exists.

Nobody who reads the reports of the County Medical Officers of Health can suppose that the houses of the labourers are, as a rule, adequate, comfortable, warm, dry, or healthy. But the labourer has no choice in the matter. Often he has to live in a tied house, and if it is asked why houses are not built either by private landlords or by local authorities, elected in part by agricultural labourers, the answer comes back again to the labourer's circumstances, for it is explained that his wages are so poor that he cannot afford to pay a proper rent, and that therefore houses can only be built at a loss. Our ancestors, who thought they could build up a prosperous industry by sacrificing every consideration to that of giving the landowner and the farmer a free hand, have reduced this industry to such a predicament that it is not self-supporting.

Take again his pleasures and his whole life. Social life and recreation are specially necessary to the agricultural labourer. The man or woman who works in a factory meets other people constantly in the course of his or her work, whereas the man who ploughs and trims hedges and lifts turnips, works often in solitude and sees scarcely a soul. One reason why allotments are popular with townsmen is that they provide opportunity for quiet and private occupation. For the same reason, it is specially important to have theatres, pictures, clubs, cricket and football grounds, and libraries in villages. Yet, as a rule, there is scarcely any recognition in our village of this urgent need, and the village, which two hundred years ago had dances and music, is too often destitute of all the essentials of social life.

Such have been the consequences of treating the men and women engaged in agriculture as if their condition was less important than the state of the crops or the attractiveness of country life to the country gentry. If at any time the ruling class had said to itself that it was the first duty of society to see that the conditions necessary to a free and civilised life were within the reach of all classes, they would have set to work to build up village life on a different basis. To-day that is the conviction of the nation as a whole, and rural life will be reconstructed on new lines.

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THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1918

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THE publication of the diplomatic experiences of Mr. Morgenthau, the American Ambassador at Constantinople from 1913 to 1916, will begin in next week's issue of LAND & WATER.

This record throws a flood of light on the tortuous ways of Germany and Turkey. It explains much that has hitherto mystified students of affairs and incidentally it reveals how very near at one time the Allies came to the forcing of the Dardanelles.

The Outlook

NOT yet do we realise the exact significance of the entry of America into the war on the side of the Allies. It is not difficult to estimate the final effect of her aid in men, material, and finance; but these, important though they be, are in a sense only the beginning of things. The vital fact is of a moral character; the New World stands shoulder to shoulder with that part of the Old World which is shedding the best of its life-blood in defence of a civilisation which places humanity, justice, and freedom in the forefront of its creed. Democracy is a big word of diverse meanings, but there can be no mistaking the ideals for which the world is at death-grips. Germany has made the dividing line a clean cut; she makes no pretence of hiding the raw brutality of her actions, still hoping that victory may justify them. Heaven help mankind were this possible; but now that the United States has thrown the full weight of her power into the contest the impossibility of it is greater than ever.

The resources of America are so immense that it seemed as if the seed had only to be scattered for crops of armed men to spring instantly from the ground. This is, as it were, true so far as men are concerned, for already the first of America's armed forces is in the battlefield, and has given a good account of itself in actual fighting. Her Navy, also, has rendered valuable assistance in the hunting down of the U-boats. But, in so far as guns, aeroplanes, and ships are concerned, it is evident there must continue to be delay before they are ready in appreciable quantities. Meanwhile, the Allies are providing America with all she stands in need of in the way of munitions of war. Wisely we have not checked our rate of manufacture, and thus England and France are able to supply the necessary material, until the Ordnance and aeroplane factories across the Atlantic are in a position to deliver the goods.

Dr. Page, America's Ambassador in London, whose photograph appears as the frontispiece of this Special Number of

LAND & WATER, has won the esteem and gratitude of every Briton. At the beginning of the war, the American Embassy took charge of German interests in this country. It was a difficult duty; but Dr. Page discharged it with the utmost tact and good judgment. Whenever he could render services to Englishmen that in no way interfered with his diplomatic duties, he invariably did so, and many inquiries about the missing were made by him during the earlier years of the war. How great was the restraint which the American Ambassador had to place on his feelings, until neutrality was abandoned by his own country, has been made evident in his subsequent speeches. America has sent many distinguished citizens to act as her representative at the Court of St. James's; but Britain will always regard herself as fortunate in having at this great crisis in her history an ambassador who combined with sterling character and honesty of purpose, those high qualities of sympathy, sound sense, and reticence which will cause Dr. Page to figure, when history comes to be written, as one of the outstanding diplomatic figures of the Great War.

The Royal Air Force has changed its minister, Lord Rothermere having resigned and Sir William Weir having been appointed in his stead. The sympathy which was extended to Lord Rothermere owing to the reasons assigned for this step was unfortunately rather checked by the exuberance of the Prime Minister's laudation. To say that a civilian had it in his power to "take over the conduct of an entirely new arm of the Service," and *in the space of five months* "to bestow on its administration an initiative which has given the new force a real supremacy at the front" is pernicious nonsense. It encourages the idea that, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, soldiers and sailors are the blind instruments and slaves of the politician, devoid in themselves of initiative or the ability to conduct the work to which they have devoted their careers. Everybody knows who have made the Air Force—not the politicians, but the fighting men. The sooner Generals Henderson and Trenchard are permitted to resume the duties for which they have proved themselves pre-eminently qualified, the quicker will the nation be satisfied.

Mr. Bonar Law's Budget had many points of interest, and though it was received at first with extraordinary favour both in the House and the country, opposition to details was bound to ensue. This has crystallised, mainly, into objection to the doubling of the stamp-duty on cheques. It is just sixty years—in 1858—since this duty was first imposed, and during that period the use of cheques has so largely increased, more especially latterly, that for all practical purposes they represent at least 80 per cent. of the currency. Anything that may tend to restrict the use of this popular form of paper-money is bound to meet with opposition in influential quarters; we should not be surprised were the enhanced duty dropped. The rest of Mr. Bonar Law's proposals seem likely to be accepted with good grace, though they mean, broadly speaking, a further reduction of 10 per cent. on the professional man's fixed income, which has already been reduced by from 40 to 50 per cent. through the increased cost of necessities. At the same time, there must be plenty of money in the country. The excess profits duty is estimated to bring in 300 millions sterling, which leaves at least 75 millions sterling to be divided among certain fortunate private citizens.

Luxury taxation is the novelty of the Budget. What is luxury? One dictionary defines the word as "anything productive of enjoyment." On this basis, taxation might be enormously widened. Again, will there be one luxury for all classes, or will what is deemed a necessity for Dives of Bayswater be taxed as a luxury for Lazaruski of Whitechapel? Man and woman should be permitted to clothe themselves neatly and not extravagantly, according to their station in life, without incurring a penalty for undue expenditure. Another point about the Budget indirectly deals with French light wine. Now that beer and spirits are taxed more heavily, does the Government propose to release greater quantities of this wholesome fluid from bond, where the lighter qualities are fast becoming unwholesome, inasmuch as they will not keep? There seems a nemesis in this country dogging the footsteps of those who desire sincerely the promotion of temperance. Under proper management, there need never have been the slightest necessity for any shortage either in tea or light wines. This shortage has been artificially created by bungling and political chicanery, and the opportunity to popularise the greater consumption of claret—possibly the healthiest beverage there is, with the exception of milk—has been lost.

The American Effort: By Hilaire Belloc

MUCH the most important aspect of the American effort for the Allies as a whole, and for the Americans themselves, is the contrast it presents with every other historical example of military alliance during a great struggle. There are other aspects more immediately entertaining or more encouraging. One may talk at large upon the national intention of the United States, upon the long forbearance of their Government, followed by its present clear resolve, and such disquisitions are of value in maintaining the spirit of the alliance and in expressing its soul. But by far the most practical issue is the purely military one, and in that issue the great outstanding feature is the novelty of the position.

It is the novelty of the position which gives the enemy his ground for hoping that the advent of the American forces will not turn the scale, and it is the novelty of the position which creates all the difficulties which we have to surmount; difficulties considerable in themselves and made greater from the very fact that they are new.

When we say that the outstanding military feature of the situation is its novelty, that is a truth which may be masked like so many other truths in this great modern war by the use of general terms brought from the past. For instance, men talked for months about the exposed salient of St. Mihiel as though we were still during 1915 in a war of movement, whereas we were, in point of fact, in a war of siege. In the same way, one can present the conditions of the American effort in the terms of former campaigns and make it seem other and easier than it is. One may say that a nation living across the sea has promised to raise and send troops in aid of its Allies upon the further side, and that things of this sort have been done times out of number from the beginning of history.

The novelty of the situation certainly does not consist in that. It consists—apart from the question of the blockade and of belligerent action by sea—in three great factors never before present.

The first of these factors is the creation of a highly trained and what may be called a technical force upon a very large scale out of a very small nucleus or germ within a very narrow limit of time.

The second factor is the reconstruction of transport necessitated under these particular conditions.

The third is the necessity of special intensive training of the units created *after* they have been transported oversea and put down upon Allied soil.

None of these three factors ever appeared before in any transmarine expedition, and the combination of them it is which gives the enemy his hope that the difficulties created will be in practice insurmountable; that is, will not be surmountable within the useful limits of time assigned to the effort. The surmounting of those difficulties, on the other hand, if it is accomplished, will make the issue of the war absolutely certain, in spite of the disappearance of the State that used to be called the Russian Empire and the consequent present preponderance of the Central Powers. If those difficulties are successfully surmounted within the limits of time that bound useful action we shall owe that success mainly to the energy of the Americans themselves, and they may well boast that this energy has decided the victory of civilisation.

Let us examine these three novel points in their order.

The creation of a large trained body, of a body so highly

trained that it may properly be called expert or technical, compared with the levies of the older wars, has a parallel effort in the amazingly successful corresponding effort of this country. Great Britain in the first two years of the war expanded a small professional army into a force of many millions of men. I have often quoted one of the test points of this achievement, the creation of the heavy artillery. It had hitherto been taken for granted that the heavy gunner could not be properly trained under three years, while his officer required a far longer training, and the multiplicity of types developed in the present war as it became a war of positions enhanced the magnitude of the task. Nevertheless, we know that the task was accomplished with extraordinary success, and that by the late summer of 1916 the new force was in full being, and had reached a very high point of efficiency. Further, this force thus suddenly expanded had to cross the sea.

But the American task differs in certain degrees so much from ours that it is a novel proposition, just as ours was a proposition completely novel compared with anything that had gone before.

In the first place, the nucleus from which the expansion must take place is in proportion far smaller. In the second place, there was in existence hardly any machinery for such expansion. It had not been imagined possible or necessary at all. For, in the third place, all the history and traditions of the country involved were continental, and no raising of a very large force to meet an already highly trained and, at least, equal opponent far over the sea had entered into American

experience. In the fourth place—and most important of all—the limits of time imposed upon the British effort were less severe.

The new American Army must depend for its instruction upon a body of men less in proportion to its numbers than what we could call upon in this country between three and four years ago. We had, in proportion to our population, a larger professional Army than the Americans by far. We had particularly a larger number of officers, a very considerable proportion of whom had seen active service in the numerous Colonial and Indian wars of the British, and we had thus beginnings of *cadres* on what it is true was a small but what proved happily a sufficient scale. Further, thanks principally to the foresight and industry of Lord Haldane, machinery for expansion had long existed. A considerable Expeditionary Force was in being, so that the plan, though upon a small model, was already present; one had but to enlarge its scale. A system for the elementary training of lads who might have to be given commissions was in full swing, and had already covered a considerable amount of ground; and the Territorial Army, though, as we know, its use was restricted, and even delayed, had also provided a considerable mass of elementary training before the war broke out.

The third element, though it is not a precise one, is also of importance: The tradition and habit of transmarine expedition was not established in the United States as it is here. The whole of English history is full of such expeditions; the numerous British wars of the last 170 years consist of nothing else. The Seven Years' War, so far as England was concerned; the American War of Secession, the Peninsular War, the Waterloo campaign, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the South African War, and innumerable intervening smaller operations, all of them of necessity meant the transport of a force oversea, usually to very great distances, and its main-



Official Photo

American Soldiers passing through London



French Official

American Troops on the Verdun Front



French Official

General Philipot presents the Croix de Guerre

tenance and supply under those conditions. This form of warfare was the form normal to British tradition and experience. With all other nations it was rare, abnormal, and, as a rule, unsuccessful.

It is true that the United States had quite recently engaged in two such affairs—the Cuban War and the occupation of the Phillipines. But the former was close at home, and neither were conducted against an equal enemy. There could be no serious threat of interference with communications; there was no serious fear of an equal struggle upon landing being established; and if we omit those two recent experiments, the whole military and political tradition of our present Allies was purely continental and, indeed, domestic.

But it is the limitation of time, as I have said, which is the most serious condition of all which affect this sudden creation of a vast new force out of such insufficient origins. It is as evident to the enemy as to ourselves that, while no exact limit can be laid down, the interval between the opening of the present fighting season and the moment when considerable American forces can first appear in the field must be the crisis of the whole campaign. In other words, there is applied here a spur of haste, with its consequent threat of insufficiency and confusion, and it is applied after a fashion far more severe than was the case between 1914 and 1916, when the vast Russian armies were still in being, and when the siege of the Central Powers was still fully maintained.

This, then, the mere creation of so great a force within such menacing limits of time, is the prime difficulty overshadowing all others. It is the one upon which the enemy most counts, and with reason. But it is also a problem the solution of which the enemy should most dread, for if it is solved his doom is certain. By so much as his latest opponent is distant, and by so much as that latest opponent is numerous, by so much must the enemy forgo any hope of a political diversion. If the new great armies are created in time, their effect will never be modified in favour of the enemy by any political action of his to divert them from their aim. They will come fresh from a nation fully determined; unexhausted by previous effort; quite secure at home, and with as clean an objective before it as that of the French themselves.

The second and novel difficulty—the mechanical one of communication—may be said to differ only in degree from similar difficulties in the past. But the degree is so great that it involves a clear difference in quality.

All the older wars normally permitted of an easy landing wherever that landing was unopposed; that is, of an easy transition from the maritime to the terrestrial communications of a transmarine force. There were many reasons for this: The proportion of the armies to the civilian population was such that civilian harbours were usually ample for maritime needs. In many cases, landing could be effected when it was possible to choose one's weather, from open roadsteads. The material to be transhipped from vessels to the shore was not in very heavy units. Once the transshipment had been effected, the ordinary means of communication by land were, as a rule, ample and available to the advancing force.

What has changed all this to-day is the magnitude of the forces compared with the civilian population; the greater draughts of ships and the weight of the units of material that have to be handled. The accommodation of civilian harbours is unsuited to the transshipment of a large force save in very rare cases. The railway terminals, the wharfage accommodation, the amount of rolling stock present, and the nature of

the track leading from the harbours inland are, save in those rare cases of exceptionally large and deep marine depots, insufficient for their work. A great deal has to be remade.

In the particular case of this Expeditionary Force there is a further handicap. Most of the best French harbours in the north are already earmarked for British supply. Those nearest to the American ports, and providing the shortest communications by the sea, are, with few exceptions, of moderate depth; nor were they engaged in any great volume of trade such as would have developed their resources. Many of those most famous in history did their work under the old conditions of small vessels and import upon a far smaller scale than that of the great commercial nations to-day.

The French western and north-western coasts have nothing corresponding to Antwerp or Plymouth or New York. There lies behind them a broad belt of purely agricultural territory; the happier and the more civilised, indeed, from what is called "industrialism," but none the less consequently ill-provided with rapid communication, and neither needing nor creating large facilities for import at its few points of access by sea.

The result of all this is that the harbours, the terminals, the railway tracks beyond, and their rolling stock, all have to be transformed with the utmost rapidity if the American force is to come into play at all in useful time; and such a condition has never arisen in the history of war before—or, at any rate, upon nothing like this scale.

The last of the principal difficulties we are noting is the most novel of all. It is unique and particular to this war.

The developments of the campaign since the autumn of 1914 have been such that a completely new tactical art has arisen, most of which can only be learnt upon the spot. The old armies, if they left your home ports as trained soldiers, landed upon a distant soil as ready for combat as ever they would be. The weapons they had to handle and their way of handling them were as familiar to them at home as abroad.

The trench warfare of the last three years, the elements of poisonous gas introduced by the enemy; the enormous expansion of aerial observation, experience not only of cover, but of leaving cover, of concealment, of a vast development of new missile weapons, and on the top of all this the unprecedented strain of the thing—all have to be learnt, or, at least, the learning of them completed within the zone of action, and most of them upon the front of that zone. You can teach a man at home to dig a trench and to put up wire, to handle trench weapons, and (with no feeling of reality) to adjust a gas-mask. You can teach them somewhat imperfectly the rudiments of observation from the air; but the difference between this preliminary instruction and its completion upon the front is like the difference between learning the grammar of a foreign language at school and having to talk it abroad. It is a new chapter altogether, and an absolutely necessary one.

The consequence of this is that to the difficulties of merely raising and training a vast new force out of a very small nucleus and to the special difficulties of transshipment you have added the "bottle neck" of intensive training upon the European side. The great bodies of men, even though long under discipline and of good training poured over from the reservoir beyond the sea, must pass through the gate of special instruction before they can spread out upon the far side of it as troops in line equal to the present emergency. And that again is a condition which the past never knew.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

Flying Sailors : By Herman Whitaker



Seaplane leaving the Water

“**W**HAT in the world are those fellows?” On the transport that brought three thousand of us across from America, this question was asked whenever two young men appeared on deck in khaki suits that bore the blue and gold shoulder straps of an American naval lieutenant; and the explanation that they belonged to the U.S. Naval Aviation Service invariably produced the same exclamation: “I did not know that we had one.”

I confess to sharing this general ignorance, and if a ship-load of Americans knew nothing about the naval aviation stations which Uncle Sam has scattered with a free hand along the seaboard of England, Ireland, Italy, France, it is reasonable to suppose that the British public is equally unaware of their existence.

When an opportunity opened for me to visit certain of our American aviation stations in France, I jumped at the chance to remedy my ignorance and took the first train to a little south-coast town, where I found the station surrounded by peaked stone houses, grey with age, and menaced by fat-bellied windmills that waved wooden arms in the distance, like plethoric millers warming their hands on a frosty morning.

A convoy had been reported as approaching the sector just before my arrival, and when the commander asked if I would like to go out with the air patrol, I jumped at the chance. A flight with a sea patrol guarding a convoy against the attacks of U-boats does not drop in every day. Five minutes after he made the offer, I emerged from his office in a quilted flying suit and woollen boots, every inch an aviator—on the outside.

The planes were already launched, and sitting there on the water, their golden fish bodies under widespread white wings spotted with the red and blue flying circles, they looked like gay aquatic birds. The sailor lad who filled the dual role of observer and wireless operator, was crouched in his cubby hole in the great bird's thick beak. Lest the wireless fail, however, we took with us a pair of carrier pigeons. For though the planes had been subjected to a microscopic examination and the motor tested and groomed to racing fitness, accidents will happen. The tiniest nut falling on to a propeller revolving at two thousand revolutions per minute will pierce the blade like a high-power bullet, and the ensuing vibration will wreck the motor.

Just forward of the pilot's seat, where he could release them with a touch, two large bombs hung in their bracket. Dropped from an altitude of ten thousand feet at a speed of seventy miles an hour, they will strike twelve hundred feet beyond the point above which they were let go. At the lower altitudes maintained by sea patrols, two hundred feet is a sufficient allowance, but even then a good deal of practice, skill, and judgment are required to secure a hit.

Another plane, our consort, was already spinning around the channel warming up her motor, and while we followed suit my officer-pilot delivered a short lecture on the clocks that indicate altitude, levels, air pressure on the engine, propeller revolutions and so forth, and had me peep into the cubby hole where the wireless operator was “tuning” his receiver. When we rose he would let down his aerial, whereafter we should be in constant communication with our base,

A deafening roar, a dash of smarting spray, a sudden blow in the face from a bitter wind, marked the get-away. The

day was cold in any case, and that fierce wind chilled my face to the bone. Soon it settled into a more comfortable numbness, then as my eyes grew accustomed to the goggles, I saw, far beneath, a line of white surf along seamed black rocks, a toy lighthouse, a golden beach; beyond all, a dull green plain scored with yellow roads that led on to toy hamlets. All this quickly vanished, and there remained only the sea, grey-green through a golden haze, chased and fretted with tiny wavelets; across which we raced our own shadow toward the indefinite horizon. I had always thought of gulls as flying swift and high; but down there, almost stationary by comparison with our flight, a flock floated like bits of feather fluff.

Rising out of his cubby hole, the observer now began to sweep the waters with a powerful glass. From a plane the dark mass of a submarine can be detected sixty feet under water; and though so small, mere black pin-heads in the sea's translucent green, mines are sometimes seen. Up there with the roar of the motor in one's ears conversation was impossible. Though I shouted, for experiment, I could not hear my own voice. Sign language obtained and following the pilot's pointing finger I saw, first a red-sailed fleet of fishing boats, then a large ship. From stem to stern she lay flat on the sea just as though etched on the water; the only sign of life, a shirt and pair of trousers that fluttered in the breeze.

It seemed to me that we had scarcely passed her before the island where we were to pick up our convoy hove in sight. To passing ships it must have appeared as a rock-ribbed shore smothered in surf. To us it presented the customary relief map on which a toy lighthouse posed with a toy hamlet, toy churches, toy windmills, all within the sea's edging of green and white lace. The ships, however, were not in sight, and on the chance that they had gone up the other side, we swept around a twenty-mile circle and came roaring down the opposite shore. A golden haze spread its thin veil over the ocean, and from its midst suddenly sailed out twenty vessels in three columns with a destroyer in the lead and a converted yacht behind. We were too high to distinguish people, but a white flash from the destroyer, followed by a quick electric blinking, spelled out the hearty greeting: “Glad to see you!”

We answered in kind, then flew on down the long lines of ships that rode the shining sea, each with a white-feathered wake behind, a plume of dark smoke above. First the destroyer, slender as a lance; next the broad white decks of a tramp; on over ship after ship till the graceful shape of the converted yacht passed below. Up there the sun shone with an effulgence unknown on earth. As it were in great silence—for that was the effect of the tremendous noise—we shot back and forth circling and recircling the fleet. When we swung out on its flanks, it would appear to break up into small detachments—to resolve once more into lines as we swung ahead or astern.

It was a beautiful as well as a wonderful sight, but when I tried to photograph it—well, imagine yourself leaning down from a plane with an eighty-mile wind tearing at the camera while you strive to see in the finder an object a thousand feet below. It is not easy to do. Even when our consort flew alongside for me to take her picture, it was difficult to find her in the lens.

At intervals the wireless observer had dived down into

his cubby hole and we would see only his back bent over the wireless receiver. He now bobbed up holding a slate on which he had chalked a message just received. It was not from the convoy sailing so quietly under our protecting wings. It came hurtling along the meridians; perhaps from the Mediterranean; more likely from far up the British Channel.

"Enemy ships in sight."

With the German Fleet bottled up in port? It seemed absurd. At the station that evening, the commander insisted that the man must have misread the message. But I am not so sure of that. It was the very day that the German destroyers made their "tip and run" raid and sank the trawler patrol off Dover. It may have been the strangled call of a small boat encountered earlier in the day.

"Submarine quite near," a second ran.

This undoubtedly came from a distance, yet the thrill of it tautened our nerves, stimulated our watch on the waters below during the remainder of the forty miles we escorted the convoy across our sector.

A red pennant streaming from below the golden fish belly of our consort gave the signal for home, and down the streaming path of the low sun between the blue sky and grey-green sea we roared on like great birds homing from afar. Our consort was flying higher than we, and as I watched her against the sky there came one of those incidents that have given rise to a rule that no plane must ever fly alone. She wavered like a duck shot in mid-air; the next instant swooped down on a long nose-dive and alighted with a great white splash. She was sitting there when we caught up, wings outstretched like a winded gull, thirty miles from home. Twice we circled her to make certain she was not in immediate distress; then flew on, faster than her pigeons, faster than the swiftest bird, covering the thirty miles in a little more than twenty minutes; landing with barely enough gasoline to carry us ten more miles. Time had sped so quickly, I could hardly believe my eyes—we had been out four hours and a quarter, and covered two hundred and fifty-seven miles, a record for the station.

Going up, I had felt anything but sure of my behaviour. But the novelty, stark beauty of it all, out-sailing the birds between sea and sun, had lifted me above fear. But I was both greatly tired and stone deaf. Down here, on earth, it seemed so confoundedly quiet. The commander's greeting sounded as though played on a run-down phonograph on a badly cracked record several miles away. Nor did I fully recover my hearing for twenty-four hours later.

"You'll sleep to-night," my pilot told me; and I did—like the proverbial log.

He, poor fellow, had to hop into a motor-boat and go after our consort. She had broken, it seemed, a connecting-rod. Darkness fell before the boat covered half the distance. A strong tide carried her six miles from the point we left her, and but for the hand-rockets her pilot fired at intervals, they would never have found her at all. She might have had the same experience as another crew that drifted for two days and nights before they were picked up. As it was, midnight passed before she was towed into the dock.

We had neither seen nor captured a submarine that day. But prevention is better than cure. The daily sweeping of the French channels by our patrols has rid them of the nesting submarines that used to sow them thick with mines. It is human to love adventure. If it were not, where should we get men to fly our planes? It is natural that these flying sailors of ours should long for the thrill of actual encounter. Instead of for bread, their daily prayer now runs: "Give us this day a submarine!" But their work will be just as valuable if they never set eyes on one during the war.

* * * * *

My secondflight was made at a third station in North

France, and I will take up the tale on the morning, two weeks later, that I sat with the chief pilot on the quay wall, dangling our legs above a miniature gale raised by the propellers of a seaplane that was being "tuned up" for patrol. A dozen stout men were holding it, and the big bird's struggles in their hands strongly reminded me of a Christmas turkey in sight of the axe and block.

It was easy to tell this for the war zone. A nest of British gunboats, the night patrol, cuddled like sleepy ducklings under the opposite quay. Two squat monitors, bull-dogs of the ocean, drowsed heavily further down the channel—their fifteen-inch guns, however, still trained on the German naval base fifteen miles away in readiness for anything Fritz might see fit to start.

Behind lay the little port, battered and mangled by three years of war. A single monster shell, fired from twenty miles away, had laid in ruins its greatest pride—a fine old church. Blank windows stared like sightless eyes from dead and ruined houses. Neither had the station escaped scot

free. Four bombs had struck recently within a few hundred feet of where we sat, and the huts and hangars were nicely riddled by shrapnel and splinters. All of which formed a grim war background for the sea and land planes that whirred and whined above.

A burst of machine-gun fire drew our gaze to five British planes that were manoeuvring in mimic war. Three were in swift pursuit of two across the sky. But just as they gained position, the pursued looped and dropped on the tails of pursuers with bursts of blank fire that put them, technically, down and out. It was fascinating to watch these green pilots practising every trick of the game they would soon be called up to try on the Boche. But when he spoke, the chief pilot's pointing finger indicated a dozen white specks at least fourteen thousand feet up in the blue.

"That is the British bombing squadron returning from a raid. They are big fellows that can do a hundred and

fifty miles an hour with a heavy load of bombs. Fritz is always claiming air-supremacy, and finds fools even among ourselves to believe his boasts. Those chaps have evidently made a big killing. They fly low and drop quietly into camp when the luck is bad." Just then, from that awful height, the planes began to drop earthward in a series of dizzy loops. "There they go! pulling the joy-stick to beat the band. They must have cleaned up the German submarine base."

He turned and looked up at the last plane, which was tying the finishing double-knot in the atmosphere before dropping into camp. "There's no getting away from it—these British lads have set us a terrific pace. We'll have to go some to catch up."

The glint in his eye, however, told that they were going to try. He was a quiet chap, anyway; not given to talk. Only by accident had I discovered that he had come into the American Naval Aviation Service from the Lafayette Escadrilla, and had been mentioned by both the French and Belgian Governments for shooting down German planes; and he simply would not talk about it. But he was quite eloquent about his fellows. Two of them, an officer pilot and bluejacket observer, had crashed fatally the preceding week; but it had not affected the nerve of the others. All, for matter of that, had had their shaves. One had driven a plane at a hundred miles an hour between two trees twelve feet apart. He stripped both wings and landed with the motor in the bushy top of a pine a hundred feet away, from which he climbed down and walked back to his hangar. Yesterday one of the little fighting planes that guard the hydros on patrol had crashed on the other side of the Channel, and sunk at once, leaving its pilot swimming for his life. He was almost exhausted when picked up by the hydroplane he was guarding; but though no lives were lost, the accident gave rise to one of those minor tragedies the birds and beasts contribute to the war. His carrier pigeons went down with the plane.



Converted Yacht guarding Convoy

Photo taken from a Seaplane by Author

Of the two released from another breakdown, one flew straight home with the news; but the other fell in, on the way, with a boy and a gun, for after laying up two days for repairs, the faithful little creature finally arrived home with its tail feathers shot off and a pellet-wound in the back.

"But there's our star case."

The pilot indicated a dog that had just trotted out from behind a hangar. He was not much to look at; belonged, in fact, to that yellow-cur variety one may see being hugged and cuddled by small urchins on almost any American street. His air was cheerful as he nosed for bones or anything else eatable the canine gods might vouchsafe. But suddenly he paused and shrank in a queer, paralytic crouch.

"Shell-shocked during a raid. He will probably recover. Meanwhile, he has learned his lesson; bolts for the dugout

ahead of the men when he hears 'Mournful Mary's' first yell. 'Mary'? She's a siren with a sob in her voice. You'll probably make her acquaintance to-night, for a Boche plane hovered over here yesterday taking photographs, and rumour has it that we are to be gassed to-night."

I carried that interesting piece of information back with me, that evening, to the hotel where I was lodged on the top story with only a few slates between me and the Boche. Being bombed is one thing; gassed—quite another. I once helped to pull a pair of farmers out of an hotel bedroom after they had blown out the gas. They looked horrid. When awakened by "Mournful Mary's" lugubrious wail in the middle of the night, I felt that I was looking like them. Far off, the "Old Man," a second siren of the masculine gender, was cursing the Boche in stentorian tones. But, louder than either—at least, so it sounded to me—rose the "grumph! grumph! grumph!" of German planes.

There's no mistaking the sound, and—they were directly overhead. I know that I must have presented an accurate reproduction of that Bairnsfather cartoon which shows a Tommy, hair on end, stretched out flat on "No Man's Land" under the glare of a star-shell. But they were not after me. Four hours later "Mary" warned us of their return, fresh from the murder of women and children in Paris.

The sea patrol, two hydroplanes, and three small fighting planes, were perched like so many dragon-flies and attendant wasps on the quay when I came back to the station the following afternoon. The pilots and observers were already in their places, the former trying out motors and controls, the latter fitting and loading the machine-guns in the fore and aft pits. The after-observer, by the way, has to be cool-headed, or he may cut a few wires and shoot off the tail. In their quilted suits and leather helmets, they looked like hooded knights; and surely Arthur's Knights of the Round Table never sallied forth on more desperate quests, for the fabulous winged dragons of their day are real in this age.

I also was to fly, and after the patrol had got away, I dropped into the forward observer's place in a third great bird. This time I had wadded my ears against the deafening roar and knew what to expect. A rush down channel, the familiar dash of spray, then we rose, lifting, lifting, lifting on the long low flight of a mallard, till we soared over the lighthouse at the pier end.

A wide circle laid the town directly beneath, its red-roofed houses in vivid contrast with the dull winter gleam of the surrounding prospect. I did not half like it, there, over the land. A seaplane is a seaplane, and the ground looked so confoundedly hard. Those pretty red pebbles of houses would hurt like the dickens in the small of one's back. Though I knew we should crash just as effectively if we fell into the sea, still the water looked soft.

As on my other flight, the country lay below like a map in relief—hills mere green knobs in a silver lace of water channels, the beach satin-gold, edged by the foaming surf of the sea. To-day the visibility was not so good, yet the haze that wrapped sea and land as in a golden cloak lent them mystery. Anything could come out of that enchanted prospect—flying Boche dragons, for instance, belching five

hundred bullets a minute from the midst of fire and smoke. But it was all so beautiful, the air so crystalline, sunlight golden clear, sea so green and wide—Boche obnoxiousness had no place in it. I quite forgot him as we roared on between sea and sky, while toy ships, like coast villages, passed in swift procession beneath. I had almost forgotten even that I was flying when—the motor "stalled."

Then it was that I recognised the truth of an eminent English doctor's statement in the British House of Commons: "Though the flyer may have no conscious fear, his nervous system is nevertheless afraid." Unconsciously my heart had synchronised with the motor. They stopped and started together when, after we had fallen a few hundred feet, the pilot coaxed the motor into going again.

After that how that man did climb, climb, climb, until a couple of miles out from the base, we had risen fully seven thousand feet. And again we

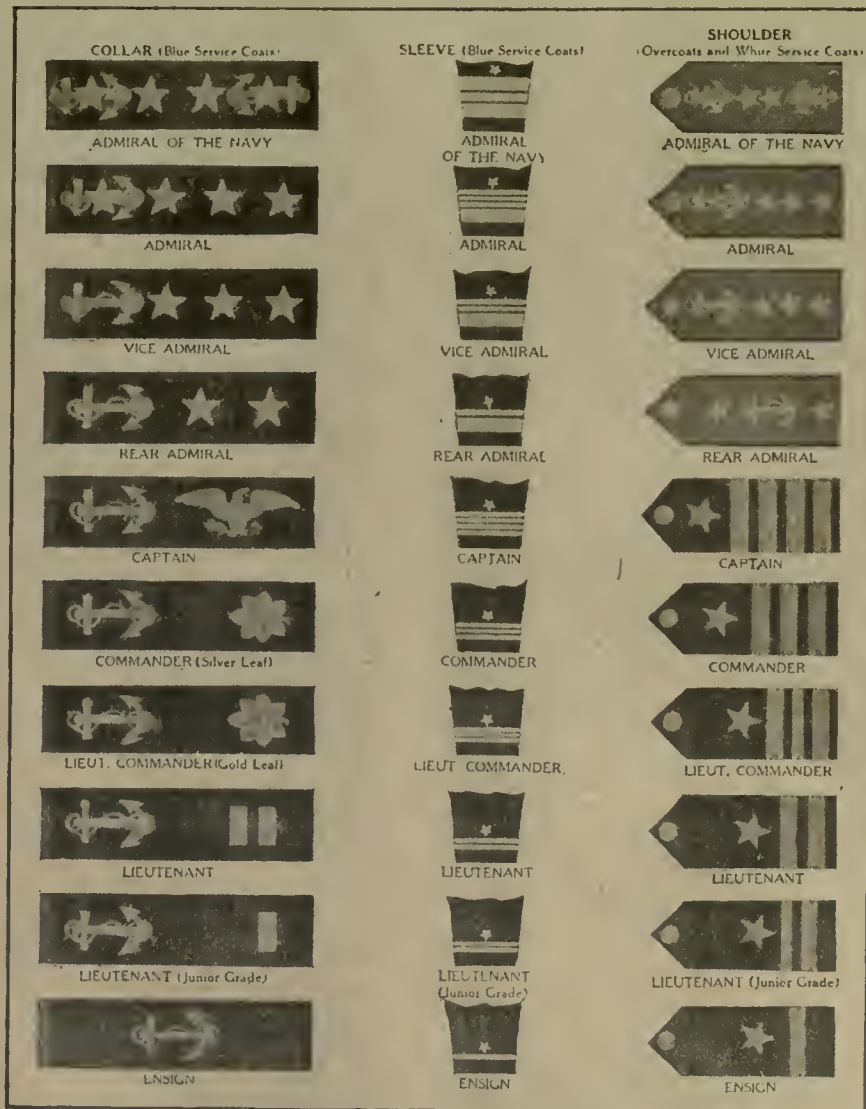
needed it, for, with a last vicious snarl, the motor refused the propeller another turn. Seven thousand feet in the air, and the motor stalled! A nice place for a peaceful correspondent!

It was a new sensation, that headlong dive through golden space, in silence broken only by the harping of the wind on our wires. I should have enjoyed it—if I had not been afraid. I hope and believe the pilot did not notice my fright, for I camouflaged it by taking a few snapshots at those nasty little pebbles of houses as we fell. Perhaps he was afraid himself? Though I do not think so. No doubt, in the pride of his skill, he took great pleasure in those sickening careens on the curves that seemed to me the beginnings of side-slips. But, be this as it may, for six long minutes we fell, fell, fell, and as each loop brought those red, pebbly houses up to meet us, I experienced once more that absurd preference for the sea.

The channel in front of the hangars, too, looked about the size of a cotton thread, and—there was so much land on each side of it. Even at a thousand feet it looked no wider than a length of baby ribbon. I did not believe we could possibly hit it; was rather surprised, on the whole, when we took the water with scarcely a splash almost in front of our hangar.

"That was as pretty a spiral dive as ever I saw"; the chief pilot extended us congratulations when we came ashore.

I do not doubt it, but—I should not care to do it again.



Insignia of Rank, United States Navy

Zeebrügge : By A. H. Pollen

IN the course of the night April 22nd-23rd an attack was made on the two Flemish bases Ostend and Zeebrügge with a view to blocking the entrances of both by the familiar method of sinking old cement-filled ships in the narrow fairway. It is suspected that at Ostend the block-ships were grounded slightly off their course. But there seems little doubt that the Zeebrügge block-ships got into their chosen billets, and are safely grounded there. The latter port must, in spite of official denials, for some weeks—if not months—be useless to the enemy, and it is probably safe to assume that the value of Ostend will be considerably diminished. Material results, therefore, of high importance have probably been achieved by this enterprise.

These operations are worth examining from three quite separate points of view. First, what is the strategical value of their objective? How, that is to say, would the naval activities of Great Britain and her Allies gain by Zeebrügge and Ostend being, for some months at least, out of action? And, conversely, what would the enemy lose? Unless we are satisfied that the gain must be substantial—apart altogether from the moral effect—we should obviously have a difficulty in justifying, not the losses in ships incurred, which are trivial and easily replaced, but the losses in picked men, which are irreparable. Secondly, the incident is clearly worth examining for its tactical interest. What were the difficulties the Vice-Admiral in command had to overcome? By what weapons, devices, and manœuvres, did he attempt to effect his purpose? Thirdly, there is the direct moral effect of this enterprise on ourselves, our Allies, and our enemies. Finally, we are encouraged to ask ourselves if the event suggests that further operations, either of the same kind or of a cognate order, are now shown to be possible? Have we, in short, naval assets in men and material that we have not so far used and can use? Let us begin with the strategy involved.

Strategical Object

There is now only one theatre of the war, and in this the issue of civilisation or barbarism must be decided, by military action, in the next few months. The event depends upon the capacity of the sea power of the Allies to deliver in France all the fighting men and all the war material that Allied ships can draw first from Asia, from Australia, from South America, from the United States, and from Canada, and then deliver either directly into France, or first into British ports, and then from Britain into France. To beat the German Army is ultimately a problem in sea communications. The whole of them have to pass through the bottle-neck of the Western end of the Atlantic lanes. Into an area south of Ireland and north of Ushant, a hundred miles square, every ship that comes from the Mediterranean, from the Cape, from Buenos Ayres, Rio, the West Indies, or the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic seaboard of America, must come, as is shown by the diagram on the next page.

Secondary only to this are the areas that feed ships into it, or into which the ships that pass through it are dissipated on their way to the several ports—the Mediterranean, the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel, St. George's Sound, the Irish Sea. It is in these, when it is driven from the main funnel point of traffic, that the submarine must do its work. The defeat of the submarine turns upon two factors: the efficiency with which ships liable to attack are protected by

convoy, and the skill and persistence with which submarines, once on their hunting-grounds, are in turn hunted. Convoying and submarine-hunting make heavy demands on material, on personnel, and on skill, judgment, and organisation. But the decisive material factor is the number of destroyers available for both forms of work. When it comes to a close-quarters fight, no craft that has a speed of less than thirty knots, that cannot maintain itself in any weather, that does not possess a large cruising radius, can be of the first efficiency.

The larger petrol-driven submarine-chasers and the many special craft which are built for various purposes in connection with the defensive campaign, all have their field of utility. But for the final power to rush swiftly on to a submarine, if it is momentarily seen afloat, and for covering

the area into which it can submerge itself, while the destroyer approaches with depth bombs, the destroyer, if only from its superior speed, stands supreme as the enemy of the U-boat. From the very earliest days of the submarine work it has, then, been axiomatic that every measure which will put a larger number of destroyers at our disposal should be taken at almost any cost. How does the stroke at Zeebrügge and Ostend help us in this respect?

At these two ports our enemy was able to maintain a very considerable destroyer force. Its activities, as we saw last week, were necessarily mainly confined to work in darkness or in thick weather. But in such conditions its efficiency was of a very high order. The public only heard of its activities when it shelled some point of the coast of Kent, or raided our trawlers or other patrols, and, in all conscience, it heard of these activities often

enough. Yet we were inclined to suppose them unimportant because their material results were insignificant. But their value to the enemy should not be measured by the casualties they inflicted on our light craft, nor by their occasional excursions into the murder of civilians on shore. It lay in the fact that the enemy's force permanently withdrew from the anti-submarine campaign numerous destroyer leaders, and destroyers which had to be maintained at Dover to cope with it. From Zeebrügge to Emden—the nearest German port—is, roughly, 300 miles by sea; and it does not need elaborate argument to show that, with Zeebrügge and Ostend out of action, the problem of dealing with enemy craft in the Narrow Seas is totally and entirely changed. With these gone, the East Coast ports become the natural centres from which to command the waters between Great Britain and Holland. They are fifty miles nearer Emden than is Dunkirk. If any German destroyers got west and south of Dunkirk, and the news of their presence were cabled to an East Coast base, destroyers could get between the enemy and his ports without difficulty. Thus, enemy surface craft, based upon German ports, would practically be denied access to Flemish waters altogether, and this by the East Coast and not by the Dover forces. In other words, the Dover patrol forces would, by the closing of Ostend and Zeebrügge, be set free for the highly important work of aiding in the anti-submarine campaign—and there is certainly no naval need of the moment that is greater.

The strategical objective, therefore, which Admiral Keyes put before himself in his expedition was to set back the enemy's naval bases by no less than three hundred miles. The direct importance of this to the submarine campaign is, as we saw last week, while not unimportant, of no decisive



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Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes

value. But its indirect importance as setting free new forces for attacking the submarine cannot be exaggerated, for it will be a step—and a great step—forward in making sure of the sea communications on which all depends. It must be conceded, then, that the results Admiral Keyes had in view amply justify a very considerable expenditure both of material and men. Let us next ask ourselves what kind of material he chose, and how he proposed to use his forces with utmost economy and maximum tactical effect.

Sir Roger Keyes' Tactics

The purposes of the expedition, as we have seen, was to block the exit of the canal at Zeebrügge and the entrance of the small, narrow harbour at Ostend with old cruisers filled with cement, the removal of which would be an operation of a lengthy and tedious kind. Incidentally, the plan



was to effect the maximum destruction of war stores and equipment at Zeebrügge and to sink as many as possible of any of the enemy vessels found in either port, and, finally, to inflict on the enemy the maximum possible losses of personnel. As there were two points of attack, the expedition naturally resolved itself into two distinct, but simultaneous, undertakings. The simpler, the less dangerous, the less ambitious but, as the event showed, the more difficult operation of the two, was the attempt to block Ostend. The larger, more complex, and infinitely more perilous undertaking, but because of its very complications, ultimately easier, was the attempt at Zeebrügge. In its broad outlines, the scheme was to get the ships as near as possible without detection, and then to trust to a final rush to gain the desired position. Concealment up to the last moment was to be secured by smoke screens. At Ostend the problem was simply to run two or three ships into the entrance—that is, to get them there before the enemy's artillery would sink them where their presence would do no harm. If the Ostend attempt failed, it was largely because a sudden change in the weather conditions robbed the smoke screens, which were to hide the ships, of their value, so that the operation of placing the block ships accurately was made almost impossible. It may be asked why, in these conditions, the attempt was not postponed? The answer is obvious. The enemy could not be surprised twice, and though the opportunity was not as good as had been hoped, the best had to be made of it. The operation of blocking such entrances has, of course, long been familiar. The exploit of Lieutenant Hobson in the Spanish-American War is fresh in the memories of all sailors. This failed through the steering gear of the blocking-ship being destroyed by gunfire at the critical moment. The Japanese attempted the same thing on a large scale at Port Arthur, but with anything but complete success. If the Ostend effort, then, falls short of finality, we have the experience of these earlier precedents to explain and account for it.

I have dealt with Ostend first because, after the preliminary bombardment, nothing more could have been attempted than to force the ships into the harbour entrance and sink them there. But at Zeebrügge, as a glance at the plan of

the place shows, a far more intricate operation was possible. Zeebrügge is not a town. It is just the sea exit of the Bruges Canal, with its railway connections, round which a few streets of houses have clustered. The actual entrance to the canal is flanked by two short sea-walls at the end of each of which are guide-lights. From these lights up the canal to the lock gates is about half a mile. A large mole protects the sea channel to the canal from being blocked by silted sand. The mole is connected to the mainland by five hundred yards of pile viaduct. The mole is nearly a mile long, built



in a curve, a segment amounting to perhaps one-sixth of a circle, the centre of which would be a quarter of a mile east of the canal entrance, while its radius would be three-quarters of a mile. It is a large and substantial stone structure, on which are railway lines and a railway station, and has been turned to capital military account by the enemy, who erected on it aircraft sheds and military establishments of many kinds.

The general plan was to bombard the place for an hour by monitors and, under cover of this fire, for the attacking squadron to advance to the harbour mouth. Then, when the bombardment ceased, *Vindictive* was to run alongside the mole, disembark her own landing party, and those from *Iris* and *Daffodil*, who were to overpower the enemy protecting the guns and stores, while the old submarines were run into the pile viaduct to cut the mole off from the mainland, thus isolating it. Meanwhile, other forces were to engage any enemy destroyers or submarines that might be in the port. Finally, the block-ships were to be pushed right up into the canal mouth, and there sunk. The success of the latter part of these operations turned upon the success of the attack on the mole, for it is seemingly on this that the main artillery defences commanding the inner harbour at short range, were placed; so that if these could be put out of action, the attack on the lock-gates, the sinking of the enemy's ships, and the navigation of the block-ships to their right positions, would be as little interfered with as possible.

To ensure success against the mole, several very ingenious devices were brought into play. The first, and, it must be presumed, the main landing parties were placed in *Vindictive*. This cruiser—which displaces about 5,600 tons, and has a broadside of six 6-inch guns—was fitted, on the port side, with "brows" or landing gangways, that could be lowered on the mole the moment she came alongside. All the vessels of the squadron were equipped with fog or smoke-making material, which would veil the force from the enemy until he sent up his star-shells and, in the artificial light, would conceal the character, numbers, and composition of the force as completely as possible. It seems that a shift of wind at the critical moment—here, as at Ostend—robbed this plan of some of its anticipated efficiency. At some point of the approach, then, apparently just before *Vindictive* rounded and got abreast of the lighthouse, the presence of the invaders was detected, and they were saluted first by salvos of star shells and next by as hot a gunfire as can be conceived. *Vindictive* lost no time in replying. Her six 6-inch guns—and no doubt her 12-pounders as well—swept the mole as long as they could be fired, and once alongside the "brows"—only two out of eighteen seem to have survived the heavy gunfire—were lowered, and officers and men "boarded" the mole.

The earlier accounts stated that this landing was effected in spite of the stoutest sort of hand-to-hand fighting, that the enemy was overcome and driven back, and that the landing-party then proceeded to the destruction of the sheds and stores. The plans had included the blowing up of the pile viaduct, which connects the stone mole with the mainland—by means of one or two old submarines charged with explosives, and so virtually converted into giant torpedoes.

These did their work most effectively, and had the enemy been in occupation of the mole, his force would have been isolated. But, as a fact, the mole was not occupied, and the enemy relied upon machine and gun fire organised from the shore end of the mole for making the landing impossible. In spite of a withering fusillade, a considerable landing-party of marines and bluejackets got ashore, though Colonel Elliott and Commander Halahan and great numbers of their men were killed in the attempt. Those that got on the mole proceeded to destroy, as far as possible, the sheds, stores, and guns, and then turned their attention to the destroyers moored against its inner side.

Meantime, the only enemy destroyer that seems to have had steam up tried to escape from harbour, and was either rammed and instantly sunk, or torpedoed. Others, less well

prepared, were either boarded, after the resistance of their crews had been overcome, and, it must be presumed, sunk also. Others, again, were attacked by motor launches, which preceded and helped clear a way for the block-ships. Whether an attempt on the lock-gates was made or even contemplated, we have at the time of writing not been told; but the main purpose of the expedition, the sinking of at least two out of the three old *Apollos* in the right place, seems to have been achieved with precision. The moment the block-ships were in place, the purpose for which the mole was occupied was gained, and the order was rightly given for an immediate retreat. The work had been done, and there was no knowing what new resources the enemy could have brought to bear, had time been wasted. Many of the vessels, including *Vindictive*, had been holed by 11-inch shells. But *Vindictive's* damages were not of a serious kind, and the

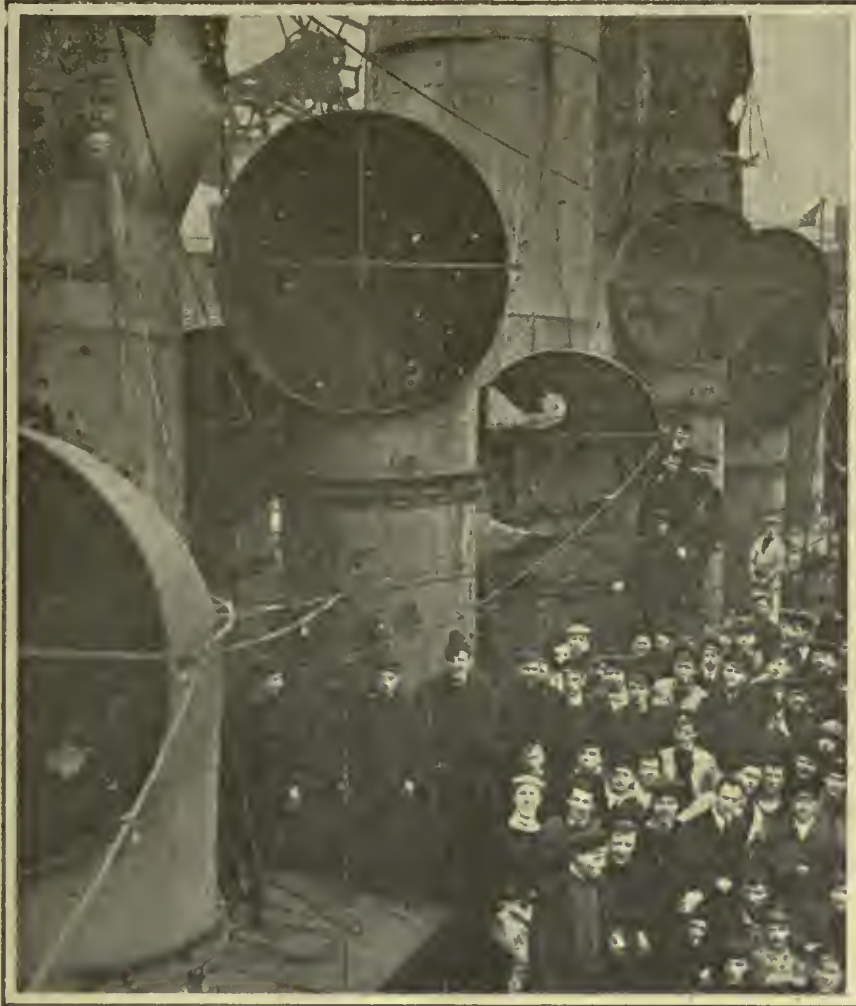
whole force was able to withdraw in safety, with the exception of one destroyer, and two motor launches. The destroyer is known to have been sunk by gunfire. The fate of the other two is, at the moment of writing, uncertain. The successful withdrawal of the expedition is conclusive evidence that the enemy was demoralised.

For such close-quarters work Admiral Keyes, naturally enough, armed his forces as for trench fighting. *Vindictive* carried howitzers on her forward and after decks; and her boarding parties were liberally armed with grenades and flame-throwers, as well as with rifles, bayonets, and truncheons. Machine-guns also seem to have been landed, so that hand-to-hand fighting was prepared for in the full light of the most recent war experience. The plan, it should be noted, was to have included aeroplane co-operation to supplement, if not to assist, the work of the monitors; but the change in the weather appears to have interfered with this part of the programme, and may quite easily have made any accurate work by the monitors impossible also.

It is, first of all, patent that the expedition was thoroughly thought out in all its details, and therefore closely planned. An accurate study of the enemy's defences had been made, and suitable means of avoiding his attack or overcoming his defences had been elaborately worked out. It is equally clear that almost to the moment when the attack was made, the weather conditions were those which the plan contemplated as necessary to success, and that it was only the sudden unexpected change in the wind that threatened the Ostend part of the operations with partial failure, and made the Zeebrügge operations more costly in life than they should otherwise have been. When it is remembered that the

approaches to Ostend and Zeebrügge are commanded by very formidable batteries, armed with no less than 120 guns of the largest calibre, and that the mole and the sides of the canal bristled with quick-firing 12-pounders and larger pieces, it will be realised that, to the enemy any attempt actually to bring an unarmoured vessel, with her cement-laden consorts, right up either to the mole or to the actual mouth of the canal must have appeared an undertaking too absurdly hare-brained for anyone but a lunatic to have attempted. It was just because Sir Roger Keyes had evaluated the enemy's defences with exactitude and had thought out and adopted first, methods of evading his vigilance, and, next, manœuvres that would for the necessary period make his weapons useless, that it was possible not only to make the attempt, but to realise the very high degree of success that has apparently been won.

The essence of the matter, of course, was to take the enemy by surprise. At first sight, it may appear a curious way of putting him off his guard, that he should for an hour be bombarded by monitors and aeroplanes. But the Vice-Admiral probably reasoned that this would lead, as it often does, to the crews of the big guns taking shelter underground until the attack is over. If the monitors were placed at their usual great distance from the ports, and were concealed by smoke or fog screens, the enemy gunners would know that it was merely idle to attempt to reply to their fire. If nothing was to be possible in the way of response until daylight, the gunlayers were just as well in their shell-proofs as anywhere. Under cover, then, of this long-range bombardment, and concealing his squadron by the ingenious fog methods invented by the late Commander Brock, Sir Roger



H.M.S. Vindictive

Official Photo

Keyes made his way within a very short distance of the veiled lights at the end of the mole. It was at this point that the wind shifted and the presence of the squadron was revealed to the enemy. There was a brief interval before the big guns could be manned, and it was doubtless owing to this that *Vindictive* got alongside before more than one 11-inch shell had struck her. Once under the shelter of the mole, she was safe from the larger pieces, and only her upper works could be raked by the smaller natures.

Attack on the Mole

The policy of attacking the mole and making that appear to the enemy the central affair, was a fine piece of tactics. The engagement which developed there was, in fact, a containing action, which left the execution of the main objective to the other forces, and its purpose was to prevent the enemy from interfering too much with them. Nelson, it will be remembered, cut out a block of ships in the centre of the enemy's line at Trafalgar, occupying them so that their hands were full, and preventing both them and the van from coming to the succour of the rear. The main operation was the destruction of the rear by Collingwood. Here it was *Vindictive*, with her landing-party, that played the Nelson rôle, while the Vice-Admiral—in *Warwick*—himself directed the crucial operation, namely, the navigation of the block-ships to their billets. The moment they were blown up and sunk, the purpose of the expedition was fulfilled, and *Vindictive's* siren recalled all those from the mole that could get back to the ship. The actual fortunes of the fight on the mole itself, while of thrilling human interest owing to

the extraordinary circumstances in which it was undertaken, were of quite subsidiary importance. The primary object, it must be borne in mind, was not the destruction of the mole forts, or of the aeroplane shed, or of whatever military equipment was there, or even of killing or capturing its garrison. These were only important in so far as their partial realisation was necessary to relieving the block-ships from the danger of premature sinking.

This is a matter of real capital importance and of very great interest, for it is, I think, not difficult to realise that, had similar circumstances existed at Ostend—had it been possible, that is to say, to occupy the defenders and distract their attention on some perfectly irrelevant engagement—the requisite time would have been given to those in command of the block-ships to make sure of getting them into the right position. As things were, they were threatened by the fate which made Hobson's attempt at Santiago a failure. With the whole gun-power of Ostend concentrated upon the blocking-ships, there was not a minute to be wasted. But with the enemy's fire drawn there would have been the leisure which alone could make precision possible.

Moral Effect

This enterprise, carefully planned and boldly and resolutely carried out, seems to have achieved a very high measure of success. It is natural enough, on the first receipt of the news, that we should all have been carried away by our wonder and admiration at the astonishing heroism that made it possible to carry through so intricate a series of operations, when every soul engaged was seemingly aware of the desperate character of the enterprise, when no one could have expected to return alive, when the enemy's means seemed ample, not only for the killing of every one engaged, but for the immediate frustration of every object that they had in view. For nearly four years now we have had a constant recurrence of such feats of courage, and repetition does not lessen their power to intoxicate us with an overwhelming admiration of those who are the heroes of these great adventures. But we should be misconceiving the significance of this event if we were to measure its importance either by the ordered daring of those engaged in it, or by its successful execution, or by its immediate military results, great and far-reaching as these seem certain to be.

The thing is more important as affording conclusive evidence that the British Navy, as inspired and directed from headquarters, has now abandoned the purely defensive rôle assigned to it by ten years of pre-war, and three and a half years of war administration. It means that the Fleet has escaped from those counsels of timorous—because unimaginative and ignorant—caution, which have checked its ardour and limited its activities since August, 1914. The effect may be incalculable. The doctrine that every operation which involved the risk of losing men or ships must necessarily be too hazardous to undertake, is no longer the loadstone of Whitehall's policy. The Navy is at last set free to act on an older and a better tradition.

It is indeed on this tradition that on almost every occasion the Navy has, in fact, acted when it got a chance. When *Swift* and *Broke* tackled three times their number of enemy last year, and *Botha* and *Morris* six times their number a month ago, the gallant captains of these gallant vessels did not wait to ask if the position of their ships was "critical" or otherwise; but, with an insight into the true defensive value of attack—which, seemingly, it is the privilege only of the most valorous to possess—went straight for their enemies, fought overwhelming odds at close quarters, and came out as victorious as a rightly reasoned calculation would have shown to be probable.

Similarly, on May 31st, 1916, Sir David Beatty, when his force of battle-cruisers, by the loss of *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary*, had been reduced below that of the enemy, persisted in his attack upon von Hipper and, by demoralising the enemy's fire, provided most effectively for the safety of his own ships. Losses did not make him retreat then, nor, when Scheer came upon the scene with the whole High Seas Fleet, did he withdraw from the action—his speed would have made this easy—though the odds were heavy against him. He kept, on the contrary, the whole German Fleet in play, drawing them dexterously to the north, where contact with the Grand Fleet would be inevitable. And, when the contact was made, his last effort to break up the German line was to close from the 14,000 yards, a range he had prudently maintained during the previous two hours, to 8,000, where his guns would be more certainly effective, realising perfectly that no loss of ships in his own squadron would signify, if only the entire destruction of the German Fleet were made possible by such a sacrifice. It would not be

difficult to give scores of incidents in which individual admirals and captains have shown the old spirit under new conditions.

But, save only for the crazy attack on the Dardanelles forts—and this was hardly a precedent we should rejoice to see followed—we have looked in vain for any sign of naval initiative from Whitehall. The explanation lies in the fact that we had no staff for planning operations, nor the right men in power for judging whether any proposed undertaking was based on a right calculation of the value of the available means of offence and defence. The events, therefore, of the night of the 22nd and the early hours of the 23rd are of quite extraordinary importance, for they mark an undertaking needing long and elaborate preparation, and one which could not have been brought to a successful issue, had it not enjoyed from its first inception the enthusiastic support of the Admiralty. But this is not all. Not only was this an Admiralty supported undertaking, it was one that, unlike the Gallipoli adventure, was carried through on right staff principles. There was a definite, well-thought-out plan—careful preparation for every step in the right selection of men and means for its execution.

I think it is right to put this forward as the most important aspect of a significant, stirring, and successful enterprise. It is the most important because the news of Wednesday last means much more than that Zeebrügge is blocked, that Ostend is crippled, and that an expedition—at first sight perilous beyond conception—has been carried through with losses altogether disproportionate, either to its dangers or to the results achieved. The news means that a new direction either has been, or certainly can, and therefore must, now be given to our naval policy. A year ago sceptics were asking if the Army would win the war before the Navy lost it. Why, they said, if our land forces can force a way through what we were told were impregnable fortifications, should the greatest sea force in the world be impotent against an enemy who slinks behind his forts with his surface craft, while devastating our sea communications with his submarines? Is naval ingenuity, they asked, so crippled that we can neither protect our trade against the submarine at sea, nor block the enemy's ports so that the submarine can never get to sea? The critics replied that all was well with the Navy, but that all was sadly wrong with its official chiefs. The reorganisation of the Admiralty a year ago was immediately followed by the adoption of the convoy principle—and submarine losses were reduced to half. This long-advocated measure, the recently inaugurated barrage at Dover, and now the events of the morning of April 23rd, have justified the critics and the changes in method and men which they urged. Zeebrügge has been in the enemy's hands since September, 1914, and it has taken us three and a half years, not to discover a man capable of attacking it, but in developing an Admiralty capable of picking the man and giving him the right support before the attack could be made. If a similar spirit had actuated a properly constituted Admiralty all these years, what might not the Navy have accomplished?

In the last eleven months the emancipation of the Navy has gone forward apace. And not the least significant of the stages in the process were first the appointment of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes to be head of the Planning Division at the Admiralty, next his removal from the Admiralty to Dover, next the inauguration of the Channel barrage, and now his surprising and masterly stroke at the Flemish ports. The enumeration of these stages is worth making, for they mark the genesis of the plan we have seen achieved. It was, if I am correctly informed, quite understood when Admiral Keyes went to Dover that his mission was temporary. If he was sent to do the things which he has done, and now that he has done them is taken back to Whitehall, then it might seem as if we might look forward to an aggressive policy at sea more worthy of the superb force which we possess, and more consonant with its glorious heritage than anything which we have witnessed in the past. And, if Sir Roger cannot be spared from his new command, so auspiciously inaugurated, then we must trust that some other of equal brains and spirit has already taken or will take his place. Zeebrügge and Ostend, then, will figure in naval history, not only as the names of achievements unique and splendid in themselves, but more famous as the harbingers of still greater things to come.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The *History of the British Army*, by the Hon. John Fortescue, is a classic. The author has now taken from it extracts which deal with British operations in the Low Countries from 1690—1794, and publishes them separately under the title *British Campaigns in Flanders* (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.). It is a most interesting volume, and not only for the soldier, but for all who take an historical interest in the great battlefields of this era, and in the settling of the present war.

Comrades in Arms



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The Old Campaigner

By Louis Raemaekers

Villers-Brettoneux and Kemmel : By H. Belloc

THE week has been marked by two operations, both of great importance: the attack on Kemmel and the attack in the region of Villers-Brettoneux upon the junction of the French and British armies in front of Amiens. The first of these was a success for the enemy, though a success the expense of which we cannot gauge; the second was certainly a very expensive failure. As has been naturally the case in the past, through the proximity of the fighting to these shores, the acquaintance of many writers with the district since the war began, and the apparent threat to the Channel ports, the former of these operations has been somewhat over-estimated (important though it is) and the latter somewhat under-estimated.

Before looking into them in detail, we must appreciate a fact about the whole nature of the front to-day which affects the enemy's operations from first to last. That fact consists in two complementary elements: First that he has the initiative, and secondly that he has the initiative upon a front nearly all of which is now a front of slow and partial but continuous movement.

All belligerents know, from the experience of now many years, what a strongly fortified defensive line established over a great length of time means in modern war, and what the form of an initiative undertaking its rupture may be. If your offensive action slowly proceeds to the point of exhaustion without doing more than slightly modifying or indenting the original line by a few miles, the defensive has the advantage. Its losses are normally less than its opponents; the strategic result at the end of the affair is nil. If a rupture be effected and a rapid advance takes place through the gap, the defensive loses heavily in men and guns before the line is re-established. It should in theory lose much more heavily than the attack. That was certainly the case, for instance, in Italy last autumn. But if the original effort was made with overwhelming forces—spent like water in order to obtain an immediate decision—and if the attempt to get that decision is carried on long after it has become impossible, then the offensive will lose more than the defensive by far; although the fact that the defensive loses so many prisoners brings the *definitive* losses—that is, the losses for good and all, the losses in men who never return—nearer to an equality.

A decision having then failed the offensive, but the initiative still remaining (from superiority of force properly handled) with the offensive commanders, a third phase may arise; and it is precisely such a third phase that has arisen between Noyon and the sea to-day. This third phase is what I have called a war of slow and partial but continuous movement;

in other words, by continuing to attack now here, now there, the offensive can prevent a re-crystallisation of the defensive line in the intervals of heavier blows designed to try once more the chance of breaking it for good and all. When the original defensive front has gone, the creation of a new one equally solid is a very long business. Ludendorff spent months at it behind his lines during the Battle of the Somme in the preparation of the defensive zone generally called "the Hindenburg line" from the Vimy Ridge to the Forest of St. Gobain. When on the third attempt, while the Allies still possessed the initiative, this zone was itself pierced, it was only pierced on a comparatively narrow front astraddle of the Scarpe River. It was able to re-crystallise again.

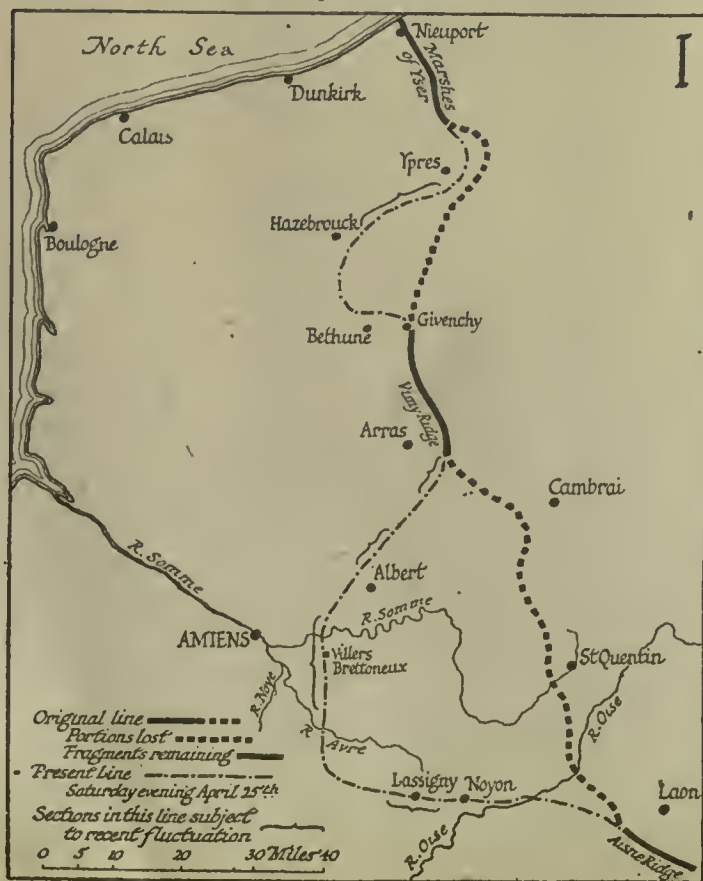
Now, in the present phase the enemy has the advantage for his continued effort of an immense line, only a small fraction of which is now the original defensive zone and no long portion of the rest of which has had even one full month in which to strengthen itself permanently.

If we look at the map and compare the lines drawn across it we shall see that the proportion of original British front left between the Aisne Ridges and the sea consists of no more than the northern part of Vimy Ridge, continued northward up to Givenchy, and the stretch north of Ypres, which is protected by the continuous and widening marshes of the Yser. We shall further see that what may be called the new fronts have, as yet, no real stability. There is still fluctuation in sectors all round the great Amiens salient; and there is still fluctuation latterly, as we have seen of a very grave kind, on the new Ypres salient. The proportion even of the new line which has been fairly steady for even as little as four weeks, is quite insufficient to stabilise the whole.

Now, in these conditions, quite apart from any chance success greater than he has planned, and apart even from a third great movement on a wide front, it is obviously the enemy's policy to keep shaking the defensive. He has taken Kemmel. Let us suppose—though it should take him three weeks or more—he captures the whole line of heights up to Mont des Cats. According to the length of time involved, there is less and less menace of disaster to his opponents, in spite of his success. The awkward salients formed upon the north can be flattened back if time is provided—and, after all, he did not get to the top of Kemmel until more than a fortnight after his first thrust at Hazebrouck and Béthune. But the point is that he keeps the line continually, though slowly, moving, thereby certainly prevents its crystallising, and possibly threatens it with disaster at some unexpected point of which he hopes to take immediate advantage. It is true the movement has been only slowly progressive, but it is obviously intended to bear such fruits. Further, with every pronounced advance, even at great expense and spread over a long time, some strategic object is clearly achieved. For instance, supposing he compels the Allies, before he is exhausted, to fall back upon the line of the Aa, of which I spoke last week (an excellent natural line), he thereby destroys what used to be our nearest lateral communication, he uncovers Dunkirk, he is within long range of Calais Harbour, and he creates such a salient round Arras that he might hope to make that his next prey. This latter effect he also produces if, checked in the north, he produces a new dent between Arras and Albert. Again, as we shall see in a moment, if he seizes the junction land between the Avre and the Somme his observation stands upon the high plateau of Villers-Brettoneux and gives him great advantage. The same thing is true of a success upon any one of the heights which now look down upon him all along the very awkward line which chance established for him after his advance in March. For instance, there is great strategic advantage in reaching the top of the ridge between the Avre and the Noye, or in seizing, as he has failed to seize, the extremely marked Lassigny Hills; or in getting Mount Renaud outside Noyon.

One can never understand even the simplest military operation without appreciating its limitations. The advantages of the enemy are obvious, and will remain obvious for some time to come. He has what are virtually interior lines; he has what is still superiority of organised number. He has compelled the considerable reduction of a detached reserve prepared for a very different purpose and now necessarily used only defensively as regards at least a portion of it. He has, thanks to the Russian treason and his Italian victory, a superiority in pieces if not in munitionment.

All this he has; but his limitation on the debit side is his



expense in men. You can no more say which of two opponents under such circumstances will play his hand better than you can say it of two chess players of whom one has "the move," but of whom neither has yet so lost pieces as to be manifestly inferior. What you can present is the conditions of the play.

The object of this offensive is, before the limit of its exhaustion is reached, to absorb—that is, to put through the mill in defensive work—all that is still fresh upon the Allied side, and in the process so to shake a line that has already been rendered viscous as first to render it fluid and then dissolved. The object of the defensive is to compel the offensive to crippling losses which will end by his exhaustion while the defensive still stands organised and still has solid fresh assets in hand. This is all the more the game of the Allies because, though the time handicap is very severe, there are very large resources ultimately behind them.

A concrete point will make this play of judgment clearer: You, the defensive, are holding a certain sector of, say, 20 miles, on to which you only returned, say, ten days ago, and of which the new defensive system is necessarily imperfect. To the south end of that sector is a specially strong point—say, a hill or well-wired wood. The offensive commander says to himself: "If I launch four divisions at that point, which I now know to be held by only one division, I shall probably take it—at the immediate expense of perhaps 10,000 men. I may suppose the 8,000 or 9,000 men opposed to me to lose less than half that amount. I may have better luck, and make them lose nearly their whole effectives, in which case our losses are pretty well equal. But, meanwhile, if I get it quicker than they expect, the line to the north will have to fall back again from their already imperfect defences, and begin others yet more imperfect—partly prepared, no doubt, but not yet strong—behind the sector they are now holding." The defensive commander says to himself: "If there is a tactical success, and I hold the strong point for, say, forty-eight hours, there will be plenty of time for the people in the north to fall back; and in such a time of continued assault I will inflict far greater losses on the attack than he will inflict on my men. It may be that my defensive success will be complete (compare the case of the Hinges Bridge a few days ago); in that case, I have locally succeeded in my general object beyond all expectation. But it may be that his success will be unexpectedly rapid. In that case, I must tell my one division to hang on until it is wiped out, and even then there may be only just barely time for the people to the north to get back."

The hazard is engaged, and, in general terms, one of these two things happens in a greater or a less degree. Either the strong point is rapidly taken, the single defending division knocked to pieces without more than corresponding loss to the attack and the line to the north badly shaken by its necessity for rapid retirement on to the imperfectly prepared defences behind, or, in various degrees, the defensive gets the advantage by its prolonged resistance, the most extreme example of which would be the complete repulse of the attack with losses corresponding to its violence and density.

It is clear that any amount of modification surrounds so simple a statement. The attack or the defence may be blunderingly led on to attempt an impossible task, and may suffer correspondingly. The man commanding the sector in the north may send word that it will take him two days at least to effect his retirement because he has mis-handled things, in which case the unfortunate defensive will have to go on feeding fresh men into what is virtually a new offensive of its own, terribly expensive. The attacking general may lose his head or even his temper (such things have happened in war), and get men massacred quite use-

lessly by a prolongation of what he ought to have seen after the first stages to be an impossible task—something of that sort happened on April 4th to the Germans in front of Amiens. Meanwhile, the general principle holds. The best player is he who in this terrible game first exhausts his adversary. The best player wins, only, unfortunately, nobody knows, or can possibly know, the full situation even at a given moment—let alone its future chances.

Two Great Actions

Now, let us turn to the two great actions of the week: that of Villers-Brettonneux and that of Kemmel.

The action in front of Villers-Brettonneux was of great importance.

There stands between the Somme River and the valley of the Brook Luce, a tributary of the Avre, a plateau about 150 feet above the water levels, rising in some places to as much as 180. It is a bare rolling countryside of open fields, diversified only by two considerable tracks of wood, the smaller on the south known as Hangard Wood; the larger, on the north, called in various parts by various names, but better called, for the purposes of our study, the Wood of Villers. This plateau is the last high ground between the junction of the Avre River with the Somme, and is therefore the last high ground directly in front of Amiens. From the edges of it the land falls away uninterruptedly to the great railway junction and works at Longeau, almost a suburb of Amiens, hardly more than three miles from the edge of the plateau, and entirely overlooked from it. Further, this plateau between the Somme and the Brook Luce, upon a trace of about 10,000 yards, carried the point of union between the British and the French forces. The escarpment of the plateau towards Amiens is not regular. It falls away sharply immediately behind the village of Villers-Brettonneux, but to the south it leans much further away and more gently westward. While immediately beyond the village of Villers-Brettonneux and along the edge of the escarpment runs the big wood of which I have spoken, having about half-way along its southern edge the village of Cachy. To the south in the French line, on the edge of the plateau overhanging the Brook Luce, are the ruins of the village of Hangard.

It will be clear from all this what the object of the enemy was in this neighbourhood. It was his task to thrust the British back over the edge of the plateau and hold Villers-Brettonneux; to work round the wood by the south at Cachy and to push the French back from Hangard.

The attack as a whole was undertaken, as far as we can make out, by eight divisions, counting those who were trying to work round by the extreme south. Three divisions struck against the British along the high road, starting from their original line about a thousand yards east of the village; while another three divisions attacked the French against the wood and village of Hangard down to the Luce. Meanwhile, apparently two divisions (but the number is not given) fought hard to outflank the French by the south.

The action began at half-past six in the morning of Wednesday, the 24th, after the usual intensive preliminary bombardment. Its general result was as follows:

In the first attack it was repulsed along the whole line. In the second it entered the eastern edge of the wood of Hangard and the ruins of Hangard village. What is more important, it also in the second attack (in which the German tanks appeared for the first time) carried the village of Villers-Brettonneux; reached the edge of the plateau, and, south of the wood, got to the outskirts of Cachy. This latter movement uncovered the French left flank and caused the French to leave Hangard. By the evening two more divisions had appeared against the British, and it was evident that the enemy intended a very serious operation.

But the point was altogether too important for the "selling of ground," which is the general policy of the defensive where there is opportunity for manœuvre. A counter-attack was organised, and proved completely successful. Fighting continued throughout the night, and in the morning of Thursday, April 25th, the Germans were thrust back again far from Cachy (where some of the new British tanks did great execution) and by noon out of Villers-Brettonneux itself; the latter success being due to Australian troops co-operating with British battalions. The fighting for the village had gone on all during the night, and the consummation of the success covered the hours from seven in the morning onwards. About a thousand prisoners were left in British hands after the affair. The sum total of the action was that the enemy had completely failed to master the plateau. He had for the eighth time penetrated into Hangard Village and Wood (the line here is perpetually fluctuating), but these are far from the edge of the plateau. Villers-





Brettoneux, the essential point, he had gained, but lost again.

Once again we have to ask the question, impossible to answer with exactitude, what the cost to the enemy may have been? The nature of the attack proves it to have been considerable. For it was one in which more and more men had to be fed in, and yet in which the object was not accomplished. Also some of the best divisions available were used. There came in the first attack the 4th Division of the Prussian Guards which had already been used twice since March 21st, and which had been given a fortnight's rest, and its ranks fully replenished from its Berlin recruitment. A fresh division back from the Eastern front, the 77th Reserve—Westphalian in composition—was also used. Two more divisions came in during the day; and prisoners were taken before the end of the thirty-six hours from yet two more, the 228th and the 243rd. It is not certain that the whole of these last units were engaged.

As the British re-advanced over ground previously lost it was possible to make some estimate of the proportion of German dead, and the official dispatch from headquarters says that the numbers of these were exceptionally high. In other words, the German effort at Villers-Brettoneux was not only a failure, but an exceptionally expensive one.

As is usually the case when the enemy's plans go wrong, his dispatch upon this occasion is misleading. He may very well be exact in claiming some 2,000 prisoners and 4 guns, for he made a rapid advance on the evening of the Wednesday. But to say that our counter-attacks "broke down with sanguinary losses" is obvious nonsense, while to leave out all mention of the capture and recapture of Villers-Brettoneux is equally ridiculous. The counter-attack was completely successful. That, indeed, is the whole point of the action.

Nearly coincident with this principal piece of work, which may be called the action of Villers-Brettoneux, was a second piece of work in the north which may be called the action of Mount Kimmel. It opened upon the morning of Thursday, April 25th, and continued throughout two days and part of the third, reaching its maximum, which was also the moment in which the hill was seized, during the first twenty-four hours.

The tactical details of this action have been clearly given in the daily Press and have been followed closely by opinion at home. What has been perhaps less thoroughly dealt with has been its strategic aspect.

The tactical details were that a very large force drawn apparently entirely from the 4th Germany Army, that of von Arnim, fought to surround the hill of Kimmel by the north and by the south. Among those who attacked were identified the Alpine Corps, the 117th Division, the 11th Bavarian Division, and the 56th Division. The enemy carried Dranoutre and pushed up the valley to the west of Mount Kimmel. He carried Kimmel Village itself to the east of the height (and by that time the summit was clearly

turned on both sides); he reached, but did not pass, the "Cross Roads" (for which the Flemish is Vierstraat), and he got into the mass of craters at St. Eloi. As the enemy had outflanked the summit of Mount Kimmel, both from the east and from the west, the summit was doomed. But for local reasons, probably connected with the necessity of holding the enemy during the formation of new dispositions behind, it was determined to hold the summit as long as was possible. This sacrifice was allotted to a French division, which maintained the defence until the hill was completely surrounded and its defenders lost with it.

By the morning of the next day—Friday—the enemy claimed 6,000 prisoners, most of them French, and his line lay from in front of Loere right up the depression between Mount Kimmel and the Scherpenberg to the neighbourhood of La Clytte; thence along the northern base of Mount Kimmel to Vierstraat and so to St. Eloi. His capture of Kimmel had already given him the whole of its district at a blow.

The familiarity of the public with this part and these names, their proximity to the British seas, and the fame of Ypres and of its salient during the last three years, between them somewhat obscured and exaggerated the strategical meaning of the German success.

That success is important, but it does not in itself connote any great strategical change. Had a similar effort been made, for instance, against Hazebrouck, it would have been worth while meeting and containing it, and it would have been met and contained. What the capture of Mount Kimmel does is to give complete observation towards the north, and to begin a gradual advance westward along the chain of hills of which Kimmel is the eastern bastion, and render the Ypres salient more and more difficult to hold. But supposing that salient evacuated completely and the line redrawn from the marshes of the Yser south-westward, no considerable strategic result immediately follows. As part of the general German plan to shake the Allied front and to keep it continuously in movement, all this has its place. But there is nothing decisive about it. There is no great strategic move taken, until, for instance, Dunkirk be uncovered: a contingency already mentioned as possible in the future if the enemy should compel a retirement to the line of the Aa. And we must clearly keep in mind during all these actions that pace is everything, for pace is measured in expense. So long as (1) the yielding is gradual; (2) the cost imposed upon the advance is far superior to that imposed upon the defence; (3) the yielding takes place where there is room to manœuvre and where no strategic consequences follow; (4) the yielding does not lead to any disintegration or confusion—so long advance here or there is not to the enemy's advantage. He continues to make it and will continue to make it because he hopes that on every one of these four points he will some day score and so achieve his result. But until he does so he is still hazarding expense of men against a possible but not attained result.

H. BELLOC.

President Wilson's War Mind : By L. P. Jacks

TO understand the war-mind of President Wilson, and to learn the lesson it conveys, we must read his speeches from the beginning of the war as though they formed a continuous whole. Those who have not the full text of the speeches before them will find a good substitute in *The Foreign Policy of Woodrow Wilson*, by Messrs Robinson and West (Macmillan), in which the relevant passages are presented in historical order. Reading them continuously, they present us with a natural, inevitable, and yet very remarkable evolution. I find nothing inconsistent between the earlier and the later sayings of the President, notwithstanding that the former are devoted to the advocacy of peace and the latter to the advocacy of war. On the contrary, the later passages throw back a meaning on to the earlier, which makes them doubly significant, while the earlier are like the clear hours of the morning in which the weatherwise may read the portent of a coming storm.

It has been said that whosoever writes the history of the war must write it as a drama; and certainly there has been no more dramatic feature in the whole tragic story than that presented by the movement of Mr. Wilson's mind from position to position in correspondence with the gradual unfolding of the plot. In reading through these speeches one has the feeling familiar to every lover of the Odyssey. There is the same gradual darkening of the atmosphere as events march on to the final catastrophe, the same tightening of expectancy and tension as the gathering storm comes nearer, until at last, when the gloom is deepest, the lightning leaps out and retribution falls on the wrong-doer. If the words are not inadequate to matter of such moment, one may say of the speeches that they have the wholeness of a work of art. The germinating idea of Mr. Wilson's policy

is that America, because of her greatness, of her power, of her vast potentialities, is a *servant* among the nations, and not a *master*. It is a noble conception, and peculiarly fitted to inspire a young and mighty people with a vision of its destiny, and so to mark out for it in the centuries that are to come a line of development different from and I think higher than, any which the older States of the world have so far pursued. Though the idea of greatness in service has been long familiar in other connections, where perhaps it has received more lip-service than loyalty, President Wilson is the first statesman to make it operative, or to endeavour to make it operative, as a guiding principle of international politics; and this alone, whether he succeeds or not, assures him a distinct place in history and in the grateful remembrance of mankind. Needless to say, this idea—that the greatest nation must needs be a servant-nation—stands out as the polar opposite to the notion of national greatness which prevails with the rulers and apparently with the people of Germany; and a prescient mind, on hearing it first announced by Mr. Wilson in the early stages of the war, might have predicted that a moment would come when the two opposites, driven by a dramatic or moral necessity, would break out into open conflict with one another.

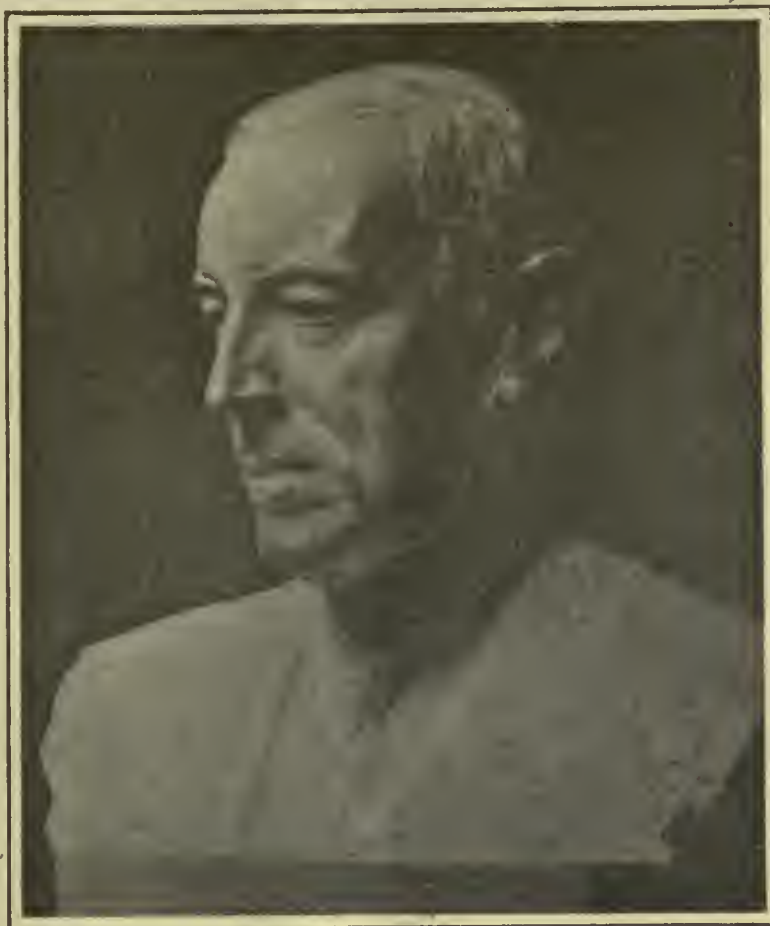
From the very first, the question uppermost in the President's mind has been this: In what way, by what policy, by what action can America best *serve* the nations involved

in the struggle, and through them mankind at large? Again and again his public utterances have repeated this, thereby showing its solemn insistence in his *private* mind and though he has varied his answer with the change of circumstance, he has never departed from the purpose and spirit of the question. Indeed, he did not wait for the war to disclose his guiding idea.

On March 5th, 1914, he said, in a message to Congress when the Panama tolls were under discussion: "We are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading the words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please"—a sentence which, in its latter clause, anticipates the most hateful aspect of German policy both in the initiation and the conduct of the war, and is almost a prediction of the coming conflict. Again, on April 30th, 1915, he said to the members of the Associated Press: "We do not want anything that does not belong to us. Is not a nation in that position free to serve other nations?" And three days after the *Lusitania* had been sunk he followed with the statement, so much misunderstood at the time: "I am interested in neutrality because there is something so much greater to do than to fight. There is a distinction waiting for this nation which no nation has ever yet had." A year later he sounded the same note. On April 19th, 1916, he said: "We cannot forget that we are the responsible spokesmen of the rights of humanity." What this last involved comes out very clearly in the Address to Congress on the occasion of America's entry into the war. "We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of

small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself free."

If the reader will take these speeches as a connected whole, or even the few sentences I have quoted, he will have before him the Odyssey of the President's mind. They indicate the successive stages through which he passed in his efforts to find an answer to the question: How can the United States, in the world crisis that has now arisen, most effectually serve mankind? In the earlier stages "neutrality" covered the answer that then seemed most fitting. By remaining neutral the President believed that the United States could render most help not only in hastening the advent of peace, but in giving to peace, whenever it should come, the form most conducive to the just interests of all concerned. He believed—and rightly believed—that impartiality would confer upon America rights and powers as a peacemaker both during the conflict and afterwards; and he saw, further, that a peace-making nation was the world's greatest need at the time. Then, through no will of his own, but by the direct action of Germany, the right to be neutral, the power to be impartial, was taken from him. The consequence was that the first form of his answer was necessarily abandoned as no longer applicable to the circumstances, and another had to be sought. Only one was possible. If America was to serve all nations she must make war on the Power which was striving to make all nations serve itself. Thus, by what



Bust of the President: By Jo Davidson

[Now on view at the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street.

This bust was executed by Mr. Davidson at the White House just before America entered the war. It is the only bust for which the President has given sittings.

I again venture to call dramatic necessity, we are carried stage by stage from the moment when the President declared "there is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight" to the last sentence of his speech the other day: "There is therefore but one response possible from us: force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down into the dust." Thus was Wilson the peace-maker turned into Wilson the war-maker. The "divinity that shapes our ends" is clearly accountable for the transition, and the world may rejoice that it found in the President an instrument amenable to its guidance. He stands out to-day as the foremost interpreter of the international mind.

Dealings with Mexico

The authors of the admirable book to which I have referred have done well to interweave with their narrative the almost synchronous story of the President's dealings with Mexico, for the two things throw light upon one another. If a guarantee were needed for the entire sincerity of Mr. Wilson's professions it could be found in the record of the Mexican transactions. These had given rise to the notion among his European critics, and also, I think, among not a few of his fellow-countrymen, that he was an impracticable idealist. We now know that his Mexican policy and his European policy were intimately related. They sprang from the same root, and had the same guiding idea. Judged by the standards which most conquering Powers have applied to their actions, Mr. Wilson would have been fully justified in making war upon Mexico for the purpose of restoring order, if for nothing else. There were many Liberal statesmen in other countries who found his attitude hard to understand, and in some instances openly condemned it, and there is little doubt that he would have raised his general reputation as a statesman—at least, for a time—if he had pursued a "stronger" policy. We now know, however, and by the clearest of evidence, that the "impracticable idealism" which kept him out of war with Mexico was identically the same with that which later on brought him into war with Germany. As in the later so in the earlier problem, the question Mr. Wilson set himself to answer was how can the American Republic *help*—how can it best serve the interests of the rich but disordered and miserable country which fate has assigned as its neighbour?

There were abundant precedents for intervention to which Mr. Wilson might have appealed without the slightest fear that his credit would suffer. He came to the conclusion, however, that the best service the United States could render to Mexico was to respect her integrity and independence, and leave her to work out her own salvation. To the argument that Mexico was incapable of doing this, and that neither her integrity nor her independence was worthy of respect he consistently turned a deaf ear; nor was he much more attentive to the various commercial interests that were involved.

As one reads the story in the light of later events, one is tempted to believe that some kindly genius was warning the President of the situation he would shortly have to face. For, if he had acted on the lines demanded by his critics, he would not only have tied up a considerable part of the national resources at a time when they were all wanted for a far graver enterprise, but he would have seemed to be acting on the accursed principle which underlies the creed of Germany, and so deprived the Allies of the enormous moral force which the entry of America into the war has conferred on the common cause. Had Mexico been within striking distance of German aggression there is not a doubt she would have been conquered, exploited, and enslaved. We well regret that Mexico is still in the condition of chaos, and may possibly remain so for some time to come. But this is as nothing compared with the fact that President Wilson has clean hands.

I cannot refrain from thinking, however, that the President's experience with Mexico may be in some measure accountable for what I will venture to call a certain limitation of vision in his view of "the smaller and weaker nations"—a limitation he shares with many who have less excuse for displaying it. In his public utterances, especially in those which refer to the League of Peace, he constantly tends to speak of these small nations as though they were satisfied with their present smallness and nurtured no designs of expansion at the expense of their neighbours—a description which is true of some of them and possibly of Mexico and of other Latin-American States with which the President has been brought into more immediate contact. Whether or no I am right in assigning this as the cause—and perhaps

I am totally wrong—there can be no doubt that Mr. Wilson's habit of mind inclines him to think of small States as needing rather protection than restraint.

Again and again we find him referring to the right of small States to develop their own life in their own way, and of the duty of great States to protect them in this right. Unfortunately, however, there are some small States whose outstanding characteristic is the desire to become big ones at the expense of their neighbours, and whose notion of living their own life in their own way takes precisely that form. Small States of this character—and there are several of them—are among the chief troublers of the peace of the world; and it would be difficult for Powers which were once small ones themselves, and have grown great by conquest, to make a rule forbidding the present small Powers from following their own example, and the first attempts to enforce such a rule would certainly lead to some embarrassing reminders, and perhaps to some bitter taunts. But here again the history of the United States has been very different from that of the other great Powers. She would be immune—or almost immune—from the taunts to which the others would be exposed. And this perhaps may also account, in part, for the fact that Mr. Wilson shows a tendency to overlook the difficulty. No doubt the difficulty would be largely overcome if it were the lot of the United States to exercise a dominating influence in the League of Nations. And this we may very well believe to be her destiny. "America," asserted President Wilson, in May, 1915, "was created to unite mankind."

That the rights of great nations are entitled to respect only when they are translated into corresponding duties to mankind is a principle which the guiding minds of the British Empire are prepared to accept. Our people have long been familiar with "the White Man's Burden," and all that Mr. Wilson has said about America as the uniter of nations is, if I mistake not, only a wider application of the principle which underlies that phrase. He speaks a language we understand, and he will find us ready to join hands with him, and with his countrymen, in united effort to realise his great ideal of international service. It is not enough that an alliance should exist between America and Great Britain. It is essential that it should be guided by a clear and lofty principle of action. This principle Mr. Wilson has supplied, and he has stated it in a form which expresses the best elements of our own political aspirations. The effect has been not only to increase our confidence in the outcome of the war, and to give us a new assurance that we stand upon the rock, but to open out a great prospect of future service to humanity in which America and Great Britain will be joined hand to hand. Only when nations are united on the highest ground can we say that they are united at all. It is to the highest ground that Mr. Wilson has raised our alliance, and so long as we stand there together this alliance will remain indissoluble.

I have spoken of President Wilson's mind as having evolved its present character. It is a war-mind evolved from a peace-mind, the most dangerous sort of mind for an enemy to encounter. But we should make a mistake if we were to assume that Mr. Wilson's evolution will be arrested at its present stage. It will unquestionably go on to further developments. What precisely these will be it is, of course, impossible to say; but we may be sure that they will follow the general course of his evolution up to date. This has taken the form of making clear and explicit in his later policy what was hidden and implicit in his earlier policy.

In forecasting the line of his future influence we should do well, therefore, to ask which of his present principles contains the largest implications, for he is certain to develop them as time goes on. My own choice would be for the principle contained in his saying that America's purpose in going to war is "to make the world safe for democracy." Making the world safe for democracy involves much more than is apparent at first sight. The first requirement is, of course, the overthrow of autocratic domination; for it is certain that, so long as democracy is entangled with autocracy in a common system of international relations, autocracy will call the tune and war will be a perpetual menace to mankind. For the time being we need think of nothing else; but when this has been accomplished we shall have to go much further if Mr. Wilson's ideal of a world "safe for democracy" is to be made good.

I believe that Mr. Wilson is fully prepared for this, and that he will develop his principle when the time is ripe. *Punch*, in a famous cartoon, unconsciously hit the nail, when it exhibited the White House with a closed door, on which the words were written: "The President is thinking." Yes, he was thinking to some purpose, and he is thinking still. So are we.

The United States Navy: By L. R. Freeman

IN writing in *LAND & WATER* some months ago on the coming of the American Army to

France, I quoted the naïve words used by a French Staff Officer to describe the impression the new arrivals had made upon him. After speaking of the keenness of the American officers to learn from those who had had the experience, he concluded: "We like them very much. In fact, they have been quite a surprise. They have not displayed the least tendency to show us how to run the war. Indeed, *they are not the least American!*"

I do not know that I have heard a British naval officer use *precisely* the same words in voicing his relief that his American "opposite number," whom he is now beginning to meet with increasing frequency and intimacy, has not fulfilled expectations in insisting on showing the British Navy how to win the war; but that precise sentiment I heard implied many times, though, I am happy to record, less and less frequently as the favourable impression formed by those who have had opportunity of meeting the first officers from across the Atlantic, has had time to percolate. Save on the score of technical training and uniform, there is very little to differentiate the American naval officer from his brother in the Army who has furnished so agreeable a surprise to his Allies in France, and there need be no fear (whatever may have been expected from those who have not had the opportunity of meeting him before) that the former will not "keep station" at sea in the same quiet unostentatious way that the latter has "fallen into step" on land.

So far, since American naval activities in the war zone have been largely limited to the operations of their fleet of destroyers off the Irish coast, the two navies have had far less opportunity to get acquainted than have the British and American armies. The liaison established at Queenstown, however, may be taken as a microcosm of the co-operation that will be established on a larger scale should the exigencies of the situation demand it. As thoroughly characteristic of the spirit in which the Americans are taking up their work in these waters, I may quote the words of an officer of one of their destroyers with whom I talked recently.

"Green as we came to the job," he said, "in comparison to their three years of hard experience of the British, our taking over here was almost like a lot of boy scouts replacing a regiment of seasoned veterans in the trenches. We were all for the job, however, and somehow we began to get results right from the get-away. Let me tell you, though, that if we had had to find out all the wrinkles of the game ourselves—if they had not given us the benefit of all they had been paying in ships and men for three years to learn—it would have been a far slower business for us, and a far more costly one as well. I take off my hat to the British destroyers and trawlers, and to the men who man them. I have not had a chance yet to see anything of the rest of their Navy, but if the officers and men are of the same stamp as those we have worked with here, when our capital ships come over it will be just like joining up with another American fleet."

These sentiments seem to me thoroughly typical of the spirit with which the American Navy is taking up its task in European waters, and such also was the opinion of a distinguished British Naval officer to whom I quoted them not long ago.

"I have known American Navy officers a good many years," he said, "principally on the China and West India stations, so that, personally, I had none of the doubts about our ability to co-operate with them that may have been harboured by some of my friends who had been less fortunate than myself on that score. The fact that the average untravelled Briton has had to judge the American wholly by such specimens as seemed to him the most characteristic among those coming to this side of the water—that is, by the Cook's tourist and the money-slinging millionaire, neither of whom are in the least representative—has been responsible for our getting, as a nation, a distorted picture of you, as a nation. It was that which gave the more conservative element in both our Army and Navy some doubts as to how we might settle down to pull in double harness.

"One of the best things about the American naval officer—and one that stands him in good stead at the present time—is his open-mindedness. He may have come over here firmly believing that some gun, some explosive, some

Since the first units of the United States Navy appeared in these waters, the greatest interest has been taken in them. In this article Mr. Freeman depicts the spirit of the United States Navy and also describes the course of instruction through which an American Naval Cadet passes. The United States Navy, he points out, has been modelled on the British Navy.

system of loading or fire-control, or any of a number of other things he has perfected to the best of his experience, is

better than anything else of the kind that Britain or any other nation has got. But that does not blind him in the least to the good points of the latter, and no false sentiment, pride, or conservatism will prevent the incontinent scrapping of his own long-laboured-over invention to make way for what his open mind and sterling common sense tell him is better. It is this which makes it comparatively easy for the American to do a thing which is above almost all others difficult for the Briton—to profit and take advantage of another's experience.

"An American destroyer—and the same will be true of any other ships of whatever class that may be sent over—takes its place as a unit of one of our fleets or squadrons just as easily and naturally as if a new British ship, manned by British sailors, had been commissioned, and that will go on just as long as it is necessary or advisable to increase your naval strength in European waters. Indeed, the effective smoothness of the system under which the American ships work with ours makes one feel that—quite without realising it—we have taken the first step in the formation of what has so long been talked of as a Utopian dream—an 'International Police Force.' It is hardly the time to talk of such a consummation at this stage of things; but if it ever does eventuate, you may take it that an Anglo-Saxon naval force will be its foundation."

Because it has been impossible to tell the public scarcely anything about American naval co-operation with the British, the historic significance of that event has been almost overlooked. As a matter of fact, however, it marks the first occasion in which the ships of one Allied nation have been practically incorporated (as far as the direction of operations are concerned) in the navy of another. Allied fleets have carried out operations together—as the French and the British at the Dardanelles, or the British and the Italians in the Adriatic—but never has the co-operation been more intimate—and, it may be added, more successful—than in the present instance.

That the British and American naval officer would "hit it off" well personally from the outset no one with any acquaintance with both of them could ever have had any doubt. As a matter of fact, indeed, there is less difference between them than between the average American and Englishman, and even that is a good deal less than most people imagine. In the first place, they come from very nearly the same classes socially (I am speaking now of the regular "R.N." and "U.S.N."), in their respective countries, and there is very little indeed to differentiate the English lad of thirteen or fourteen and the American lad of a year or two older, the one beginning his naval training at Osborne and the other at Annapolis. Differing in details though they are, the training of these two naval schools is far less divergent than that of English and American public schools and universities. That is to say, the naval schools of the two countries are aiming at precisely the same thing—the turning out of an officer who knows his business—whereas public schools and universities are working in a number of different directions.

The system of appointing the American naval cadet ensures that each year's class is selected as nearly as may be from all parts of the country. Each member of Congress is required to make one appointment to both the naval and military academies, and, in addition to these, there are ten or more appointments at large made from Washington. In this way each State is represented in the Naval Academy according to its population. Thus New York, with, say, forty members in the House of Representatives and two in the Senate, would have forty-two nominees, while Nevada, with three members in the House and two in the Senate, would have five. A Member of Congress has his choice of making the appointment open to a competitive examination or giving it direct to any boy fulfilling the requisite requirements. Even in the latter case, however, the prospective nominee must pass very stiff examinations calculated to establish his mental, moral, and physical fitness, and it is practically impossible for him to be pushed in simply because he has friends in high places. It is, I believe, becoming more and more the custom to resort to competitive examination, so that the boy named by each member is usually the brightest

of a score or more striving for that honour from his Congressional district, which contains, roughly, a population of from two to three hundred thousand.

As nearly as the comparison can be made, the four years' course at the Annapolis Naval Academy covers about the same ground that the British cadet covers in his two years at Osborne, the same period (since the war somewhat reduced) at Dartmouth, and his first year as a midshipman. Since the average age of entrance to Osborne is about thirteen and a half, and to Annapolis about sixteen, it is difficult to compare the entrance requirements or the courses. As the British cadet has about two and a half years the start of the American in the matter of age, it follows that the latter—to reach an equality of training, if not of rank, at twenty—must cover in four years the same ground which the former does in six and a half. This, I should say, he comes pretty near to accomplishing.

The fact that the American Navy was less than half of the size of the British, while the population from which officers could be drawn was more than twice that of the British Isles, made it possible for Annapolis to insist on a mental and physical standard in its entrants calculated to make them equal to the very stiff years of work ahead of them. The system of naming as "alternative" the boy who passed "Number 2" in the competitive entrance examination also made it possible to weed out and replace in the first year any cadet who began to lag behind his class.

Not only was the "book" and classroom work at Annapolis a good deal stiffer than in the corresponding years at Osborne and Dartmouth, but the year was a longer one in point of work. At

Osborne the cadet spent three terms of three months each, with the other three months of the year divided into his Easter, Summer, and Christmas holidays. At Annapolis there was something like nine months of work at the academy proper, with the summer months spent in cruising on a training ship.

At the end of four years—or at about the age of twenty—the American cadet, on passing the examinations, received the rank of ensign—corresponding to the British sub-lieutenant—and began his sea career as an officer. The British midshipman usually managed to qualify for his first stripe at a somewhat earlier age than his American cousin, and this start tended to increase rather than decrease as he climbed the ladder of promotion. Speaking very roughly, the British lieutenant appears to average two or three years younger than his American "opposite," the lieutenant-commander three or four, the commander three to five, and the captain five to seven.

Of the training of the cadets in the British and American naval institutions, only the briefest comparison is possible here. On the physical side there is very little difference, both giving the greatest encouragement to outdoor exercise and bodily development. Each pays equal attention to aquatics—rowing, swimming, and sailing—and American football gives the Annapolis cadet the same vigorous, manly training as it does those of Osborne and Dartmouth. Baseball and cricket are more or less the same.

On the technical side there was also a good deal of similarity in the training, though it seems probable that the "specialisation," which is the principal differentiation between the British and American naval officer (who is given an "all-round" preparation), is being given more and more attention in the British schools as the necessity of turning out officers rapidly has increased during the war. The fact that it is the British rather than the American officer who is trained as a "specialist" presents a curious anomaly, for, generally speaking, the United States is, of all the nations in the world, the one where specialisation is carried to the greatest length. Yet the fact remains that it has always been the American practice not only to train the naval cadet

so that he is competent ultimately to perform the duties of any officer on any ship of the Navy, but actually to require him to serve several years in each of such various capacities as engineer, navigator, gunnery, or torpedo officer.

This system gives the officer who has been through the mill an incomparable experience by the time he attains his captaincy, but the number of good men (who might have made most excellent specialists) who "fell by the wayside" because they were not able to stand the pace for qualifying for so great a range of duties makes one doubt if it is practicable for any nation situated otherwise than was the United States up to its entry into the present war—that is, with a huge population and a modest navy. With the development of the modern man-of-war, the increasing mastery of technical detail which such duties as those of torpedo or gunnery officer entail would seem to make it inevitable that such officers should not be required to divert their attention or energies to anything else. This fact we may confidently expect to see reflected both in the training of the cadet at Annapolis and in American naval practice before very long—perhaps even during the war.

The fact that—as was only natural—the United States Navy, when it was formed during the Revolutionary War, was modelled on the only other Navy of which the colonials had experience—the British—is responsible for many similarities in the forms and practices of the respective services today. The gold sleeve or shoulder stripes indicating the rank of officers are practically identical, save only that the Americans replace the British executive "curl" with a star. The American Marine even retains the silver half-globe



U.S.N. Destroyer Crossing the Atlantic

which is so characteristic a feature of the badge of the Royal Marine of the British Navy. In manning guns, and even whole turrets, with Royal Marines, it would appear that the British Navy has progressed rather farther than has the American from the time when this "anachronistic amphibian," as some one has called him, was carried principally to swarm over the rail with a cutlass when the old ships of the line closed in a death grapple. In general multifariousness of duties, however, there is little to choose between this always useful "soldier-and-sailor-too" of either service.

The comparatively short term of service in the American Navy was responsible for the fact that the Yankee man-of-war's-man was a good deal less of a "jolly Jack Tar" in appearance than his British cousin, a difference which has been accentuated since America entered the war by the necessity of an even further "dilution" of landsmen. The practice of allowing the American sailor to wear a sweater and toboggan cap, except on "dress" occasions, has also tended to make him smack less of the sea than the flowing-collared sailorman who will be performing similar duties on a British ship. Since the fighting of the modern warship is about 90 per cent. "mechanical" and 10 per cent. "nautical," however, the lack of the "Yo-heave-ho" touch in the Yankee sailorman is by no means in his disfavour. On the contrary, indeed, the very fact that he has only just come to sea may indicate that he has spent all the more time in mastering the intricacies of machinery and electricity and the other things which enter so much into the efficiency of the present-day fighting-ship.

To quote my American naval friend again, both navies have many things that are different—in ships, guns, engines, executive system, victualling—and each may feel a natural pride in its own things. There is undoubtedly much in each navy the other can profit by, but the United States Navy is bearing in mind that everything new the British Navy has to offer it has been tried and proved by long and hard experience, while all the new things it is able to offer the British Navy have only been put to peace time tests. But now that American ships are having practical experience, that is being altered rapidly.

Education of the Soldier : By Centurion

FROM the moment a civilian attests or is called up he is subjected to what experts in the treatment of shell-shock call a process of "re-education"—with this difference, that in his case the process is not restorative but revolutionary. He finds he has many things to learn, and still more to unlearn.

The first thing he learns is that his personal tastes are of no importance. He is taken before the company orderly sergeant and told with some asperity to get his hair cut; the operation is performed with an incisiveness that leaves nothing to be done in the way of uniformity except the branding of the scalp with a broad arrow. He goes before the quartermaster-sergeant and exchanges the whole of his variegated wardrobe for ready-made garments more remarkable for uniformity than cut. He is allowed little private property; but a large number of articles, all exactly like everybody else's, are issued to him, which he is expected to keep with as much care as if they were his own, under penalty of being put under stoppages of pay if he becomes "deficient." He finds that he has to black his boots, brush his clothes, polish his buttons, and make his bed, with an eye not to his own satisfaction, but to that of some one else. He has to rise and retire at inexorable hours, and from réveillé to tattoo his life is subject to a time-table. He is free to make a pal, but his choice is strictly limited to the ranks; the shades of distinction in these things are fine but definite. He has probably reflected, on the way to the depot, that the tolerant smile of the sergeant conducting the draft, under the volatile chaff of the slouching recruits, is indicative of a large heart and a sociable disposition; a few days' experience of N.C.O.'s on the square will induce him to think that there was irony in that smile, and his one ambition will be not to attract a sergeant's attention, but to avoid it.

He may feel that he would like to know his C.O., but he soon finds that the opportunities for seeing him are singularly restricted and usually avoided unless they come unsolicited from the orderly-room, in which case it generally means that he is "for it." He finds that to go unremarked is at this stage more creditable than to attract attention, and originality is out of place.

Unless he is both modest and humorous, his first days will be depressing. He will find that the N.C.O.'s, though he may be better educated than they, give him credit for possessing very little intelligence—and when he is wiser he will recognise that they were probably right. He will find that the instructors are quick to discover an element of "personal error" in him which he did not know himself. He finds that he never "orders" his dinner or anything else, but that everything is ordered for him. He is subject to all kinds of "inspections," and if, like most civilians, he has been very casual about his chattels, knowing that he could always walk into a shop and order a substitute for the article he has mislaid, he will almost certainly be "deficient" at his first kit inspection. He discovers that to be slack, unclean, disorderly, haphazard, are not merely faults: they are "crimes." He must inwardly digest the lesson that the first duty of a recruit is to be "clean and regular"; if he learns it thoroughly he may aspire, when put on-guard duty, to "get the stick" and be made orderly-room orderly. If he does not, he is "for it." It will console him to discover that everybody else, including the N.C.O., has to be "clean and regular," too, and that if the regimental institutions which minister to his comfort, from cook-house to canteen, are not clean and regular, the orderly officer will know the reason why. If the company-sergeant seems hard on him, he may reflect that the company-sergeants might, with as much or as little justification, think the same of the sergeant-major and the sergeant-major of the C.O. By the time he has got his first stripe—if not before it—he will have realised that all this inexorable discipline has a meaning, and that he and his fellows are, in the language of the Apostle, members one of another.

The "re-education" of the recruit is a series of surprises. He discovers on the square that he has never learnt how to use his legs; at Observation he finds that he has never known how to use his eyes. To translate a command "Right turn!" into an immediate co-ordination of the muscles of the heel of the right foot and the toe of the left is at first an act of painful deliberation; it is only later that it becomes a reflex movement. Unless he was an athlete, he was probably a stranger to his body until he joined the army; after "physical jerks," he discovers by the location of numerous

aches and pains that it contains a number of muscles which he has long neglected, until they were in danger of becoming as obsolete as the vermiform appendix. The first thing is to get him "fit"—physical jerks do much, the "gym squad" and route-marching do the rest.

All the time his mind is not being neglected; indeed, like his body, it is treated as singularly unformed. Squad drill probably strikes him as a stupid and elementary operation; but he is astonished—with a wholesome humiliation—to find that to remember your right from your left and whether you are odd or even is not so instantaneous as he had thought it was. At section-drill he begins to grasp the great principle of the composition of a battalion, namely, that it is founded on a standardisation of parts; when he has done his company-drill the lesson is complete. During these stages he feels that he is becoming merely automatic, and so he is. He is learning to subordinate his personality to the will of others.

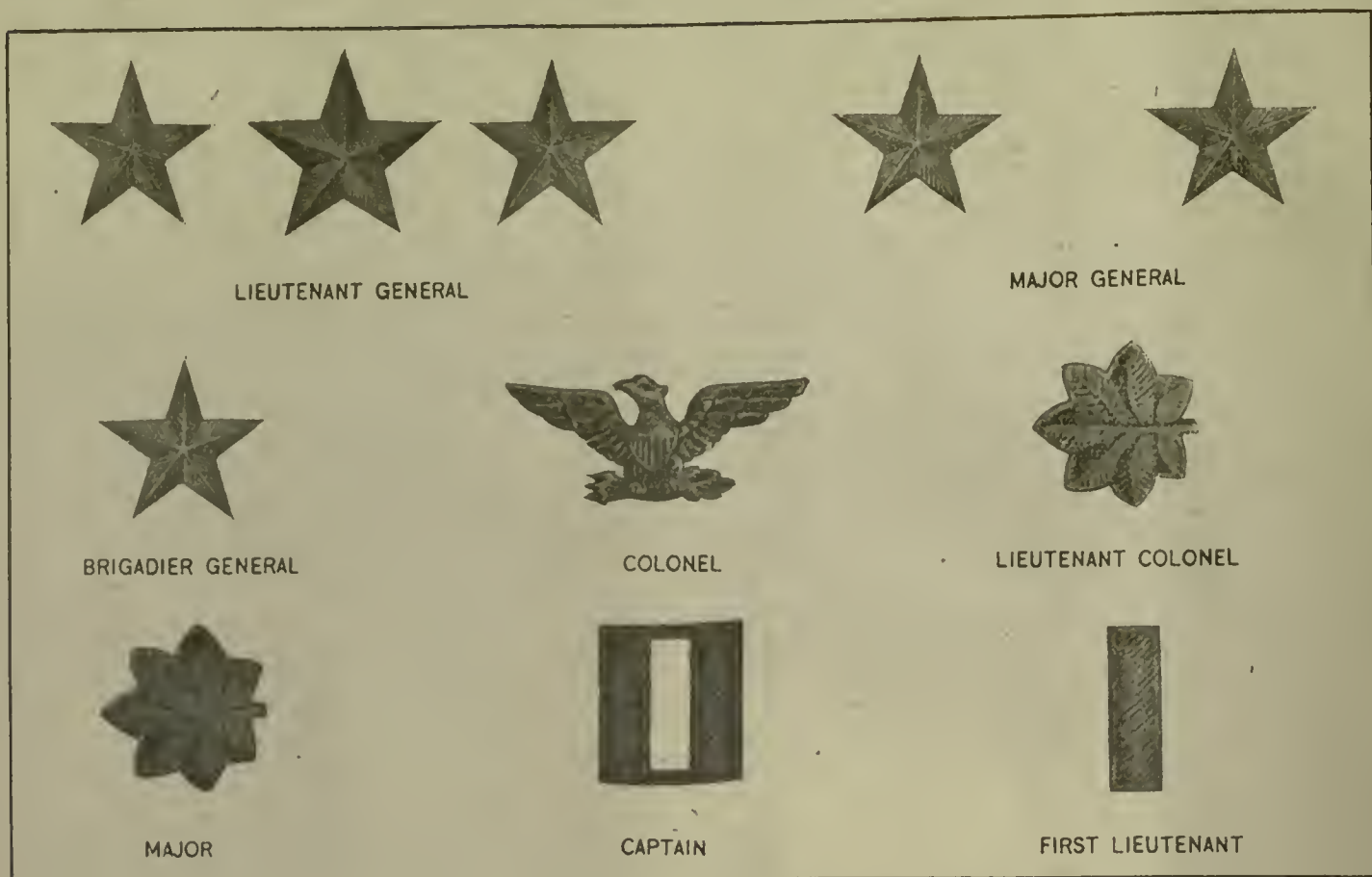
Observation Lessons

At "observation" he learns how to use his eyes, and discovers—especially if he is a townsman—that all his life he has been in the habit of looking at things without seeing them. A class of recruits, when invited to estimate the number, distance, and size of given objects, will exhibit the most astonishing differences of judgment, which will have nothing in common except that they are all wrong. In time, they will learn the chronology of "six o'clock," will be able to locate objects in terms of a given "prominent object," and sum up a landscape in "Church to the left. Two elms in the foreground. Farmhouse in the middle distance. Eight hundred." They will learn to read nature like a book—to know that she has a thousand tricks of camouflage, that in a good light the distance of an object is under-estimated and in a bad one exaggerated, that red and yellow colours seem near, and purple and violet appear distant. Later they will learn to consider the heavens like the husbandman and to estimate almost intuitively the effects of wind, moisture, and light in producing a marksman's margin of error.

Up to this point a recruit has been learning to train his muscles and re-educate his senses. In the old and leisurely days before the war all these stages were carefully graduated, and the time at which a recruit went "off the square" to do his musketry course at the butts was strictly contingent on the degree of intelligence he had attained. Also he learnt one thing at a time. In these days of intensive training, when a man is rushed through a course in fourteen weeks which in the old days might take a year and more, he has to learn half a dozen things at once. But there is one principle that the army instructor has never abandoned—namely, that theory can never be a substitute for practice. You do not teach a recruit the use of a rifle or a Lewis gun from a diagram; you put the weapon into his hands, and educate him in the meaning of the parts before you teach him to use the whole. The army instructor works on the principles of that great educationist, Mr. Squeers, "Spell winder—now go and clean it"—except that the pupil has to clean it before he "spells" it. He must know how to "strip" a Lewis gun before he fires it. Moreover, in the actual use of any weapon, he has to learn a dozen things in order to forget them; they begin by being deliberate, they end by being instinctive. The ideal of a good musketry-instructor is to teach his men to shoot like the cowboy who, on being asked by a naïve spectator how he managed to shoot so unerringly, retorted: "Guess yer a clerk, ain't yer? Wal, you don't have to aim with yer pen every time you write a letter, do you?"

When the recruit has learnt how to use a rifle or to throw a "powder puff," he can enter on the stage of live rounds or live bombs. But training goes far beyond that: the one and undivided object of Army schools to-day is to exercise the recruit in circumstances which approximate as nearly as possible to the conditions which the soldier will have to encounter in actual warfare. A good training camp is furnished with trenches, strong-posts, and assault-courses—which sometimes reproduce with remarkable fidelity all the features of a German position with its tricks of concealed machine-guns, masked trench-walls, and all the rest of it.

The soldier is even taught how to use the weapons of the enemy and exercised in the use of those lethal toys, the "pineapple" trench-mortar. And he has not only got to know his own job, but also how to act in conjunction with others; also in this war of platoons a soldier's education is incomplete



Insignia of Rank, The United States Army

until he is exercised in the "combined tactics" of his own and all the other arms, so that the riflemen, rifle-bombers, bombers, and Lewis gunners can work together like the "pack" of a good football team. They are "specialists," but their teaching has one common denominator: every man, including the bombers, should be able to shoot and to get down to his 15 rounds a minute. In this way a platoon has a singular elasticity; its four constituent units have each their special task, and at the same time have all a common adaptability. The soldier of to-day has to be at one and the same time an expert and a good all-round infantryman. He has to be trained to act in large masses, and also to work on his own initiative. These are paradoxes; but modern warfare is full of them. From the point of view of artillery the division is the unit, of machine guns and trench-mortars the brigade, of Lewis guns the platoon. At any moment, all this nice integration of parts may be dislocated, and men may find themselves fighting "on their own" in shell-holes until the co-ordination is whittled down to a couple of rifle-bombers working in pairs—the "gun" and his loader—like partridge-driving; or to a handful of bombers doing a forward drive. In the same way, the fire-control of a Stokes gun battery, especially in attack, may be broken up into the detachment fire of a single gun carried forward without its legs and "pooped off" a few yards behind the bombers. And, therefore, though a soldier's education begins by making him automatic, it must always end by making him self-reliant and resourceful.

The whole tendency of this war is to make the unit of self-containment smaller and smaller, whichever arm of the service it be. Originally it was the battalion, then the company, now the platoon. All this means that the individual soldier has to be more and more versatile, even while he becomes more and more specialised. A company, or even a platoon, must be able, in an emergency, to improvise its own field fortifications without waiting for the ingenious sapper; the men must be able not only to "consolidate," but to make loopholes and lay out barbed wire, which, by the way, is a science in itself. It is neither desirable nor permissible to say here how all these problems are worked out; it is enough to say that the curriculum of the soldier, although not the method of teaching, is subject to constant change. He—and still more his officers—are being worked as they were never worked before, and, under the stress of modern warfare, the Army is becoming as technical a service as the Navy. On the whole, it has responded to these imperative exigencies with remarkable aptitude. The conscript is not as good an all-round soldier in a war of movement as the old regular, who was the product of years of training; but when it comes to specialisation, the Army has, in virtue of conscription, an almost unlimited field of choice in selecting

men for the job they are best qualified by civilian pursuits to do. In some directions, therefore, the new conscript is more teachable than the old pre-war recruit.

More than that, the training of the new armies is flexible; it has no Prussian rigidity about it. The *Infantry Training Manual* is no longer regarded as the beginning and end of wisdom. The recruit has to learn rules; but, once he has learnt them, he is allowed a wide latitude in the way of exceptions. After he has learnt at the butts to shoot with one eye, he may, in practising an attack, be encouraged to shoot with two, for with two eyes you have the whole of the ground open to you, and can take in the Boche on your flank while getting your sights on the Boche in front. Having learnt to point and parry with the bayonet, and mastered the first and second butt exercises, he will probably be told eventually by the instructor that to "kick him anywhere" is the upshot of it all when it comes to the third. If he is a bomber he will be allowed to do what he likes with his left hand, so long as he has learnt how to "bowl overhand" or "put the weight" with his right. And if he is a sniper—that chartered libertine of a battalion—he can do things all his own way. For, once you have learnt to do a thing well in the new Army, you will, within reasonable limits, be allowed to do it as you like.

The soldier must begin by being docile, but if he wishes to excel he must end by being intelligent. He has not, like the officer, to be a student of tactics; but he has, in his own way, to master that great principle of war which is to anticipate what the other fellow is likely to do. If he is a sniper he will select all his positions, construct his loopholes, camouflage his headgear with that principle always in his mind. But the principle is primarily one of the lessons of a "command"; it is one of those high matters which, like the hard dilemma of knowing when to follow an order and when to depart from it, is reserved for a higher order of intelligence than that imposed upon the soldier in the ranks.

At last, there comes a day when the soldier is warned by the sergeant for an overseas draft. His blankets are returned to store, his kit is inspected, and an entry to that effect is made in his pay-book. The time has come for "marching out." Soon he will meet his enemy in the gate. Many things will come back to him as the train takes his draft up to railhead from the base; he will reflect that the instructor's apparent asperity on the square, at the butts, and on the assault-course was inspired by a really conscientious desire to make a soldier of him, and he will find later that many a little trick of hand and eye which he was ordered with inexorable persistency to try again will stand him in good stead, and may make all the difference between life and death. Happy he if he has learnt his lesson well.

The Higher Punctuality : By G. K. Chesterton

SOME time ago, having the honour to write in LAND & WATER, I began my article by comparing the toleration of Prussia in Europe, after the war, to the presence of a cannibal butcher's shop, hung with human bodies, in broad daylight in the streets of a modern city. There were some faint or playful protests against the goriness of the figure of speech ; but Prussia can generally be trusted to turn the most frantic figure into a fact. And my own image returned to my imagination when I read recently, in a letter from an eye-witness in the villages evacuated by the Germans, that he had actually seen the corpse of a young girl hung on one of the hooks outside a butcher's shop. It did not, of course, indicate anything so useful—we might almost say so excusable—as cannibalism. It indicated the deep, true-hearted Teutonic sense of humour ; a thing somewhat unique in æsthetics ; a cruelty that is not merely dirty, but greasy. And although the image be offensive—or, rather, because it is offensive—it is well to remember it ; and to repeat, in the plainest terms, what is as true in the hour of doubt or danger as it would be in the hour of triumph ; that if such things go ultimately uncondemned and unchastised in the European settlement—it will be strictly and precisely as if all the busy and peaceful life of that little foreign town were resumed, with folk flocking to market and to church, but with the fear of the barbarian still so heavy upon it that no man dared take down that body for decent burial, but all left it to swing and rot in the sun.

But the position of the Allies, and especially of the Americans, permits another practical use for this small working model of a common shop, as the scene of a somewhat uncommon crime. The point is this : that there would certainly be a limit to the extent to which such a crime could be concealed or perpetuated by the mere coincidence of comings and goings. The corpse could not remain there long *merely* because one policeman passed just before it was impaled, and another when the shutters were up, and another in a fog, and another in a state of intoxication. If the moral sense of that city could ultimately be found to be against such an incident, it would also ultimately be found in effective combination against it. If there was a universal disapproval of crime, men could and would eventually be present in sufficient numbers to take down the corpse, and hang the butcher instead of the meat.

Now, that is precisely the position of Prussia in the world to-day. It is an ironic position ; and the supremely valuable, but inevitably gradual, arrival of American help is the great example of it. The blunder of the withdrawal of Russian help is another example of it. I call it a blunder because even those who committed it are already calling it a blunder. It is a queer paradox that now, while Russia is politically most broken to pieces, it is morally much more all of a piece again. At least, it is more all of a piece about the war. Save for the dubious motives of the Ukraine, it must now be almost solidly anti-German. Old-fashioned patriotic Russians must be furious at the loss of their frontiers, and new revolutionary Russians equally furious at the fall of their barricades. One half of Russia must mourn for glory and the national faith, and the other half for freedom and the international hope. And for both they have to blame the Germans. Whether or no they agree that the revolution against the Tsar was right, the one thing in which they must logically all agree, now, is that the war against the Kaiser was right. In other words, they must all agree that they were, at least, entirely right to do the one thing that they have left off doing. And that is the irony of the present position everywhere ; it is not that the feeling of the world does not correspond to the cause of the Allies ; it is simply that the facts of the world do not correspond to the feeling of the world. And if the whole Allied cause failed now, it would be but one huge and brutal blunder in synchrony.

Failure of synchrony may mean the loss of a battle, or even the loss of a campaign ; but I doubt if men would ever allow it to mean the final loss of a cause. Napoleon might very well have won Waterloo ; England and Prussia might not have been ready to join up, just as Austria and Russia were not, as a fact, ready to join up ; but Russia and Austria, England and Prussia would not have abandoned the struggle for that. If the powers of the world were really against him to the last, he could not have conquered finally, though Quatre Bras had been more successful than Ligny. I use the parallel, of course, as a small and technical example ; and with no reference to the ridiculous though fashionable comparison of Napoleon to the North-German militarist.

Napoleon was the heir of noble ideals, and himself a great artist ; there is nothing Napoleonic in any sense whatever, bad or good, in the stagnant materialism of the Prussian mind. As for the present German Emperor, let his sun set on St. Helena when it has risen on Austerlitz. The most important difference between the old case and the new, after the more blazing clarity of the moral issue, would be the fact that in the present case we count on our side, not, as of old, only antique and mysterious millions of the Russian Empire, but the very modern, very quick-witted and equally high-spirited millions of the American Republic.

American Business Men

We hear a great deal about the business man in war ; and a great deal of it is rubbish. We even hear a great deal about the American business man ; and most of it is very unjust to the American man, especially that part of it that is meant to be complimentary to him. The American is not only a genuine democrat, but is generally a genuine idealist. Even when he is really too commercial, it is often because he idealises commerce. Even when he does kill himself in the dollar-hunt, it is less for the dollar and much more for the hunt. But the American population does not, as some suppose, consist entirely of millionaires. The rest are quite civilised people ; indeed, to speak seriously, they are not only civilised people, but essentially civic people. The average American does truly desire to be a citizen, and not merely to be something in the city. Nevertheless, there is one virtue of the American citizen which may, without too wild a paradox, be described as the virtue of a business man. Even in an office life can be lived well ; there are potential virtues buried even in business habits ; and one of them is highly practical in this connection. Unless my impression of American psychology is very far out, the one thing an American will not tolerate is this idea of the world civilisation coming to an end by accident. He will certainly resent the notion that the world's greatest battle should be not so much lost as mislaid. He will not easily endure the idea of moral and material forces lying disused and derelict, while the whole world's story ends wrong for want of them. In such a matter he will be inspired, primarily, by an ideal which may be called the higher thrift, or even the higher punctuality. The General in Bernard Shaw's play says he would not hang any gentleman by an American clock ; but the remark would be highly unjust to modern American clocks ; and generally to modern American machinery. And there is something of which the prompt and impatient American intelligence would be highly intolerant, in this vision of an almost cosmic collapse ; which is as if the world and the planets should cease to turn and the sun should tumble out of the sky, merely because one town-clock was a little slow and the other a little fast.

At this moment the Prussian is more unpopular in the world than he has ever yet been in the war. However few or many, in any given place or time, fight against him, all men to-day vote against him. The Russians, or Russian Jews, who told us to trust him, vote against him ; and threaten to fight against him in the future. The Americans, who very naturally and rationally wished to be at peace with him, vote against him ; and are fighting against him with all speed and on the spot. His own Ambassador votes against him—over the vexed but vital question of the origin of the war. His own ally votes against him—over the vexed but vital question of the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine. Those who would not vote at all vote against him. Those who consistently voted for him vote against him. The criminal is condemned by all who were not his accomplices, and by many who were his accomplices. That he should be finally found triumphant in the hour when he is finally found guilty ; that the jury should all bow to his ruling at the very moment when they are all agreed on his crime ; that he should suffer exposure and his successful accuser should suffer execution ; in short, that we should all of us lie for ever undefended from the one thing which we have all just found to be indefensible ; and that all this would happen, that the judge should be hanged instead of the murderer, merely because the American clock kept somewhat different time from the private watch in the pocket of a Jew in Petrograd—all this is something worse or wilder than injustice. It is nonsense ; and the Americans, I know, will not stand any such nonsense ; nor live in any such nightmare for ever.

RIVERS

By
J. C. SQUIRE.

RIVERS I have seen which were beautiful,
Slow rivers winding in the flat fens,
With bands of reeds like thronged green swords
Guarding the mirrored sky ;
And streams down-tumbling from the chalk hills
To valleys of meadows and watercress-beds,
And bridges whereunder, dark weed-coloured shadows,
Trout flit or lie.

I know those rivers that peacefully glide
Past old towers and shaven gardens,
Where mottled walls rise from the water
And mills all streaked with flour ;
And rivers with wharves and rusty shipping,
That flow with a stately tidal motion
Towards their destined estuaries
Full of the pride of power ;

Noble great rivers, Thames and Severn,
Tweed with his gateway of many grey arches,
Clyde, dying at sunset westward
In a sea as red as blood ;
Rhine and his hills in close procession,
Placid Elbe, Seine grey and swirling,
And Iser, son of the Alpine snows,
A furious turquoise flood.

All these I have known, and with slow eyes
I have walked on their shores and watched them,
And softened to their beauty and loved them
Wherever my feet have been ;
And a hundred others also
Whose names long since grew into me,
That, dreaming in light or darkness,
I have seen, though I have not seen.

Those rivers of thought : cold Ebro,
And blue racing Guadiana,
Passing white houses, high-balconied,
That ache in a sun-baked land,
Congo, and Nile and Colorado,
Niger, Indus, Zambesi,
And the Yellow River, and the Oxus,
And the river that dies in sand.

What splendours are theirs, what continents,
What tribes of men, what basking plains,
Forests and lion-hided deserts,
Marshes, ravines, and falls ;
All hues and shapes and tempers,
Wandering, they take as they wander
From those far springs that endlessly
The far sea calls.

O in reverie I know the Volga
That turns his back upon Europe,
And the two great cities on his banks,
Novgorod and Astrakhan ;

Where the world is a few soft colours,
And under the dove-like evening
The boatmen chant ancient songs
The tenderest known to man.

And the holy river Ganges,
His fretted cities moonlight-veiled
Arches and buttresses silver-shadowy
In the high moon,
And palms grouped in the moonlight
And fanes girdled with cypresses
Their domes of marble softly shining
To the high silver moon.

And that aged Brahmapootra
Who beyond the white Himalayas
Passes many a lamasery
On rocks forlorn and frore,
A block of gaunt grey stone walls
With rows of little barred windows,
Where shrivelled young monks in yellow silk
Are hidden for evermore.

But O that great river, the Amazon,
I have sailed up its gulf with eyelids closed,
And the yellow waters tumbled round,
And all was rimmed with sky,
Till the banks drew in, and the trees' heads,
And the lines of green grew higher
And I breathed deep, and there above me
The forest wall stood high.

Those forest walls of the Amazon
Are level under the blazing blue
And yield no sound save the whistles and shrieks
Of the swarming bright macaws ;
And under their lowest drooping boughs
Mud-banks torpidly bubble,
And the water drifts, and logs in the water
Drift and twist and pause.

And everywhere tacitly joining
Float noiseless tributaries,
Tall avenues paved with water :
And as I silent fly,
The vegetation like a painted scene,
Spars and spikes and monstrous fans
And ferns from hairy sheaths up-springing
Evenly passes by.

And stealthier stagnant channels
Under low niches of drooping leaves
Coil into deep recesses :
And there have I entered, there
To heavy hot, dense, dim places
Where creepers climb and sweat and climb,
And the drip and splash of oozing water
Loads the stifling air.

Rotting scrofulous steaming trunks,
Great horned emerald beetles crawling,
Ants and huge slow butterflies
That have strayed and lost the sun ;
Ah, sick I have swooned as the air thickened
To a pallid brown ecliptic glow,
And on the forest, fallen with languor,
Thunder has begun.

Thunder in the dun dusk, thunder
Rolling and battering and cracking,
The caverns shudder with a terrible glare
Again and again and again,
Till the land bows in the darkness
Utterly lost and defenceless
Smitten and blinded and overwhelmed
By the crashing rods of rain.

And then in the forests of the Amazon
When the rain has ended, and silence come,
What dark luxuriance unfolds
From behind the night's drawn bars :
The wreathing odours of a thousand trees
And the flowers' faint gleaming presences
And over the clearings and the sighing waters
Soft indigo and hanging stars.

* * * *

O many and many are rivers,
And beautiful are all rivers,
And lovely is water everywhere
That leaps or glides or stays ;
Yet by starlight, or moonlight, or sunlight,
Long, long though they look, these wandering eyes
Even on the fairest waters of dream
Never untroubled gaze.

For whatever stream I stand by,
And whatever river I dream of,
There is something still in the back of my mind
From very far away ;
There is something I saw and see not,
A country full of rivers
That stirs in my heart and speaks to me
More sure, more dear than they.

And always I ask and wonder
(Though often I do not know it)
Why does this water not smell like water ?
Where is the moss that grew
Wet and dry on the slabs of granite
And the round stones in clear brown water ?
—And a pale film rises before them
Of the rivers that first I knew.

Though famous are the rivers of the great world,
Though my heart from those alien waters drinks
Delight however pure from their loveliness
And awe however deep,

Would I wish for a moment the miracle
That those waters should come to Chagford,
Or gather and swell in Tavy Cleave
Where the stones cling to the steep ?

No, even were they Ganges and Amazon
In all their great might and majesty
League upon league of wonders,
I would lose them all, and more,
For a light chiming of small bells,
A twisting flash in the granite,
The tiny thread of a pixie waterfall
That lives by Vixen Tor.

Those rivers in that lost country,
They were brown as a clear brown bead is
Or red with the earth that rain washed down,
Or white with china-clay ;
And some tossed foaming over boulders,
And some curved mild and tranquil,
In wooded vales securely set
Under the fond warm day.

Okement and Erme and Avon,
Exe and his ruffled shallows,
I could cry as I think of those rivers
That knew my morning dreams ;
The weir by Tavistock at evening
When the circling woods were purple,
And the Lowman in spring with the lent-lilies,
And the little moorland streams.

For many a hillside streamlet
There falls with a broken tinkle,
Falling and dying, falling and dying,
In little cascades and pools,
Where the world is furze and heather,
And flashing plovers and fixed larks,
And an empty sky, whitish blue,
That small world rules.

There, there, where the high waste boglands
And the drooping slopes and the spreading valleys
The orchards and the cattle-sprinkled pastures,
Those travelling musics fill,
There is my lost Abana,
And there is my nameless Pharpar
That mixed with my heart when I was a boy,
And time stood still.

And I say I will go there and die there :
But I do not go there, and sometimes
I think that the train could not carry me there,
And it's possible, maybe,
That it's farther than Asia or Africa,
Than moon or sun or the ends of space,
Farther, farther, beyond recall. . . .
O even in memory !



Famous Jewels in America: By G. C. Williamson

WE have a habit in England of making use of one word and giving to it diverse meanings. An employer will say to his typist, late in the afternoon, that he desires her to "stop," but would be amazed if she "ceased work," as he meant her to "remain later and continue her work." So with regard to the word "jewels."

The dealer in Hatton Garden may mean stones; the jeweller, ornaments set with precious stones; the virtuoso, objects in enamel or metal without a stone upon them!

Mr. Pierpont Morgan used the term in its generic sense, and even included amongst *his* precious jewels objects in rock crystal, exquisite wood-carving, and portable reliquaries in enamel, and so on.

Let us attach the word "pendent" when we speak of some of the jewels he collected, and group together a few fine things from his famous collection of treasures that will easily come under that heading.

Here, for example (A) is a jewel of wrought gold enamelled, French work of

the sixteenth century, adorned with an oblong ruby and ten diamonds in shuttle-shaped mounts, and on the reverse a figure of a woman in ermine and green, represented in fine enamel, the whole supported by chains of pearls and gold, a very dainty ornament; while (B) is a very rare badge of the Order of the Annunziata in wrought gold and enamel, without any precious stones upon it, which belonged to the Abbot of St. Gallen, who was, in virtue of his position, a knight of the Order in perpetuity, and whose monastery was at one time considered as the chapel of the Order and meeting-place of the knights.

Hence this badge differs somewhat from that usually worn in the Order. The love knots about it are symbolic of the affection the knights should feel for each other.

Then regard two other jewels, of Italian sixteenth-century work, each largely composed from baroque pearl cunningly wrought and exquisitely mounted.

In one (D) we see a mermaid mounted in rich enamel, with rubies and diamonds, holding a mirror of labradorite in her hand and an hour-glass of pearl and ruby, while in the other (C) we find the baroque pearl adapted to form a dolphin upon which desports a figure of Fortune, nude, waving a scarf, which she holds as a sail to catch the first breath of a favourable wind.

Here the clever goldsmith has adapted a design made by Hans Collaert, of Antwerp, who in the sixteenth century issued a book of designs for workers in gold and enamel. The goldsmiths of that day seldom designed in their entirety the jewels they wrought. They used the books of designs in existence, but they never copied them slavishly, but ingeniously adapted them to their own ideas.

Take, as an instance, a pendant (E) which came from Augsburg, and formed part (it is believed) of a wedding-gift sent to the Emperor Ferdinand II. by his brother's wife Philippina Welser, an Augsburg lady whose brother married a Countess Fugger, a member of the great mercantile house of that city whose daughters married into the noblest houses of Europe. Here, and in a pendent jewel (F), representing a pelican "in its piety," seated upon its nest, with three young ones, wonderfully wrought in gold



C



D



Top Row (Left to Right) : A, F, B. Bottom Row (Left to Right) : G, H, E.

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This is very plain speaking; but plain speech is the keynote of the entire article. Thus one of the greatest national authorities upon the subject of education adds his valuable and independent testimony to that of the many distinguished men and women who have expressed their enthusiasm for the new movement.

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Left to Right : K and J



Left to Right : L and M

and enamel, and set with fine rubies, the German goldsmiths have gone to the designs of Daniel Mignot, of Augsburg, and have cleverly adapted some of his patterns to suit the purpose they had in view, putting into each, part of their own individuality, and so giving it special dignity thereby.

Gold and enamel, however, were not the only materials used for jewels. Here is one of mother-of-pearl (G) mounted in silver. The man whose portrait it bears, Paul Harsdorffer, was an Imperial Privy Councillor and a sheriff in Nuremberg, a person of high distinction, and belonging to a patrician family from whom sprang Georg Philipp Harsdorffer, the poet. The reverse bears the family coat-of-arms. Another (H) is in ivory, and sets forth "The Last Judgment," "Christ Crowned," between the Virgin and St. John, and with the emblems of the Passion.

This, probably wrought in Spain in the fifteenth century, was very possibly an *enseigne* or hat ornament set as a sign of pilgrimage to some remote shrine, as Chaucer says: "They sett their signys upon their hedes and som upon their capp." Another cap ornament is in painted enamel (J), French work of the sixteenth century, and depicts the Emperor Charles V. on a bright blue background inscribed "CAROLVS REX CATOLICVS" while yet another (K), in gold enamel, shows "The Entombment," and is Italian work, richly set in precious metal, and adorned on the frame with fine table-cut diamonds. The pathos of the scene is marvellously set forth.

Perhaps two ivory medallions were also hat ornaments, and one (L) represents Goetz von Berlichingen, the famous

German knight—Goetz of the Iron Hand, as he was called, from the artificial gauntlet he wore in lieu of his right hand, so well adapted, that, with it, he could wield his sword with terrible effect. On the reverse are his family arms—in one respect, inaccurately carved.

The other (M) more strictly a medallion to be worn as a jewel, came from the Oppenheim collection, and represents, on one side, Farel, the Genevan Minister at Neufchâtel, and on the other Calvin, and both portraits are signed by the renowned craftsman Hans Reinhart, the medallist and goldsmith of Leipzig. To two badges of the French Order of St. Michel belongs an interesting discovery.

Our illustrations (N and O) show the ordinary badges worn by the two degrees in knighthood, each of them finely wrought in gold and enamel, and very seldom seen. Another illustration (P) depicts one which on first discovery was declared to be a forgery, no such badge having before been discovered; but it fell to the writer to ascertain, in Paris, from the archives, that Louis XIV. added to the knights six ecclesiastics who were to wear shell cameo badges, and the only one that has survived is that illustrated here. Two more jewels were also largely composed of baroque pearl. One (Q) is Italian, and represents a swan; another, Augsburg work, forms a Calvary (R), exquisitely wrought, and on the back adorned with niello work in black enamel; while, finally, allusion should be made to a gold medallion of the Archduke Maximilian (S) (1558-1618) from the Spitzer collection, richly mounted in gold and enamel.



Top Row (Left to Right) : N, Q, O. Bottom Row (Left to Right) : P, R, S.

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It was a modern Englishman who invented the phrase that the American revolt was "the revolt of an English gentleman against a German king." But there were plenty of Englishmen in the seventeen-seventies who took the same view. There were exceptions amongst the great. Gibbon, who was not cut out for active politics, was a complacent, if dumb, supporter of the North Ministry, and Dr. Johnson wrote a tract *Taxation no Tyranny* which fortified the English extremists in their worst courses. In Johnson's defence, it may be urged that the thing that chiefly stuck in his gullet was that the colonists, though demanding liberty for themselves, continued to own slaves. The attitude of the ordinary thinking Englishman, however, was far different. Blake was an eccentric and phrased things peculiarly. Speaking of the repositories of British authority in America, he wrote:

at the feet of Washington down fall'n
They grovel in the sand, and trembling lie, while all
The British soldiers through the Thirteen States sent up
a howl.

This, if the Army had read Blake, might well have been disclaimed. A far more typical utterance is that of Horace Walpole, a representative of the Whig tradition at its purest. He was writing (1779) to Lady Ossory on the occasion of Keppel's acquittal when crowds had demonstrated in the streets:

I am not fond of mobs, madam, though I like the occasion
and can but compare the feel I had from them, with what
I should suffer were the illuminations for the conquest of
America. After putting out these lights, we should have
heard:

And then put out the light:
Liberty has still a continent to exist in."

Such observations can be found up and down almost every volume of private papers that has reached us. But, above all, in common fairness to what England then was, Americans should be familiar with the speeches on their behalf made by the three greatest political orators of that age—Burke, Fox, and Chatham.

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(Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 30)

stultify our own past. He pointed out, as a practical man, that, whether we liked it or not, the fact remained that they *did* mean to resist our taxation, and that we should not be able to impose our will upon them without a long and bloody fight in which we might be beaten; and he implored the formalists not to take their stand upon a literal interpretation of what they conceived to be our legal rights. "Force," he said, "may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered." And, arguing that generous "conciliatory concession" was the only thing that would pay in the long run, he met the case of those who were always afraid that once the attempt at coercion were abandoned all would be lost:

But the colonies will go further.—Alas! alas! When will this speculating against fact and reason end? What will quiet these panic fears which we entertain of the hostile effect of a conciliatory conduct? Is it true that no case can exist, in which it is proper for the sovereign to accede to the desires of his discontented subjects? Is there anything peculiar in this case, to make a rule for itself? Is all authority, of course, lost, when it is not pushed to the extreme? Is it a certain maxim, that, the fewer causes of dissatisfaction are left by government, the more the subject will be inclined to resist and rebel?

The younger Pitt's speech, years later, on the peace, should be read in conjunction with this, a peace in which (he said) anything that was inadequate was

chargeable to the noble lord in the blue ribbon, whose profusion of the public's money, whose notorious temerity and obstinacy in prosecuting the war, which originated in his pernicious and oppressive policy, and whose utter incapacity to fill the station he occupied, rendered peace of any description indispensable to the preservation of the State.

These passages, one thinks, should adorn the pages of American school-books as a proper supplement to accounts of the Boston Tea-Party.

* * * * *

Burke's exposition mainly appealed to the reason; Chatham's magnificent speech on the employment of savage Red Indian troops against the Colonists struck another note. Few things in English oratory are more passionate and more moving than his elaboration of the horror of this plan; and in vigour and vividness the rest of the speech does not fall far short of it. "You cannot, I venture to say it—you cannot conquer America." "I love and honour the English troops: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities":

You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince: your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it imitates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never!

The peroration beginning "My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more," brought a noble speech to a close as effective as anything in the annals of oratory.

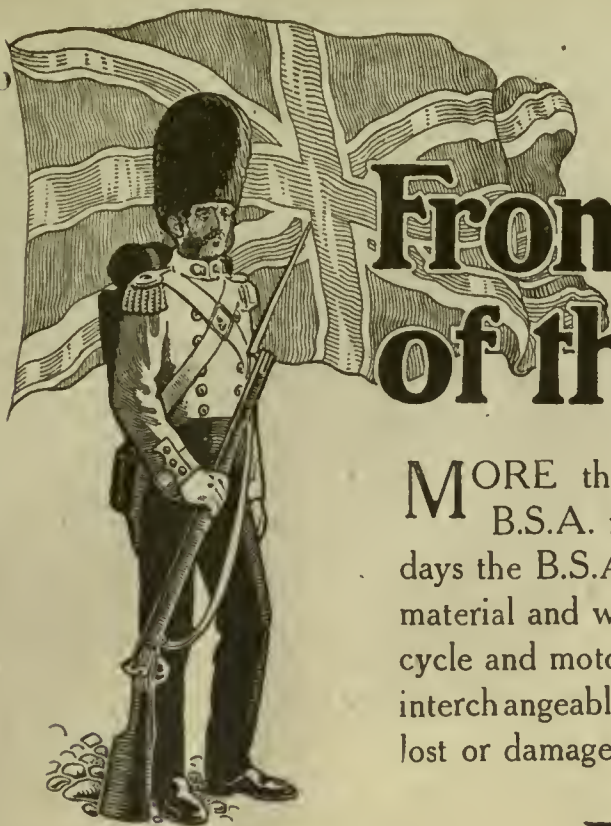
* * * * *

The Colonists and ourselves are now united against those same "mercenary sons of rapine and plunder," not greatly changed during the interval. That Chatham could not have foreseen; but the prophecy was made, though anything but hopefully, by a contemporary who did not share his views. In a suppressed passage of his pamphlet, Dr. Johnson, who saw in America a breeding ground of democrats and contempters of authority, lamented:

By Dr. Franklin's rule of progression, they will, in a century and a quarter be more than equal to the inhabitants of Europe. When the Whigs of America are thus multiplied, let the Princes of the earth tremble in their palaces.

The "Whigs" have multiplied; and they are on the move.

Readers of LAND & WATER are familiar with M. Emile Cammaerts' poems on the war. Written in French, they are among the most notable literary work which this terrible struggle has elicited. Under the title of *Messines*, a new collection of them is now published (John Lane, 3s. 6d.) with English translations by Mme. Tite Brand-Cammaerts. This poet has been well called "one of the strongest and sweetest of Belgian singers," his work is exquisite—full of beauty and pathos.



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(Continued from page 34)



"Proudly and sturdily go the gun horses even in the rain. As I passed a battery to-day . . . I thought how much better off we are for horses than the enemy. He has been using small Russian ponies for transport work, and we have heard of some German batteries which now have no horses of their own. They have to borrow them from transport when they move."

HAMILTON FYFE in *Daily Mail*, 9/4/18.

Not least of the causes for the relative German shortage of horses is the care we have given to our horses from the first day of the war. The Army Veterinary Service assisted by the

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FOR SICK AND WOUNDED HORSES

(the only Fund authorised by the Army Council to assist the A.V.C.)

has done work as brave and as valuable in its way as that of our heroic soldiers themselves. The restoration to service of 450,000 horses in 1917 alone tells its own tale. That it saved the nation some £25,000,000 is of less account to-day than that the R.S.P.C.A. Fund shall be enabled to continue its good work of providing the various veterinary accommodation and supplies, for which

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now. To quote Mr. Hamilton Fyfe again:—

"Horses are having a great deal more work to do than during trench warfare. How they add to the picturesqueness of war! But how much, also, to the pitifulness of it when one sees them, as I have lately, lying by the roadside!"

What English man or woman reading this appeal will fail to respond to-day? No matter what you have already done for us you cannot forget those dumb yet eloquent loyal supporters of our men. Patriotism, economy, humanity, all urge and justify real sacrifice in this cause. You need not our thanks or we would add, they go out to you now, even as you fill in the form below.

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a standing army was deprecated loudly as an outburst of militarism, and to expand the navy was thought to divert the taxpayers' money from the legitimate improvement of public facilities. There is no nation mentioned in history, ancient or modern, that talked or thought less of war and warlike things, or that rested so secure in the conviction that the world had reached that point in civilisation when a war of any magnitude, or at least of sufficient magnitude to draw America into the vortex, was an impossibility.

When the crash came in 1914 this was the frame of mind in which American industry was discovered, and it took nearly three years of the great conflict and the persistent efforts of the German Government to bring the American people to a realisation of the stern necessities of the hour. As soon as realised, however, there was not a moment's hesitation. The leaders of industry at once moved the hands of their indicators from "peace" to "war," and orders went forth that transformed the greatest peace organisation the world has ever seen into an organisation designed and operated with the single purpose of defeating the enemies of America and the Allies.

America's Fighting Power

The fighting power of America is hampered in Europe by the 3,000 miles or more of water separating that country from the battlefield, and yet, on the other hand, the mere fact of this isolation leaves American industry free to develop without fear of attack. In less than a year the army has been increased from about 200,000 to nearly 2,000,000 men, the navy personnel from less than 80,000 to nearly half a million, and all these soldiers and sailors have been equipped with kit, armament, and food supplies. In April, 1917, about 125 naval vessels were under construction, and now, a year later, nearly 1000 are on the ways. Twenty great manufacturing plants are building flying machines, and army supplies have been turned out at a bewildering rate until the totals run into many millions of tons. It is estimated that every soldier sent to France means at least 5 tons of accompanying equipment and supplies.

It is towards the shipbuilding industry of America, therefore, that most anxious eyes have been turned and upon which effort has been concentrated. With 11,000,000 tons of shipping gone to the bottom and the large demands made by the naval forces on the merchant marine the need was imperative. Men and materials were ready to come to Europe in unlimited numbers and quantities, but transportation had to be provided. To build ships was one of the most difficult things to ask of America, for this industry up to the year 1916 had been at a low ebb as compared with other industries, and the amount of preparation necessary for a big turn-out was greater than in any other direction in the production of war material. Work was not begun as promptly as was hoped for, there was trouble "at the top," but a different story can be written of the last few months, and in America to-day are some of the largest shipbuilding yards in the world, and all crowded with vessels rapidly approaching completion. Indeed, ships are already being launched the keels of which were laid some time after the American declaration of war against Germany.

From the beginning of American participation in the war American industry has had little trouble with labour. The leaders of the great labour organisations have shown a marked and intelligent understanding of the purpose of the United States Government and the rank and file has supported them with enthusiasm. Many of the problems that affect labour unfavourably in Europe do not exist in America, hence the situation is not quite so complicated. The supply of men for the army is so great no comb-outs are necessary. There is no real shortage of food, wages are high, and the eight-hour day with its two or even three shifts for the 24 hours prevails in all Government work and in most private establishments. The disappearance of the Tsardom in Russia narrowed all opposition to the war among the alien population to the sympathisers with Germany and her Allies, and many of these are lukewarm or indifferent to the fate of their mother countries. The United States Government showed unexpected firmness in dealing with alien enemies, and, backed by public sentiment, the strong hand of the Department of Justice has kept harmless all but a few, and even their activities have been reduced to the minimum. There are fewer labour disturbances and outrages upon industrial plants in America to-day than there were before America came into the war.

Nearly all of the great American industrial institutions have been built up not only through efficiency and modern

(Continued on page 38)

THE
Veterans Association
 An Imperial Memorial
to the
Heroes of the Great War

War found us unprepared, but not dismayed; our youth and manhood—sailors, soldiers and civilians alike—thrust themselves between us and the armies of the Hun, held them at a terrible cost, and protected our homes from German aggression and German brutality. For nearly four years they have fought for us, and those who return at all return as **Veterans**—“Veterans such as before the war we never knew”.

We sent them out, encouraging them with brave words and stirring appeals. They left us safe at home and went into the shadows to fight for us and for our children, for our Empire and all that our Empire means to us—for all that is human and decent in life.

The parting was bitter, but the return should be triumphant; their task finished, they should learn the warmth of our gratitude . . . such was our thought, such was our determination! Are we so mindful of that resolution now as we were in the first flush of our enthusiasm?

In the heart of London stands the Veterans Club, its doors open to every returned sailor and soldier who needs comfort, advice or aid. Men from all parts of the world, alone in London, turn to it naturally, certain of welcome and hospitality—good beds, food, and warmth. This is the home of the Veterans, equipped and maintained by the freewill offerings of those whose lot it is to remain at home.

It is not an imposing Club; there is no great luxury in the appointments; the accommodation is by no means ample—is, indeed, quite inadequate. Yet the men themselves are profoundly grateful to their hosts, and express their appreciation in glowing letters. These letters, and the increasing difficulty of providing adequate hospitality, determine the Committee now to present this special appeal.

The growing demands upon the resources of the Club cannot be met by the donations, however generous, of the few who have hitherto endeavoured to satisfy the urgent call for larger rooms, better service and—over and above all—more beds. Are we content to leave this work to the support of a small section of the community? Is that the full measure of our gratitude?

Surely not! The need has but to be widely enough known to secure that a larger and a nobler Veterans Club shall be possible here, in the heart of the Empire—a building that shall be

An Imperial Memorial

to those who have fallen, a rallying point for those who survive.

That is the aim of the Veterans Association—to secure additional support for the development of their scheme, so as to enable them to receive all fighting and ex-Service men in a building dedicated to their service who have fought our battles on sea and land.

It costs £100 to dedicate a bedroom in the proposed new premises of the Veterans Club. Already more than thirty such donations have been made for the purpose of dedicating bedrooms to some fallen hero or some glorious deed . . . without a doubt many will wish to follow the example thus set.

But it is only by a constant flow of donations, small or great, that the Veterans Club can be supported and its sphere of usefulness enlarged. Give therefore generously according to your means. It is a gift to the men who have fought for you and saved your country—Heroes of the Great War.

*All donations should be addressed to the Secretary,
 Veterans Association, 47 Bedford Row, W.C.1
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(Continued from page 36)

methods, but by the aid of intelligent co-operation with the labour employed. There is less antagonism between the employer and the employed than in any other country. The principle is recognised as sound that a well-paid, well-housed and well-fed man, allowed to earn according to his individual productive power, is an invaluable asset to industry, and in the largest and most successfully operated plants this principle governs in the relations of the employer to the employed.

Increase of Wealth

In the last four years the national wealth of America has increased by at least £100 *per capita*, and this is not due to profits on the sale of war materials, for this has only accounted for about £5 *per capita* including the profit made on shipments of food such as would have been made had there been no war. The war is responsible to some degree, however, for the total increase, for internal development has been intensified by reason of the disturbed condition of the rest of the world. This increase in national wealth has come from but one source and that is the legitimate development of industry.

It was a good thing for America and for the Allies that this development preceded actual participation in the war, for American industry was all the more ready and able to respond to the demand to be made upon it when the conflict came. It meant that there was more money to be loaned to the Allies, greater facilities immediately available for war purposes, and more workers ready drilled to take their part in the great war machine at home and abroad. Any increase in wealth that may have come to the American people in the earlier days of the war in Europe through supplying the needs of the countries at war has been more than returned in money and materials during the past year.

The expansion of industry that has taken place in America in the past twenty years has exceeded anything before recorded and the whole force of this tremendous organisation has been turned against the foe of civilisation. As fast as alien immigration has entered the country it has been absorbed into the industrial world, and in the second generation these people are no longer aliens in spirit or in customs. Too little importance is attached to climate, food and environment in estimating the power of the American melting pot. A bracing and electric atmosphere, a full supply of nourishing food and association with a free people change the whole character of the population born of alien parents from that of their forefathers. The industrial efficiency of these people is multiplied beyond comparison with those who remain in Europe. The contrast in the productive power of the individual worker has been strikingly confirmed in the experience of one great American industrial with factories in nearly every large country in the world. This company has found that the men they employ in America can be depended upon to produce a minimum of 40 per cent. more output than the men they employ abroad, and yet these men both in America and elsewhere may be of the same race and nationality at birth. Forty years ago Irishmen did the pick and shovel work of America. To-day the Italians, Slavs and Levantines have taken the place of the Irish, and the latter are engaged in more skilled and better paid branches of labour. It has been so with every influx of aliens. When they first arrived they began at the bottom of the ladder, but as they came under the influence of the American climate, food, and institutions, they quickly raised themselves to a more satisfactory status, and their children: brought up or born in America, began far in advance of where their parents left off.

Fifty years ago America had to make a choice between rapid industrial development with large immigration or a very slow development and restricted immigration. The first named course was adopted. The industrial development has been more rapid than was even dreamed of and some social and political penalties have been incurred by the nation and its institutions through the great influx of foreign labour. The damage has been less than was predicted, however, for the regenerative powers of the New World were under-estimated.

The fusion of a number of races has produced a new race dominated absolutely by Anglo-Saxon ideals and even still by Anglo-Saxon leaders, but broadened in its sympathies and understandings and containing within its spirit a hatred of all tyranny, a shadowy inheritance from previous generations of the oppressed. It is because of this inheritance that America is inhabited by a peace-loving nation. It is also because of this inheritance that when once convinced that liberty and democracy were threatened the nation was ready to turn the whole power of its immeasurable industrial strength against the enemy.

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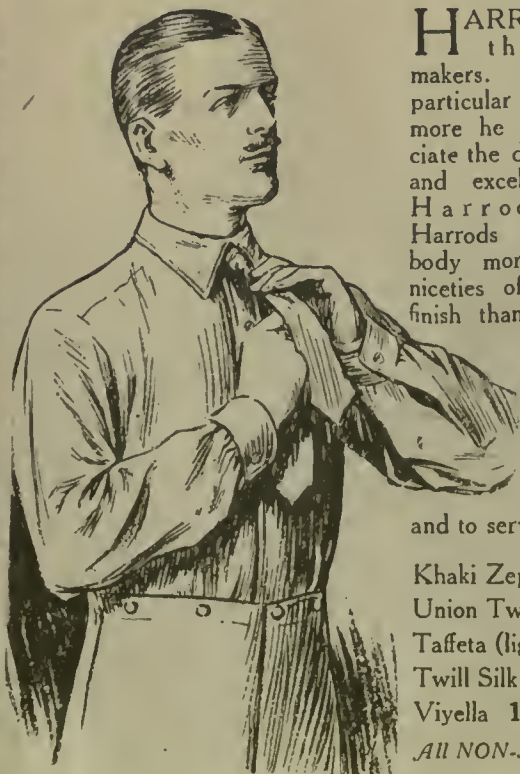
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Motor Utility Machines

By H. Massac Buist

WHILE the war has made altogether unprecedented demands on the world's motor industry alike for the production of aircraft and marine engines and for motors for military transport service, it is generally overlooked that it has, besides, enormously accelerated the demand for engines for agriculture and for all forms of utility service in civilian life pure and simple. Indeed, when the history of motoring in these islands comes to be written it will be found that the first really extensive use of agricultural machinery dates from the preparations made for the coming harvest. The shortage of horses for civilian service, which is an inevitable feature of any war, has enormously accelerated the growth of the utility vehicle movement.

The general idea is that the agricultural motor is needed for ploughing only, and that if that can be arranged satisfactorily, the agri-motor problem is solved. The fact, however, is scarcely so simple, as may be promptly realised when it is borne in mind that on the average farm ploughing takes place on approximately only twenty-one days of the year. Even on the co-operative principle it would not be a commercial proposition to purchase motor machinery for so relatively few days' service, despite the fact that a motor differs from horseflesh in that when it is not in service it is not consuming the material which enables it to do its work. Moreover, if the motor equipment of a given farm, or collection of farms, takes the form of a plough only, then it follows that horses must be available for all the many subsequent operations to which ploughing is the preliminary. Obviously, if horses were available for the subsequent processes they would be equally available for the initial one.

Thus, the successful application of the internal combustion liquid-fuel engine to the agricultural problems depends in large measure on the variety of uses to which the machinery can be put. This becomes particularly emphasised in a country like our own, where the individual farm and the individual field are extremely small by comparison, for example, with the areas that are brought into cultivation in Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, the Argentine, Russia, etc.

Ploughing Tests

As regards the problem of motor-ploughing, tests have practically proved that success or failure depend not so much on the motor/mechanism as on the ploughshare, or shares, employed for the work in the given district. Many of our agri-motor trials promoted in the early days of this war really gave a false idea of the relative merits of various forms of motor tractors because the point was overlooked that you could not judge those merits unless all the tractors engaged in the given competition were working precisely the same type of share on the given patch of land. Judges, moreover, in certain districts obviously were more partial to a certain class of share than others, long experience having taught them what is the most suitable for the given neighbourhood. The result was that they could not but judge by rather the ploughshare used than by the motor equipment. Henceforth, therefore, it is desirable that when agricultural motor trials are promoted, the manufacturers entering for them shall always be informed what share they are to use in each district in which they are to compete. It is only by standardising in this fashion that the relative merits of each tractor can be brought out.

The number of motor tractors that have been brought into service for farm work in these islands to-day is very great, running into more thousands than there are months in the year. Yet we have merely touched the fringe of the developments. The work, too, is in part handicapped by the fuel situation. In face of the demands during the war, and on the coming of peace, for the lighter motor spirits, which must always be rendered available for aircraft work, for example, obviously petrol must be regarded as an uncommercial fuel for agri-motor purposes. Consequently, the bulk run is on paraffin—at any rate, after the mechanism has been warmed up on petrol. The difficulties of vapourising paraffin have been overcome in more or less practical fashion; but, unquestionably, the whole business has been greatly handicapped by the dearth of men of motor experience to initiate the average farm hand, who has been no more trained than his forbears to mechanism and the idea of it.

The youths of to-day who will be the farm hands of to-

(Continued on page 42.)

Humber

PREFERENCE for the Humber Car is proof of good judgment. Willingness to wait for one is evidence of sound patriotism. The necessity for this exercise of patience is to be found in the accompanying picture.



A CORNER OF VIEW ROOM.

HUMBER LIMITED

Agents everywhere.

Where Flying Men are fitted out

Long years' experience of catering for Motorists brought Dunhills into the field of Aviation Kit supply with a flying start. They still lead wherever articles of practical use and comfort for Flying Men are concerned.

Here are three good items from the Showroom at Conduit Street.

A special aviation cap of black or tan leather is the first item. The leather is delightfully soft and flexible, and the whole cap is lined with best quality nutria fur. It is cut long at the back to protect the neck, and is most popular among American and all the Allied Aviators. The price is 55/-.

A much appreciated gadget for this or any other Dunhill flying cap, is our fur-lined chin muff (No. 19/10). In black or tan leather and lined with similar fur to the cap above, it costs 17/6 and provides a maximum of comfort.



5773 A

Our "High Flyer" gloves are deep gauntlet shaped with two straps, and are made in tan leather lined with fur. They are interlined with oil-cambic, thus being quite waterproof, snug and cosy, though at the same time most flexible and yielding to every movement of the hand. They represent the high-water mark in glove comfort for airmen.

The price is 35/- per pair.



760.

Waterproof overboots: 1376/50

These fine overboots are made in strong Paramatta twill, lined with fur, and have a soft leather sole, a strap just below the knee to make them quite secure, and a laced front. They are perfectly waterproof, warm and comfortable. The price is 63/- per pair, and when ordering it is necessary to state size of walking boot worn.

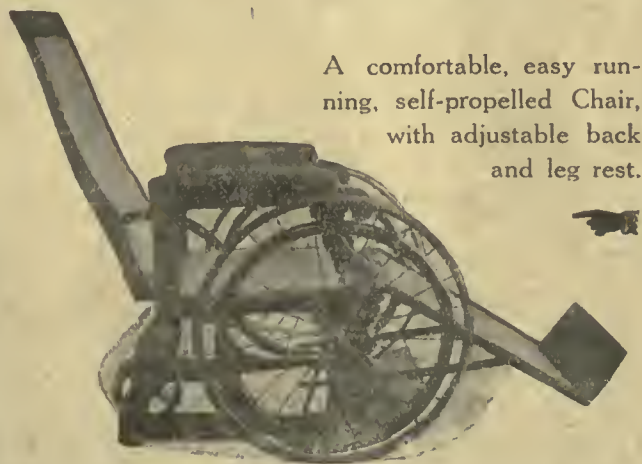


1376/50

Dunhills, Ltd.
2 CONDUIT STREET,
REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1.

For our WOUNDED SOLDIERS

A comfortable, easy running, self-propelled Chair, with adjustable back and leg rest.



What more suitable gift than INVALID FURNITURE

A choice selection will be found at our extensive New Showrooms at 449 OXFORD STREET, London, W.1 (opposite Selfridges), where we also have a large stock of our famous BABY CARRIAGES.

Full particulars will be sent on application to—

HITCHINGS' ^{LD}

449 Oxford Street,

LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Gerrard 291.

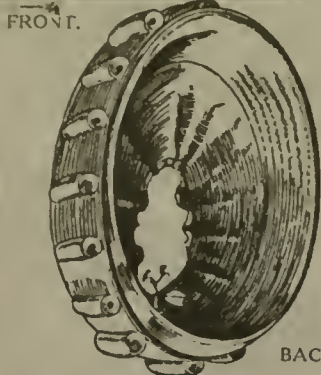
IMITATION

is the
Sincerest Form of Flattery
INSIST
ON THE
"L.B." Adapter Lining

Originated by

(Registered Design.)

Messrs. LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD.,



which ensures absolute fit and perfect comfort for your Steel Helmet.

IT IS STILL THE ONLY LINING SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED ON AN EFFICIENT PRINCIPLE.

Thousands in use at the Front prove its efficiency.

Anyone can fit it.—No fastenings required.—Distributes weight.—Equalises balance.—Provides ventilation.—Minimises concussion.—Obtainable in all sizes and shapes of heads.

Improved Pattern with Special fitting back head piece.

Price 19/6 net.

Without back piece, 16/6 net.

Packing in wood box and postage to the Front, 2/-

Ladies desiring to send one of these linings to a relative or friend at the Front should send us, if possible, a top hat, bowler, or straw boater of his from which to take the exact shape and dimensions of his head, otherwise state ordinary hat size.

Write to—

Lincoln Bennett & Co., Ltd.,

40 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

And 78 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

—For Descriptive Pamphlet.—

(Continued from page 40.)

morrow, however, will grow up as much in a motor atmosphere as public-school boys grow up with knowledge of motor cycling, even though the individual is not lucky enough to possess a machine of his own. Further, if there were any doubt on this subject, it is sufficiently dissolved by the reflection that the vast number of men who will presently be disbanded from the Army, and who have motor experience, will render an amply sufficient proportion available to the agricultural branch of the movement; for one thing, because the end of the war will see more than sufficient to go round all branches of service; for another, because for health reasons the war experience will cause vast numbers to take to work on the land. Consequently, the ground for taking a pessimistic view concerning the deterioration of agri-motor machinery through lack of understanding and, consequently, neglect or mishandling, is not substantial.

Inevitable Handicaps

In war time, however, even paraffin and such like heavier grade oils are not available in sufficient quantities for agri-motor service. Hence, the other day a scheme for employing town gas for motor work on the farm was mooted. But much in this direction is not to be expected either during or after the war.

In brief, therefore, while the agri-motor will undoubtedly prove one of the prime factors in enabling us to carry on this war—the number of machines produced and brought into use is increasing continuously—nevertheless, such machines are being employed at the moment under inevitable conditions of handicap. Therefore, while we may know the worst concerning the agri-motor problem to-day, the best of it cannot possibly be revealed to us until after the war. Hence it is particularly gratifying to realise that, despite all shortcomings, the proposition of applying motor power to agricultural work is to-day a thoroughly practical one, which under a wide variety of tests has given results more profitable than can be obtained with horse traction.

As for the commercial motor, the only problem in connection with it to-day is to get sufficient supplies to meet civilian needs. Those needs are growing all the time; and it will be quite impossible to meet them until the coming of peace. Then it will be practicable to meet them in absolutely satisfactory fashion. The reason is that war service has put both heavy and light transport to tests not to be exceeded in severity. Consequently, experience alike in design and production has been brought to the necessary pitch to ensure absolutely reliable service in the post-war products.

The class of vehicle available for use in war time is extremely limited. By far the majority are put in charge of those of practically no training and experience. Some of them have not even the instinct for handling machinery of this sort; yet we perceive it answers admirably.

Electric Utility Vehicles

It is gravely to be doubted if the electric utility vehicle will make such progress in this country as some anticipate for it. Weight, cost, and limitation of range of use are among the obstacles in this direction; but the greatest of all concerns facilities for obtaining supplies. The roads of London are admirably suitable for electric-driven utility vehicles, and, provided the direction of our electric-power-producing companies becomes trained to the idea, much may be done. At the best, however, we could never match American conditions, such, for example, as are provided by the great generating stations at Niagara, which supply plant to cities hundreds of miles away at rates which would spell bankruptcy if we attempted them here. Our chance in England, of course, depends on keeping electric-power-producing machinery working for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, in place of having the load, as it is called, on at night time only, when illumination is needed; only in this direction is a cheap and easily available supply possible.

Whether electric power becomes a big factor in the utility transport service in the big cities, particularly for the smaller classes of vehicle, scarcely matters to the individual citizen, in that, in any case, the growth in the use of the commercial motor vehicle, and of the tradesman's motor delivery-van, has already attained to such proportions, and will assuredly be accelerated to such a degree on the coming of peace, that within ten years—certainly, and quite probably within five years—after the conclusion of the campaign the spectacle of a horse in big cities such as London, Birmingham, and Manchester, will be remarked on as much as it used to be in Detroit three and four years before the war started.

THE WELDON AUTO-MOTIVE CRUTCH

(Pat. 105,185—1916.)

FOR LOCOMOTION WITHOUT EXERTION.

Price
27/6
per pair.
Carriage and packing extra.



Owing to the unique construction of the base, the user is propelled by gravitation without any exertion beyond resting the weight of the body on the handles.

In proceeding down hill it is only necessary to reverse the crutches, which then act as a natural brake.

But the feature of the "Weldon Auto-motive" is the anatomically correct position of the head, which conforms to the oblique direction of the axilla (arm-pit).

No other Crutch possesses these features.

All risk of "crutch paralysis" is entirely eliminated.

A most instructive booklet, post free on request.

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Presentation Silver

THERE are occasions when, to mark appreciation of services rendered, or to commemorate some conspicuous act, it is necessary to make a presentation of substantial worth.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's presentation services offer better value than is obtainable elsewhere, and the choice is more comprehensive.

A selection of articles suitable for presentation will be forwarded for approval, carriage paid, at the Company's risk, or a catalogue will be posted free on application.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address, 112 Regent Street, London, W.1.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD *with which is incorporated*
The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd. Est. 1751.

112 Regent Street, London, W.1.



Suits Aviation

The 'Air-Velope'

Built up on entirely new scientific lines, the details of which we shall make known shortly.

Positively cold, wind, and wet proof.

As sketch, with fur collar,

£10:10:0

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

Naval and Military Outfitters, LTD.
156-168 Regent St.,
LONDON,
W.I.

Notes on Kit

Leggings

Some men will tell you that leggings simply do not matter much; if you want a pair, they say, you just go and get a pair; there are two or three sizes—maybe more, and maybe less, but if you get the size that feels nearest to a fit you have done the best possible—and there it is. Which doctrine accounts for the remarkable appearance of a brigadier—no less rank—who ornamented Charing Cross platform one morning not so long ago; a perfect man down to the knees, but thence . . . well, the less said the better. And it is not only confined to brigadiers; you may find all ranks who firmly believe, judging by what they wear, that the word legging means a funnel of leather designed to cover the leg, and incapable of fitting it. A belief which is in the highest degree erroneous.

If appearance were all, there would be no necessity to bother, for any man can go on active service and bother not at all about what he looks like, so long as he has a semblance of a uniform outfit that will save him from being taken for a *franc-tireur*. But there are the points of hard wear, comfort, and efficiency to be taken into account, and in order to fill those conditions to the fullest possible extent it is just as necessary to get a pair of leggings made by a man who understands the job as it is to get a pair of boots made by a reputable and capable bootmaker. For the reach-me-down legging may come out very well as regards appearance, in some cases; but to get perfect leg-comfort it is really necessary to get the leggings made to measure, just as it is necessary to get boots made to measure. A pair of leggings should be so fitted that sleeping with them on and buckled in place is no discomfort—which is not an attribute of ready-made articles, unless one has legs of the exact "stock" size and shape, which very few men have. There are still three or four places in London where specialists in the build and fitting of leggings still exist, and to every man to whom the need for a new pair of leggings comes once in a while, the best advice is that he should betake himself to one of these establishments and get a pair of leggings made to fit him. If he has not tried this trick before, he will very soon appreciate the difference between made to measure and chosen from stock—and his friends will appreciate it, too.

A Waterproof Welted Boot

The value of waterproof welts for boots lies in the fact that, apart from the wear on the soles of boots, it is the welts that first give way in the ordinary patterns, since such water as penetrates at that point stays there—the crease between sole and upper makes a pocket that holds water and permits it to injure the leather. With these boots such damage is virtually impossible; the boots themselves are waterproof, in the sense that they will keep the wearer's feet dry under any conditions of water and mud, and the welts are waterproof in another sense, in that they are so constructed that the "life" of the boots is very largely increased, since the welts will not hold water and permit of injury to the leather through holding it. To this should be added the fact that the boots themselves are made of leather which is of pre-war quality—not that it has been kept in stock since pre-war times, but that it is equal in quality to the best leather that used to be obtainable for service footwear. And on top of this there is really excellent workmanship put into these boots, which represent the very best service footwear obtainable. You can get these boots made to measure if necessary, or, if in a hurry, you can get a pair to fit from stock, and be assured of genuine foot comfort.

The Scientific Water-bottle.

Since health on service is the first consideration, and a supply of pure water is one of the first considerations in regard to health, the water-bottle which forms its own germ-proof filter is a necessity to every man, and its rapidly growing popularity is proof of its unique value. So efficient is the filter that the bottle may be filled with sewage, if nothing else is available, and still the filter yields a drink of pure water, germ-free. Sufficient tests have been made to prove

PIGSKIN CIGARETTE CASE.

No. 89.

TO HOLD 30 CIGARETTES.

No. 88.—PIGSKIN CIGARETTE CASE, to hold 30 cigarettes 12/6

No. 89.—Ditto, superior quality, lined pigskin £1 2 6

No. 90.—Ditto, Cigarette Case and Tobacco Pouch 17/6

POCKET FLASKS.

No. 87.

No. 87.—Non-corrosive, oxidised, bayonet top, plated inside, extra flat, concave shape, 3-pint. 37/6

Ditto, smaller sizes, 30/6, 35/6.

Britannia Metal, screw top, concave shape, 3-pint .. 15/-

Ditto, smaller sizes, 8/6 and 11/6

WATER-BOTTLES.

No. 83.

No. 83.—Nickel silver plated inside, non-corrosive, screw top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1 1/2 pints £1 6 6

No. 84.—Ditto, with leather cradle carrier (as illustrated) £1 10 0

No. 85.—Ditto, Regulation pattern, concave, 2 1/2 pints £1 12 6

HAVERSACKS.

Extra large and strong, made from an officer's design 17/6

No. 81.—Ditto, with Leather Base 27/6

Detachable Sling, 2/6 extra.

Postage { Inland 6d. } extra. Send for NEW Illustrated List of War Equipment.
B.E.F. 116

SWAINE & ADENEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King,
185 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1.

THE LIGHTING AND STARTING of your "After the War" car is its most important feature; therefore, let "C.A.V." advise you.—Write, call, or 'phone C. A. VANDERVELL & CO. (LTD.), Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.3. Telephone: Chiswick 2,000 (8 lines).—(Adv't.)

(Continued on page 46)

The HAMILTON Germ-Proof WATER-BAG

TAKES the place of the old-fashioned, dirty water bottle, because it is practically germ-proof and allows any kind of water to be drunk with perfect impunity. It is pronounced by experts as one of the greatest inventions of the war, and should be in universal use by the troops.

THOUSANDS OF VALUABLE LIVES might easily be saved by its adoption.

INVALUABLE IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES where the source of water supplies is doubtful.

Ensures PURE WATER under all conditions of ACTIVE SERVICE.



THE bags are interlined with canvas to prevent wastage of water, and also to keep the contents cool.

THE bags fill very rapidly, and are easily cleansed. There is nothing to get out of order. Stagnant water drawn from shell craters, ditches, or wells, once it passes through the germ-proof filter, is freed from all germs.

THE bags do not have to be tipped up to drink from. The water is drawn simply by suction.

THE HAMILTON WATER-BAG FOR OFFICERS, holding about one quart. Price **25/-**
Extra Filters, 3/6 each.

The following extract is from the Editor of LAND & WATER in his kit article (March 7th, 1918):—"The design is so very simple that one wonders, on seeing the thing, why nobody thought of it before. In the case of the ordinary water-bottle, of course, the first necessity is to assure oneself that the contents are pure, for otherwise a water-bottle may become a first class disease trap, warranted to hand out enteric, dysentery, and other comforts with every drink. But you may fill this particular bottle with sewage, if it so please you, and still get a drink of germ-free filtered water. . . The bottle is no more trouble to fill than an ordinary bottle, and no more trouble to empty; neither is it any bulkier or heavier than an ordinary bottle. It is, as already remarked, so simple that it is a wonder it has gone undiscovered so long, and it is one of the most valuable safeguards of health that the war has seen. . . There has been nothing to surpass this scientifically designed water-bottle in value as a preservative of health among the troops, and it is to be hoped that every man proceeding on active service will have one of these water-bottles to take with him."



THE HAMILTON WATER-BAG for ambulances and transport, holding two gals. **35/-**
Larger sizes can be supplied.

THE HAMILTON GERM-PROOF BAG has passed the severest of tests at the Bacteriological Department of Guy's.

A FULL DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET SENT FREE TO ALL INTERESTED.

Obtainable from

ARMY & NAVY STORES, Ltd.
HARRODS STORES.
FORTNUM & MASON.

SELFRIDGE'S.
S. W. SILVER.



THE HAMILTON CAVALRY WATER-BAG, to be carried as shown. To hold two gallons **50/-**

THE "Trench Proof" COAT

The Outcome of Actual
Trench Experience.

A WATERPROOF
A GREAT COAT
A BRITISH WARM } in One



Remove the Undercoat and you have (for wet and "muggy" days) a light weight Rainproof, guaranteed rainproof absolutely and permanently.

READY for IMMEDIATE WEAR and forwarded on approval on receipt of height, chest measurement, and remittance, which is at once returned if coat is not kept.

£5 : 10 : 0

(With Oil Cambrie Interlining and separate Fleece undercoat.)

A testimonial letter selected from hundreds we can show :-

Auxiliary Hospital for Officers,
—W.I. April 5th, 1918.
Sirs.—It will interest you to hear that the trench coat (lined Kapok) I bought from you last November has proved a great success. I wore it almost day and night throughout last winter during the fighting in the Italian Mountains, where the heavy snow and the slush and mud on the foothills are very exacting customers. Moreover, this coat proved itself most EXTRAORDINARILY BUOYANT WHEN WE WERE TORPEDGED on the way home, the sea water having very little effect on it.
Yours faithfully,
A. R.—, Lieut. R.F.A.

Samuel Brothers
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD

City House,
65 & 67,
LUDGATE HILL,
E.C.

OXFORD CIRCUS
AND
LUDGATE HILL.

West End House
221 & 223,
OXFORD STREET,
W.
(Six doors E. of
Circus Tube Station.)

Light Camping Outfits

Extract from TRUTH, October 3rd, 1917.

"In order to answer a recent inquiry from the front, I obtained particulars of some ingenious devices for mitigating minor discomforts of camp life on active service, especially those of cold and wet weather; for example, a practical weatherproof tent that can be folded into a parcel small enough to go into an overcoat pocket; a waterproof ground-sheet weighing less than 1 lb., and a capital sleeping bag which weighs no more than 1½ lb. These are among many useful articles supplied by the LIGHTWEIGHT TENT CO., 61 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and I think my Service readers may be glad to know of them."
Write Dept. "L" for Lists.

"STORMPROOF" TRENCHER

ELVERY'S STORMPROOF No. 4 x
Guaranteed to resist the heaviest possible rains. Fitted with belt, stormcuffs, and deep collar, 78/- Cavalry Pattern, 84/-. Detachable Fleece Linings, 1½ gns. extra.

The "Stormproof" is really an excellent one. I could not wish for better article "out here."—(Specimen of letters received).

Elvery's are replete with all Waterproof Kit.

WATERPROOF "KNEE PROTECTORS," 14/6 (Just what's wanted).

Riding Aprons, 16/6; Waterproof Gloves, 7/6; Cap Covers and Curtains, 5/6; Pocket Air Pillows, 6/6; Portable Baths, 25/-.

Waterproof Specialists. Est. 1850. 31 Conduit St., LONDON, W. (One door from New Bond St.)
Elvery's Ltd.

And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

(Continued from page 44)

that the filter "candle" needs only to be sterilised or boiled once a week to keep it clean and free from germs, and the filters are interchangeable, and, if necessary, can be used apart from the water-bottle, which, by the way, is of canvas, and is far easier to fill than the ordinary bottle. Another valuable point is that it is not necessary to tip up the bottle in order to get a drink, and the small bags, intended for officers and men to carry, and containing about the same amount of water as an ordinary water-bottle, are no heavier than any other type of bottle. A larger size is made, intended for transport or horse carriage, and containing about two gallons when filled. Half the value or more of this unique invention lies in its absolute simplicity; that it is extremely valuable is past question, for, in ensuring that all the water a man drinks is filtered, it will prove the means of saving many lives in areas where water is a carrier of disease. There has, in fact, been nothing among the innovations in kit and equipment during the war which will surpass this scientifically designed water-bottle as a preservative of health among the troops and a means of saving life, and, incidentally, of lightening transport, since it saves all necessity for purifying water in bulk by rendering it possible for every man to assure for himself a pure supply.

The Sleeping Bag

Some thousands of British and Allied officers have proved, what has been asserted in these columns more than once, that the kapok-lined sleeping bag and valise is not only an improvement on the old-time "Wolseley," but is one of the really important advances in the design of military equipment made in recent years. Although attention has been drawn to the design of this bag many times, yet certain folk must still be ignorant of its advantages, for inquiries still come in as to its design and superiority over other kinds. Briefly, its value lies in the fact that without a single blanket it is as warm as a Wolseley with two or more blankets, and it is of far less weight than the Wolseley pattern without any blankets, while it is always ready for use as a sleeping bag, and the kit is always packed—the system of "throw-off" pockets for carriage of kit renders it unnecessary to unpack anything when the bag is required for sleeping in. This means an enormous saving of time and trouble, as very little experience is sufficient to prove. Moreover, the bag is waterproof, obviating the need of a ground-sheet or waterproof outer covering of any kind. It is a big aid to comfort and efficiency, and it means a substantial reduction in the weight of a kit without any sacrifice of warmth or waterproof qualities. It is the ideal sleeping bag and valise for active service work, and for all arms of the service.

Helmet Linings

The "tin hat" is not a comfortable article of wear at best, and the introduction of an adapting lining is about the only means of rendering it less uncomfortable—for the "issue" lining is productive of headaches and fatigue, owing to bad ventilating properties and lack of cushioning for the helmet. It is perfectly easy to fit this adapting lining to any steel helmet, and by means of the lining it is possible to make the helmet a fit on the head, without in any way detracting from the efficiency of the helmet itself. You simply take out the "issue" lining, and put the adapter lining in its place, and the result is perfect ventilation, together with a series of rubber cushions that minimise any blow or shock to the helmet itself, transmitting only a very small effect from the shock to the wearer's head. More especially in summer weather is this adapting lining of value, for the weight of the helmet renders ventilation essential, and the design of this lining ensures perfect ventilation. A point worth noting is that, in getting the lining, it is possible to get just as good a fit as if one were ordering a field service cap, and the adapting cushions render that lining a fit in any helmet. The lining was introduced very soon after the helmet itself came into use for active service work, and it has proved its value among a sufficient number of the wearers of these helmets to ensure itself a permanent place in campaigning equipment; as long as there is need for a steel helmet the use of these linings is bound to increase as their value becomes known.

The Hymans Pocket Range-Finder, described in this column in our issue of August 10th, 1916, has met with very great appreciation, and has now been supplied to some thousands of officers. It is the simplest and most accurate pocket instrument made, taking the range of any object within 2 per cent. in a few minutes. The price complete in leather belt-case is £3. Descriptive pamphlet free from manufacturer.—Chas Hymans (Dept. T.), St. Andrews' Street, Cambridge.



THE AMERICAN: Gee-whiz! Some class to that Dope-Stick. What's its nom-de-plume?

THE CANADIAN: This is a new 6-cylinder 90 horse-power stunt — ARMY CLUB CIGARETTES. Get wise, sonny.

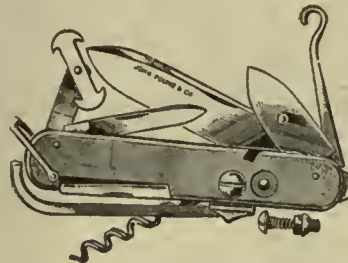
"CAVANDERS' ARMY CLUB"
CIGARETTES.
Sold Everywhere.

CAVANDERS LTD.
London
and Glasgow.

John Pound & Co.

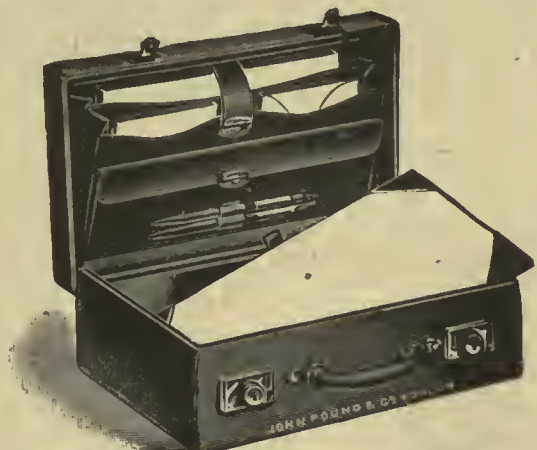


Officer's Regulation Kit Bag.
Best Brown Waterproof Canvas, Leather Straps, Strong Lock,
size 36" by 18" by 14" 74/6

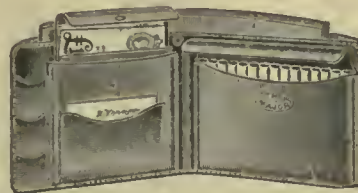


Best Sheffield Steel Campaign Knives.
12/6 15/6 21/-
As Illustration 35/6
Engraving Name and Regiment 3/6
Postage, Expeditionary Forces, 1/-

**SAM BROWNE BELTS
MILITARY KIT BAGS
WOLSELEY VALISES
MAP CASES
COMPRESSED FIBRE TRUNKS
FANCY LEATHER GOODS**



Brown Hide Fitted Attache Case.
Strongly Sewn, Loose Blotter.
12" 45/- 14" 52/6 16" 60/- 18" 67/6
BEST QUALITY.
12" 60/- 14" 70/- 16" 80/- 18" 90/-



New Combination Cigarette and Note Case.
Loose Fold for Treasury Notes. Pockets for Cheque Book, Cards and Stamps.
Pigskin or Calf 27/6
Fine Seal... .. 38/6
Postage, Expeditionary Forces, 9d.
Stamping Name and Regiment... 3/6



"Active Service" Wrist Watch.
Illuminated Hands and Figures, best Lever Movement ... 42/6
Postage, Expeditionary Forces, 9d.

POSTAL ORDERS receive careful and prompt attention

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187 REGENT STREET, W. 1 67 PICCADILLY, W. 1
177-178 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W. 1
81-84 Leadenhall St., LONDON, E.C. 3

Beautifying Barbara.

By MIMOSA.

How a Plain Girl was Made Pretty.

Barbara had always been considered the ugly duckling of the family, and certainly no one would have voted her attractive the day she called on me, and told me how tired she was of being classed amongst the dull and uninteresting women of her set.

To tell the truth Barbara had fallen in love, and was anxious, as she had never been before, to appear at her best. She wasn't a flapper; she was twenty-eight, but there were possibilities in her, and I promised her that if she would follow my advice carefully, she wouldn't recognise her own reflection in the mirror in a month's time.

Her Complexion.

With a good complexion the plainest features look attractive, but Barbara's unfortunately left much to be desired. It was muddy, and there were blackheads around the nose and mouth, caused, I think, through using impure toilet soaps. For the dull muddy look I made her rub a little pure mercolised wax gently into the face and neck every night, leaving on the skin till the next morning. This very gently and imperceptibly peeled off all the dead, dull outer cuticle, leaving the fresh young complexion underneath, and giving her a skin as clear and fresh as a baby's. The blackheads were soon removed. A stymol tablet was dissolved in hot water, and the face bathed and gently dried. After two applications, all signs of the blackheads had disappeared.

Beautifying Her Hair.

Barbara had a fairly good head of hair, but it had been very much neglected. I don't know what she had shampooed it with, but it certainly wasn't the right stuff, for her hair was dull and lifeless without the bright lights it should have possessed; there was no wave in it, and it appeared to be falling out rather more than was natural.

So I made her get some stallax at the chemists, and give it a good shampoo. A stallax shampoo leaves the hair soft, silky, and glossy, and no rinsing is necessary. After one shampoo a most marked improvement could be noticed, and by the time Barbara had used it three times, with an interval of a fortnight between each shampoo, you would not have recognised it as the same head of hair. Then, to stop the fall, I advised her to get two ounces of boranium, and mix it with water and a little bay rum. This she dabbed into the roots every night, and it not only stopped the fall, but gave the hair great vitality.

A Little Colour to the Cheeks.

Barbara is one of those girls who are much improved by a little colour in the cheeks, but unfortunately she has none naturally. So I suggested that she should get some colliandum and apply a very little to the cheeks with a small piece of cotton wool. The most critical observer cannot detect that a colour given by this method is not natural, for this wonderful powder is just the correct tint, and has an advantage which no other artificial colour has—it deepens slightly in a warm atmosphere, and thus appears absolutely natural.

Household Notes

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

Watch Your Lights

Having grappled with the difficulties of food rations, it is now incumbent on the householder to give careful attention to the electric light consumed, for drastic penalties are to be inflicted on the spendthrifts of light.

At a little party given last week for some American officers and for some of our "woundeds," the hostess achieved economy by receiving her guests in the customary lighting of her room, and then in half an hour turning out all save two electric lights; rather a twilight effect was the consequence, and not too exhilarating. It is therefore delightful to think that in the future such economy is made unnecessary by the use of the "Halo"—a luminous circle—which one of the most enterprising of firms has lately put upon the market. It is easily fixed to any electric lamp, and ensures an efficient and even distribution of light. The "Halo Reflector" has been tested by the National Physical Laboratory, and has been proved to increase the light six times.

Besides its utilitarian virtues, it has other attractions, for it casts no shadows and does not interfere with the use of fancy shades. The cost of the "Halo" is so small—only three shillings—that it is a purchase to be highly recommended.

To Defy the Wet

Not yet is it woman's role to be in the trenches, but every woman values the possession of a really good waterproof, and there is an opportunity to acquire one at a figure which for cheapness and quality stands comparison with pre-war goods.

The designer was determined to defy more than a mere shower, for it is called "the *At Stormproof*," and has many little devices to keep out the wet—in the special tab at the front hem, in the design of the collar, which can be worn in three ways, and in the reversible cuff. The belt is adjustable, and also detachable, and when the "Stormproof" is rolled up it serves as a strap-sling by which to carry it. Very light, yet untearable, it costs 35s. 6d., and is kept in fifteen different sizes; and a little pull-over cap to match, at 10s. 6d., completes a real storm outfit.

The Ideal Wrap

It takes many "mickles to make a muckle," and so also it takes many different sorts of raiment to make a good wardrobe; and for the treacherous spring-time there is a "mickle" that should not be forgotten.

Anyone who has seen a Burleigh coat, however, would not forget it. Here is the ideal wrap, warm, yet light, ample in proportions, and all that a "surtout" should be, for the fullness is confined by a belt of its own material, fastened by a leather buckle. The splendid storm collar is very adaptable, and can be worn up or down.

In tweeds, the Burleigh coat costs 7½ gns., and there is a larger selection of checks, stripes, and plain materials to choose from, while for 10 gns. it is carried out in angolas and Shetlands, in serges, and home-spuns—and, again, in white blanket it is most desirable for those days that are cold yet sunny.

To Save the Laundry

French women have always shown a preference for coloured cloths for the breakfast table, for, with a moderate income and a *bonne à tout faire*, no extravagance could be permitted that entailed extra work at the wash-tub. The difficulty experienced in getting laundry work well done since the war has popularised the coloured tablecloth in England, and many purchasers are seeking for something that is not white—and they have not far to seek.

A very pretty rep washing cloth has lately been introduced in a variety of colours, green, pink, and blue, and, like the damask tablecloth of former days, it has a border in a stencil design in white. The blue, an Oriental shade, is most attractive, and would look particularly well on the dining-room table where the dinner-service is of blue and white; and all the colours are the same price, which is regulated by the size of the tablecloth, beginning at 8s. 11d. for a cloth a yard by a yard and a half, to 18s. 11d. for one measuring 2 yards by 3 yards.

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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1918

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The Ration Carrier

By Eric Kennington, an Official Artist at the Front

LAND & WATER

5 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1918.

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The Outlook

THE long lull which has occurred in the German Offensive since the signal victory of Monday, the 29th ultimo, is the outstanding event of the week. To what extent this victory contributed to the lull it is impossible to say, nor is it possible to forecast the immediate future, for the initiative still rests with the enemy. But the Allied position is favourable, and the heavy losses which have been inflicted on the enemy are to our good. The battle may break out again with increased fury at any moment, but to the north of the line the German command has found it daily more difficult to assemble for the attack owing to the increased strength of the Allied gun-power. Heavy weather has militated against the air force, but whenever the atmosphere has cleared for a few hours, full advantage has been taken, and our superiority in the air has been maintained.

The position in Austro-Hungary is obviously critical, for only under most severe pressure would consent have been given to the Northern Tyrol being joined to Bavaria, and the German districts of Northern Bohemia to Saxony "for purposes of food supply." This virtual dismemberment of Austria, even for temporary reasons, would never have been allowed, could it have been avoided, for the hand does not go back upon the dial, and a precedent has been established which Germany will not hesitate to make use of at the first favourable opportunity. According to the Hague correspondent of *The Times*, the German peoples in these districts directly appealed to Germany, and a resolution addressed to the Austrian Emperor was passed by them in which it was stated: "Should we find no help in our State, we have no alternative save recourse to our German brothers in the German Empire, and we know that Germany never forsakes her sons." This comes dangerously near to revolution, and if revolution against the Hapsburgs starts among their German subjects, where is it to end? Moreover, the food crisis will only reach its worst at the end of this month.

Ukraine, which was to have proved a land of Goshen, is now found to be as naked as the wilderness. The Rada, which concluded peace, has been dissolved by force of German arms, because it was found not to have been representative. It was sufficiently representative for signing a peace treaty, but directly it stood between its own people and starvation, and strove to prevent wholesale pillage, it was destroyed. A military governor has now been appointed at Kieff; obviously, his duty is to collect, at any cost, the last sack of grain from the peasants. The Ukraine is to be treated as though it were another Belgium, and even so, it is doubtful whether it will save the food situation.

The Prime Minister is certainly a busy man, possibly a tired man, therefore one must not read his conversational remarks too strictly according to the letter. But we do consider he would be well-advised to speak either less or

more. The following, for instance, requires explanation, though it would have been better left unsaid. It refers to Mr. Lloyd George's recent visit to the Western front; last Saturday he told an interlocutor that he had seen there "a very large number of regimental officers and soldiers":

I met no pacifists and no pessimists among them. They could not in the least understand the wrangles in certain quarters in England, which seemed to proceed on the assumption that they had been defeated and that the only question of importance was as to who was to blame.

Naturally, they could not understand wrangles about whether or not they had been defeated. No more can we at home, for, to the best of our belief, such wrangles have not occurred. There have been questionings whether the War Cabinet sufficiently supported the generals at the front and gave them all the men they asked for; and as there has been considerable misgivings on these points, it has been suggested that the armies may have been placed in a position in which defeat were possible. But this is a totally different matter. Was the Prime Minister referring to these questionings?

It is one thing to be careless in conversation, but another matter for the Prime Minister or his colleagues in the War Cabinet to make statements in the House which are not in accordance with fact. Major-General Maurice's letter to the Press on Tuesday makes this indictment. It is a very temperate letter, and its sincerity is indisputable. This is a question for Parliament to settle, in the first place, and the people afterwards. No Government can be tolerated which permits itself to colour its deliberate statements on the war in order to suit its own purposes.

The unconquerable spirit of the British Army has never been displayed to nobler advantage than during the last six weeks. In the vast hurly-burly of a modern battle, extending over days, it is all but impossible to put the finger down and say: "Here was another Thermopylae, here a second Agincourt," but we know that these historic fights have been constantly repeated by the Allied armies in the field during these grey days of spring. How can there be pessimism in the face of such achievements? And there has been Zeebrügge, where the only trouble was to select volunteers for that most hazardous and daring exploit. Eight times the number would have gladly stormed the Mole, had it been possible to convey them there. Knowing as all do nowadays, the true significance of complete military victory over the enemy, who can be a pacifist, when such splendid evidence has been forthcoming that victory is within our grasp if we endure?

At time of writing, Sir Hugh Trenchard's reappointment in the Royal Air Force has not been announced. Every day he remains unemployed is to the disadvantage of the country. Sir William Weir has, no doubt, found his time much occupied in pouring oil on the needlessly troubled waters, but General Trenchard should be back at work with the least possible delay. His services cannot be indefinitely suspended without giving rise to all kinds of undesirable rumours.

Will Lord French be an acceptable Viceroy of Ireland? In his long adventurous life, he has never entered on a greater adventure. Being an Irishman by birth is to his advantage; being a soldier by training may or may not prove a benefit. At any rate, circumstances have compelled him frequently to form quick decisions in arduous affairs. And in Mr. Shortt he has a Chief Secretary of whom all men speak well. It is difficult to formulate any opinion on the future of Ireland until the Home Rule Bill is drafted, beyond this: That, bad as the outlook is to-day, it must needs be worse if vacillation and hesitancy prevail. Courage, resolution, and sincerity are the essential qualities; but, unfortunately, they are the very qualities which have been at a considerable discount in the political life of this country for years past. We can hope that for once they may not be absent, for the Irish question has to be settled now or hereafter.

The narrative of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador at Constantinople, 1913-6, begins in *LAND AND WATER* this week with graphic character sketches of the leading players in the Turkish conspiracy. Mr. Morgenthau gives it as his opinion that the war would probably have ended a few months after the battle of the Marne if Turkey had not joined the enemy. The change in the balance of power brought about by this event was so immense and far-reaching that one has to watch the drama unfold in order to realise the full truth. Mr. Morgenthau has an accomplished pen, and brings events vividly before the reader's mind.

The Victory of April 29th : By H. Belloc

THE great action of Monday, April 29th, is not only of the highest interest in itself as an example of the defensive now organised by the Allies, but also because it exhibits much more clearly than usual the general scheme of the war in its present phase, the play of the offensive against the defensive, the calculation of each party, and the measure of success which each is obtaining towards these contrasted objects.

So far as this large aspect of the great German offensive, as a whole, is concerned, what we have to note is this:—

The action of April 29th came at the end of a long series which in their entirety may be called the second phase of the great offensive.

Whether it is the close of that phase or no, only the future can tell us; whether the enemy's action will develop a third phase many have asked but none can pretend to answer, and the attempt to answer it, which has been made in so many sections of the Press, is quite futile. The enemy has and retains the initiative as well as the offensive, and that will remain the position inevitably until a certain point of exhaustion is reached, which it is the whole object of the defensive to provoke by the infliction of superior losses.

The enemy may use that initiative of his to spin out the process, or he may attempt once more, with the remaining fresh troops he has in hand, to snatch a decision in one blow. He may have it in mind that the defensive will crumble if he continues a succession of strong local attacks, any one of which may give him some useful point in ground, such as a port, or some sharp advantage in numbers by a local breakdown upon the other side with a corresponding capture of prisoners. He may, on the other hand, prefer to mass for one more great concerted action upon the largest scale still open to him—with the use, say, of thirty or forty divisions at once, e.g., between Albert and Arras.

Not only do we not know in the least which of these two general ideas will guide the future: he himself does not know. The successive accidents of a battle control and perpetually modify military policy. There is no such thing as a fixed plan governing an action save in the rare cases where an action is immediately successful. Upon the contrary, the great bulk of military operations in history have consisted in a series of steps, each moulded by the result of the last.

Even the vague and doubtful indications obtainable from the result of actions alone are subject to a supreme political modification which again we cannot judge; the pressure exercised upon the German Government by the economic strain its civilian population suffers and by the judgment of the great money power in such centres as Frankfurt and Hamburg.

The past, however, is open to us; and, as I have said, we there essentially distinguish two phases so far in the great German offensive of 1918.

The first phase was the attempt—very nearly successful, and though unsuccessful, giving an immense advantage in prisoners and material—to separate the French and the British armies and to roll up the latter. This phase opened upon March 21st, and continued for ten days. At its close the enemy found that he had failed to create a permanent gap. He was held, but he had taken so many prisoners that the definitive* losses on his opponent's side nearly balanced his own. He had captured an enormous amount of material; he had compelled a fraction of the Allied reserve to be thrown in to save the situation. He had put himself very near vital points on the lateral communications of the Allies—notably Amiens. What was almost as important from his point of view, he had destroyed and overrun most of the permanent defences on the northern part of the Western front, and had created a war of movement: slow and partial, but still a war of movement.

Under such circumstances, he inaugurated the *second* phase of his offensive. The mark of this second phase has been the use of smaller groups upon narrower fronts; each such attack being designed to perpetuate the war of movement, to compel further fractions of the detached Allied reserve to be thrown in; and to compel these fresh troops to very long journeys round the outside of a great salient by communications which were far lengthier than his own.

The greatest and most successful of his operations in this second phase, as well as the smallest or least successful, have all this mark in common: that they are local instead of general; deliberately dispersed so that the whole line may be shaken by various widely separated blows; and designed each, *first*, to put a further drain upon the Allied reserves in men, *secondly*, to try the chances of considerable local results—such as (a) the production of confusion and consequent superior loss to the defensive, (b) the production of salients, e.g., Béthune, Messines, which can be reduced by further pressure, (c) the occupation of points of ground valuable for further action, e.g., the plateau of Villers-Brettonneux, or valuable in themselves as military assets, e.g., the port of Dunkirk.

It is further obvious that if any one of these local blows of the second phase prove unexpectedly successful, the result can be rapidly used for exercising pressure at once against the wounded sector of the Allied defensive line and perhaps achieving an unexpectedly great result.

The Enemy's Policy

So stated, the enemy's policy, of which he has the full initiative, is not only simple but, apparently, wholly and necessarily to his advantage. So stated, it is the action of a mere conqueror who is methodically proceeding with his conquest; and that is the light in which the German military writers are treating this second phase. That is the way in which the German Press is expected to regard it, and does for the most part usually regard it. We have such phrases as: "Victory in the West at short date is now inevitable." "The conclusion is now foregone." "The repeated blows against the English and their repeated breakdown compel the exhausted French to use up the last of their resources." "We strike where we will, when we will, and always in the successful pursuit of a methodical plan," etc.

The counter-part, however, to that point of view, the thing not said on the German side, and yet the thing which makes all the difference, is the expense of men multiplied by the effect of time.

Suppose this policy (a) to be drawn out for some months without reaching a final issue, and (b) to be costing the enemy at least three men where it cost the Allies two (the proportion of Verdun), or even, as may well be the case after a series of bad failures to advance, two men where it cost the Allies one—then it is not a winning game, but a losing game.

As to the effect of time, the unknown factor is the exploitation of the East. So long as the Prussian armies are undefeated, the Slavs of the East, now in the enemy's hands through the international traitors at the capital of what was once the Russian Empire, can be gradually exploited. They can *ultimately* produce food and a great part of the raw material needed by the enemy. The whole problem lies in the answer to the question: "At what rate?"

Meanwhile, the strain on the Central Empires gets more and more severe. In the more civilised (and less organised) southern part, the Upper Danube Valley, it is shocking; patches of comparative plenty in country districts stand side by side with actual famine in some towns. In the less civilised (and still less organised) south-west, the Lower Danube Valley, things are worse still. In the Northern Baltic Plains, manufacturing Saxony, and the Lower Rhine Valley, the great German industrial system, with its crude, inferior culture and its highly exact organisation, the strain is far better distributed, and therefore presents fewer special points of danger. But the strain is none the less very severe indeed. It was undoubtedly this general strain upon the Central Empires which provoked the experiment of last March and the gamble with the remaining men in hand. It was because that gamble was played with such very high stakes on the board, because such a vast concentration just failed to reach its goal, that the second phase has taken that form of repeated local attacks which we have described.

How distinct the second phase is from the first a few comparative statistics will show:—

In the first great attack, 40 divisions gave the shock, swelling to 50 within twenty-four hours, reinforced by 20 more during the pursuit, and reaching a total before the end of the operation of over 80.

None of the actions in the second phase has occupied more than 13 divisions, and each second action has been quite

* By "definitive losses" we mean losses that are never replaced: The dead, mutilated, and prisoners; as contrasted with gross or total losses which include sick and wounded of all kinds as well. Of the latter, a large proportion ultimately return to the ranks.

separate and distinct, e.g., that of April 4th, that of the other day against Villers-Brettoneux and Hangard (6 divisions, rising to 8, and ending with 10), that against Béthune the week before (6 divisions). The break-through at Armentières (4 divisions, becoming 6 within the first day, and rising to 8 by the second, or perhaps 11 by the end of the second). Six divisions, rising to 7 and reinforced to 10 in the operations against Arras on March 28th and 29th, etc.

Although the break-through at Armentières gave an opportunity for rapidly developed action, and although in the course of three weeks following nearly 40 divisions appeared in that region, yet even here we have to deal with successive and distinct actions, with longer and longer pauses for re-arrangement in between and with strictly local objectives.

It is the same thing if we contrast the length of front in the first and in the second phase. The first phase involved a shock on a front of about 50 miles, rapidly extended to over 70. None of the local efforts of the second phase have at any one action covered a front of more than 15 miles, and the greater part have been confined to lengths of from 6 to 10 miles at the most.

Again, the first phase was one continuous blow, rupture, and pursuit, pressed to its extreme limits, and evidently expecting, up to the last moment, a decision. The second phase has admitted distinct and lengthening intervals between each local and partial effort.

The battle, then, has, during the whole of a period roughly corresponding to the month of April, had the new mark of what I have called the second phase, and it is as part of this perhaps as the termination, or nearly the termination of this, that we must regard the great action of April 29th, which may be called the Battle of Locre. It was a complete local defeat for the enemy, and an exceedingly severe one.

We have been told more about it than we have about most of these affairs, and at this distance of time we can judge it in some detail. I will proceed to analyse it.

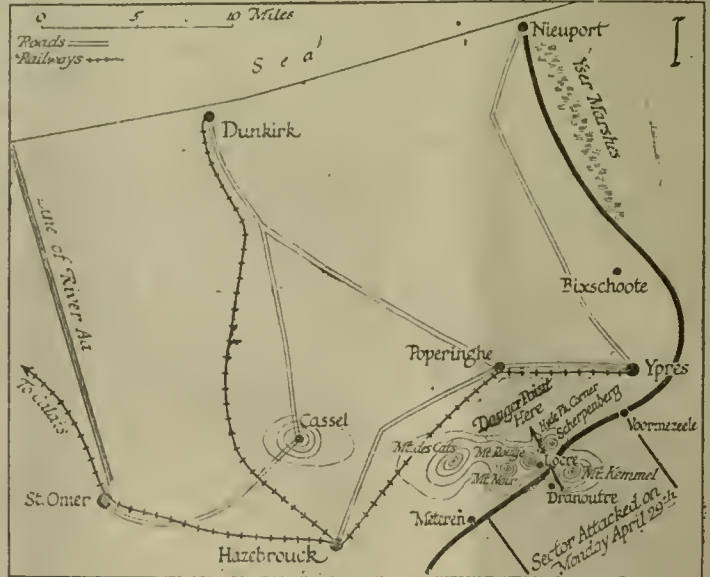
First, as to its object: The enemy, in a strength of about 9 divisions against about 4, had seized Mt. Kemmel some four days before, and had extended his line at the base of this height; so that it stood, at the end of his success, in a nearly straight line north-eastwards, from Meteren along the base of the hills through the saddle west of Kemmel, in front of the village of Locre, right up north (further across the saddle) to the fields in front of La Clytte, and thence north of the cross roads of Vierstraat.

It passed through the hamlet of Voornzeele. The line then swept on eastward round Ypres in a flat salient to which it had been retired, and then up through Bixschoote, in which region the Belgians took it on to the marshes of the Lower Yser.

Two things will be clearly apparent from the trace thus established, especially if we put the matter (as upon Sketch I.) in the form of a diagram. First, that if the enemy could make another rapid advance in his centre north-westwards

from Dranoutre along the arrow, forcing Loere and the saddle between Mt. Kemmel and the Mont Noir, turning, and then occupying the next lump of hills (Mont Noir and Mont Rouge) he might create such a salient round about the ruins of Ypres as would be untenable. But it might have to be a rapid movement to succeed. It would then compel a rapid evacuation of that deep salient, and it would throw the Allies back in the north.

Next, a blow of this sort outflanking the Mont Noir and the Mont Rouge would put nearly the whole of the range of hills

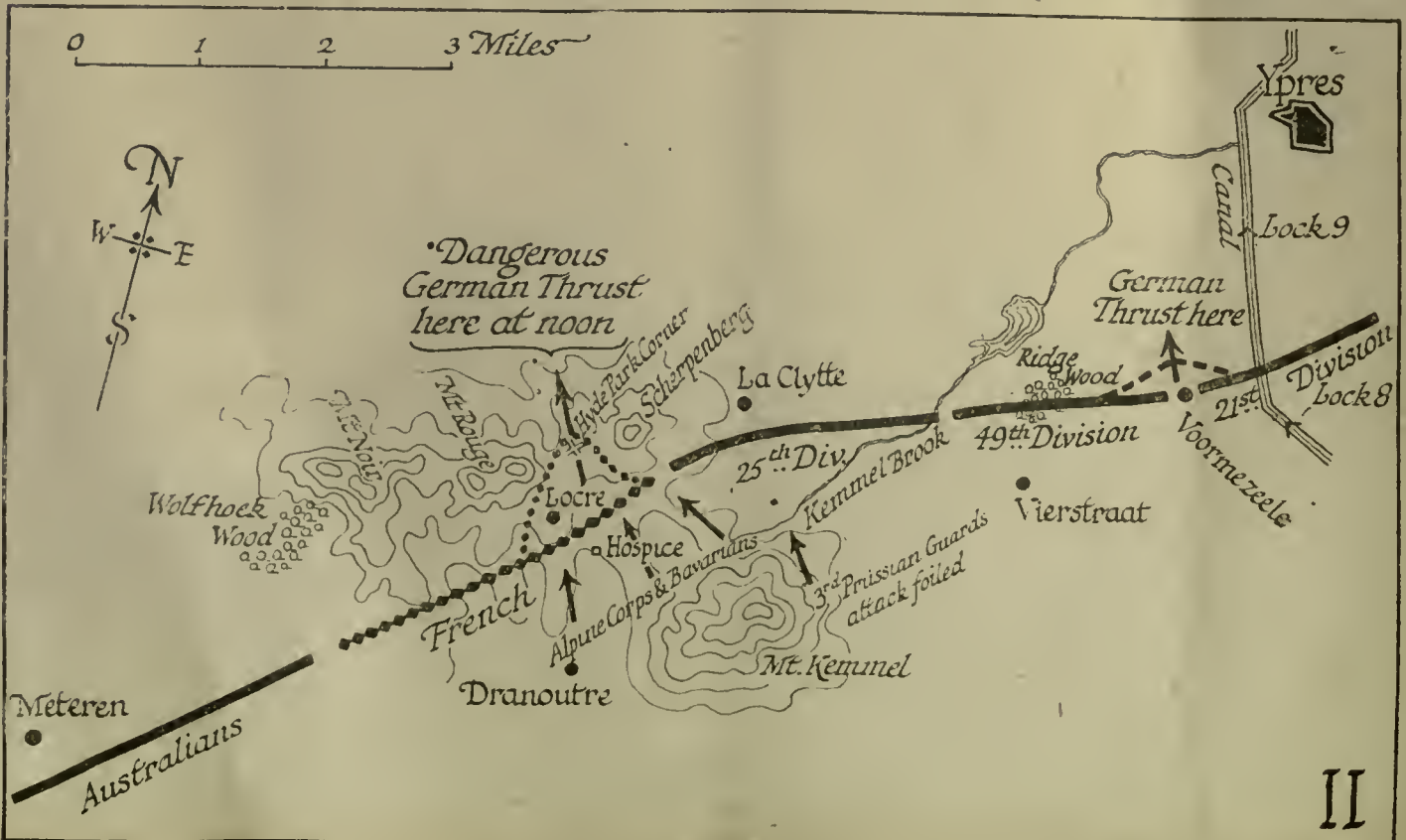


into German hands, completely dominating the plain to the north. Nothing would be left to take but the Mont des Cats, and by the time that had gone it would be certain that the whole of the northern plain would have to be evacuated, and Dunkirk uncovered in any case.

Such was the obvious strategic advantage aimed at when the blow was planned and prepared during the three days' lull after the occupation of Mount Kemmel, and such were the results envisaged when the enemy's bombardment began at 3 o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 29th.

The order of battle at this moment would seem to have been as follows, reading from west to east—that is, from right to left of the Allied line:—

On the extreme right at Meteren, and from Meteren up to the base of the Mont Noir, were the Australians. From there to a point somewhere near the front of La Clytte, and between it and Loere, ran the French, holding the base of the hills and the saddle between Kemmel and the Mont Noir. On the left, continuing eastward up to the Ypres Canal, were 3 English divisions—the 25th, the 49th, and the 21st. The whole of the front thus engaged extended for a



trace of 17,000 yards, or nearly 10 miles. The points to be particularly noted upon it for the purpose of understanding the action are, reading from east to west, that is, from the Allied left to the Allied right, the following: First, the Ypres Canal, with its sharp elbow at Lock No. 8, which had been lost previously to the battle. The line started here from the latter end of the long straight reach of the Canal, which runs up to Ypres itself past Lock No. 9. It ran through the ruins of Voormezele, and thence up to Ridge Wood; thence behind Vierstraat, along the Kemmel Beck, at the bottom of the slope which leads up to La Clytte, and climbed up over the saddle between Kemmel and the Mont Noir, passing through Loere Hospice; thence along the base of the hills covering the Wolfhoek Wood, and so to Meteren.

There was a dense mist that morning when the German infantry was launched at times varying with different parts of the line from half-past 5 until 7. Against what may have been 6 or may have been 7 Allied divisions in line, a total of perhaps 13 divisions* was used in the German offensive, of which 11 have been identified; 6 against the French, under Eberhardt, including the 233rd; the 4th Bavarian, and the Alpine Corps, which is equivalent to no more than a division. Five and a fraction against the British on the left (the German right), part of the 7th, the 25th, 49th Reserve, the 3rd Guards, the 19th Reserve, and the 56th. The remaining two were, I presume, used upon the extreme right against the Australians. But on this the messages received are so far confused or doubtful.

While the attack with 6 divisions against the French was being made by the Corps-Commander Eberhardt, that with 5 divisions against the British was being made under the orders of another corps-commander. It was a distinctly divided action: the right of the Germans to hold the British, the left under a separate command to divide the British from the French. The density of such an attack is always to be noted. It was, if anything, somewhat under the customary extreme density of the German assault, which has reached more than eight bayonets to the yard. In the action with which we are dealing the average from the Ypres Canal to the French right beyond the hills was more like six bayonets to the yard.

Following what is now his almost invariable tactic, the enemy put his chief weight into the first blow, and was so far successful as to achieve two preliminary advances; one of which was of secondary importance, but the other critical. The first of these was a thrust through Voormezele ruins, and between them and the Ridge Wood, a short sector held by Lancashire and other troops. The idea was to turn the obstacle of the wood by the right or east. The attack forced its way through Voormezele village itself, and apparently to the northern edge of the ruined houses, but no further. Lancashire men in the Ridge Wood itself kept off the enemy all morning, and Yorkshire and South African troops immediately to their right held this western obstacle flanking Voormezele intact.

The second, as I have said, was of a more critical character. It was directed against the French left and the point of junction between the British and the French divisions. It pushed the French back through Loere, and at one moment reached the extremely important point which the British soldiers call Hyde Park Corner, where five ways meet, on the

* There is some doubt about two of these—the 31st and the 107th.

saddle between the Scherpenberg and the group of hills the Germans were desiring to turn and occupy. This meant not only a serious advance of well over a thousand yards, but a wedge stuck in at the most vital part of the line between the two Allies. Another 1,500 yards, if it had been occupied and held, might have meant the loss of the hills to the left and to the right; the Scherpenberg might have been turned, and so might the mass of the Mont Noir and the Mont Rouge. The Germans reached this point a little before noon. But there came a counter-attack in the early afternoon from the French, which not only restored the position, but ultimately swept the Germans back to points from 1,000 to 1,500 yards behind those from which they had started. All the rest of the day the German efforts to re-advance, including four separate massed concentrations and innumerable smaller groupings, were broken by the French fire with very heavy loss. Before dusk the fighting had completely died down, and the heaviest attack delivered by the enemy since the great tidal wave towards Amiens was checked had been completely broken and defeated.

Special mention has been made in dispatches and public correspondence of the heavy trial to which the new young drafts were put in the British units, especially among the Leicesters, and the gallantry with which this severe strain was met. The men had slept and worked in their gas-masks continuously, and had been subjected to a more appalling bombardment than any hitherto experienced.

A notable feature in the German attack upon the French in the centre was the copying of the English tactic of very low-flying aeroplanes.

Lastly, it must be remarked that in this battle the determination to achieve an immediate success led the enemy to return to his old tactic of densely massed formations, with corresponding losses, from which he had departed during his successful effort against Mount Kemmel, where he had acted rather by the new method of "infiltration" with numerous isolated and successive machine-gun groups.

It is impossible to estimate even in the roughest way the losses sustained in this disaster. He must have put in to the actual shock, excluding the plain south of the hills, some 80,000 infantry, and possibly somewhat more. His casualties may have amounted to a quarter of these or more. The effects of such a set-back were seen in the complete absence of movement upon his part for five full days up to Saturday night (on the dispatches of which this article is written). Roughly speaking, the defensive worked on this occasion with forces much less than two-thirds, but probably slightly more than half those of the offensive. The result was in part due to this increase in covering and in part to the arrival of ample French gun-power.

Among the German units specially weakened was the 3rd Guards, opposite to the British 25th Division in the centre. The Kemmel Brook ran between them, the British Border Regiment holding the open sloping ground to the north; the German Guards being compelled to concentrate as best they could under the cover of a few ruined huts upon the open slope beyond and to advance down it. In this attempted advance they suffered very heavy losses indeed, and apparently never got into contact; the execution being specially effected by the coolness and accuracy of fire on the part of the Border Regiment, which is signalled out for special mention in this connection.

Appearance of the German Class 1920

AS the question of men is at the bottom of the whole problem with which the Allies and the enemy equally are confronted, we may say that a piece of news received in London on Wednesday evening last from Reuter's correspondent in France is perhaps the most important for a long time past.

It is to the effect that the French Higher Command have obtained intelligence of the presence of the German Class 1920 at the front. It is the misfortune of this war, and particularly of this stage in the war, that matters of first-class moment such as this fail of public recognition because there is nothing striking about them and they cannot serve the uses of the popular Press. But the readers of LAND AND WATER who are familiar with the fundamentals of the campaign will, I think, appreciate the value of this news.

The German Empire has been compelled, ever since the end of 1914, to draw upon its younger classes, to "borrow men," as we may say, more and more as the campaign advanced. So have all the conscript belligerents: the French, for instance. But the German borrowing has been more rapid. Class 1914 was called upon immediately and

normally, Class 1915 was called up earlier than had been expected, Class 1916 earlier still, and Classes 1917 and 1918 continued the process of acceleration. Prisoners from the latter were taken as early as late in the month of July (if my memory serves me right)—that is, before the Battle of the Somme had been long in process.

Then came a period during which acceleration was less marked. Russia did nothing for months. When she did move it was only to break up. Her offensive, when it came, was very short, and was a pitiful failure. Then came anarchy, followed by treason upon the part of a cosmopolitan gang which had got hold of the capital. All this lowered the rate of German losses, and consequently relieved what already by 1916 had become a very grave problem in man-power. The relief afforded to the German Empire by the collapse of Russia, and the subsequent betrayal of the Allies there, can roughly be measured by the figures with which my readers are familiar. For every 10 Germans down and out in the first seventeen months of the war, there were more than 7, but probably not 8, Germans down and out in the next seventeen months. Class 1919, therefore, though it

was drawn on very early, did not show an acceleration over Class 1918. At the beginning of this year, Class 1920 was warned.

That warning, again, showed no new acceleration in the rate of exhaustion. This step would have normally meant no more than the calling up of the main portions, at least, of Class 1920 for examination in April, 1918; four months training would normally have followed, and the appearance of the first batches of Class 1920 in the fighting line as recruits would have been seen in July and thenceforward throughout the summer; the bulk of them certainly would not have been incorporated in the units suffering heavy expenditure until the end of the summer, if the German calculation before the offensive had made good. A German *immature* class is under half a million available lads—say, 450,000. That was what one meant when one said that the enemy could reckon on an income or recruitment of rather less than half a million later on in this year. Now, the significance of the news to hand is that he has been compelled, for some reason or other (and much most probably by the unexpected rate of his loss in action since March 21st), to bring the first batches of this new recruitment in not in July, but before the last days of April. In other words, he had anticipated even his own schedule of anticipation in the case of some elements of this new recruitment by as much as three months.

Significant as the detail is, we must not exaggerate it. The exact evidence gathered and published should be retained and no more built upon it than it warrants. That exact evidence testifies to the presence in the fighting zone (but not yet incorporated in any regiment used for shock) of a full company—250 strong—of the new class which normally should not have appeared until the late summer. This single unit has been discovered attached to the 13th Reserve Division, and is now in the field depots of that division. Its personnel, the average age of whom is probably just about 18 (though some of them probably a little under) has only had eight weeks' training, and yet here they are present immediately behind the lines with the obvious task of filling gaps in quite the near future. Small as is the indication it clearly cannot be a mere unique exception. For news of a single unit thus to have reached French headquarters, there must be some considerable fraction of the whole recruitment already thus distributed.

The next step of interest will be to note the moment when the Allied forces first begin to take prisoners from this 1920 class. From that moment we shall know that this immature recruitment is being regularly fed in to the mill which has already sucked up from 136 to 140 of the German divisions, and, counting those who have been in twice, and even three times, must have used the equivalent of something over 182.

The Enemy Losses

Very various estimates have been made of the enemy losses, and these must still be hopelessly vague until better and more detailed evidence is available. The nearest thing to an official pronouncement—but it is not official—is contained in the message of a correspondent in touch with the French who puts down a minimum of 350,000 up to about ten days ago. I cannot but regard this as an insufficient estimate, though, of course, anything with official backing to it (if we could get such a pronouncement) would have to be accepted at once because only at the Intelligence Department of Headquarters is there a proper collation of all evidence.

But I remark the following points in the problem:—

(1) The number of German divisions actually identified as appearing in action since the great offensive began is more than 136 and less than 140. To put it at the lowest figure, and allowing only just over 7,000 bayonets to the division, and you have a million men. As a matter of fact, the divisions used for shock have been brought up to strength, and if the full 9,000 bayonets have not appeared in each, at any rate, 7,000 is too low an estimate, and 8,000 not too high.

(2) Something like 40 divisions have by this time appeared twice, and at least 6 have appeared three times. Now, this makes a total equivalent to 182 divisions, at least—more probably nearer 190—for a division when it is taken out, and rested and recruited, and sent in again loses again the second or the third time just as it did in the first. We are really dealing, then, with a mass in infantry alone of nearer one million and a half men than a million, and though the infantry bear the mass of the casualties, there is very heavy loss in all the other branches, particularly in the artillery. There is loss also in the depots from bombing, and there is the ordinary loss from sickness and fatigue, apart from known losses in battle.

(3) Although a division is not kept in as it was during the German defensive on the Somme, until it has lost 40 to 50 per cent. of its effectives, yet it would be foolish to retire it before it had lost, say, 25. There are cases, of course, when

it is retired, or where the action ceases with much smaller loss; but I am talking of the average. Now, that average is built up by the exceedingly heavy losses actually demonstrable in case after case. The 4th Ersatz Division, for instance, which attacked at Givenchy, has been pretty well wiped out. One regiment had an average of only fifteen men to each company left. The 1st Guards Reserve Division, in the same locality, showed in one regiment the loss of one-third of its officers in one day alone. We have from twenty to thirty units analysed fully on this scale. True, they have been units which have suffered quite exceptionally and from which prisoners have been taken in our counter-attacks after such suffering; but, still, they are numerous, and the losses have proved invariably exceedingly heavy.

(4) We know perfectly well by experience on the Allied side during our own offensives how exceedingly heavy the casualties of an attack can be, and certainly the average German tactic is no less expensive than the average Allied tactic.

(5) We know that Class 1920 has already appeared in the field depots just behind the fighting line.

There is in all these statements, semi-official and even unofficial, a perhaps necessary political element. It is necessary to prevent the public from making wild judgments in its own favour. Opinion has to be tamed. But I confess myself to a preference for mere truth or, as the enemy called it in the dear old days of peace, "objective reality," and I cannot but believe that the lowest of the estimates published is below the truth on the plain evidence before us.

Postscript

Tuesday Morning, May 7th.

Since writing the above, we have the news of two more days in dispatches from the front: the news of Sunday and Monday, May 5th and 6th. It is remarkable that both days continued the long halt imposed upon the enemy by his severe defeat upon April 29th. In all, seven full days have passed without his renewing the attack on the hills or striking elsewhere. It is far the longest interval he has permitted or suffered since March 21st. There seem to have been indications of a renewed concentration for attack on the fourth day, and its failure to develop is ascribed by the public correspondents to the increasing vigour of the Allied artillery on this front.

So considerable an interval has also been ascribed to the large re-arrangement and concentration necessary for the inception of a third phase to the battle in the shape of another great blow with all available force on the model of the first great action on March 21st–22nd. It may be so.

On the front between Albert and Arras there has been a little local movement to the advantage of the Australian troops, and the French left at Hangard has also been slightly advanced.

Every newspaper in Europe almost has spoken of impending action against the Italians. That is pure conjecture, but the main elements are well enough known. The snows have melted enough to permit movement in the latter part of May in the mountains. On the other end, the Piave line is stronger than and in June from the rise of the water. A menace to either party here, during the freshets, is the shelling and breaking of the high banks, between which the river sometimes runs as much as 10 or 12 feet above the plain. The number of Austrian divisions believed to be present between the Swiss frontier and the sea is 55, with special concentration in the Trentino on the Italian left. There is no reason, if the united enemy command chose to alter the direction of attack, why these should not be strengthened by the addition of German divisions. Beyond those bare elements in the situation we know nothing.

The Rural Labourer

To the Editor, LAND & WATER.

SIR,—In your issue of the 25th, "Jason," in his article on "The History of the Rural Labourer," speaks of a boy "who was hanged at Winchester for striking a country gentleman." Will you allow a collateral descendant of the man who was struck, and who is himself a Hampshire farmer and much in sympathy with the agricultural labourer, and who, further, lives close to where the incident occurred, to say that the facts of the case are hardly as quoted by your correspondent.

What really happened was that the youth in question hit the gentleman twice on the head with a sledge-hammer, and his life was merely saved by his wearing at the time a hard box-hat. I may incidentally mention that the greatest possible efforts were made by the man assaulted, who had considerable political influence, to prevent the execution.

Woodlands Farm, Bramdean, Hants. ARTHUR BARING.

P.S.—I should perhaps add that at the time the incident occurred the gentleman in question was merely trying to prevent his machinery being destroyed by the rioters.

The Turkish Conspiracy

The Narrative of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador in Turkey,
1913-1916

In this opening chapter of the diplomatic activities at the Sublime Porte before the outbreak of war, the scene is set for one of the most thrilling tragedies in the history of the world—a tragedy which has involved the annihilation of the Armenian people, carried war anew to earth's most ancient battlefields, and brought the sacred city of Jerusalem for a second time under the banner of the Cross. In these pages are described vividly the actors, who took the leading part, by one who moved freely among them, and had unrivalled opportunities of studying them under most varied circumstances. This diplomatic record surpasses in vital interest anything of the kind hitherto published.

I AM beginning to write these reminiscences of my ambassadorship at a moment when Germany's schemes in the Turkish Empire and the East have achieved an apparent success. The Central Powers have disintegrated Russia, have transformed the Baltic and the Black Seas into German lakes, and have obtained a new route to the East by way of the Caucasus. Germany now dominates Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey, and regards her aspirations for a new Teutonic Empire, extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, as practically realised. The world now knows, though it did not clearly understand this fact three years ago, that Germany precipitated the war to destroy Serbia, seize control of the Balkan nations, transform Turkey into a vassal state, and thus obtain a huge Oriental empire that would form the basis for unlimited world dominion. Do these German aggressions in the East mean that this extensive programme has succeeded?

As I look upon the new map, which shows Germany's recent military and diplomatic triumphs, my experiences in Constantinople take on a new meaning. I now see the events of these twenty-six months as part of a connected, definite story. The several individuals that moved upon the scene now appear as players in a carefully staged, superbly managed drama. I see clearly enough now that Germany had made all her plans for world dominion and that the country to which I had been accredited as American Ambassador was the foundation of the Kaiser's whole political and military structure. Had Germany not acquired control of Constantinople in the early days of the war, hostilities would probably have ended a few months after the battle of the Marne. It was certainly an amazing fate that landed me, a quiet and diplomatically inexperienced business man of New York, in this great headquarters of intrigue, at the very moment when the plans of the Kaiser, carefully pursued for a quarter of a century, were about to achieve their final success.

For the work of subjugating Turkey and transforming its army and its territory into instruments of Germany, the Emperor had sent to Constantinople an Ambassador who was ideally fitted for the task. The mere fact that Wilhelm had personally selected Baron von Wangenheim for this post shows that he had accurately gauged the human qualities needed for this great diplomatic enterprise. Wangenheim had for years been the Kaiser's personal intimate and confidant; he had occasionally spent his vacations with his imperial master at Corfu, and here, we may be sure, the two congenial spirits passed many days discussing German plans in the East. At the time I first met him, Wangenheim was fifty-five years old; he had given a quarter of a century to the diplomatic service, had

been chargé at Constantinople, and Minister to Greece and Mexico—his sojourn in the latter country having given him a great knowledge of the United States. He had a complete technical equipment of a diplomat; he spoke German, English, and French with equal facility, he knew the East thoroughly, and had the widest acquaintance with public men. Physically, he was one of the most striking persons I have ever known. When I was a boy in Germany, the Fatherland was usually symbolised as a beautiful and powerful woman—a kind of dazzling Valkyrie; when I think of modern Germany, however, the massive, burly figure of Wangenheim naturally presents itself to my mind. He stood six feet two inches high; his huge, solid frame, his Gibraltar-like shoulders, erect and impregnable, his bold, defiant head, his piercing eyes, the whole physical structure constantly pulsating with life and activity—there stands, I say, not the Germany which I had known, but the Germany whose limitless ambitions had transformed the world into a place of horror. And Wangenheim's every act and every word typified this new and dreadful portent among the nations. Pan-Germany filled all his waking hours and directed his every action. The deification of his Emperor was the only religious instinct which impelled him. That aristocratic and autocratic organisation of German society, which represents the Prussian system was, in Wangenheim's eyes, something to be venerated and worshipped; with this as the ground work, Germany was inevitably destined, he believed, to rule the world. The great land-owning Junker represented the perfection of mankind; "I would despise myself," his closest associate once told me, and this represented Wangenheim's attitude as well, "if I had been born in a city." Wangenheim divided mankind into two classes, the govern-

ing and the governed; and he ridiculed the idea that the upper could ever be recruited from the lower. I recall with what unctious and enthusiasm he used to describe the Emperor's caste organization of German estates; how he had made them non-transferable, and had even arranged it so that the possessors, or the prospective possessors, could not marry without the imperial consent. "In this way," Wangenheim would say, "we keep our governing classes pure, unmixed of blood." Like all of his social order, Wangenheim worshipped the Prussian military system; his splendid bearing showed that he had himself served in the army, and, in true German fashion, he regarded practically every situation in life from a military standpoint. I had one curious illustration of this when I asked Wangenheim one day why the Kaiser did not visit the United States. "He would like to immensely," he replied, "but it would be too dangerous. War might break out when he was coming home and the



Henry Morgenthau

enemy would capture him." I suggested that that could hardly happen, as the American Government would escort its guest home with warships, and that no nation would care to run the risk of involving the United States as Germany's ally; but he still thought that the military danger would make any such visit impossible.

Wangenheim's Nature

From the day that he reached Constantinople, Wangenheim had one absorbing ambition; that was to make Turkey Germany's ally in the struggle which he knew was impending.

He believed that should he succeed in doing this, he would reap the reward which for years had represented his final goal—the Chancellorship of the Empire. His personal popularity with the Turks gave him a great advantage over his rivals. Wangenheim had precisely that combination of force, persuasiveness, geniality, and brutality needed in dealing with the Turkish character. I have emphasised his Prussian qualities; yet Wangenheim was a Prussian not by birth, but by development; he was a native of Cassel, and, together with all the push, ambition, and overbearing traits of the Prussian, he had some of the softer characteristics which we associate with Southern Germany. He had one conspicuous quality, which is not Prussian at all—that is, tact; and for the most part he succeeded in keeping his less agreeable tendencies under the surface and showing only his more ingratiating side. He dominated not so much by brute strength as by a mixture of force and amiability. Externally he was not a bully; his manner was more insinuating than coercive; he won by persuasiveness, not by the mailed fist; but we who knew him well understood that back of all his gentleness there lurked a terrific, remorseless ambition. Yet the impression left was not one of brutality, but of excessive animal spirits and good nature. Indeed, Wangenheim had in combination the jovial enthusiasm of a college student, the rapacity of a Prussian official, and the happy-go-lucky qualities of a man of the world. I still recall the picture of this German diplomat, seated at the piano, playing the finest productions of the Fatherland—and then suddenly starting to pound out uproarious German drinking songs or popular melodies. I still see him jumping on his horse on the polo grounds, spurring the splendid animal to its speediest efforts—never making sufficient speed, however, to satisfy the ambitious sportsman. Indeed, in all his activities, grave and gay, Wangenheim displayed this same restless spirit of the chase. Whether he was flirting with the Greek ladies at Pera, or spending hours over the card-table at the Cercle d'Orient, or bending the Turkish officials to his will in the interest of Germany, all life was to him a game, which was to be played more or less recklessly, and in which the chances favoured the man who was bold and audacious and willing to pin success or failure on a single throw. And this greatest game of all—that upon which was staked, as Bernhardt has expressed it, "world-empire or downfall"—Wangenheim did not play languidly, insidiously, as though it had been merely a duty to which he had been assigned; to use the German phrase, he was "fire and flame" for it; he had the consciousness that he was a big man set aside to perform a mighty task. As I write of Wangenheim I feel myself affected by the force of his personality, yet I know all the time that, like the government he served so loyally, he was fundamentally ruthless, shameless, and cruel. He accepted in

full Bismarck's famous dictum that a German must be ready to sacrifice for Kaiser and Fatherland not only his life, but his honour as well.

The Austrian Ambassador

Just as Wangenheim personified Germany, so did his colleague, Pallavicini, personify Austria. Wangenheim was always looking to the future, Pallavicini to the past. Wangenheim represented that mixture of commercialism and mediæval lust for conquest that constitute Prussian *welt-politik*; Pallavicini was a diplomat left over from the days of Metternich. "Germany wants this!" Wangenheim would shout when an important point had to be decided; "I shall

consult my Foreign Office," the hesitating Pallavicini would say on a similar occasion. The Austrian, with little, upturned grey moustaches, with a rather stiff, even slightly strutting walk, looked like the old-fashioned Marquess of the Opera Comique. I might compare Wangenheim with the representative of a great business firm that was lavish in its expenditures and obtained its trade by generous entertaining, while his Austrian colleague represented a house that prided itself on its past achievements and was entirely content with its position. The same delight that Wangenheim took in Pan-German plans, Pallavicini found in all the niceties and obscurities of diplomatic technique. The Austrian had represented his country in Turkey many years, and was the dean of the corps, a dignity of which he was extremely proud. He found his delight in upholding all the honours of his position; he was expert in arranging the order of precedence at ceremonial dinners, and there was not a single detail of etiquette that he did not have at his finger's ends. When it came to affairs of state, however,



Baron von Wangenheim, German Ambassador to Turkey

He was personally selected by the Kaiser to bring Turkey into line with Germany and transform that country into an ally of Germany in the forthcoming war—a task at which he succeeded. Wangenheim represented German diplomacy in its most ruthless and most shameless aspects. He believed with Bismarck that a patriotic German must stand ready to sacrifice for Kaiser and Fatherland not only his life, but his honour as well. With wonderful skill he manipulated the desperate and corrupt adventurers who controlled Turkey in 1914 into becoming an instrument of Germany.

he was merely a tool of Wangenheim. In this way, Pallavicini played to his German ally precisely the same part that his Empire was playing to that of the Kaiser. In the early months of the war the bearing of these two men completely mirrored the respective successes and failures of their countries. As the Germans boasted of victory after victory, Wangenheim's already huge and erect figure seemed to become larger and more upstanding, while Pallavicini, as the Austrians lost battle after battle to the Russians, seemed to become smaller and more shrinking.

* * *

The situation in Turkey in these critical months seemed almost to have been artificially created to give the fullest opportunities to a man of Wangenheim's genius. The so-called Young Turks—more properly the committee of Union and Progress—now dominated the Turkish Empire. Several years before I came to Turkey I remember reading a most encouraging piece of news. A body of young revolutionists had swept from the mountains of Macedonia, marched upon the capital, deposed the Sultan Abdul Hamid, and established a constitutional system. Turkey, these glowing newspaper stories told us, had become a democracy, with a parliament, a responsible ministry, universal suffrage, equality of all citizens before the law, freedom of speech and of the Press, and all the other essentials of a free, liberty-loving commonwealth. That a party of Turks had for years been struggling for such reforms I well knew; that their ambitions had become realities seemed to indicate that, after all, there was such a thing as human progress. The long welter of



Enver Pasha, Minister of War

A man of the people, who, at 26, was a leader in the revolution which deposed Abdul Hamid and established the new régime of the Young Turks. At that time the Young Turks honestly desired to establish a Turkish democracy. This attempt failed miserably and the Young Turk leaders then ruled the Turkish Empire for their own selfish purposes. Enver is chiefly responsible for turning the Turkish army over to Germany. He imagines himself a combination of Napoleon and Frederick the Great.



Talaat Pasha, Grand Vizier

In 1914, when the war broke out, Talaat was Minister of the Interior and the most influential leader in the Committee of Union and Progress, the secret organization which controlled the Turkish Empire. A few years ago Talaat was a letter-carrier, and afterward a telegraph operator in Adrianople. His talents are those of a great political boss. He recently represented Turkey in the peace negotiations with Russia and his signature appears on the Brest-Litovsk treaty.



Djemal Pasha, Minister of Marine

In 1914 Djemal headed the Police Department; it was his duty to run down citizens who were opposing the political gag then controlling Turkey. Such opponents were commonly assassinated or judicially murdered. Afterward Djemal was Minister of Marine, and as such violently protested against the sale of American warships to Greece. Then he was sent to Palestine as Commander of the Fourth Army Corps, where he distinguished himself as leader in the wholesale massacre of the non-Moslem population.

massacre and disorder in the Turkish Empire had apparently ended. The great assassin, Abdul Hamid, had been removed to solitary confinement at Salonika; and his brother, the gentle Mohammed V., had ascended the throne as the first constitutional sovereign of Turkey. Such had been the promise; by the time I reached Constantinople, in 1913, however, many changes had taken place. Austria had annexed two Turkish provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina; Italy had wrenched away Tripoli; Turkey had fought two wars with the Balkan States, and had lost all her territories in Europe, except Constantinople and a small hinterland. The aims for the regeneration of Turkey that had inspired the revolution had evidently miscarried. I soon discovered that four years of so-called democratic rule had ended with the nation more degraded, more impoverished, and more dismembered than ever before. Indeed, long before I had arrived this attempt to establish a Turkish democracy had failed. Let us not criticize too harshly the Young Turks; there is no question that, at the beginning, they were sincere. In a speech in Liberty Square, Salonika, in July, 1908, Enver Pasha had eloquently declared that: "To-day arbitrary government has disappeared. We are all brothers. There are no longer Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, Servians, Rumanians, Mussulmans, Jews. Under the same blue sky we are all proud to be Ottomans." That represented the Young Turk ideal for the new Turkish State, but it was an ideal which had been maltreated and massacred for centuries by the Turks; they could not transform themselves overnight into brothers; hatreds, jealousies, and religious prejudices of the past still divided Turkey into a medley of warring clans. Above all, the destructive wars and the loss of great sections of the Turkish Empire had destroyed the prestige of the new democracy. There were other reasons for the failure; but it is not necessary to go into them at this time.

Committee of Union and Progress

Though the Young Turks had disappeared as a positive, regenerating force, they still existed as a political machine. Their leaders, Talaat, Enver, and Djemal, had long since abandoned any expectation of reforming their state, but they had developed an insatiable lust for personal power. The political order that existed in Turkey in 1913 bore certain resemblances to the Boss system in the United States. The Committee of Union and Progress was a private, irresponsible group of men who secretly manipulated elections, and filled the offices with their own henchmen. It had its own building in Constantinople, with a supreme chief who gave all his time to its affairs and issued orders to his subordinates; in fact, he ruled the party precisely like an American city boss in the most unregenerate days. It furnished a splendid illustration of "invisible government." This kind of irresponsible government has obtained control of American cities mainly because the real hard-working

citizens are busily engaged in the daily tasks and have no leisure for public matters. In Turkey the masses were altogether too ignorant to understand the meaning of democracy; the bankruptcy and general vicissitudes of the country had left it with practically no government and an easy prey to a desperate band of adventurers. The Committee of Union and Progress, with Talaat Bey as the Supreme Boss, constituted such a band. About forty men controlled this committee, and there were sub-committees stationed in all important cities of the empire. These men met frequently in secret; they formulated their plans, allocated the patronage, and issued orders to their nominees, who filled nearly all the important offices. These men, like orthodox department heads in the worst days—now, happily, passed—of American city government, "took orders" and made the appointments submitted to them.

I must admit, however, that I do the corrupt American gangs a certain injustice in comparing them with the Turkish Committee of Union and Progress. Talaat, Enver, and Djemal had added to their system a detail that has not figured extensively in American politics—that of assassination and judicial murder. They had wrested power from the other factions by a deed of violence. This *coup d'état* had taken place on January 26th, 1913, a few months before my arrival. At that time a political group, headed by the venerable Kiamil Pasha, as Grand Vizier, and Nazim Pasha, as minister of war, controlled the government; they represented a faction known as the "Liberal Party," which was chiefly distinguished for its enmity to the Young Turks. These men had fought the disastrous Balkan War; and, in January, they had felt themselves compelled to accept the advice of the European Powers and surrender Adrianople to Bulgaria. The Young Turks had been outside the breastworks for about six months, looking for an opportunity to return to power. The proposed surrender of Adrianople apparently furnished them this opportunity. Adrianople was an important Turkish city, and naturally the Turkish people regarded the contemplated surrender as marking still another milestone to their national doom. Talaat and Enver hastily collected about 200 followers and marched up to the Sublime Porte, where the ministry was then sitting. Nazim, hearing the uproar, stepped out into the hall. He courageously faced the crowd, a cigarette in his mouth, and his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Come, boys," he said, good humouredly. "what's all this noise about? Don't you know that it is interfering with our deliberations?"

The words had hardly left his mouth when he fell dead. A bullet had pierced a vital spot.

The mob, led by Talaat and Enver, then forced their way into the council-room. They forced Kiamil, the Grand Vizier—he was more than eighty years old—to resign his post under threat of meeting Nazim's fate.

(To be continued).



Louis Raemaekers —

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Admiral von Capelle: "Ever

By Lou



g is all right, All-Highest!"

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cers.

Economy in the Grand Fleet : By L. R. Freeman, R.N.V.R.

THE wind had been whistling raw and cold through the foretop, from where I had been watching the night target practice, and my appetite was whetted to a razor edge by the time the game was over and the ship was again at anchor.

"I'm as hungry as a shark, myself," said the gunnery commander; "but, never mind, we'll have a good snack of supper just as soon as we climb down and get out of these Arctic fogs."

Five minutes later, the first of a dozen officers who stamped in as fast as their duties were over, we were seated at one of the ward-room tables. "Would you rather have ham or sardine sandwiches?" some one asked. "Both!" I unblushingly replied, "unless the latter are as large as whales."

A waiter came hurrying through the door in answer to the ring, buttoning his coat as though he had been surprised by an unexpected summons. "A couple of plates of ham and sardine sandwiches and beer all round," was the laconic but comprehensive order.

The old "Marine" smiled deprecatingly, as one who has unpleasant news to impart.

"Sorry, sir," he said, addressing the commander, "but the day's bread was finished at dinner, sir, an' the 'am we' ad for breakfast was all we can 'ave to-day, sir."

And then the wonderful thing happened. I had expected the howl of a Roman stage mob to greet the disappointing announcement; but it was only the commander's voice that was heard, speaking quietly as he rose from the table.

"Very well," he said; "bring us some hot cocoa in the smoking-room. A good hot drink's the best thing for a night like this, anyway." Over steaming cups of cocoa the commander told me, briefly and casually, something of what had been done on his ship (which was thoroughly typical of the other units of the Grand Fleet) to cut down the unnecessary consumption of food.

"The old idea," he said, "that a fighting man ought to be stuffed like a prize steer was discredited by experience long ago, but it took the war to jar us into putting that experience (like so many other things) into practice. Any man living a non-sedentary life will make a very brave attempt to eat all the food that is put before him, but that by no means proves that he needs it. If he is working hard enough in the open air, the surplus over his normal requirement does not do him any harm, and so there was not much point in keeping it away from him as long as there was food to waste all over the world. But when the world's surplus began to be turned into a deficit by the war, the opportunity arose to kill two birds with one stone—to save food and to improve the health of the men. I am glad to say that we have been able to do both, and with the hearty concurrence of every one concerned, officers and men.

"Generally speaking," he continued, "we left the Navy ration just about as it was before the war, with the exception of those staples in which there is the worst shortage—bread, meat, and potatoes. Great as the actual food-saving has proved, a still more important benefit has been to our health. There are several factors contributing to the truth that the personnel of the Grand Fleet has incomparably the highest standard of health ever maintained in so large a body of men, and I am quite positive that by no means the least of these is the check that has been put on over-eating by our food-saving measures."

* * *

This incident occurred on the occasion of my first visit to the Grand Fleet in the late autumn of last year; but it was not until my return, nearly two months later, that I had opportunity to gather anything further of the details of food economy. Then I learned that a strict rationing was only the first part of a scheme of which the second was a waste-prevention campaign. Bread and meat were both further restricted, but to the improvement rather than the detriment of the already high health standard of the Fleet. The bread now served consists of one-eighth potato, one-sixth barley meal, and the remainder—but slightly more than two-thirds—of "standard" flour. The Fleet Paymaster of my ship, who outlined the scheme to me, said that the idea was to reduce waste to a minimum, both "coming" and "going." "We aim to put no more food on the tables of either the officers or men than they will eat up clean. Jack Spratt and his wife are our models. But we don't stop there by any means. Jack Spratt, so far as we have any information, must have thrown away the bones, even if he and the missus

did lick the platter. We not only save the bones, but even go so far as to skim the grease off the dish-water the platter is washed in. If you will run over this report here, you'll understand the 'fade-away' expression on the faces of the gulls that used to fatten on the waste of the Grand Fleet. It is merely a tabulated summary of a week's saving of the things which used to go down the chutes.

There were numbers running to four and five figures in the table, most of them referring to the pounds of various refuse which had been collected and shipped for conversion into glycerine and other useful and valuable products. Without giving figures which might be "useful or heartening to the enemy," I will probably be permitted to state that the various headings were the following: Dripping, fat meat, bones, waste paper, bottles and jars, discarded clothing, head seals, mail bags, and tins. Several of the items would have run to substantial figures even in tons, and the money received for them at even the nominal prices paid by the contractor aggregated many thousands of pounds.

Variations in Savings

Glancing quickly through the figures under the headings opposite the various ships of our squadron, I noticed at once that there were considerable variations in their savings, and, knowing that the number of men did not vary materially on any of them, I asked the reason why the flagship, for instance, with less than half the weight of "bones" to her credit than "ourself," was still able to put by something like 50 per cent. more dripping.

"It will probably be because we haven't yet 'standardised' our methods throughout the Fleet," replied the Paymaster; "because different ships may have different ways of going about the job. Of these particular items you have mentioned, perhaps we can find out something by talking to Mr. C—, the warrant-officer who has charge of the collection of by-products."

Mr. C—, who was plainly an enthusiast, launched on to the subject with eagerness.

"I've been intending to explain that matter of dripping to you, sir," he said, addressing the Fleet Paymaster, "for the figures certainly have the look of not doing us justice. Fact is, though, that the only reason we've run behind the flagship on this count is because I have been encouraging the messes to carry food-saving one stage further by using the clean grease—the skimmings from their soup and the water their meat is boiled in—instead of margarine. With a little pepper and salt, most of them like it better even than butter, and, of course, they can use it much more freely. And since dripping is worth more for food than it ever can be to make up into soap or explosives, I figure I'm on the right track, even if it does give the *Lucifer* and the *Mephistofoles* a chance to head us in the 'grease' column. I must admit, though, sir, that they've both been gaining a few pounds of second-quality stuff by rigging 'traps'—settling tubs at the bottom of their chutes—in which they catch any grease that has got away from them in the galley. I'll be beating them at that game before long, though, for I'm putting in settling tubs at both top and bottom, with a strainer in between.

"As for the 'bones,'" he went on, turning to me, "that's largely 'personality.' 'Boney Joe,' my chief assistant, is perhaps more largely responsible than anyone else for the fact that we are not only the champion 'bone-collecting' ship of the squadron, but also head the list with 'bottles and jars' and 'empty tins.' With 'waste paper' there's no use competing with the flagship, for they come in for an even heavier bombardment of that kind of stuff from the Admiralty than we do; and as for 'discarded clothing,' I feel that a place at the bottom of the column would be more likely to indicate economical management than one at the top. But the things that represent a sheer saving, the things that used to be thrown away right along—they're what it's worth while piling up by every means we can, and they're the ones with which I want to keep heading the columns. And, as I said before, 'Boney Joe' is the main feature of the show on this score. If you like, I will arrange it so that you can do his morning round with him to-morrow."

I accepted the offer with alacrity, for I had heard of "Boney Joe" frequently. The first time was when, in order to avoid a howling blizzard which was sweeping the decks, I endeavoured to make my way forward to the ladder leading up to my cabin under the bridge by threading the mazes of the

mess-deck. Bent almost double to keep from butting the low-swung hammocks, I tripped the more easily over a box of empty tins, and fell with one arm sousing elbow-deep into what proved to be a tub of "frozen" grease. Surveying the dragged cuff of my jacket in the morning my servant pronounced his verdict without a moment's hesitation.

"Tumblin' into 'Boney Joe's' pickin's last night, sir, was you," he said with a grin; "we's allus doin' it oursel's."

On a number of other occasions certain syrenic notes which came floating up to my cabin from the mess-deck were variously ascribed to "'Boney Joe' doin' 'is rounds,'" "'Boney Joe' cadgin' for grease," and "'Boney Joe' singin' 'is 'Mornin' 'Ate.'" I had several pictures of "Boney Joe" in my mind, but not one of them came near to fitting the handsomè, strongly built, and thoroughly sailorly man-o'-war's-man whom Mr. C—— introduced to me as the bearer of that storied name on the following morning. Only a sort of scallywag twinkle in his eye revealed him as a man who liked his little joke.

Mr. C—— was called away at this juncture, and left cock of his own dung-hill "Boney Joe" became at once his own natural self. The sailorly man-o'-war's-man disappeared in an instant, and only one of the drollest characters in the British Navy remained behind. "I'll be showin' you 'ow I

goes out to drum up me bone trade," he said, throwing an empty sack over his shoulder, and replacing his be-ribboned cap with a crumpled Homburg hat. "Now, 'er's wot I sing tu 'em. Made it up myself, too."

With a quick double-shuffle, he began footing it up and down the junk-cluttered deck of the "bonatorium," singing:

'Eave out all yer dead an' dyin',
'Eave out all yer bones an' fat,
'Eave out the stiff o' 'Littl' Willie,
An' I'll give you my 'at.

"Why celebrate Little Willie?" I asked in perplexity. "I don't trace the connection between the 'dead and dying,' and 'bones and fat,' and the—the earthly remains of the Crown Prince."

"I ain't celebratin' 'em," explained "Joe"; "I'm abominatin' 'em, so to speak. My reference is to the dead an' dyin' sojers th' Kaisur cooks up to make glysreen frum. I brings in Willie jest to make 'em feel how they'd like it if 'twas their turn next."

* * *

There is a "Boney Joe" on every ship of the British Navy to-day. We could do with a few more of him in civil life.

Climax of the Two Great Wars: By J. Holland Rose, Litt. D.

IN a former article I sought to compare the military and naval situation of Great Britain relatively to her enemies in the years 1810-11 and 1917-18, which may be considered the climax of the two struggles. Now I am concerned with questions of food supply, commerce, and finance at the two periods. As before, I leave the reader mentally to supply many present details, and I concentrate attention chiefly on the years 1810-11.

There can be little doubt that Great Britain then occupied a position respecting food supply sounder than she now does. The population was about one-third of the present numbers and the potential area for tillage greater. Owing to agricultural reforms and improvements in the breed of oxen and sheep, British farming was far the best in the world. In fact, we were just in the position best suited to face Napoleon's continental blockade. Further, he never sought to prevent food coming to our ports, but rather encouraged such imports in the belief that he was harming us by draining away the reserves of gold.* Such a course of action now seems singular; but we must remember, firstly, that the England of those days grew enough corn in average seasons to suffice for 49 weeks out of the 52, whereas home-grown corn usually lasts for about 10 weeks only. To Napoleon, then, a policy of starvation may well have seemed impossible. Secondly, he was a mercantilist of the crudest type, and believed that a great volume of imports weakened a country; and as our credit declined somewhat in 1810 he sought to increase the drop by allowing imports of corn at the then high prices. It so chanced that bad harvests occurred in all the years 1809-12 of the Napoleonic ascendancy. Ill-luck in weather conditions has certainly dogged us during this war; but our forefathers had to face four bad harvests in succession at a time when the great conqueror was excluding them from intercourse with all the Continent except Turkey and parts of the Spanish Peninsula. Accordingly, the average price of wheat rose from about 45s. the quarter (pre-war price previous to 1793) to 95s., 103s., 92s. 5d., and 122s. 8d. in 1809-12.†

Drastic expedients were adopted to assuage the dearth. The distillation of spirits from grain was prohibited in those years, as it had been in 1795, 1800, and 1808; and public opinion demanded the prohibition. At a large meeting of the inhabitants of Liverpool on November 4th, 1811, the Mayor being in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. John Gladstone (father of the statesman) that a petition be drawn up requesting prohibition by royal prerogative until the assembly of Parliament. It ran thus: ". . . In times like the present, when no dependence can be placed on receiving supplies of foreign corn, it becomes of the first importance to husband to the utmost the crops of this country." . . . (unless prohibition be soon reinforced) "the distillers will have laid in their stocks of grain for the

season, a large proportion of which will either be distilled or converted into a state unfitting it for the food of man."* There was need for drastic action. Owing to Napoleon's rigid enforcement of his Continental System and his annexations in 1810, intercourse with the Continent almost ceased in 1811, and whereas in 1810 we imported nearly 1½ million quarters of wheat and wheaten flour, not much over a quarter of a million entered our ports in 1811, when the harvests throughout Europe failed. The narrowness of our sources of supply (viz., France, Germany, and Poland in peace time) was in itself a source of danger. Australia then raised barely enough corn for her infant settlements, and America sent mere dribbles. In 1810, William Cobbett, who had been over there, asserted, with his usual perverse dogmatism: "America never did, and never can, give us any very large supply." He therefore prophesied that the quarter loaf would sell at 2s. 6d. by Christmas. It sold at just half that price (as his *Political Register* testifies), and remained at that figure till the autumn of 1811, when it rose to 1s. 6d., and more still in 1812. Best Danzig wheat then fetched 180s. the quarter at Mark Lane—a price, I believe, never exceeded. The collapse of Napoleon's power in 1814 brought the average to less than 73s.—approximately the same as in 1807. Thus, the unfortunate coincidence of a run of bad seasons with the climax of the Napoleonic System brought England in the winter of 1811-12 to the verge of starvation, though he never designed to starve us. On July 16th and August 6th, 1810, he issued instructions for the export of corn from Italy to Malta and England, as such a step would help Italian finance: In 1811-12 he seems either not to have known of our dire straits or to have clung to his notion of ruining us by increasing the excess of imports over exports.‡ In either case, his action, or inaction, saved us from a crisis of extreme gravity, which, as will shortly appear, produced deep distress among the poor. But that state of things was wholly exceptional, and due to the causes just explained.

A comparison of the average price of wheat in 1809-12 with that for 1917-18 shows the following average prices: In 1809-12, 103s. 4d. per quarter (at Tooke's estimates, 105s. 5d.); in 1917-18, about 75s., with a tendency to a gradual rise. Government control has doubtless checked this tendency. Still, the fact remains that Germany's submarines, operating against these crowded islands, have not produced the dearth which characterised the years 1809-12. The failure, hitherto, of the submarine campaign could not be more signally demonstrated. Sir Eric Geddes stated on November 1st, 1917, that the net reduction in British mercantile marine in the four preceding months had been 30 per cent. less than he had estimated in July. Furthermore, wheat—the most vulnerable of our necessities—sells at little

* T. Tooke, *Thoughts on the High and Low Prices of the Years 1793-1822*, app. vii.

† W. Cobbett, *Political Register*, for June 23rd, 1810, and Tables of Prices.

‡ Cobbett writes (*Polit. Register* for November 23rd, 1811): "Napoleon is not fool enough to prevent the exportation of corn while it brings him back our hoarded gold."

* For proofs see my *Napoleonic Studies* (G. Bell & Sons, 1904), pp. 196-221.

† Porter, *Progress of the Nation*, sec. ii, ch. 1. Tooke's estimates are higher.

more than double the average pre-war prices (3s. 6d. to 3s. the quarter). The average of 1809-12 was far more than double that for the pre-war period (45s. the quarter).

It appears, then, that German "frightfulness," exerted against conditions of food supply which are perilously artificial, has produced far less distress than the Napoleonic System, which never aimed at starving us. I commend this fact to the notice of Admiral Tirpitz, Count Reventlow, and Captain Persius. It is to be hoped, however, that we shall never again persist in the blind optimism and official heedlessness with regard to food supply in war time which characterised the pre-war period. For it is possible—even probable—that in the future a naval combination might be formed against us, formidable not only in submarines and gun-power, but also in coast-power. As I have shown, our mercantile losses largely increased after Trafalgar, and reached their climax at the time when Napoleon controlled three-fourths of the continental coasts. If ever the intensive warfare of the type of the German submarine should be combined with the extensive methods employed by him, the results would certainly be fatal.

One word more on this topic. German savagery is ranging all nations against her more quickly than the severities of Napoleon's Continental System ranged the European peoples against him in 1813-14. His methods for assuring our ruin took him to Moscow and assured his ruin. Their methods have (to use Canning's famous phrase) brought in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.

Industrial Conditions

Only a short space remains for a comparison of the industrial and financial conditions of the United Kingdom in the years 1810-12 and 1917-18. The growth of British industry was probably more marked in the earlier period than it has been in recent years, and that growth showed few signs of slackening even during the Napoleonic War. The application of labour-saving machines to the textile industries and the increased use of steam engines in factories brought about an immense expansion in output, an improvement in quality, and a cheapening of the cost of production, especially of cotton yarn, viz., from 38s. per lb. in 1786 to 6s. 9d. in 1807. This economic gain stimulated the export of cottons, viz., from the value of £7,081,441 in 1803 to £18,951,994 in 1810. The exports of woollens are not known before 1815; then they were valued at £9,381,426. British textiles (except in silk) being far cheaper and better than those of the Continent, it was useless even for Napoleon to try to exclude them. His lands were a generation behind these islands in industrial methods. Woodward's caricature, "The Giant, Commerce, overwhelming the Pygmy Blockade" (January, 1807), shows a brawny John Bull clad in wool, with porcelain visor and helmet, shod with Staffordshire shoes, his arms covered with calico, his hands deep in Woodstock gloves, hurling Birmingham pig-iron, blocks of steel and tin, barrels of London porter, and patent coffins, at a diminutive Boney behind his battlements, while between them the sea is covered with ships flying the Union Jack, for all the French decrees. This sketch and many others of the time reveal the consciousness of strength of the British race. Its production or use of necessaries (e.g., bricks, tiles, tallow, sperm, hides, soap, starch, salt) increased by about a half in the war period, and the supply of beer increased by one-ninth. True, the sales of tea—then a rather dear luxury—fell from 25,144,171 lbs. in 1802 to 23,058,496 lb. in that year of distress, 1811; but, early in 1812, Russia again admitted British products; and the rise of the sales of tea to 24,856,914 lb. in that year bespoke the recovery of purchasing power. Indeed, the rest of the world was largely dependent on Great Britain for textiles, hardware, and the cheaper kinds of porcelain. The following are the values of the total imports and exports to and from the United Kingdom in the two periods, so far as they are available (inclusive of the last years of peace and in each case omitting '000):

	Imports	Exports
1802	31,442	41,411
1810	41,136	45,869
1811	28,626	32,409
1812	28,595	43,241
1913	768,734	634,820
1914	696,635	526,195
1915	851,893	483,930
1916	949,152	604,154*

It will be seen that at the earlier period, except in 1811, exports showed an increase over the years of peace, and in all those years a large excess over imports. In both

* *Statesman's Year Book*, 1917.

respects our present position is unsatisfactory; but the contrast is due to the urgent calls on war industries which, of course, have checked or stopped ordinary trades. The great increase of imports is due to the same reason, as also to senseless extravagance, which demands restraint by all possible measures; otherwise the financial situation at the peace will be worse than it was after Waterloo. The ratio of war expenditure to the total national wealth is believed to be no higher than in the Napoleonic War; and the fall in the exchange value of the £ (especially at New York) is comparatively slight. Still, the future is far from bright so long as we buy recklessly and produce marketable goods sparingly. Our forefathers were in a sounder position, industrially and financially, than we, who are living largely on credit.

The working classes now are in a far better position than in the earlier war. Taxation is now fairly adjusted so as to spare the necessaries of life as much as possible, and fall on wealth and luxuries. Then the reverse was the case, the income-tax being at only 2s. in the £ from 1806 to 1815, while necessaries and small comforts bore heavy imposts. Now the taxes on wealth furnish 348 millions out of the total of 573 millions of the revenue for 1916-7. Then Excise and Customs sent up the prices of all articles in common use, with the result that all trades were hampered and every larder was pinched. Unfortunately, the new labour-saving machinery threw many men out of work or for the time reduced earnings, when war-taxes were raising prices. Distress was especially acute in 1811 and the first part of 1812, a fact which explains the fierce Luddite riots in the Midlands and North. The collapse of our speculative exports to South America in 1810 caused wholesale bankruptcies (1,200 in the first half of 1811), especially in the textile districts, whose condition Cobbett thus describes: "How many of these towns does the traveller pass through without being waylaid at the entrance and the exit by a swarm of children more than half-naked, running and tumbling, and bowing and praying and crying, in the hope, often disappointed, of obtaining the means of buying an ounce of bread? Enter their dwelling-places. See misery in all her horrors, filth, disease, the blood poisoned, and the heart hardened to a flint."*

It is needless to point the contrast with present conditions. Of late the rise of prices has been accompanied, in nearly all manual callings, by an equal or greater increase in wages, so that the chief danger is the rapid growth of extravagant habits which must perforce cease abruptly with the cessation of the profuse war expenditure that alone renders them possible.

That the United Kingdom is now subsisting more on credit than at the earlier period will appear from a comparison of the revenue raised by taxation and the expenditure† (omitting '000):

	1802	1810	1811	1812	1813
	£	£	£	£	£
Revenue	36,368	67,144	65,173	65,037	68,748
Expenditure	49,549	76,865	83,735	88,757	105,943
	1912-3	1913-4	1914-5	1915-6	1916-7
Revenue	188,801	198,242	226,694	336,766	573,428
Expenditure	188,621	197,492	560,473	1,159,158	2,198,112

In the years 1810-2 only £9,385,000 was lent to our Spanish, Portuguese, and Sicilian Allies; and the recent disproportion between revenue and expenditure is due largely to very heavy loans to our numerous Allies. Nevertheless, the figures suggest the urgent need of economy both by Governmental Departments and the nation at large. Unless the nation resolutely endeavours to meet the present enormous financial demands out of its own resources, our indebtedness to other peoples (especially the United States) will be very far heavier than at any time in British history. At St. Helena, Napoleon congratulated himself that he had for ever crippled England with a National Debt which would make her tributary to America. He was wrong; for the British people then lived frugally and met their indebtedness out of their own resources. Their credit was never seriously impaired. Even in 1811 Government could borrow at 4½ per cent., and not until the needs of our Allies became exigent in 1813 did the rate rise above 5 per cent.‡ That rate has long been exceeded in this war, and for reasons stated above. There is no need for alarm; but there is a more pressing need than ever for resolute economy. *Caveat emptor!*

* Cobbett, *Political Register*, March 9th, 1811.

† Porter, *op. cit.*, p. 483, gives the figures of the annual loans then raised so as to appear to balance expenditure.

‡ R. Hamilton, *Inquiry into . . . the National Debt* (1818), app. viii.; Miss A. Cunningham, *British Credit in the Napoleonic War* (1910), ch. 7.

The Tree in the Pool

A Sketch

IT is a curious tree. In my travels I had not heard of it, nor had I read of it in books. It grew in a hollow on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea. It grew in a pool of uncertain-looking water, around which lay a narrow strip of treacherous swampy ground. To the rear of it ran a winding line of subtle-tinted moss, following the bottom of a shallow valley which ran itself out on the rolling plain.

The tree itself had no resemblance to any of the vegetation surrounding it. Around it, indeed, were a great variety of plants and stunted shrubs, forming, as it were, a great and varicoloured setting to the one really green thing that grew there. There were great areas of purple heather, toned and shaded in places by smaller patches of pink and still smaller patches of white. Then there were the intermediary strips of green, coarse grass and a good sprinkling of low-growing yellow-tipped gorse. The eye of the botanist, too, would have discovered a great variety of small and flowering plants, hidden away in a thousand most envious places—far more obvious to him perhaps than the tree that grew in the pool.

In size it was not a big tree; indeed, it must have been a very small bird that would have thought it a tree at all. But for some unaccountable reason, one is constrained to think of it and term it as such. Perhaps because of its age. But its appearance would suggest it as being the growth of a night, or six or seven nights at most. Something suggests its form. But no tree ever grew whose limbs and branches spread like these spread. However, one can but attempt to describe it, and in doing that perhaps make some distance towards a solution of its nature and origin.

The pool in which it grew was not deep—at least, it did not appear to be so to a fully grown man—although there is no saying how far one might have probed its uncertain substance, and yet failed to arrive at a solid bottom. At the surface, except for the gatherings that lay there, one could most certainly say it was water; but a very little effort revealed a substance which none might readily name or speak of with certainty. Nor could one say what relation it had to the roots of the tree. Perchance the roots pierced it and gathered their nourishment from the simple earth, and unless they hung loose as in some floating mass of semi-fluid matter, this must have been so. But the latter conjecture is as feasible as the former, inasmuch as that the roots were in no way required as a support to the very weighty and cumbrous limbs. These had made of themselves their own support, and rested in the swampy ground round the whole circumference of the pool, so that the pool lay completely overshadowed by a veritable network of limbs, leaves, and stems of vegetable-like flowers.

What, then, could it be that gave this tree its attraction and made it so suggestive of so many unheard-of things, for one has to give rein to one's fancy and the tree and all its associated surroundings take us into realms that are scarcely earthly. In a moment we discover ourselves in the toils of some enchanted spot or away in some

place inhabited by creatures other than men, or even it may be in the primitive ages of the world itself. Then, also, there surrounds the tree an air of present mystery as of some hidden presence clinging over the pool and in the undisturbed shadows of its limbs, thus hiding itself by reason of some unseemly truth it wished to keep concealed. And in this last suggestion there seems to be more than a semblance of reason, for what child, or nymph, or naiad, ever before saw a tree that grew up in the midst of the water, and in a pool which was fed by a moss-covered stream, and one to which there was no outlet nor the possibility even of one that was hidden.

Again, appealing to the same sprightly denizens of the earth, which of them ever before saw a tree which had neither one trunk nor two, but twenty—each one of which ordered itself in a manner most suitable to the formation of the complete canopy of leaves and flowers, and whose flowers were neither red nor blue, but were rather an admixture of pale green, tipped with an indelicate white; or a tree whose trunks and limbs were neither hard nor soft, but, instead, were formed of a fibrous grassy substance surrounding a heart of pithy white. Then there were the limbs that spread from the joints in regular circles! And the leaves that spread from the limbs in palm-like order and the flowers that stood out at the top—round tips to hands of a hundred fingers! Then, again, there were the vegetable wonders which lay in the shadows and away down among the intricate labyrinth of leaves and limbs, and on the surface of the water, and beneath, down among the floating roots and suspended earth.

In the poisonous air of some tropical jungle these things might have passed without comment, but on the edge of a sea-cliff and in a country that supported nothing but stunted growths, one looks at them and wonders from whence they come and by what spirit they are upheld.

But note the change that comes over them even as I write. The water takes on a forbidding hue and becomes spotted all over with the up-rising spins of hidden creatures. One lifts its head a little above the surface. It is green, and as its body draws further and further out it becomes spotted green and yellow—a long reptilian creature with snake-like scales and feet like those of a lizard. In the furthest shadow, the water teams with similar uncanny horrors—who writhe and turn about in the mud, and in the water like a mass of virulent vegetation. From the centre of the pool insects travel along the branches of the tree—backwards and forwards to the marshy bank as though burdened with some treasure. Bright-coloured flies hum among the branches and disturb the heavy air. A lizard springs from the bank and on to the largest limb—and thence to the further shore.

A moment later the waters begin to rise. The tree sinks deeper and ever deeper in the water—first the mass of its heavy limbs, then the middle leaves, and, last of all, its topmost flower; when suddenly the earth, like the mouth of a monster, closes over it, and serpents, pond, and tree disappear for ever.

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

American Literature

THE *Cambridge History of American Literature*, of which vol. I (15s. net) has just been published, should not, to all appearances, be taken as a work for which either Cambridge University or its Press has more than a godparental responsibility. Its editors are four American scholars; its contributors are all Americans; and the English edition has been printed in America. Cambridge seems to have supplied merely a model, an imprint, and a name. This generous delegation, on the part of the Press, of the care of its reputation for producing works of sound scholarship, has, however, done no harm. The history—thus far, at all events—is a creditable and even impressive work of reference; and at this moment it is peculiarly felicitous that Americans and English should co-operate in producing it.

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It is on a larger scale than any previous history; and it cannot fail to supplant its predecessors, though Professor Barrett Wendell's short book will still hold the field for those who want merely an outline. The preface leads one at once to expect a sensible work. The editors very naturally discuss the old and much-vexed question as to how far American literature ought, or can be expected, to differ from English literature. All sorts of fanatical Americans and misguided Englishmen have clamoured for something unmistakably American: often, it must be admitted, in reaction against dilettante Americans who have kept their eyes too exclusively upon Europe and undervalued anything which did not come from England. But a desire to be "different," whether nationally or otherwise, never in itself produced good work. The sort of advice which may assist such production is not of local application only; it is embodied in phrases like "the eye on the object," "look in thy heart and write," and others none the less sound for being hackneyed. America cannot escape, nor is there any reason to escape, her origins, and the great community of traditions she has with us in language, in literature, in morals. Americans must write in English; must be influenced by the literature that exists in the language; and, in so far as they think and feel like us, must write as we do. There is no risk of a lack of local colour where a man writes sincerely and local peculiarities exist. An American who looks directly at the scenery around him, and not merely at the scenery in books, will get something that an Englishman could not get; even were the speech and intellectual outlook of Americans exactly the same of ours down to the last detail their affections are necessarily in part centred on other objects than those which hold ours. The less American writers bother about being either like us or unlike us, the better for them. Against the extreme doctrinaires, the editors of the history very pertinently quote Griswold, who said, in 1847: "Some critics in England expect us who write the same language, profess the same religion, and have in our intellectual firmament the same Bacon, Sidney, and Locke, the same Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, to differ more from themselves than they differ from the Greeks and Romans, or from any of the moderns." Nevertheless, Griswold was "a proud nationalist," and left valuable collections of American prose and poetry. Mere imitation of English writers is bad and sterile; but it is as bad in England as in America.

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This is an attempt at a standard and comprehensive history. In their desire not to be mere anthologists, or commit an error in proportion by concentrating too exclusively upon the nineteenth century, the editors have perhaps gone a little too far in the opposite direction. It is quite true that the seventeenth century divines ought not to be treated as though they had never existed; that Jonathan Edwards was a great man who, in England at least, has recently not received his due; and that Franklin and Washington Irving flourished before Poe and Longfellow were thought of. But the determination to do justice to the earlier centuries has given the greater part of this volume the appearance not of a history of literature (in the usual sense), but of an indiscriminating record of the products of the American printing press. The result is that space is wasted upon scores of forgotten authors like the Revs. Uriah Oakes, Mather Byles, and Michael Wigglesworth (who, by

the confession of his critic, only wrote two good lines in all his life), which might well have been devoted to a fuller treatment of major (though undeniably later) writers. There is, as a rule, very little tendency to exaggerate the merits of these small fry; Anne Bradstreet herself "The Tenth Muse," is quite properly dismissed as merely an attractive personality whose product of "meritorious lines" was only twice as great as that of the reverend gentleman previously mentioned. The critical standards of the volume as a whole are sound; the judgments, so far as one's limited knowledge enables one to test them, sensible. But this passion for completeness and this desire to prove that American literature did not begin until the nineteenth century has sacrificed valuable pages which might well have been added, say, to Mr. Paul Elmer More's powerful little essay on Emerson. One could have even spared the account of Wigglesworth in exchange for a few quotations from *Thanatopsis*, the end of which is admittedly the finest thing that Bryant ever wrote. Bryant otherwise certainly gets his due from Professor Leonard; perhaps rather more than his due.

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Almost all the most interesting American writers—whatever may be urged on the other side—are left over for the other volumes. Research may do what it likes in the way of rehabilitating the neglected and exhuming the forgotten. The fact remains that almost all the lasting work that America has done was done in the nineteenth century, and the great mass of it in the second and third quarters of that century. There is nothing odd about the slowness of the beginning; what is tantalising is the great void after the death of Whitman. You have a period which produced a crowd of men, varying, no doubt, in stature, like Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Motley, Thoreau, and Hawthorne. There follows it a period of immense literary production, of tremendous activity in every other department of life, in which the conspicuous names are those of popular humorists and small poets, and in which Henry and William James stand on a lonely eminence.

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The principal figures in this volume, beyond those already referred to, are Willis, Halleck, Brockden Brown, Fenimore Cooper, Herman Melville, Margaret Fuller, Parker, and Channing. It is impossible to attempt here a survey of so much ground. There are few weak chapters in the book. The principal fault which is at all general is an excessive passion for dragging in names, especially of foreign authors, allusively. When Professor Leonard parenthetically calls Samuel Rogers "that old Maecenas and Petronius Arbiter," he is indulging the same foible that leads other critics to rush about after needless literary parallels. Had the proofs been better read, misprints would have been fewer, and sentences such as "in quite different ways, Bryant is with Poe, American's finest artist in verse" would not have been passed. That sentence is meaningless. The latter portion of it, taken alone, might reasonably, in the absence of other knowledge, have been supposed to mean that Bryant and Poe were Siamese twins who collaborated in art; but the qualification "in quite different ways" in itself precludes such an interpretation.

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Over two hundred pages of the volume are, quite properly, filled with bibliographies. It would be sheer humbug on my part to pretend that I have studied them or that I am competent to judge them. I can never have heard of nine-tenths of the works mentioned in them; and thus far (though I shall certainly use them for reference) I have not even looked at them. This lapse into candour, so unusual amongst reviewers, may look rather like a piece of poor swank. I prefer to think myself that, during perusal of this book, I have been influenced by the ghostly presence of George Washington. All I can honestly say is that bibliographies so voluminous cannot fail to contain a great deal of information, and that if the compilers of them are as conscientious and sensible as their colleagues who have written the rest of the book, they cannot fail to be found both accurate and exhaustive. In format the work is uniform with the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. That is to say, it is pleasant in every way save that the bindings are coloured with a red dye that fades and fades.

The Royal Academy : By Charles Marriott

THE only way to get the Academy into proper perspective is to regard it as an institution, as one thinks and speaks of "the opera." Otherwise, there is great risk of doing injustice both to the Academy and to art. The two things are not opposed, any more than "the opera" and music are opposed, but it is in the nature of things that they should be separate considerations. It ought to be obvious that an exhibition cannot be at the same time a social function and a fully representative exhibition of contemporary painting, sculpture, and architecture; because most of the things that matter in these arts are brought forth by needs and impulses which have nothing to do with social seasons.

By far the greater number of works—at any rate, in painting—at the Academy are done "for the Academy," and that gives them a more or less definite character irrespective of quality. The only legitimate grievance against the Academy is that, granting this general character in kind, it has not, or does not seem to have, a very high standard of craftsmanship. But lack of a high standard does not necessarily mean a prejudice against good work. Like every other institution, the Academy invites three fairly well marked attitudes of appreciation. There is the first which takes everything on trust because it is "in the Academy," there is the second which rejects everything for the same reason, and there is the third of the open mind which assumes you are as likely to find good pictures at the Academy as elsewhere.

Because it is an institution, with traditions and conventions of its own, the Academy cannot be expected to present a very profound or direct expression of contemporary life. Before an impulse or an event gets into the Academy it has to be translated into Academy form. Therefore you do not expect nor do you find in this year's Academy any adequate interpretation of the war. There are plenty of war pictures, of course; but they are much more like the war pictures of many successive Academies than they are like what is going on in France and Flanders. They are competent of their kind, but they are very definitely of a kind. Once and for all, the photographs at the Grafton Galleries have set the standard of what sort of pictures we want so far as the actual facts of warfare are concerned.

So far as I could judge in a confessedly hasty visit, the only work in this year's Academy which attempts that with any success is a piece of sculpture: "War Equestrian Statue," by Mr. Gilbert Bayes, in the Quadrangle. A small personal accident may help to suggest one great merit of this work. On entering Burlington House, I passed it by without seeing it at all, though it is on the colossal scale and light in colour; and it was not until a colleague asked me what I thought of it that I knew it was there, though I had seen it before in the sculptor's studio. This means that Mr. Bayes has produced for monumental purposes a work in sculpture which really takes its place in an architectural setting as if it had always been there. Overlooked or underlooked in passing, the work—designed to be carried out in bronze for the National Art Gallery, Sydney—only gains in dignity and power with deliberate examination. Within the limits of the realistic convention in which it is conceived it is real sculpture, and not merely a colossal reproduction of a symbolical figure on horseback.

"The Under World"

By coincidence, though I prefer to think that it is something more, another work in the Academy, also large in scale, which keeps its place is by the sculptor's brother, Mr. Walter Bayes. The first thing that strikes you in looking at "The Under World" is that it looks as if it had been painted for the Academy not as an institution, but as a building. It is there. This, too, in spite of the fact that it is neither obviously "decorative" in intention nor hung in a space that suits its proportions. The reason why it keeps its place and looks, so to speak, "natural" there is that irrespective of all question of merit it is a genuine painting as "War Equestrian Statue" is a genuine piece of monumental sculpture. In either case, an architectural relationship is implied. "The Under World," which represents a Tube platform during an air raid, makes no attempt to interpret or sum up the war, though it does express the practical response of the Londoner to "frightfulness"—very much as if the people were sheltering from a thunderstorm—but it does give an incident of the war a memorable character. The figures are individuals, but they are dealt with on

the typical side which every individual has. They lie, sit, or stand as they would in actuality, but now not by accident but in the swing of a design, and the colours of their clothes though likely enough are coaxed into harmony. There could hardly be a better illustration of the province of the painter in dealing with actuality that is entirely unaffected by the splendid possibilities of photography. And if you come to examine the reason why you will see that it is all a matter of the modifications of reality that become a translation into paint. The difference in result is that between historical and journalistic truth. Say what you like, history implies human consideration and judgment in terms of a particular art. Look for comparison at "Their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary visiting the Battle Districts of France." In spite of the historical incident, and the august figures, and for all its accuracy in detail, it achieves only journalistic and not historical truth; and neither its architectural purpose—the Royal Exchange—nor the device of a predella gives it an organic relationship to any building that could ever exist.

The only picture besides "The Under World" dealing directly with the war which seems to me to have more than Academy value is "The Battle of Bourlon Wood, 30th November, 1917," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A. Its value as a bird's-eye view lending intelligibility to written or spoken descriptions of the battle is only enhanced by the picture above it. Through a mistaken zeal for what is called "art," Mr. Wyllie has sacrificed some of the advantages of a plan, which photography cannot compass, to realistic representation of appearances, including atmosphere, which photography can manage better than any painter that ever lived. If Academicians only knew, it is the devotion of so much skill to such ends that drives so many of us to the crude experiments of young rebels. But as between Nos. 319 and 320 there can be no question which picture will have the gratitude of posterity.

But, to leave the surface and come to the heart of things, there is no picture in the Academy more truly significant of the fact that "there is a war on" than "The Winter Evening," by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson. Whether or not the picture was so intended by the artist is entirely irrelevant. The probability is that it was not; that it came from the mysterious depths of personality under pressure of events. However or whenever inspired, it is the picture that, in one form or another, lives in the secret heart of every soldier in France and Flanders; that even those of us who stop at home are more and more possessed with: the domestic interior. To call the idea sentimental is to write yourself down a fool. It is, in cold fact and passionate truth, what the war is all about; the still centre of all that noise of battle. All our sounding phrases about war aims, the freedom of democracy, the self-determination of peoples, can in the last analysis be reduced to this: the preservation of the private hearth for the free exercise of the sacred rites and affections that make it the altar of humanity. Here and not in the forward trenches is the true "listening post" of the war as a whole; and it is from here and not from headquarters that the soldier takes his orders.

Ostensibly the five people in Mr. Robinson's picture are waiting for the kettle to boil; actually they are nursing the flame of all human endeavour in peace and war. Except that the figures happen to look reflective there is no obvious attempt to dwell upon the poetical idea of domesticity; it is, all a matter of taking things, material and familiar things in particular, for what they are worth to the imagination; so that they become "the" table, "the" chair, "the" cup and saucer, instead of merely examples of those articles. Since Chardin there has not been a painter who could get so much human significance out of still life as Mr. Cayley Robinson. Lest the remark be misunderstood, he gets it all by strictly pictorial means; by spacing and proportion, and, above all, by the actual handling of paint. The common saying that such and such a musician makes his instrument "speak" might very well be applied to Mr. Robinson's use of his material.

Under cover of the institution there are several other pictures that bring life into the Academy. There is, for example, Mr. Spencer Watson's jolly "Mary and Guido," and there are the landscapes by Mr. Cameron, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. Arnesby Brown. And, without knowing the intention of the artist, I am prepared to say that Mr. Clausen's still-life painting "A Corner of the Table" is eminently a war picture.

Corporal Grim, V.C.: By F. Willey Turner

PROBABLY I knew as much about Jim Green as any man in our countryside, which is not saying much, for in common parlance Jim was known as "a hard nut to crack." Once I spoke to the foreman of the quarry where Jim was employed, about him. "What kind of a man is Jim Green?" I asked. The foreman scratched his head for some time before he answered. "He's a curious critter, is Jim," he said, at last; "let him go his own gait, and he'll do a good day's work; but interfere wi' him, and he's as obstinate as a mule."

This, I think, is a fair summary of the man's character; he was the sort of man who might be led, but could not be driven.

In appearance, he was not prepossessing; he stood five feet ten without his shoes, was built in proportion, and altogether obsessed one with a sense of naked brutal strength. His face was not pleasant to look at; his jaw was too massive, his cheek-bones too prominent, while his eyes sat back too deeply in their sockets. When things went wrong with him, which they frequently did, he had a way of crumpling up his forehead, and a birth-mark, at other times unnoticeable, stood out vivid and distinct. This mark came to be recognised as a kind of danger-signal, and when it was flown his mates gave him a wide berth. At such moments it was touch-and-go with Jim, and no man likes to be in close proximity to a human powder-magazine.

To this may be added that Jim was naturally taciturn and unsociable, and on this account far from popular. He was rarely seen, for instance, at the "Fiddle and Trumpet," the quarryman's favourite rendezvous at the edge of the moors, preferring, on the few occasions when he did imbibe, an obscure tavern in a back street, where he would brood and drink in solitary state.

At fixed periods, however, this rule was relaxed. The landlord of the "Fiddle and Trumpet" held bi-weekly pigeon "shoots" in the meadow behind his inn, and on these occasions Jim was usually conspicuous by his presence. He was a champion shot, could do "owt," so it was said, with a gun, and no more sure investment was known among the pigeon-shooting fraternity than "puttin' yer money on Jim." In this connection, Jim was regarded as a "dead cert."

Once—and once only—did he fail to satisfy his backers; and, as the story is typical of the man, it may be related here. At this particular match he turned up late, with a rag wound about his wrist, muttering something by way of apology about a strained hand. Shouldering his gun awkwardly, he fired wide and lost his score. As, however, on the following Monday he was seen at work without the bandage on his wrist, inquiries were set afoot. The truth came out bit by bit, but it was finally disclosed that on that particular Saturday his chief backer was his own foreman, and that during the previous week he (the foreman) and Jim had had a serious quarrel. So it was Jim took his revenge. This incident, I repeat, is typical.

Every year when the country "Feast" was on, Jim disappeared for a week and went to Scarborough. As he usually carried a rod in his hand and a creel on his back, it may be presumed he went a-fishing. For my own part, I believe that the natural beauty of the place also attracted him, for once, in a burst of unwonted loquacity, he asked me if I thought Heaven was much like Scarborough, for "when the sun was glowing red in the haze and the rocks glinted like gold, he was minded o' t' better land." I remember being considerably startled by the query, for it seemed to suggest unplumbed depths in the man's nature of which I never dreamed. As good Americans when they die are said to go to Paris, so may Jim have had visions of Scarborough as his ultimate and desired haven.

Be this as it may, it was shortly after the German raid on Scarborough that Jim did the unexpected and enlisted. For my part, I am inclined to think that he regarded the raid on his favourite resort as a personal affront. At any rate, when he presented himself at the depot, and was asked if he had any preference in the way of regiments, he bluntly answered that all regiments were alike to him; all he wanted was "to have a smack at them dirty Germans as fired on folk at Scarborough as couldn't fire back." Being pressed as to his qualifications, he said that he could "hack stones a-piece." The recruiting sergeant, who did not like the looks of the man, was unimpressed; but when he added that he could shoot a bit, the sergeant gripped him by the hand, and he was straightway enrolled as a member of His Majesty's Forces.

I have it on the excellent authority of my nephew,

a second-lieutenant (to whom I had written commending Jim), that he (Jim) had not been many weeks in training before he was acclaimed the crack shot of his company. As the lieutenant observed in passing, a man who can hit a flying bottle at a hundred yards has a future before him in the British Army. This did not altogether surprise me; but, on the other hand, I was surprised to hear that khaki had wrought a miracle in him, and that the uncouth and surly quarryman had become steadily amenable to military discipline, and was making a fine soldier.

Again, whether it was the result of this or whether it was solely due to the needs of the rapidly growing Army, I cannot say, but the next I heard of Jim was that he had been promoted to the rank of corporal. His procedure when he was called to face his small squad for the first time was entirely unconventional. "I'm to be foreman o' this gang, am I, sir?" he demanded of the lieutenant who inducted him.

The officer laughingly assented: "That's so, corporal."

The new corporal stepped back a pace or two and eyed his men with a frown which made the livid bar on his forehead gloom ominously; then he stepped forward again and shook a huge fist in their faces. "You see this, m'lads? Well, you'll feel it if yer don't come up to t' scratch when I tells you!"

This anecdote, retailed in the mess-rooms, marked Jim out for popular approval; it was also responsible for a change of name, for from that time Corporal Green became Corporal Grim.

When his regiment left for somewhere in France there were only two in all Little Turfbury who mourned Jim's departure. One was his mother, a garrulous old lady, who occupied a cottage in Lane's End, and between whom and her son there was a warm—if on the one side a somewhat tacit—affection, and who, to quote Jim, "would ha' been the best mother in the world if only she had had the luck to be born dumb." The other was his dog Tiser, a mongrel of no scheduled breed, who knew his master's habits to a T, only barked to order, and came to heel at a glance. Both these believed in him, and were perhaps the only two in the whole countryside who did. To a pessimistic neighbour who gave it as her opinion that Mrs. Green would do well to order funeral-cards while they were cheap as she would never see her son again, the old lady replied with supreme confidence: "Jim'll turn up again, never fear! I ud like to see t' German as ud best our Jim, that I ud! He'll gi' 'em pepper, see if he don't!" Saying which, the old dame tossed her head proudly and went indoors.

Some weeks later her confidence was confirmed by a letter from the front which she showed to me with much glee. It was very short and characteristic. "Deer mother," it ran, "I opes ye and tiser is harty. I opes ye gets yer money ole rite. I aint in much danger ere as I'm a snapper (sniper) most days. Now and agen the Germans fetch a bang at me, that is when I gives em a chance. Kepe yer spirits up. Yeres trewly, Jim Green."

This letter, duly passed from house to house, was regarded as a "clinch" by the inhabitants of Lane's End. Several young men made tracks for the recruiting office, while Mrs. Green went about with all the consciousness of a British matron whose only son was fighting his country's foes, and doing it well.

But, alas! the best of human hopes are as fragile as glass, and as easily broken; and when towards the end of October the postman knocked at the door for a second time, Mrs. Green undoubtedly received a shock. "Deer mother," wrote the corporal, "I have got a nasty smack consequens of a plank toppling on me and my left arm is broke. But ye mustn't take on as it's not half as bad as I got in the quarry fower years back. I am in a London ospitale at present but am to be let out next Wednesday week wen I opes to land ome by the train as gets in at three."

Mrs. Green had to read this missive several times over before she made out its purport. When at length she did, she rubbed her spectacles clean, and placed them with the letter in the Bible; she felt that such a letter could not be handed round. It was only because I acted as her amanuensis that I was permitted to see it. She admitted that she "was main glad that it was only a accident that had got Jim, for if it had been them Germans she could never ha' forgiven them"; but it was evident, notwithstanding, that her faith in Jim had suffered a serious check.

The letter aforementioned was received on a Friday, but on the following Monday stirring news reached us at Little

Turfbury. The morning papers came out with a list of the new V.C.s, and among the names was that of Corporal Green. I read the item over the breakfast-table. "For conspicuous bravery," so began the brief report, and then went on:

All others being killed or wounded, Green and his officer held the trench for three hours against a large enemy force. In the late afternoon the officer fell wounded. Taking advantage of the darkness, though under heavy shrapnel fire, Green crawled out of the trench and bore the wounded officer into safety. He then returned, and brought out another wounded man. Going back a third time, and finding all the other occupants of the trench dead, he brought back the machine-gun. Unfortunately, Green was himself wounded next day by a flying beam from a house struck by an enemy shell, and is at present in hospital.

It took some little time for this news to get home to our hearts, but when it finally did, something akin to a revolution happened in our tiny borough. People who had never heard the name of Corporal Green until then, mysteriously discovered that he was one of their intimates. The quarry owner descended on his men in a frock coat and silk hat, and with a flag in his buttonhole; called for three times three for the hero, and gave a day's holiday with full pay. Mine host of the "Fiddle and Trumpet" drew much custom by retailing stories of Jim's prowess as a pigeon-shooter (true) and of the innumerable pints he could take without effect (apocryphal). Mrs. Green, her confidence and her garrulousness alike restored, became a person of consequence, and her cottage was invaded by all sorts of well-wishers. When her portrait appeared in the local press, Lane's End felt itself exalted. Incidentally mentioning to the vicar that Jim was coming home next Wednesday week at three, that enthusiastic parson passed on the information, and Little Turfbury at once began preparations for receiving its gallant townsman in fine style. The corporation met in secret conclave and discussed whether or not the Freedom of the Borough should be conferred on the corporal, and the discussion only petered out when a distinguished alderman explained that the Freedom of the Borough meant freedom from all rates and taxes, which "he felt might, if conferred once, by setting up a precedent, militate in future against all disinterested heroism in the British Army."

Up in hospital Corporal Green became the astonished recipient of many letters. His brow corrugated as he watched the pile on the little table grow. As a concession to public curiosity, he allowed the nurse to open and read one of them; but, finding it to be from a stranger, he brusquely refused to allow the others to be opened. "He would take them home," he said, "where it would please the owd woman to read them," and the inquisitive nurse whisked herself away in a tantrum, remarking audibly "that though Corporal Green might be a brave man, he was a bear all the same."

It was owing to these letters going unopened that Jim, on his way north, reached the junction, where he changed

trains for Little Turfbury, without the slightest inkling of the bands and banners and huzzas which were awaiting him on the platform there. An energetic reporter, athirst for news, and who boarded the waiting train at the junction, was the first to enlighten him. He was a brisk young fellow, who prided himself on knowing how to deal with all sorts of men; but, finding that he could get nothing out of his quarry than that he "had done nowt to talk about," began to tell of the doings at Little Turfbury in the hope of drawing his man by that means.

For a time Jim listened with mouth agape and eyes ablaze. The reporter noticed the impression his words made, and began to congratulate himself on a glorious coup; he was getting at his man at last. Suddenly his hearer rose up and, without a word, lurched out of the compartment. The brisk young newsman awaited his return in vain; so also did the Mayor and Corporation of Little Turfbury.

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The town clock was striking midnight when a haggard and weary man in khaki—who had extended the ten miles which lay between the junction and his home into fifteen, by choosing unfrequented paths—took the last turning into Lane's End. A well-known step outside the cottage and an excited whine within told his anxious mother who had arrived. She hastened to fling open the door.

"Eh, but I'm right pleased to see ye, lad; whatever are ye doing so late?"

The corporal did not answer, but sat down heavily on the nearest chair. Quick to notice that something was wrong, Mrs. Green busied herself with the supper-table; she had learned by experience to bide her time. It was not till the meal was half over that he spoke. "I'm fair capped wi' yer, mother, letting them mayors and corporations make such fools o' themselves!" was his first remark.

"I couldn't help it, Jim; I really couldn't. I telled 'em that ye didn't like fussing over; but they said as ye were a 'ero, and oughter be received as one."

"I wish I had 'em all i' the trenches," he growled. "I ud give 'em summat to do better than flag-wagging and trumpet-blarney, that I ud."

He bent over the supper-table again, but the birth-mark in his forehead stood out threateningly. Presently he pushed away his plate with his unwounded hand and looked around, his glance finally resting on the old worn face opposite. The look of yearning home-hunger which I have often detected in the eyes of war-wearied men from the front, came into those of Corporal Grim. He gulped in his throat, and his hard face softened.

"Mother, did ye ever kiss me when I was a babby?"

"Ay, lad, many and many a time."

"Then kiss me now, mother; and as for them mayors and corporations . . ."

Ah, yes, there were certainly unplumbed depths in the heart of Corporal Grim.

The North Countrie: By H.R.S.

To ramble round the north countrie
That is the life that pleases me. . . .

RATHER it was the life that pleased me. Now the pleasure is mainly retrospective. The conflagration of world-war has lit up our little lives, and in the face of an uncertain future memory resolves past time into a quick-moving kinema of the mind. The north countrie! In its envisagement real and ideal mingle. Childhood and youth are in the vague background, a dreamy timeless past, with a mother's angel prescience hovering near; the setting—the grime of industrial Newcastle, the resounding yards and workshops, the sheening Tyne, the lurid night-furnaces, booming buzzers, squalid streets, and scurrying trains, relieved by roving hours on Ravensworth's wooded slopes; sunny days by the Browney at Bearpark in sight of Durham's Gothic towers; holidays amid the bright greenery of the North Tyne, and the free breath of Gunnerton Crags.

Sharply punctuated, like a note of exclamation, came my first thrill of inspiration. On the eve of the outbreak of the South African War, I heard the storm-voice on Windy Hill, roaring in the pines, spirit speaking to spirit amid the pauses of the storm. To me, as an event of sad and significant spiritual import, the South African War in retrospect stands out supreme. It seemed to reveal to me the deterioration of the old English spirit. In the neglected, almost forgotten,

wealth of North-Country history and literature, I found solace, and felt then, as now, the vague but ineffectual desire to voice the dormant sentiment of local patriotism.

I have roved wide over Northumberland and Durham, contrasting the rural decadence of the one with the feverish exploitation, mining and industrial, of the other. In my origin I am linked with each, and have mused over each with an equal love. Northumberland! County of castles, each on its green mound or rocky scaur, land of fell and mountain, stream and strath, glade and glen; of the oak and the ash, and the bonnie birken tree of old Northumbrian song; of the pipe's sweet strain and wild moorland muse; of a once thousand happy and thriving hamlets, villages, and market towns; of famous fairs; wheat-laden valleys; whirring windmill and clacking water-wheels! Now, in comparison, a sylvan and pastoral solitude, lacking soul, but lovely and romantic still. On its mountain sides, its cleughs and crags, its sheep-walks and heathery wastes, I have marked its wild memorial flower—the bluebell—the chosen emblem of its sons, as the stanza of an old song suggests, and the sign of many an old Northumbrian wayside inn:

Ask the shepherds who dwell on our wild heathy mountains,
What flower has their favour, and, mark me, they'll tell,
'Tis the flower that blooms brightest by forest and fountain,
On moorland and meadow, the bonnie bluebell!

And Durham of the dismal present, a cloudy collieried land,



View of Durham from the North-east

From an old Engraving

of gloom and glow—oven, furnace, mine, where the chimneys and pit-heads silhouette every sky-line, and the pit-heads smoulder and smoke like scoria of a volcanic eruption; where the shambles of abandoned pit-rows stand naked to the elements. A land of devastated denes and dells, blighted woods and poisoned streams.

Durham, the ancient palatinate county of sacerdotal splendour, and of the immortal legends, which yet conceals within its crowding hills nooks of historic interest and sylvan charm; whose city, with its cathedral towers, clambering castles, and clustering woods and hills, crowned and crowding upon the winding river and whispering weirs, never fails to impress deeply pilgrim and stranger.

Not unmeet that its early chroniclers should have called Durham the English Jerusalem, the veritable "city of our solemnities," Drayton's "stately seated town"; or that the late Lieutenant Noel Hodgson, in the face of death at the Somme, should have penned such sublime poems in its praise.

Over the pastoral beauty of present-day Northumberland a poet might enthuse, a prophet lament. But over the blasted and blackened sylvan beauties of its neighbouring shire, what can the heart of poet and prophet alike feel but the flame and ire of revolt? Windy Hill, Barlow, Pontop, Penshaw, and Wreckenton, have been my mounts of vision and peaks of prophecy. Think of Consett, with its inferno of fires and cumulus slag, set upon the orchestral hills; Kerryhill, of fœtid and fungus growth, the "fairy hill" of Robert Surtees, Durham's faithful historian; of Seaham, for which John Dobson, with idealistic mind, designed such a noble sea front, now disgraced by its degenerate evolution; of Jarrow, domicile of Bede, which even in Carmichael's picture of eighty years ago evinces such atmosphere and charm, now sunk into dishonorable squalor, dreariest of the dreary industrial towns of the north; Bede's Well nearly effaced by the daily deposited dump from the furnaces; Monkton alone, Bede's reputed birthplace, by some miraculous dispensation, preserving its rural entity.

Monkton was my mother's earliest home; round its humble roofs twine the tendrils of sentiment and devotion. Like a voice of reproach seems to steal upon the ear the lament of the northern hymn:

Behold thy shrines are desolate—
Lo! Durham, Jarrow, Wearmouth mourn,
Build up the altars now laid waste,
Bid peace and faith again return.

What a medley of images crowd and mingle in the mirage of the past! Sunday in Saltwell Park twenty years since—the spring sunshine, the birds, the budding trees, the lake's metallic glare; the band playing "Tannhäuser," the moving maze of the circling crowd. The lights of Swalwell Hopping dancing in the June dusk; the zigzag street of faces, the stalls, the swaying swings and caracoling merry-go-rounds; the organs, the drums, the cymbals, the hullabaloo and noise; the churring calls and noiseless nocturnal evolutions of the nightjars on Tinkler Fell. The vision through Causey Woods, the baleful sunset, the fury of the snowstorms, and earth emerging under starlight in the stole of peace. A summer's day in Brancepeth Park; its glorious deer-dappled greensward! Twilight on Prebend's Bridge; meetings and partings at Neville's Cross! Mainsforth, ivy-mantled home of Durham's great historian, as I first saw it on its hill-crest, with the March sun smiling on its soughing trees and cawing rooks! Crowds converging by rail and road on that unforgettable Sunday of the burial service of the victims of the Stanley Pit disaster. The Horden Colliery strike, with its incendiary fire scarring the northern sky. Then came the thunderbolt of August, 1914; war's alarms and excursions; forebodings of invasion at Old Seaham. And now, the thrill and glare of the present; the certitude that truth, whatever happens, will emerge triumphant, and God's way be justified to man, purged and chastened. I remember the glorious evening of May 25th, 1905, the electric thrill of earth and sky, the spirit uplifted:

The roadway like a
burnished sword,
The sun an Angel
of the Lord!
And thought fusing
like molten metal in
the furnace of the
mind:

The earth shall
quake, the hills
resound,
And every field be
battle-ground,
And freedom shout
o'er land and sea,
So hey, so hey,
then up go we.
Lightning along
the sky shall range,
The time is ripe for
coming change,
The better days for
you and me,
So hey, so hey, now
up go we.



Jarrow on the Tyne

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Louis Raemaekers

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Bottling the Pirate

By Louis Raemaekers.

German Rule in East Africa



German Forms of Civil Punishment

Copyright

1. Natives hung *en masse* for causes unknown.
2. Four civil prisoners under an armed escort.
3. Civil prisoners at work in a field.

OF German rule in South Africa much has been written. We give an opportunity to-day for people to behold the actual methods by which Germany has sought in days of peace to establish her ideals of justice and civilisation, and to inaugurate that superiority of life, of which she makes so proud a boast, under the name of *Kultur* among the native races which have been placed under her power by international treaties. These photographs were taken in 1914, before war was declared. The first photograph represents a public execution; the cause why sentence was passed on these unfortunate men we are not in a position to state, but it is obvious that the penalty was executed with that "certain degree of frightfulness" which was intended to impress the subject people of East Africa in the same manner that similar brutality was practised in Belgium and elsewhere during the war. The second and third photographs represent civil prisoners under German rule. In the second we see four wretched men with forked boughs of trees riveted to their necks, under the guardianship of natives, armed with guns, some of whom are little more than boys. Obviously, the armed men do not belong to the same tribe as the prisoners; and it is noticeable that no European is in charge of the prisoners. To anyone the least familiar with tribal life in Africa, it is plain that here there can be no check upon the most callous cruelty. This cruelty is even more palpable in the third photograph, showing native civil prisoners; they are chained together by the neck as though they were beasts.

The idea still prevails in some quarters—not in many, we admit, nowadays—that the German is not universally brutal; that his cruelty is due only to a small clique of militarists, who practice terrorism as a fine art, and that when left to himself the German is as kind-hearted as men of other nations. Facts are entirely against this theory. A German, no matter to what class he belongs, is by nature a bully. Let any human being be subject to him, be it woman, child, or native, and he behaves like a brute directly the individual runs counter to his will. Is it conceivable that anywhere in the British Empire, no matter how backward or timorous they may be, natives could be treated in this cold-blooded manner? Imagine that any Briton should descend to isolated acts of bestial barbarity, think you his fellow subjects abroad or at home would permit this to continue? When has the Reichstag done anything effectual to put an end to these barbarities? To say they were unknown is absurd. Germany has ruled for a generation in East Africa,

and these methods are obviously not recent. And it is to this systematic torture, to these forms of punishment, which the civil code of Germany inflicts in times of peace for ordinary offences against society, that we are to hand back these wretched peoples whom we have now freed and to whom we have given security from cruelty for the time being? The idea is unthinkable. The suggestion which has been made by the German Chancellor that the native races desire German rule, would be laughable were the truth less horrible. And to this suggestion the proposal was added that the native peoples should be allowed to elect their rulers for themselves. What could be the choice of natives who had before them the alternative of the "frightfulness" depicted here if they thought that after having declared against the Teuton, they might yet be handed over to his tender care. That has happened to them in the past, so they might well think it could happen to them again. Next week we shall publish further photographs on this subject.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1918.

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The Outlook

THERE is little military news this week of direct interest. The only two movements of any size have been purely local, confined to the scope of two divisions in the one case and a single division in the other. The first was an attempt of the enemy to attack at the junction of the French and English lines near La Clytte in Flanders. This was made a week yesterday, after an interval of nine days, during which nothing had been done upon this front since the heavy defeat suffered by the Germans on Monday, April 29th. It is possible that as many as parts of six divisions were mustered before the concentration of it was attempted for this attack upon La Clytte. A much larger concentration was observed than was warranted by the blow actually delivered. Only two divisions appeared in the shock itself, however, and these were completely repelled.

The second action, which took place upon Saturday last, was on the other extreme of the line, where the French stand in front of Amiens. Here the park of the château of Grisvesnes village (which stands upon a spur dominating two ravines upon either side, and therefore forming a sort of bastion to the Avre Ridge, which the French hold) had been in German hands for some time. As it would make a very convenient point for further progress in case the expected general German offensive should include this sector, the French retook it on Saturday with very little loss, and now hold it. Continued concentration is noted upon the whole front between the Somme and Arras.

Further details of the peace concluded between Rumania and the Central Empires give clear indication of the policy which the enemy intends to pursue—for the moment, at least—in the territories which he has overrun in the East of Europe. It is a federal policy tending to build up a great Central European State, with dependent States around it and attached to it, after the fashion described in a series of articles in LAND & WATER some months ago, and further alluded to in a special article in this issue. The present Hohenzollern dynasty is kept upon the throne of Rumania—for the moment, at least—contrary to the expectation of those who, naturally enough, believed that Prussia would try to install there the other branch of the family which was claimant to the throne, which had always been Germanophil, and formed a centre for the intrigues in favour of Germany during the earlier part of this war. The enemy prefers to leave as much as possible of the Rumanian autonomy for his own purposes. He has, however, lessened the popular voice in the constitution, claimed very heavy economic terms to supplement his present needs, and annexed the oil-fields. The chief cession in territory is, of course, to Bulgaria; and in view of this cession (involving the complete command of the right bank of the Lower Danube as far as the sea), it is clear that the Central Powers envisage a permanent alliance with Bulgaria which they have so greatly strengthened, or, rather, a permanent dependence of Bulgaria upon them-

selves. Indeed, this State is the necessary high road to their economic exploitation of the Turkish Empire and the East.

The debate in the House of Commons on the letter of Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice would have been more convincing had it only been possible for him to have put forward his point of view. It is contrary to one's sense of justice and fair play to condemn a man unheard. That General Maurice is honest and sincere every one who is acquainted with him knows perfectly well. He wrote in defence of his brother officers; and the idea that he had lent himself to a political intrigue is inconceivable by those who know him. This argument is absolutely dishonest; it was only put forward as an afterthought, and it is employed entirely for partisan purposes, without a thought whether or not it does gross discredit to a gallant soldier. Discipline is undoubtedly essential, not only in the army, but in civil life; but discipline when it has to be based on injustice and dishonesty of word is a mere travesty. One good thing has arisen out of this incident—it has shown that there is a great depth of public sympathy with the man who stakes his career fearlessly to do that which he conceives to be his duty. Courage is not confined to the battlefields. Englishmen respect it wherever it is shown.

The bottling-up of Ostend is a magnificent sequel to the Zeebrügge dash. No one believed it possible for the German naval forces in the Belgian ports to be surprised a second time. But once again the Royal Navy has achieved the impossible, and the *Vindictive*, having borne the brunt of the fighting at Zeebrügge, has now found a splendid resting-place in the fairway of Ostend. Her name, so curiously linked in its meaning with revenge, is henceforth as imperishable as the *Revenge*. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes and the gallant seamen under his command have won the unstinted thanks of the Empire. Let it not be overlooked that these plans for bottling up the Belgian ports were submitted to Admiral Jellicoe while at the Admiralty and approved by him. His knowledge of them and his confidence in their success may in part have accounted for the optimism with which he regarded the future of the submarine menace.

The letter of welcome which the King has personally addressed to the soldiers of the United States passing through this country, and the review of American troops which His Majesty held opposite Buckingham Palace on Saturday, symbolise in fitting manner the new union which has been called into being between this kingdom and the republic of the West. The issue of "the great battle for human freedom" is certain. Defeat is unthinkable; it would mean the destruction of freedom. Victory, complete military victory, is the single aim of all the Allies, and not one is working harder or with more resolute purpose to hasten this victory than the United States. We have now learnt that America has already landed an army of half a million men in France, and though there may be delays in regard to delivery of munitions, everything humanly possible is being done to overcome them. The review last Saturday may be called the final act of reconciliation between the two nations; henceforth it is publicly and formally recognised that the work of the two in the cause of human peace, progress, and freedom must be identical through all future time.

Is the Luxury Tax to be regarded as a revenue or an ethical measure? In other words, are we for the sake of our country to indulge in or to refrain from luxuries? A man cannot serve God and mammon, not even a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and more than half the trouble over the liquor business in past times has arisen from the attempt simultaneously to promote temperance and to increase revenue. Another question that arises is whether the tax is to be paid more than once on the same article. Take jewellery, for instance, which will certainly be included among luxuries? Many retail jewellers buy their stocks from manufacturers. Will the retailer pay this tax on purchasing from the manufacturer, and the customer pay the tax a second time on buying from the retailer? That is to say, will the luxury tax on a £5 bracelet be 200 or 432 pence? For, be it noted, the retailer will have to collect the original tax from the customer, who will then have to pay not only on the original price, but also on the tax which has been added to it. This is by way of illustrating the complications that may ensue. An antique, to give another instance, may possibly change hands half a dozen times in the course of a year; in that case, it would in the end yield considerably over 100 per cent. on its original price. In fact, this tax, which on the face of it appears simple, will in practice prove most difficult and complicated.

French and German Theories: By H. Belloc

THESE has been a lull of now just over a fortnight between the last German offensive in Flanders, which, as will be remembered, was broken by the very considerable victory of April 29th, and the present date; this article being written after the receipt of dispatches sent upon the night of Sunday, May 12th.

That lull has only been broken by one abortive effort upon a small scale, in its final development, at least, and quickly checked, which was attempted by the enemy last Wednesday. As a whole, the period has been one of marking time upon the side of the offensive, while the defensive has watched it in the same mood and with part of the same prolonged policy as will characterise its whole attitude, so long as the enemy submits himself to this strain.

It is clear, from the tone of the Press, that opinion has been puzzled by so long a halt; and the question has even been asked whether the great offensive will continue.

We have every reason to believe that the great German offensive will continue. The political motives which prompted it are as acute as ever; the concentration is undiminished.

There is a permanent and fundamental contrast between the German and the French conduct of military operations, which contrast may be traced upon the German side at least as far back as Frederick the Great; on the French as far back as Carnot—the creator of the modern school.

Briefly, the opposing doctrines are, on the one hand, the theory that success is most probably attained by a single plan thoroughly thought out and imposed upon the enemy; on the other, that success is most probably attained by the prevision of every possible chance, and all depends upon great rapidity of judgment in changing plan from one line to another as necessity arises.

It is of a dramatic interest, rare in the annals of war, to note that the two latest exponents of these two contrasting theories are both in the field. Bernhardt, who wrote, with as much lucidity as his language would allow before the present war in defence of the first thesis, is reported, I know not on what authority, to have commanded and been defeated the other day at Béthune. Foch, whose great essay on *The Conduct of War* has been the text-book of the French schools, is in command of the Allied armies.

The Bernhardt Theory

Bernhardt has said, in effect, this: "Be resolved to act in a predetermined fashion which shall give the form to all you do. Thus disembarassed of every temptation to vacillate and of every opportunity for intellectual vagary, you will deliver your blow whole-heartedly, and if your material and your will be sufficiently strong, your enemy will be condemned to your own plan, no matter what the ingenuity or multiplicity of his alternative plans."

It is the doctrine of those who mystically, as one may say, confuse with, or conceive in, the mere prophecy of victory the fact of victory itself. The French temperament, which is, if anything, too much enamoured of reality and has, if anything, too great a contempt for vision, prefers to calculate and, at the same time, to trust to rapidity of judgment. The power of calculation is seen not in the slow preparation of a mass of detail co-ordinated to one plan, but in the simultaneous grasp of several; just as the power of a mathematician is not shown in his accuracy or patience when making a simple addition of many thousand figures, but in his power to co-ordinate the interdependence of many variants.

Of the first theory it may be said that when it succeeds it succeeds entirely; and not only is the result complete, but also it leaves, for what it is worth, a sense of destiny or creation. You intended to do one thing, and that thing you did. It confirms you in the sense of victory, and it impresses neutral and foe alike. It is 1866 and 1870. But, on the other hand, if you fail, you fail altogether. It is a theory useless for the defensive, and one such that men practising it can hardly understand the great Napoleonic doctrine that one must always expect one's enemy to be about to do whatever would be the worst for oneself.

About the second theory it may be said that it is a product of the defensive type, and therefore of a conscious weakness. That is for philosophers to discuss. At any rate, it has these three advantages: That if it wins it wins quite as completely as the first; that it can rally against local or immediate failure; and that in the case of general failure, it is at least an instrument for prolonging to the utmost the chances of recovery.

Now, quite apart from the theoretical interest of these contrasting ideas—enormous as it is to the future of the war—there is the practical interest of observing that our knowledge of the German theory confirms our conviction that the great offensive will be continued, and confirms our opinion (for it is not a conviction, but only a judgment of probability) that it will be continued intensively and in the same spirit of gambling to win or lose as inspired its first inception upon March 21st.

Everything the enemy has done in the past was of this prolonged sort following a predetermined plan. He pushed the first Western invasion beyond the point of defeat and nearly to the point of disaster. He pushed the plan of the first Flanders offensive, which we call the Battles of Ypres, right up to the point of exhaustion without result. He did exactly the same in front of Verdun. He did the same again against the Chemin des Dames. On the Allied side, with the exception of the advance last year east of Ypres, an offensive ceased upon the failure to achieve a final object or upon success in achieving a limited one. We have a right, in view of the enemy's general theory of war, coupled with our experience of his action in the past, quite apart from the common sense of the position, his political necessities and his actual concentration, to believe that he will continue.

What sector he will choose for the next action, and upon what scale he will make it, we cannot tell, but upon the balance of probability it is the front of Albert that should most tempt him. It has only one disadvantage, to wit, that he has not there any opportunity for surprise. But that he can hardly now expect upon any sector.

While it is ridiculous to pretend a knowledge of the enemy's plans (and that is what prophecy comes to when your enemy has the initiative), it is not ridiculous at all, but the best of sense, to estimate the elements which he has before him and his reasons for doing this or that. And it is therefore of value at this moment to consider what advantages the enemy has in attacking between the Somme and the Scarpe, and particularly between Albert and Arras as distinguished from the advantages he has in attacking south of that sector.

In the first place, upon a great part of this front (which is one of rather less than 30 miles) the enemy is not upon a disadvantage of ground, and that is particularly the case in the north of it. In the south, the Allies hold the high ridge which runs parallel to and west of the course of the Ancre. But the northern, 12 or 15 miles above the upper courses of that river, and in the watershed between the basins of the Somme and the Scheldt, are not marked by any line of territory where we stand overlooking him. It is true that ground has not the importance it had; but, still, other things being equal, ground makes a sufficient difference to determine all calculation. Where there is a marked ridge it has profoundly affected the defensive throughout this war.

The second obvious advantage of an attack in this sector is that it takes advantage of the salient of Arras. The enemy had already created a bulge of which Arras was the marking point when he made his great advance up to and past Albert after his victory in front of St. Quentin in March. He accentuated the value of that bulge to himself and its disadvantage to us when he got his new success upon the Lys and pushed west of Merville, creating a new front in the rear of Arras all the way from Robecq to Givenchy, near La Bassée. It is true that such a bulge is not very pronounced. The extreme depth given it by this northern advance of his on the Lys is only 12 miles, and that advance is 20 miles and more north of Arras (his advance begins at Givenchy, which is about 16 miles north of Arras, and extends to Robecq, which is some 23 miles north-west of Arras). Still, there is a salient of just the sort which he has loved to create before in his Eastern strategy, and the reduction of which would give him a further great advantage of territory and the infliction of losses upon his opponent.

Thirdly, a real and rapid success upon this sector comparable to his break through by St. Quentin or upon the Lys, the other day, would give him very much more than the mere reduction of the Arras salient. It would give him an advance towards the nodal point of all communications in this district, the town of Doullens, which stands some 15 miles behind the nearest of his present positions.

Lastly, it is a sector upon which the Allies have less lateral communication of the old-established kind (main roads and railways) than elsewhere.

This, again, must only be taken for what it is worth: In a country full of good roads a main road is not the absolute essential which it is in Eastern Europe, and under conditions of a long war railways come into existence of which the peace map knew nothing. But, still, the comparative weakness in main communications makes a difference and again, other things being equal, favours attack upon this quarter.

There is no apparent disadvantage in an attack upon this sector compared with an attack upon any other. It is true that the communications immediately behind it form a belt of devastated territory, but it is a belt narrower than that to the south. The roads are in good condition, and there has been ample time for the enemy to lay down light railways and to accumulate all that he needs for such a blow.

Meanwhile, pending that blow—if, indeed, the enemy intends to deliver it in full force, and to make of the third phase of the great battle a repetition of the first—the issue, as I have said, is still a question of numbers. Should he effect a breach and get a large result, reaching Doullens, for instance, a great expense is still worth his while. Should he effect a breach but be early checked, the expense would not be worth his while, and he would be weaker after the effort than before. Should he make a determined and prolonged attack and fail altogether to effect a breach, he is defeated. He cannot, if he attacks in the near future, and if he proposes an attack upon the largest scale, stand losses as great as those which he has already sustained. The sum of loss for which he has budgeted is now more than half exhausted, and though it is true that prolonging the business gives time for the return of hospital cases, yet it is manifest it also gives time for the strain at home to increase and for the steady arrival of the American recruitment to prepare for a full establishment some months hence.

I have said previously in these columns that time would necessarily help to solve the chief unknown factor in our present military problem, which is the enemy's rate of expense. One has to wait for evidence; and now that evidence is beginning to arrive.

We have not indeed as yet any *direct* information on the enemy's losses, for there has been no appreciable re-advance over territory upon which those losses have occurred, and therefore no exact enumeration of dead in a particular action, no considerable number of prisoners, and no discovery of documents. We have an increasing number of details by which we may judge the rate of loss in the heavily punished units, especially where a small local recovery of ground is effected; but we need very many more of these and the addition of average losses, and losses in units below the average, before we can get anything like accurate statistics.

Indirectly, however, the efflux of time has given us an exceedingly useful piece of evidence in the number of units the Germans have employed, and that evidence not only points to higher losses than the minimum recently quoted (probably for some political purpose) in the Press, but to a particular method of warfare which necessarily involves the most rapid losses.

Last week I said that the number of divisions the Germans had put in (by the end of April) approximated to the equivalent of at least 182, and more probably 190. That was counting from 136 to 140 used, of which some 40 had appeared twice, and not less than 6 three times. That was a very conservative estimate of the target the enemy had presented up to the end of April in his great offensive; but, even so, it made it likely that he had lost 400,000.

Now, we have had in the last week information which gives us far more precision in this matter, and shows a much higher bulk of units employed.

The identification has been published of German divisions up to May 1st—that is, for the first six weeks. This identification presents us with a number of *at least* 140. You cannot have exact precision, you can only establish a minimum, and this because of numerous factors of error, though, luckily, these affect but a very small proportion of the total. For instance, you may identify the presence of a new division on a particular day without finding out its number, and there may be a discussion as to whether it is a division drawn from some other part of the line or not. When we say that 140 is the number of original divisions used in the period between St. Quentin and May Day, we are really taking a minimum. The total is something more, but only slightly more, than 140.

Of these 140 divisions (or a little more) it turns out that not 40, but at least 50 were put in twice over, and not 6, but somewhere about 20—let us say 18 for a minimum—were put in three times; further, we learn that one division was actually used four times.

We are dealing, then, not with the equivalent of at least 190, but of at least 229 divisions as a target presented by the enemy

during the first six weeks of the great offensive, and more probably over 230. A division is withdrawn after losing such and such a proportion of its effectives: say, 3,000 men. When a division reappears after filling its gaps it is equivalent to a new division for the purpose of calculating losses. I withdraw a division that has lost 3,000 men. I replace these, and send it in again made up. It loses another 3,000. I withdraw it and fill the gaps. The losses are 6,000, i.e., the same as those of two divisions used for the first time.

Now, to say that the enemy losses of all kinds were as low during those first six weeks as even 450,000 is to say that the average loss of a division during the period it was put through the mill was less than two thousand of all arms. The equivalent of 230 divisions losing an average of only 2,000 men each would give you 460,000.

That is not credible. It is not in the past history of the enemy's method of action; it is not consonant with the intensity of the great actions now engaged; it is not, by any sane rule, economic of material. To be perpetually withdrawing divisions after a comparatively low standard of loss, to put a corresponding strain on your communications and on all your staff work, to advertise, as it were, to your own men your doubt of their standing a strain vastly inferior to what they have stood in the past—these and twenty other considerations surely make it certain that a divisional strength of 14,000 or 15,000 with an establishment of 7,000 to 8,000 infantry is not thought to have done its work for the moment when its total losses of slightly wounded, sick, and all the rest of it included, come to less than 15 per cent. of its total, and its infantry losses to perhaps 20 per cent.

Moreover, we have positive evidence to guide us as well as this consideration of common sense. We have first the extremely heavy losses discoverable whenever the data are available—in a few samples only, it is true, but in samples fairly uniform.

We have next the very rapid rate at which divisions are recruited and put in again and the large proportion which these bear to the whole.

A year ago (on the defensive, it is true) the Germans were sending back *one-eighth* in the first six weeks of heavy fighting; in this year they are sending back *more than a third*.

Still more striking is the rate of using divisions *three* times in so very short a period; and these the best quality—the 3rd Division of the Guard, for instance. Quite extraordinary is the use of one division no less than *four* times in so very short a period as six weeks.

Proportion of Loss

Now, it is true that this intensive repetition in use cuts both ways. On the one hand, it is argued that the mill working at such a rate is necessarily grinding down material very much faster than ever before. On the other hand, it is arguable that if divisions can be used again so quickly they are withdrawn after much less loss than formerly. But of these two considerations the first is much the weightiest. There would be no point in withdrawing a division and sending it back almost immediately, then withdrawing it again and sending it back again after slight losses upon each occasion. It must be admitted that the proportion of loss suffered before a division is withdrawn is smaller than it was in the fighting on the Somme or at Passchendaele, but there is an obvious limiting minimum to the losses which make it worth your while to rest a division at all. Over and above all this, there is the obvious governing fact which conditions the whole affair, from beginning to end, that the enemy, from his first tremendous attack of March 21st up to his local defeat in Flanders upon April 29th, was pressing with the utmost energy, and had undertaken a task which of its nature demanded and budgeted for very rapid loss in the hope that such a rate of expense would prove fruitful in the long run, and that some decision would be really achieved. It is difficult, with the evidence before us, to put the total losses of those six weeks at less than half a million.

There is just one other little point worth noting in this connection. An official reply was given in the German Parliament, after about a month of the fighting, and referring, therefore, probably to completed statistics of about the first three weeks, that 20,000 light cases had already returned—or, at any rate, had already been discharged from hospital.

Now, these parliamentary statements, designed to soothe civilians at home, are nearly always of great value to an opponent; that is why they should never be made. The number of 20,000 cured put positively, without relation to the forces employed, sounds like a very large and satisfactory figure, showing a rapid recovery of men, and no doubt the statement did its work, which was purely political. But

at the same time, it informs us (if it is true) that the rate of loss was exceedingly high. The average time for return, taking all cases together, is about four months. But the returns in the first month are a very small proportion of the whole. You cannot give an exact figure because the nature of the fighting and the pressure for men to be returned as soon as possible are two factors that between them make it vary for different actions. In the winter, for instance, if you are dealing with the comparative quiet, the proportion to total "off strength" of slightly sick who are in hospital for less than a month is much higher than the same proportion in fine weather and in very violent action; for the type

of case received into hospital is very different in one case from what it is in the other. But, at any rate, 20,000 returning in the first three weeks does not mean less than—and probably means much more than—200,000 hospital cases of all kinds within the same period. It means a total casualty list of certainly nearer 300,000 than 250,000. This, of course, is working on a bare minimum, and the second half of the six weeks, with their tremendous local actions (10 divisions between Avre and Somme, 6 against Béthune, 10 in the fighting for Kemmel, 4 in the check inflicted by the Belgians, 11 or 13 in the last check of April 29th), surely keeps up the average.

The Rumanian Peace

THE peace which the Central Empires, under the direction of Prussia, have imposed upon Rumania is very instructive: yet that not altogether, I think, in the fashion represented by most of our publicists.

These, as a rule, emphasise the harshness of the terms, and hold them out as an example to others of what a German victory means. But there is much more in the incident than that. As for mere harshness, there is nothing to prevent the Central Empire's annexing Rumania out and out: exploiting her soil and people as thoroughly as Prussia has exploited those parts of Poland which Frederick the Great annexed.

When you have achieved a military decision in its complete form, or by any means destroyed your opponent's armed forces, then you can do what you will with that opponent—and this, by the way, should be borne in mind in the West also when people talk of terms that might be negotiated with the enemy; for if we ultimately defeat his armies we can arrange all his immediate future at our will.

There was nothing, I say, to prevent terms far harsher—up to the complete extinction of the nation. But what Prussia has done in this case is an excellent proof of her general policy. It is a strong support of that thesis which I maintained in these columns some months ago, when I described the Great Central State which is coming into being before our eyes, and which, if it stands, will be the great practical result of the Prussian victory and the absolutely certain decline of all the West.

This Rumanian Peace shows Prussia to be bent upon a *Federal* arrangement, and, in conjunction with the treatment of Bulgaria, shows that the process of *Federalism* is to be carefully established in various degrees.

Prussia desires—very wisely—an extension not of an absolute tyranny, but of that *Federal* system upon which Bismarck and his advisers constructed the modern German Empire and towards which by a parallel movement the Hapsburgs were moving in the generation before the war. She conceives of a great Central State which meets modern conditions by the recognition of local feeling, which sacrifices just the necessary minimum of her own power to that local feeling; which sacrifices more and more of her power in proportion as the new State falling beneath her sway is stronger or more distant or has better natural defences.

At such a price will Prussia obtain the reality of power, which is principally military, and after that, economic and social.

Such a system would be resilient and strong. Such a system would gather into one mass so large a body of men and resources, so situated upon the map, and moved by such a political will at the centre, that the crude and repulsive culture developed by modern North Germany in its attempted imitation of older and better things would certainly master Europe. Its social experiments would be used as models in the West; its literature (supposing it capable of producing one) would debase that of the West; its morals, particularly in the negation of chivalry, would destroy the traditions of the West.

I do not say that such a degradation would be long-lived. It would bring about its own breakdown, but with that, ours as well. And Europe would re-enter after a complete decline some slow and difficult process of reconstruction such as marked the Dark Ages.

That is the matter in its largest aspect. Now let us turn to the particular point of *Federalism*, which is the gist of this article.

Up to 1816, under what may be called "the eighteenth-century system" of extending political power, Prussia simply annexed. She annexed her share of Poland and, after losing it at the hands of the French soldiers, had it restored

to her upon their defeat. She annexed the territories of the Rhine, the Bishoprics of Treves, and Cologne, and Munster, and Pardeborn, and a whole belt lying to the south of Brandenburg, mainly carved out of what had formerly been the Electorate of Saxony; and she annexed the northern corner of Pomerania and the Island of Rugen.

If you look at the map beginning after the Thirty Years' War at the end of the seventeenth century and carrying it on into the nineteenth, you find the territory directly ruled by the Hohenzollerns perpetually growing until from a single small territory it comes to cover much more than the half of North Germany and a great portion of Poland as well.

Now, in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century this original method of brute annexation was outlived. It still obtained (for Prussia was slow to learn) as late as 1864-6, when the great mass of Hanover and Schleswig and Holstein were annexed together with Nassau and Hesse-Cassel and the free town of Frankfort, linking up Hanover with the Rhine provinces. But already the power of local feeling, the strength of what is called in its largest form Nationality and in its smallest Provincial Life, was recognised as an invincible force. At the same time Prussia desired to do her work quickly, and therefore to obtain the consent of those whom she would subject. It became the policy, therefore, of Bismarck and his advisers to envisage the future of the Hohenzollern supremacy upon a Federal basis.

The German Empire of 1870-1 was the creation of that idea. Very wide local powers indeed were left to any district which would admit the mastery of Prussia. In the case of a large and powerful State such as Bavaria there was allowed what looked at first like complete autonomy—even military—with no restrictions save the common economic arrangements, postal, tariff, etc.; the common higher military command of the General Empire and the common acceptance of the Hohenzollerns as hereditary Emperors above the Federation. It is not perhaps appreciated here how much a Bavarian still feels himself to be rather a Bavarian under his own Bavarian King than a subject or member of the new artificial Empire.

The same truth applied to the commercial and in part international financial oligarchy of Hamburg, to Saxony, and to the lesser States. The realities of power fell increasingly to Prussian hands. The new German Empire was not a German Empire at all; it was a Prussian arrangement. But the Federal type of that arrangement was the great and startling innovation of the moment and the mark of what the future was to be. Even when Alsace and Lorraine were annexed, the booty was put in commission, as it were, and the stolen territory held in trust for the Empire as a whole. In practice, it is Prussian. Every subject of oppression in Alsace-Lorraine talks of the "Prussian" not of the "German" master. It is a Prussian system and a Prussian control; but it is not called Prussian territory—it is called "Imperial" territory.

Parallel with this movement in North Germany, which was the aggrandisement of Prussia, went a movement in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine—Austria-Hungary. It was provoked by the revolt of the Magyars, and at first supported by those natural tendencies towards local autonomy which go with conservatism. But the real development of the system was potential rather than actual. It was a programme not yet realised when the war broke out; it was an idea already accepted at Vienna; disliked, but perhaps thought inevitable at Budapest; well on its way to realisation, and probably, had he not been assassinated, to have been realised by the then heir to the throne. This idea was to give very large local autonomy to the Slav dependencies of the German reigning House. The Emperor was, in theory, King of Bohemia. It was thought possible to

erect a real Kingdom of Bohemia with safeguards for the German belt upon the North and East. One could imagine the old Margravate of Moravia, the old Duchy of Carniola, and the old Kingdom of Croatia treated in the same fashion. The Poles, already very powerful in the Empire, might have had a still larger measure of freedom: a freer Poland would actually have increased the power of the Crown over the Orthodox elements in Galicia. There would have been a difficulty with the Magyars because the Magyars thought it more natural to rule directly over Serbs and Rumanians, whom they regarded as inferiors; but a Federal system was in the air, and would soon have arrived.

Both the Hohenzollerns in the North and the Hapsburgs in the South were moving towards, or had established, a system marked by three clear characteristics. *First*: The maintenance of a supremacy—particularly in the case of Prussia. *Secondly*, the basing of that supremacy upon Federalism. *Thirdly*, very marked degrees in the extent of that Federalism; from the ruthless crushing of the Prussian Polish Provinces, through the nominally Imperial rights of Alsace-Lorraine, to the very maximum of autonomy such as you found in Bavaria or in Hamburg.

This system had for its essential motive the preservation of two dynasties—the Hohenzollern and the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Not only its Federal quality, but the calculated degrees in autonomy at once gave this system elasticity and permitted of confusion in national ideals—and to confuse such ideals is the chief moral weapon of those who would destroy them.

One must not, of course, regard the process mechanically. It was largely unconscious, largely imposed by necessity, largely marred by stupidity. It was stupidity, for instance, that forbade any open admission of the Polish claims and that compelled the Government of Prussia to alternatives of futile repression and secret accommodation. For the popular German passion for bullying the Slav was too strong for the statesmen to override. It was necessity which produced the position of Hamburg or of Bavaria. But, allowing for every modification, there did run through the policy both of Vienna and of Berlin, especially in the later nineteenth century, this growing conception that Federalism would be their saving and their aggrandisement.

Single Direction

To this idea the present situation of the war has given two new features: First, a vast extension; secondly, a single centre instead of a double one. It is Prussia alone which now directs the whole movement—indeed, the last diplomatic lever upon which the West can still work is the fact that a Prussian victory would now mean the subjection of the House of Hapsburg.

The new extension is even more remarkable than the new unity. Before the war, you could not say that the two Central Empires had extended to an *orbit* outside their strict frontiers. The smaller States around them were mostly indifferent or hostile to the Central Powers. But it is clearly the intention of the Prussians to-day to create a number of free but attached weak States and, as in the case of the former domestic Federalism, to distinguish between varying degrees in their liberty. The Turkish Empire shall be maintained and supported. The Bulgarian shall be no more bound than a well-treated ally—subject only to providing a free passage to the East. The Finns shall be reorganised, but independent; the Poles cut down to a fragment, but recognised. And in this Rumanian Treaty you have, perhaps, the most characteristic mark of all.

Observe these points: First, a monarchy—and a monarchy of German origin—is maintained. Such elements in the constitution as might ultimately have threatened the monarchy, or might make it too national, are eliminated. But the nation is left a nation; it is, so far, quite independent of military service. Here you have a sort of half-way house between the position of (say) Bulgaria in the system and the position of (say) Courland—which last will presumably be absorbed as a purely German Federal State.

But it should be clearly appreciated that this sparing of Rumania, this deliberate withholding from the apparently obvious Prussian policy of changing the dynasty and of putting a more sympathetic branch of the Hohenzollerns upon the throne, is but a mark of a further intention. That intention is to help where they are new, to maintain where they are old, to protect where protection may be necessary, and in all cases to draw within the general orbit of Prussian policy, a ring of smaller States west, north, and east. There is difficulty in settling Lithuania, there is still greater difficulty in forming an artificial State called "the Ukraine," but the rest is going well.

After her victory, Prussia certainly expects a perfectly independent Sweden and Denmark, and Holland to be always friendly to her interests. As for Belgium, she would restore it to a similar complete independence; but she would expect and obtain support for the Flemish tongue to the gradual decline of the French, and every economic facility for the use of the Scheldt—a thing that does not involve one word of recognised political inferiority. Nothing could possibly be more to the advantage of this new system than a Switzerland as free as air—but one in which the German-speaking cantons should remember the victory of their kindred, while the minority of French and Italian speech should remember the defeat of theirs.

We have before us, then, not only the erection of a great new State, but the erection of one bearing a special type—a type novel for us and a type which would give immense and permanent power to those who direct it. It will be a State federal in its nucleus, surrounded by lesser quasi-independent nations, with various degrees of freedom, and bounding these again small States perfectly independent, but awed into political and economic alliance or friendliness. The whole will really be subject to one control. That control will come from one centre in Berlin; and that centre is the thing which we are fighting.

In the presence of such a fact all talk of German failure in the West, coupled with German success in the East, is nonsense. Success in the East is the enemy's object for the whole war.

If Germany were to consent to-morrow to restore Alsace-Lorraine, to accept the complete independence of Belgium, to withdraw (of course) from all occupied territory, to cede the Trentino, and even to repair at her own charges—or, rather, those of the great New Central State which she now controls—the destruction she has wrought, she would have won the war.

It is a mere tiresome platitude to repeat that this war is not like any other war: That we are fighting for the salvation of what used to be called Europe and for all that we mean in the West by the word "civilisation." The thing is so obvious that those who do not recognise it—those who still talk in terms of the old struggles of professional armies and dynasties, accommodated by partial treaties, and resulting in a peace of mutual accommodations—are no longer listened to at all.

What is not a platitude and what needs perpetual insistence until it shall be as universally recognised and become a commonplace in its turn, is the truth that the mark of victory one way or the other is the power of Prussia to use what is now her decisive Eastern victory.

If her armies and those of her Allies are defeated, as she has defeated the armies against her upon the East, we shall at once and essentially destroy all this Prussian dream of a Central European State. We shall have behind us for doing so the most intense national forces; we shall be the liberators of races and territories which still desire not the mercy of a conqueror, but a revenge against him. We shall destroy fully the present prestige upon which alone the Prussian scheme depends. There will not even remain the artificial modern structure of a German Empire; and to whatever the Scandinavian States or the Netherland States, or the Balkan States, or what we hope will be a complete and resurrected Poland, look as the centre of strength in Europe, it will not be to Berlin.

The issue of the world lies upon the West and, for the moment, upon that little stretch upon the map between the rivers Scarpe and Oise, where three million men are drawn up facing each other. Anyone who thinks that the East is settled before that battle is settled is unfit to discuss the destinies of his own country, let alone of Europe.

Notice

THE increasing cost of paper makes it necessary to raise the price of LAND & WATER to One Shilling, beginning with the issue of June 6th.

After the end of this month LAND & WATER will be obtainable to order only. We particularly request all our readers who have not already done so to place an order for regular delivery with their news-agents, and we invite their attention to the subscription form which appears on page 14 of this issue.

Subscriptions received before June 1st will be accepted at the existing rates.

Ostend : By Arthur Pollen

AT lunch time on Friday last the evening newspapers had in their "stop press" space an Admiralty announcement to the effect that H.M.S. *Vindictive*,* filled with cement, had been sunk the night before in the narrow entrance at Ostend. Is it an exaggeration to say that no news more completely surprising than this has ever been published? In discussing the main operation on April 22nd in LAND AND WATER, I said of the operation at Ostend: "The problem here was simply to run two or three ships into the entrance—that is, to get them there before the enemy's artillery could sink them where their presence could do no harm. If the Ostend attempt failed, it was largely because a sudden change in the weather conditions robbed the smoke screens, which were to hide the ships, of their value, so that the operation of placing the block ships accurately was made almost impossible. It may be asked why, in these conditions, the attempt was not postponed? The answer is obvious. The enemy could not be surprised twice. . . ."

Never was a more confident prophecy more completely falsified. Nevertheless, I venture to think that no prophecy was ever made on a sounder reasoning of the probabilities. It really was unthinkable that the enemy could be off his guard a second time. Is it possible that it is just because it was unthinkable that he was, as a fact, off his guard? Is it equally possible that Sir Roger Keyes, profiting by his past experience, so organised his second attempt as to make it certain of success whether the enemy was on guard or not?

The narrative of events appears to be somewhat as follows. As on St. George's Day, the immediate command of the operations was entrusted to Commander Lynes, at whose disposal Vice-Admiral Keyes had placed the necessary monitors, destroyers, motor launches, and coastal motor boats. We learn from a French source that French destroyers took part, and no doubt Rear-Admiral Tyrwhitt's cruisers and the balance of the Dover forces were disposed to prevent any interference by enemy ships that might be at sea. A mixed aeroplane and monitor bombardment preceded the attempt on the entrance, as before. Up to within half an hour of the actual attempt to force the entrance the weather conditions had been perfect. It goes without saying that it was because they were perfect that the attempt was made. The expedition, that is to say, may be presumed to have been ready for several days and the first favourable opportunity taken. But history repeats itself, and less than half an hour before *Vindictive* was due a sea fog suddenly formed and drifted inland, so dense as even to make the continuation of the aeroplane bombardment impossible. It is said, for instance, that it completely obscured the searchlights.

Vindictive, under the command of the captain and officers of *Brilliant*, one of the two cruisers that had miscarried on the previous occasion, were faced then by a task of extraordinary perplexity. For arriving punctually to time off the port, they had to cruise first east and then west, looking for the entrance. The shore gunners must have found the atmospheric conditions less trying than did the navigators at sea. Probably a chance star-shell betrayed the presence of strange craft in the neighbourhood, and after that favourably placed observers must have got fleeting glimpses of *Vindictive* and her consorts. For these were soon under a hot fire, and *Vindictive* had many casualties before suddenly finding herself almost in the entrance itself.

Finding the vessel close up against the entrance, her captain ran her in until her stem grounded, when, being unable further to move her, he ordered the crew off and started the charges which were going to sink her. She lies accordingly now some five or six hundred feet within the entrance, diagonally placed across it, a very narrow passage only being clear between her bows and the western pier. Forty-five of her officers and crew were brought off by two motor launches, under a storm of machine-gun fire. Another motor launch searched for a further fifteen minutes, as near inshore as possible, when she was ordered out by the Vice-Admiral, who was flying his flag in the destroyer *Warwick*. This motor launch had had several casualties and was so riddled by shot that her destruction was ordered, after her crew had been taken off. The launches and destroyers then

withdrew, using smoke screens as far as possible. Motor Launch 254 was the only craft lost, and the casualties were light.

Whether or not the port of Ostend is now absolutely blocked—as completely, that is to say, as Zeebrügge undoubtedly is—seems to be uncertain. There is a gap between *Vindictive* and the pier, and if it is not wide enough for ocean-going submarines, or even for destroyers, it is clearly a passage which, by blasting off *Vindictive's* end, can ultimately be widened sufficiently for this purpose, and in less time and with less labour than if the ship was jammed hard from pier to pier. But it does not at all follow from this that Ostend is now or can for many months be of any real practical use to the enemy.

As we know to our cost, a ship that sinks in these narrow artificially made harbours is almost a complete bar to the user of that harbour, even if she is of ordinary construction and the operation of removing her completely undisturbed by enemy action. The thing is altogether different in the case of a ship of solid steel construction like *Vindictive*, whose plates and booms and scantlings are of tougher and thicker fabric than those of any merchantman, and the task of removing it becomes colossal when the intricate steel construction is, so to speak, welded into a solid mass by concrete.

To begin with, it is out of the question raising the ship, even by a minutest fraction, and then bodily hauling her to one side. Next, it is out of the question to deal with the ship section wise, by sending divers to lay small charges in rings, so as to plough off portion after portion, and then to remove the debris after each blast. There is nothing for it but to disintegrate the entire mass by successive blastings and then laboriously to remove each fragment. Meantime, the harbour mouth and the narrow passage-way of the entrance tends to silt up with mud and sand, and dredging operations, which would be perfectly effective if they had only the ordinary material to deal with, are altogether impracticable if the mud is heavily strewn with large fragments of steel and concrete. This silting will take place, in any event, in the congested passage which may be left between *Vindictive* and the pier. We are probably safe, then, in assuming that, for a considerable period, at least, both Ostend and Zeebrügge are altogether lost to the enemy.

Merchant Ship Construction

It adds to the effect that these examples of offensive initiative have come after a period of six months during which the main naval effort had to be devoted to working out and creating a defensive against the submarine. In the last three weeks a good deal of further information has come to us as to its progress. A week ago the Admiralty published complete returns of merchant ship construction for the three months ending March 31st, both for the United Kingdom and for the world, and the April figures for this country only. Three weeks ago we had the tonnage loss month by month since the beginning of the war up to the close of March. As we have not got the world's tonnage production for April, nor yet either the British nor the world's losses for the same month, it is only possible to present a review of our progress against the submarines, as measured by such statistics as these, for the first quarter of the year.

The state of affairs revealed by these figures is as follows. British losses for the first quarter are 95,313 tons less than in the previous quarter, and the world's losses are diminished by 149,333 tons. The naval offensive against the submarine and the active defence of shipping in the danger zone has, therefore, improved the position as far as Great Britain is concerned, roughly by 11 per cent., and so far as the world is concerned by about 12 per cent. In each case effective and, indeed, invaluable as is the assistance rendered by allied forces, the lion's share of the work falls on the British service—so that it is a record on which we can legitimately congratulate ourselves. But instead of there being progress in our shipbuilding, there has been a falling off. Our own production is down by 99,341 tons, and as allied and neutral construction is only about 33,000 tons up, there is a net decline of 67,416 tons. Thus the actual gain of shipping built and saved during the first quarter of 1918 over the last quarter of 1917 is 81,917 tons only—or, shall we say, 6 per cent.

When the Admiralty statement on the submarine and merchant tonnage was published in the third week in March, it will be remembered that the progress of destruction and

* Why speak of this famous ship as "obsolete"? Is it necessary to apologise for sinking her? Have we really not outgrown the imbecility of thinking that only the newest ships are live ships? *Vindictive* has been the chief instrument in two most brilliant successes. It is a pity that we have not more of such obsolescence.

construction was shown by curves made out in quarterly stages which ended on December 31st, showing the destruction line descending somewhat sharply and the construction line ascending still more sharply to meet it. Had these two slopes continued we should have had them crossing before the middle of February last. If we continue those curves now in the light of the latest returns, we shall find that, while the destruction curve still slopes downwards, the angle of the slope is more gradual. This is accounted for by the fact that, while the fourth quarter of 1917 showed a loss of 170,000 tons less than the third quarter for British shipping and of 221,630 tons less for the world's shipping, the improvement for the last quarter is only 50 per cent. of this in the case of our own shipping and only 66 per cent. for the world's shipping. The building curve, of course, instead of continuing to rise, does not even remain parallel. But as there is a net gain of 81,000 tons, while both curves now slope downwards, the destruction curve is steeper than that which represents replacement. The situation on January 1st and April 1st may then be compared in this way. On the first date the world was losing tonnage at the rate of 340,820 tons a quarter, whereas on the second the rate had fallen to 258,903 a quarter.

Of the present state of affairs we have, as indicated above, only the figure for British construction for the month of April, during which we produced 111,533 tons only. But it is officially pointed out that during this month repairs to damaged ships increased by no less than 40 per cent. This represents a call on material, plant, and labour in the shipyards, which may very easily be the equivalent of a very considerable tonnage of new shipping. But, apart from this, it would be a mistake to estimate the increase or otherwise of the effort in shipbuilding simply by monthly returns. We have not yet reached the stage of all ships under construction being uniform in tonnage and design. The completion of each individual ship must depend partly on its character, partly on the date of its inception, partly on local conditions—of which the demand for repairs to injured vessels is, after all, only one. It therefore would not be surprising if the monthly returns varied within very wide limits. The official estimate for the production of British yards during the current year stipulated a monthly rate of 165,000 tons from the date of the Admiralty statement in March. The natural thing to expect is a gradual approximation to this output, and then a steady increase upon it, so that the average for the next seven months should come out approximately at this figure. It is, however, an obvious possibility of the situation that the reorganisation of the industry secured by Lord Pirrie's appointment may give us, before eight months are out, results which are substantially better.

Losses by Submarines

We shall not get the returns of British and world's losses by submarine for April for another fortnight, but there are significant indications that an improvement will be shown. First, I find a general impression prevails that submarines are being sunk at a far higher rate than ever before—the most satisfactory way, when all is said, of securing the protection of our trade. Next, Admiral Sims, speaking at a complimentary dinner to American officers in London a week ago, is reported to have said that, in his opinion, there was no danger that the Allies were going to be defeated. Germany had never had any hope of victory, save in the submarine campaign, and the progress of this from its highest point in April last had shown a steady decline, whereas building had steadily progressed. He then added that these two curves would cross at the present rate inside of two weeks. From that time on building would increase our shipping instead of submarines decreasing it. Germany knew this just as well as the Allies, and it was this knowledge that explained why she was making such a desperate effort on the Western front. It was her only and last chance.

The Admiral's reference to the two curves crossing in a week's time not only confirms our supposition that the anti-U-boat offensive has gained in effect, but gives ground for hope that there has been a further decline in submarine losses, and that a notable advance in the world's rate of shipbuilding may shortly be revealed. That the American rate should have been comparatively low for the first months of the year was fully to be expected, for the mere scale of the original plan, apart from every other consideration, militated against the early output being, month by month, proportionate to the desired total. A year ago the Emergency Shipping Corporation's programme was framed on an expectation of half a million tons a month. The practical difficulties in realising so vast a project at so

early a date were insuperable. It is probable that more would have been achieved in the first twelve months if a programme considerably less ambitious had been attempted. With Mr. Schwab's appointment, at the end of the winter, to the general supervision of the whole undertaking, however, a new direction was given to the scheme, and it is not unreasonable to interpret Admiral Sims's prophecy to mean that the American reorganisation effort is now about to bear fruit. If 4,000,000 tons are to be produced in the current year, as seems not improbable, production at the rate of the original plan—namely, half a million a month—will have to be attained, and that very shortly. Now, if all the Allies and the neutral world have together only produced 544,000 tons in the first three months of the year, it is easy to see what a vast difference a comparatively small acceleration of the American rate will make to the general position. And, as the quarterly gap is now only just over a quarter of a million tons, a continuation of the downward slope of the destruction line ought soon to put us in the position which the Admiral forecasts.

If this point can be reached in a week, it means something much more significant than that the power of the submarine to reduce the world's shipping by attrition will have come to an end. It means that shipbuilding will be contributing more to the result than the naval defensive. Now, there is no reason to suppose that the destruction curve will not continue downward. There is, indeed, every expectation that it must do so. And if America alone can get to half a million tons a month and the rest of us to 200,000, then it would not be so very long before the handicap of shipping shortage must definitely be removed. It is not necessary to dwell upon the severity of the handicap as it stands to-day. By making it a vital necessity to substitute home-grown or home-made products for those that we used to import, the submarine has in the first place put such a strain upon our man-power that we have not been able to measure and provide provisions of men at the front by military requirements only. We have had to balance this necessity against others not less imperative. That it has reduced our food supply is a disagreeable, but not a vital matter. What is entirely vital is that limited transportation is at once the bottle-neck which prevents the vast resources of America being reflected in her strength in the field of battle, and imposes, not in one, but in all fields of war, ruthless limits to our employing the forces already at our disposal.

When the Admiralty return was published in March of the tonnage lost, by enemy action, built and acquired as prize, it appeared that the shipping of the world available to the Allies showed a net reduction of two and a half million tons from the figure it stood at before the war. The losses for the month of March make the total now two and three-quarter millions. If the rate of loss remained only constant and the shipbuilding went up to the anticipated figure, the whole of this deficit would be wiped out in, at most, six months' time. It is surely impossible to over-estimate the effect this will have upon the campaign. It will be a final assurance of victory, so long as the enemy does not find some new naval means of breaking in to our sea communications. And it is surely not rash to prophecy that no such means do exist or can conceivably be brought into existence.

It will be observed that herein I take it for granted that the normal means of sea war—that is, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines employed for their legitimate purposes against our armed sea forces—available to the enemy since the beginning, will not probably be used with effect against us now. If the enemy has made no effort to employ them up to now, is it likely that this failure of the submarine will compel him to a final struggle? Certainly if it does, the effort will be made in conditions far less promising than they have ever been. For it is now abundantly apparent that the conversion of our system of naval administration and command from the old quarter-deck or autocratic principle to the present staff principle has resulted in exactly that gain in energy, enterprise, and efficiency, that the advocates of the conversion so confidently foretold. It must, in other words, be as abundantly clear to the enemy, as it is to us, that Allied sea-power in the month of May, 1918, has reached a point in efficiency never previously touched during the war and that its mark is not that individual ships or squadrons are better trained, nor that individual commanders are bolder or more skilful, though, no doubt, the crucible of war has run much dross away and left the true metal clear. The change lies in this: that the Navy as a whole—and this includes the Allied forces no less than the British—is being handled with initiative. It can be so handled to-day because at last the varied and widely diffused brain work necessary to it is executed and co-ordinated to the right purpose.



German Plots Exposed

James J. F. Archibald

By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York



THE case of James J. F. Archibald, war correspondent, is another sample of the Germans' fatal error for trusting a weak link in an otherwise ingenious and complete chain. Their "cleverness" was the cleverness of the cocky boy who thinks he can outwit anyone. The sad ending of Archibald's career, the ignominious exposure of his character as a messenger for the Germans, was simplicity itself. And the revelations contained in the messages he carried were most discreditable to the honour and the wisdom of the plotters in the Teutonic Embassies.

The story begins on July 29th, 1914, six days after Austria's ultimatum to Serbia and three days before the formal historical date of the opening of the war. On that day an enterprising American Newspaper Syndicate telegraphed Mr. Archibald:

Please telegraph us your terms for going to the European war, so that we can size up the syndicate field. As soon as received will try for quick action.

THE WHEELER SYNDICATE, INC.

Archibald soon had his arrangements made, though his employers were ignorant of the reason for the surprising ease with which he obtained the highest possible entrée to the best possible points of observation within the German lines. It should be said at once that their attitude was perfectly correct, and that the moment they discovered the true nature of his errand they discharged him by cable, on October 27th. But that comes later in the story.

Archibald was a man of true grandiose German style. Writing to the syndicate on September 4th, he said:

You should not confound my efforts with more than five hundred correspondents of every description who have attempted to get to the English, French, and Belgian fronts, none of them with any official recognition, and most of them without even a passport. At the hysterical beginning of the war, correspondents are very much in the way, but every cartoonist, humorist, and amateur millionaire who wanted a little private excitement rushed to the front and embarrassed the armies in their mobilisation; and naturally, they were not gladly received. I have been working quietly, just as I did in the Russian War, when I was the first and only foreign correspondent to be accepted after four months' waiting.

There is no necessity of coming into conflict with any censors if one knows military censorship as I do, for all they require is that you will not embarrass their present actual movements. There is not one single foreign correspondent with either the German or Austrian armies, and it will be a great achievement to get dispatches out from there; and I am positive, with the papers that I now hold, that there will be no difficulty whatever. The difficulty is merely in establishing one's responsibility with these armies, and my residence in Washington for the last ten years has been for that purpose alone.

Archibald was soon in Germany, and began sending back cable dispatches to a syndicate of papers, the principal ones of which were the *New York Times*, *Tribune*, and *World*. His dispatches, however, were so blatantly pro-German and had so much more propaganda than news in them that these papers quickly became dissatisfied. For example, the *Times* cut out of one of his dispatches a large section of fulsome eulogy of the German Government. Imagine their astonishment the next morning to receive a telephone call from Captain Boy-Ed, Naval Attaché of the German Embassy with offices in New York. Captain Boy-Ed demanded the reason for the omission of these paragraphs. The *Times* naturally demanded Captain Boy-Ed's source of information that such paragraphs existed. It soon developed that Boy-Ed was receiving direct from Germany duplicates of all the material that Archibald was cabling for publication. As soon as the American newspapers understood this situation they declined to proceed further. In the same spirit and simultaneously the Wheeler Syndicate "fired" Mr. Archibald by cable and wrote him a stinging letter from which the following two paragraphs may be quoted:

Perhaps because of the nature of your stuff, at any rate, we have to face the veiled insinuation that you are in the pay of the German and Austrian Governments. In this connection, we have been told that the German and Austrian Ambassadors to this country have received in skeleton form

"I always say to these idiotic Yankees that they should shut their mouths and, better still, be full of admiration for all our heroism."—Extract from von Papen's letter to his wife in Berlin which James J. F. Archibald undertook to deliver.

the several wireless dispatches you sent to us addressed care the *Times*. We think you

should know this, and also know that, with the nature of your dispatches such as they were, we dared not allow ourselves, by continuing the service, to be laid open to the charge that we were in the employ of the German and Austrian Governments. So for this reason we had to terminate the service.

We have instructed the *Times* not to accept any more wireless dispatches from you, and the wireless company has been notified that no dispatches will be accepted.

Nothing daunted by these rebuffs, Archibald continued his exploits as "war correspondent," interspersing his labours at the front with voyages back to the United States, ostensibly to deliver lectures. The true character of his movements stands revealed in a letter Archibald received from Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, a few days before he embarked on the voyage from New York which was to be his last. This letter was written from Bernstorff's summer home at Cedarhurst, Long Island, on August 19th, 1915, and reads:

DEAR MR. ARCHIBALD,

I send you herewith the two letters of recommendation asked for, and hope that they will be useful to you. I learn with pleasure that you wish once again to return to Germany and Austria as you have interceded for our concerns here so courageously and successfully.

With best compliments,

Yours very sincerely,¹

BERNSTORFF.

One of these letters was as follows:

The German Frontier Custom Authorities are requested to kindly give to the bearer of this letter, Mr. James J. F. Archibald, from New York, who is going to Germany with photographic apparatus, etc., in order to collect material for lectures in the United States *in the interests of Germany*, all possible facilities compatible with regulations in the dispatching of his luggage.

BERNSTORFF,

Imperial Ambassador.

The familiar story of what happened next is that Archibald carried some secret documents for Bernstorff and Dumba in a hollow cane. This could scarcely be, for the documents he carried were so numerous and some of them so bulky that the cane would need to be a giant's walking stick. In any event the documents themselves are of more interest than their vehicle. They were taken from Archibald by the British authorities at Falmouth. The series can be best introduced from a letter from the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, Dumba, to his chief, Count Burian, Minister for Foreign Affairs in Vienna, which reads:

MY LORD,

Yesterday evening Consul-General von Nuber received the enclosed *aide memoire* from the chief editor of the locally known paper *Szabodsog*, after a previous conference with him, and in pursuance of his proposals to arrange for strikes in the Bethlehem Schwab steel and munitions war factory, and also in the Middle West.

Dr. Archibald, who is well known to your lordship, leaves to-day at 12 o'clock on board the *Rotterdam*, for Berlin and Vienna. I take this rare and safe opportunity to warmly recommend the proposal to your lordship's favourable consideration.

It is my impression that we can disorganise and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West, which, in the opinion of the German military attaché, is of great importance, and amply outweighs the expenditure of money involved.

But even if strikes do not come off, it is probable that we should extort, under the pressure of the crisis, more favourable conditions of labour for our poor, down-trodden fellow-countrymen. In Bethlehem these white slaves are now working for twelve hours a day, and seven days a week. All weak persons succumb and become consumptives.

So far as German workmen are found among the skilled hands, a means of leaving will be provided for them.

Beside this, a private German registry office has been established which provided employment for persons who have voluntarily given up their places, and is already

working well. They will also join, and the widest support is assured me. I beg your Excellency to be so good as to inform me with reference to this letter by wireless telegraphy, replying whether you agree. DUMBA.

The consideration which "Doctor" Archibald received for his complacency in giving his friends Dumba and Bernstorff "this rare and safe opportunity" is indicated by his receipt of April 24, 1915, to the German Embassy in Washington for £1,000 for propaganda work.

Further light upon "the enclosed aide memoire. . . in pursuance of his proposals to arrange for strikes in the Bethlehem Schwab steel and munitions war factory," is gained by the following quotations from the enclosure mentioned by Dumba in his letter to Burian. The enclosure was an outline of a scheme for fomenting strikes, submitted to Dumba by William Warm, the Editor of *Szabodsog* (*Freedom*):—

In my opinion, we must start a very strong agitation on this question in the *Freedom* (*Szabodsog*), a leading organ, with respect to the Bethlehem works and the conditions there. This can be done in two ways, and both must be utilised. In the first place, a regular daily section must be devoted to the conditions obtaining there, and a campaign must be regularly conducted against those indescribably degrading conditions. The *Freedom* has already done something similar in the recent past, when the strike movement began at Bridgeport. It must naturally take the form of strong, deliberate, decided, and courageous action. Secondly, the writer of these lines would begin a labour novel in that newspaper much on the lines of Upton Sinclair's celebrated story, and this might be published in other local Hungarian, Slovak, and German newspapers also. Here we arrive at the point that, naturally we shall also require other newspapers. The American *Magyar Nepszava* (Word of the People) will undoubtedly be compelled willingly or unwillingly to follow the movement initiated by the *Freedom* (*Szabodsog*), for it will be pleasing to the entire Hungarian element in America, and an absolute patriotic act to which that open journal (the *Nepszava*) could not adopt a hostile attitude. . . .

In the interest of successful action at Bethlehem and the Middle West, besides the *Szabodsog*, the *Nepszava*, the new daily paper of Pittsburg, must be set in motion, and those of Bridgeport, Youngtown District, etc., also two Slovak papers. Under these circumstances, the first necessity is money. To Bethlehem must be sent as many reliable Hungarian and German workmen as I can lay my hands on, who will join the factories and begin their work in secret among their fellow workmen. We must send an organiser, who in the interests of the Union will begin the business in his own way. We must also send so-called "soap-box" orators who will know, and so start a useful agitation. We shall want money for popular meetings, and possibly for organising picnics.

It is my opinion that for the special object of starting the Bethlehem business and for the Bethlehem and Western newspaper campaign, £3,000 to £4,000 must be able to be disposed of, but it is not possible to reckon how much will ultimately be required.

These documents should be read in the light of their date, August 20, 1915, when the United States was a neutral nation, still receiving the representatives of the "friendly" German and Austro-Hungarian Empires.

Another document which Dumba entrusted to Archibald was his report to Burian on the then recent publication in the *New York World* of the papers taken from a satchel left in an elevated train by Dr. Heinrich Albert, the Financial Adviser to the German Embassy in America and the paymaster for a great deal of its work in plots and propaganda. This dispatch of Dumba's is worthy of reproduction.

A map and a number of documents—typed, but unfinished copies or statements of petitioners—were stolen from the Financial Adviser of the German Embassy here, obviously by the English secret service. These documents are now published in the current issue of the *World*, which has gone over to the English *Yingolager* (Jingo camp) as a great sensation, with cheap advertisement. The paper makes the most violent accusations against the German Embassy, mainly against Count von Bernstorff, Military Attaché Captain von Papen, and Geheimrat Albert, who are said to have conspired secretly against the safety of the United States, in that they have bought arms and munition factories, have concluded bogus contracts for delivery with France or Russia, have purchased large quantities of explosive materials, have incited strikes in the munition factories, have sought to corrupt the Press, and have spread far-reaching agitation for the effecting of an embargo in the different American circles. The other important New York papers second the *World*, although with less violence.

Count von Bernstorff took the view that these calumnies were beneath reply, and by a happy inspiration, refused any explanation. He is in no way compromised.

On the other hand, Geheimrat Albert published in the

newspapers a very cleverly worded explanation, the tenor of which I venture to submit to Your Excellency in an enclosure. It is especially to the credit of the German Embassy that on July 15th last it informed the State Department officially that it found itself compelled to buy as many materials of war in this country as it possibly could, and to control their production, with the intention of preventing their being supplied through the enemy. These materials, it stated, were at any time at the disposal of the American Government at favourable prices, either as a whole or in parts; and, of course, this could only further the readiness of the United States for taking the field in war.

The torpedoing of the *Arabic*, in the event of its having been done without warning, or its having caused American passengers to lose their lives, will do more than any newspaper accusations, to prejudice Germany in the public opinion of the United States.

C. DUMBA,

Imperial and Royal Ambassador.

Archibald carried numerous other papers—for the Germans as well as for the Austrians. The most interesting of these was a report from Franz von Papen, Military Attaché of the German Embassy upon the same *World* exposure. The following are extracts from this dispatch:—

MILITARY REPORT.

"Sensational Revelations" of the *New York World*.

On July 31st important papers were abstracted from Herr Geheimrat Dr. Albert in the elevated railway, apparently by an individual in the employ of the English secret service. These papers were sold to the *World*, and formed the basis of the revelations (Enclosure 1) which gave to the *New York Press*—friendly to the Allies—a welcome opportunity to make a fresh outburst against the Imperial Government and the Imperial representatives in this country. . . .

Apart from political results, the consequences of the publications for us show themselves in connection with business.

The report of June 30th of the treasurer of the Bridgeport Projectile Company, which I forwarded to the Royal Ministry of War on July 13th, J. No. 1888, was among the stolen papers.

The declaration, published in the papers, of the President of the Aetna Explosive Co. that he intended to throw up powder contracts with the Bridgeport Projectile Co. is, of course, only newspaper gossip, and was already much weakened yesterday through a fresh explanation.

The only actual damage consists in that the Russian and English committee have at once broken off their negotiations with the Bridgeport Projectile Co., and that *thus our plans to cut off, by the acceptance and non-delivery of a shrapnel contract, other firms here from the possibility of beginning the furnishing of war material have come to nothing.*

Most of all have our efforts for the purchase of liquid chlorine been interfered with, since the tying up through middlemen of the Castner Chemical Company, which is friendly to England, appears now to be out of the question.

Part of the significance of von Papen's dispatch is his reference to the Bridgeport Projectile Company. Other documents in the possession of the United States Government demonstrate completely the ownership of this corporation by the Teutonic Allies. Hans Tauscher, the agent of Krupps and other German munition factories in this country, was in the habit of reporting direct to the War Ministry in Berlin as if he were its representative in this country—as indeed he was, though not ostensibly so. Among other papers in the hands of the Government is a letter from the President of the Bridgeport Projectile Company, informing him that the company is being reorganised and that hereafter Mr. Tauscher will hold as trustee *only 60 per cent.* of the capital stock. Naturally Tauscher was acting for his employers.

Another document, of little importance, is a letter von Papen wrote to his wife and sent by Archibald. But two parts of it are interesting. After speaking again of the *World* exposure, he says:

The answer of Albert I am sending you herewith, so you can see how we defend ourselves. The document we drew up together yesterday.

But the bright spot for the Americans whose hospitality he was abusing lies in this:

How splendid in the East! I always say to these idiotic Yankees that they should shut their mouths, and, better still, be full of admiration for all our heroism. My friends from the Army are in this respect quite different.

Papen's "friends from the Army" have, with a good many of "these idiotic Yankees," organised an army and are looking for Captain Franz again, this time over the top in France, with the determination to settle the question with his government on the battlefield.

(To be continued.)

The Suez Canal: By Miller Dunning

A Sketch

WE entered at dusk. The night that followed was such as will sometimes open to us its arms and reveal the wonders and mysteries of its embrace. On this occasion we seemed doomed to disappointment. Hope in us had been tempted to lift its eyes and peer for what might come—but no.

Our ship moved slowly—very, very slowly—as solid as some portion of the earth that had been thrown high on either side. Our searchlight shone on the banks and lighted the course far ahead. Beside us was a native cutter anchored close ashore; then a canoe riding in the wash; then, again, a great ocean-tramp looming alongside like some ugly dream, waiting for us to pass. On passing, we find ourselves in the light glaring from the eyes of some insatiable eater of mud and sand—a dredge.

And yet nothing speaks to us, neither the darkness that lies on the desert beyond the canal, nor the shadows that lie about the strange native cutter as she looks up with her bare masts and bent poles, like some venomous creature of the water. For some disconcerting reason, our fancies will not be moved. The things we see give no rein to our thoughts, neither mystery nor the great unfolding roads, to wonder. All the miraculous penetrations of the mind seem cloyed and inert. Even the sky falls to this sorrowful keeping. Dame Philistina has won all things to her hands, and paints them to her senseless colour . . . that frowsy dame who long ago should have been consigned to the upper hells of charity, well-labelled as a warning to the upholders of her kind.

The very night had become tainted with her breath . . . undefined monotonous clouds, thick veiling a discontented misshapen moon, penetrating uncertain winds that leak to one's marrow. The night was urgent with her presence; the air murky—the night air of Arabia. A bedrizzled star shone here and there. A dank and lifeless water lay on either side. About us there was not even a ghost of the fearful, the frightful, or the insane. Only the sightless passionless ill-nature of that noxious dame who persists at times, in spite of Egypt and all her Pharaohs, in spite of Arabia and all that Arabia has seen and known. When she persists so it is better to sleep; to flee into the recumbent realms of slumber, and if not to dream, then to forget—most entirely to forget, and in one momentless bound become submerged in oblivion.

But sleep was not to hold us long. The night had not gone far when through this woof and weft of Sleep's toxic veil, there came an overwhelming light—all white and infinitely cold. It poured in

as through a rift in the darkness—all frozen and finely cruel. We were as in a world apart, immersed in the rays of a perished sun. The night in all truth had quickened—yes, and to a ghostly semblance.

Our vessel was motionless. Each sound that came grew and arose as out of the depths of nothingness. We were moored—and all around us vastness—vastness of silence. We looked to the high receding banks on either side. We could trace the marks of human feet on the sand, and just beyond the zone of light we could see a man. The wind had tossed the sand from mound to mound. Here it was slipping and making easy race to the water. Then again there were breaks in the higher banks leading out into the desert. We could see plainly their uneven form, and behind that again the desert covered in the mantle of impenetrable light.

Across the desert the wind blew cold, and hard as steel. The great monstrous light about us was vanishing. Something immense and dark was following behind—some great ocean mammoth, gliding silently through the night, making deep hidden sounds, scarcely heard, strange, and uncouth. We see figures passing, her inner lights to and fro, but no voices, nothing human—only a great creature pursuing its own intent, blind and senseless, yet feeling its way by some deep mysterious intuition. It is gone. There is a watch on the shores—a light foam passing along the side, a stray object floating in the current, and then again we are left in the night.

It is such a night as knows no compassion. It is stealthy in its movement. It is as though death had come robed in frozen silence to the desert, to the realm of fierce heat and sun. She has come without warning to deal swiftly and without mercy. There are camps pitched on the sands and along the shore. Tawny human beings will shiver and crouch from this strange thing, the cold. Camels are resting at their open stalls. They will look up to an implacable sky, uneasy and impatient for the passing of a spiteful thing.

The wind has come across the deserts of Egypt. It has unravelled its way through the solitary oasis—has penetrated the palace of the native prince and the huts of his slaves. The wind reaches us, where we are, enters into the nature of the night, and we know that it is flying to the hard hills of Arabia. There, perhaps, it will die. But we, we have been bitten. We would away, but cannot.

We are held in fascination of a strange world and its night. Our ship has waited the passing of one great mammoth after another, each flooding us with its cold steely light, and then entering the darkness astern.

Leadership : By L. P. Jacks

THE power to dismiss its leaders at a moment's notice and replace them with new ones has been celebrated as a notable privilege of British Democracy. I have heard it said that this power is one of the safeguards of liberty. And so perhaps it is. But what kind of liberty is that which requires safeguarding by an arrangement so drastic? And what kind of men are they who will accept the position of leaders on the understanding that they are subject to instant dismissal? And what is the use of choosing a leader whose retention of office is contingent on his pleasing you? There was once a great leader who said to his followers; "You have not chosen me; I have chosen you." That strikes the true note of leadership, but a saying more undemocratic was never uttered.

These questions, which, of course, are very old ones, were brought back to my mind with fresh and even startling force by a perusal of Lord Morley's *Recollections*—and especially by the chapter which deals with the Irish troubles of the early 'nineties. Lord Morley heads his chapter "The Tornado," though I must confess that it seems a tornado in a teacup when compared with the present storm, which the powers of darkness had even then begun to brew. The principal justification for calling it a tornado is that it lifted the roof off the house where the political leaders of that time had established their dwelling, and dispersed the inmates into various exiles.

As we read Lord Morley's narrative we see how these poor men lived in the apprehension of instant dismissal; how thin and rotten was much of the ice they skated on; how constantly they were engaged in warning one another of the rotten places and seeking to avoid them; how slippery and steep were the precipices they had to climb, and how again and again they hung on by their teeth, expecting every moment to be plunged into the abyss—as indeed they ultimately were on a slight impulse administered by the Irish leader of those days. Much of their time was spent in manœuvring to save themselves from being overthrown by their own followers, and a most exciting occupation it evidently was. They piped, but neither Parliament nor the public would dance. They were certainly under no illusion as to the security of their tenure. They knew they were destined to a brief career; and when the moment of dismissal arrived, they accepted it without complaint, as good sportsmen should. Yet these men, who never knew whether the morrow would see them politically alive, were the very men whom the British electors had chosen to lead in dealing with the most perplexing problem of our political history, a problem requiring length of time, far-reaching plans, and tenacity of purpose maintained through many years. With a courage that cannot be too much admired they undertook their leadership with a clear understanding that whatever plans they had formed, whatever policy they had begun, might be abruptly broken off at any moment. And in all this their position was not singular, nor exceptional. It was the position occupied by all leaders in a democracy whose liberty is guarded by powers of immediate dismissal.

Although this state of things is all fair, open, and avowed, it has some disadvantages. "Minister" of course, means "servant." But, so far as I know, Ministers of State are the only class of servants who can be dismissed without notice. We could hardly expect to secure an efficient gardener or an efficient butler on those terms. No doubt if we paid our gardeners and butlers at the rate of £5000 a year the

positions would be attractive to a certain order of adventurous spirits, and we should have many applicants. But even so I doubt if things would prosper either in the greenhouse or the wine cellar. We should be exposed to annoying intrigues in the servants' hall, with what result to our peaches and old wine may be easily imagined—just as the public is exposed to annoying intrigues in Parliament, which is the National Servants' Hall, with what result to the public interest is, well known.

In war the military oath pledges us to follow our leaders and obey their orders for a definite period—to the end of the campaign, or for a stated term of years; in politics we reserve the right to desert our leaders whenever we choose, or—which comes to the same thing—to turn them out at any time by the same methods which put them in.

Now this is a pretty arrangement when looked at from the point of view of those whose business in politics is to follow—the mass of the citizens. It is pleasant to feel that you are under no obligation to obey orders a moment longer than you are disposed. But the leaders, I imagine, must view it in a different light, and the standing wonder to my mind is that any great man should ever be willing to engage himself to the public on those conditions. For every true leader knows perfectly well that in great affairs nothing can be done in a hurry; that the objects best worth striving for are distant objects, and that he can accomplish little unless he is sure of long-dated loyalty in his followers to match the far-sighted purpose which he has to pursue. To be sure, the Minister of State, whether in office or out of office, can usually count on a multitude who will follow him; but if he is to carry out his plans as leader the multitude must always be large enough to keep him in, and this he can never count on from one day to another—as anybody will see who may read Lord Morley's narrative of what went on while he and Mr. Gladstone were leading the public through "the tornado" of 1891.

Truly it must be a heart-breaking business, and £5000 a year seems a small solatium to offer any man for enduring it. To make far-reaching plans for the public good, and then find them suddenly upset or endlessly deferred because a section of your followers has exercised the sacred right to desert you when they will—this it is that makes me wonder what stuff the men are made of who consent to take office on these terms. As I read Lord Morley's *Recollections* I can see they have their consolations, and even enjoy the wild adventure while it lasts; but that only serves to divert one's sympathy from them to the public. For it is the public which pays for this, as for everything else.

An American writer, Dr. Cram, has recently published a book called *The Nemesis of Mediocrity* in which he discusses this question of leadership. He makes a canvas of the various men who have lately come to the front, especially in politics, and dismisses them, one after another, as mediocre, with President Wilson as a possible exception. The mediocrity of our leaders reflects, he thinks, the general mediocrity of our own lives, so that in a sense it is ourselves who are to blame. The moral is that we must get rid of our own mediocrity before we can expect anything else in our leaders.

Now there are two ways in which we may get rid of our mediocrity, one pointing downwards, the other pointing upwards. It is clearly the latter that Dr. Cram recommends. But would it have the effect he anticipates? Would the efficiency of our leaders rise automatically with the parallel



The Liberty Loan Drive
A Typical Crowd in Wall Street, New York

rise in the qualities of the public? I confess I have my doubts. A community composed of superior persons would be a very difficult lot for any leader to handle. Suppose for example that the average citizen everywhere were suddenly to acquire the political intelligence and the high moral standards of Dr. Cram himself, and were to apply this intelligence and these high standards, as Dr. Cram does, to criticising the claims and pretensions of every great man who came forward to guide the destinies of the body politic. Is it not obvious that under these circumstances the position of the leader would become exceedingly difficult, if not impossible?

Little to be envied is the great man entrusted with the task of leading a public in which there are thousands of connoisseurs in leadership prowling about and seeking whom they may devour. I think he would soon come to grief. The sharpness of their criticism would undo him; he would be torn to pieces. This reminds me of what I heard lately from a gentleman who has just returned from Russia. He said that when the revolution took place all the privates in the Russian Army suddenly became generals. After a little experience it occurred to this army of generals that it would be wise to appoint a generalissimo, and a deputation was sent to a promising strategist to offer him the post. For answer the promising strategist drew his hand across his throat and shook his head; which gestures the deputation rightly understood as meaning that the post was declined. This incident seems to me a fair illustration of what is likely to happen when a public which has got rid of its mediocrity, as the Russian privates had done, sets about the task of finding a leader. The situation is deeply paradoxical. Is it not because of our mediocrity that we need somebody who is *not* mediocre to lead us? What then will happen when we have all ceased to be mediocre?

The truth is that the game of leadership requires *two* to play it; a leader to give orders and a public to obey them. The problem is not merely that of finding a man who is able to lead; it is equally that of finding a public which is willing to follow. People like Dr. Cram who deplore the lack of great leadership in modern times usually fix their attention on the first half of the problem and ignore the second altogether. And yet, if I am not mistaken, the root of the problem lies there. We live in an age which on the one hand clamours for leaders and on the other grows less and less willing to follow anybody. Perhaps we are under some illusion on this matter. Most of us feel—I certainly do so myself—that if only we could find a leader after our own heart we would gladly follow him. After our own heart! Precisely—but is that playing the game? May it not be that what we all need—as distinct from what we *want*—is a leader *not* after our own heart? Should we follow *him*?

Dr. Cram, comparing past times with present, looks back regretfully to the days of his youth, 1880, or thereabouts, and tells us that he has made out a list of 160 great leaders who were then alive and active. Now the question that rises in my mind is not about the leadership of the 160, but about the followership of Dr. Cram. Did he, when a young man, follow the whole lot? In theology he mentions Newman and Martineau. Did he follow both of them? In politics he mentions Gladstone and Disraeli. Did he follow both of them? With 160 leaders all leading at once, would not the confusion be very great, and would it not be a pious prayer on the part of any man to ask the devil to fly away with them all and leave him to find his own way through this bewildering world? Would it not be better, therefore, to speak of 1880 not as an era of great leadership, but as the beginning of the confusion, the indecisiveness, the uncertainty as to who is right and who wrong, which makes it equally difficult in these days for followers to find leaders or for leaders to find followers? Perhaps if there had been fewer leaders in 1880 there would be more now.

The difficulty of finding leaders is, therefore, far greater than Dr. Cram imagines, for it includes the difficulty of finding followers—the major part of the problem. The question arises, what is to be done? Various alternatives present themselves of which the following three are perhaps the chief.

(1) Would not the public be well advised to make up its mind to do without leaders altogether, contenting itself with servants only, and giving all Ministers of State to understand clearly that that is what they are and that nothing else is expected of them? Is not the public playing fast and loose with a vital problem when in one and the same breath it declares itself master and bemoans its lack of leaders? Is not this double-minded?

(2) May we not have a kind of secret leadership? What I have in mind is the existence of a body of powerful personalities, whose identity is unknown to the public but who,

by indirection and various byways, manage to make their ideas effective and so lead the people without letting them know who is leading them or even that they are being led at all. These men by playing their part judiciously might exercise enormous influence, though, of course, they would receive no salaries, and enjoy no fame until they were dead. Much influence of this kind is being actually exercised at the present moment, though perhaps it is a little indiscreet to say so. For example (if I may be pardoned a personal confession) I have long been convinced that somebody is leading me. But I do not know who he is, and if ever I find out I intend to keep his name a secret. I wonder if the reader has had the same experience?

We make a mistake in thinking only of the great men who are in evidence—or in fragments. We should think also of those who are in hiding and intact. There are many of them. Some are in hiding for reasons which are suggested by the incident already mentioned of the Russian generalissimo; that is to say, they are averse to having their throats cut by their followers; or to being torn to pieces by their critics—whether by connoisseurs in leadership like Dr. Cram or by a powerful newspaper press. Should not these men be encouraged? And would not a wise public abstain from all efforts to lift the veil of anonymity which now protects their leadership from destruction?

(3) The last alternative is suggested by the position of the President of the United States. He is appointed leader for four years with the possibility of renewing the term. It is an admirable arrangement, for it gives the President a chance which Ministers of State in this country do not possess. Think of what Mr. Gladstone, or, if you prefer, Lord Salisbury, might have accomplished if at the time of Lord Morley's "tornado" they had been assured of four years of office. Then think of what President Wilson would have failed to accomplish had he *not* been assured of four years of office. Had his tenure of office been as insecure as that of a British Prime Minister he would have been turned out long ago. It would never have been found out that President Wilson is one of the greatest men of modern times.

The men who framed the American Constitution had a profound political insight. They understood that leadership is a game which *two* must play if it is to be played at all; and accordingly they made arrangements to follow their leader for four years.

In conclusion, I may point out that the right relation between leader and follower is admirably portrayed in Tennyson's picture of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The ideal follower is Lancelot, and it is just as important, at the present day, to emphasise the scarcity of Lancelots as to emphasise the scarcity of Arthurs. Lancelot puts the whole secret of followership, and therefore of leadership, in a nutshell

in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.

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Their First "Crash": By Herman Whitaker



Lieut. Campbell

our lads are taught the "vreville," tail spin; the "reversement," a half loop and fall sideways; to "barrel," turning over and over sideways like a rolling cask; the "vertical virage," a ninety-degree bank, said to be a most disagreeable first experience; to bank and side-slip any distance required to elude a pursuer, a difficult operation which the beginner usually ends in a "barrel." While dropping from a height of fourteen thousand feet, I had seen one boy pull almost the whole bag of tricks. In fact he put his plane through every possible twist and gyration—and many impossible—in an actual fall. With this knowledge stored away, I was now on my way to visit an American squadrilla in actual service at the front.

As we approached the last town between us and the trenches I finished telling the lieutenant from General Headquarters about a submarine I had seen captured while cruising with our destroyer flotilla in English waters. He agreed that it was as fine a bit of luck as ever fell to a correspondent.

"But lightning never strikes twice in the same place," he added. "You have used up all the luck that is coming to you in this war. You won't get in on anything like that again."

He was mistaken. Nature's laws are said to be without exceptions, but he had no more than said it before the lightning violated all precedents and struck again—through the raised hand and arm of an American military policeman on the edge of the town.

"Pinched!" our sergeant chauffeur exclaimed, when the hand went up.

He was not altogether joking. Military law is like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Because of some mix-up in their passes, three correspondents had been "pinched" by the military police and brought back to General Headquarters last week in a state of uncertainty as to whether or not they would be shot at sunrise.

The sergeant added, as the car rolled on to a slow stop, "You can get by the French military police with any old thing—beer-check, laundry bill, spearmint coupon, anything that's written in English and looks official. But when them "Iron-jaws" of ours hold up a hand, it means *you*."

The "Iron-jaw," however, was relaxed in a pleasant smile. Saluting, its owner informed us: "If you drive round by the public square, you will see two Boche planes our boys have just shot down. It's worth your while. These are the first planes brought down by home-trained American aviators flying our own flag."

"First submarine—first plane!" the lieutenant commented. "You must be the luckiest man in the whole wide world."

It happened to be Sunday, and in the square we found dozens of women, children, and pretty French girls, all in their go-to-meeting best, elbowing through a mixed crowd of *poilus*,

Tommys and Sammies, to get a good view of the wrecks. Though the French have shot down German planes by the hundreds, those good people were glorying for us; could not have shown more genuine pleasure at their own first achievement. Even that reserve with which the British officer habitually camouflages his own feelings was dissipated, for once, by friendly interest. The sprinkling of them in the crowd were exultant as big boys crowing over the first victorious fight of a younger brother. Our own men displayed the least emotion of all. But it was quite easy to see their pride welling up through cracks in their modesty.

The captured planes were "Albatrosses," swiftest of German machines. But they had proven far too slow for the machines of the latest type flown by our lads. I would like to give you their name, and the terrific speed at which they fly—but I know, without asking, that the censor would not consent—and he's right. Be content, therefore, to know that they can outfly anything Fritz has got.

Of the two "Albatrosses," one had burned in mid-air, and lay a charred wreck on the ground. The other could easily be fitted for flying again. Both their pilots had survived, though one was badly burned.

Their conquerors, we were told, could be found at the flying field outside the town, and a very few minutes thereafter it opened before our speeding car—a dead flat plain, bounded on one side by long low barracks, on the other by camouflaged

hangars. In front of one, surrounded by a mixed mob of mechanics and flyers, stood the victorious planes. On their painted dragon-fly bodies they bore the insignia, Uncle Sam's starred hat within the flying circle—very appropriate, for on this, the first morning that historic headgear had been pitched in the arena, its champions had scored a knock-out.

In the crowd we found two of our crack flyers who had recently transferred to us from the Lafayettes. One had just received the newly created American

Order for distinguished conduct. The other has no less than sixteen official "crashes" to his credit, and twice as many that are unrecorded. It is said, by his admirers, that his total equals, if not surpasses, that of Baron Richthofen, the German crack flyer whose death has since been recorded.

Usually the presence of this one man would be sufficient to set any hangar a-buzz with excitement. But to-day he and his fellow star were "supeing" in a scene, which, in its general features, strongly resembled that created in an average American household by the first visit of the stork. The same atmosphere of quiet joy, suppressed excitement, prevailed. In their pleased interest, indeed, the two stars might have acceptably filled the rôle of maiden aunts.

But though they were "supeing" to-day, it was luck thrown on luck to have the chance to meet them. Undoubtedly the most spectacular figure in this most spectacular of wars, is the great flyer who conducts his duels to the death above the thunder and lightnings of the guns. His is a figure that stirs even the dullest imagination to wonder what manner of man this can be who sets at naught fears and tremors that govern most of us, and goes forth daily to slap Death himself in the face.

I sought the secret in the star flyer's face. Short and square, quiet and kind, burned and wrinkled by sun and wind, those quantities and qualities told nothing. Any farmer has them. But the eyes told the tale—bits of grey steel peering through narrowed lids as it were between the slits of his armoured soul. They were the eyes of an eagle, unconsciously unafraid.

While I was talking with him they were softened by the reflection of his courteous smile. But when his face sets for the combat—I should not like to see them, as have half a hundred Germans, glinting behind the levelled sights of his flame-tipped



Albatross aeroplane shot down by Lieut. Winslow
The first machine to be brought down by a home-trained American flyer

gun. His success, as I read it, inheres in his superb confidence backed by superior skill. When that man goes after a German, he knows that he is going to get him; which is nine-tenths of the battle.

Just now, however, to repeat, his pleasure in the event left his face kind and soft, and eager as that of a maiden aunt at a christening. For matter of that, the two youths we presently rounded up, and stood against the barrack wall to be snapped, might also have played the leading rôle on such an occasion; for instead of the grim men their exploit seemed to demand, two lads with the peach bloom of early youth still on their cheeks came out to meet us at their major's call.

They were bashful about their age as girls—for the opposite reason. They would fain have been older. When pressed for the truth, Douglas Campbell, a young Californian, admitted to one and twenty. Alan Winslow, who hails from Chicago, went him one better. Babes! Just out of their legal infancy! Think of it! But then—this aerial war has been conducted from the first by babes. Their major is only twenty-four.

Of course we want to know more about them. Alan Winslow, then, trained with the French; therefore must yield precedence to young Campbell, who was born and "raised" at the Lick Observatory, on the top of Mount Hamilton, in Central California—with its wooded gorges, deep ravines, cosmic outlook over foothills and plains, surely an ideal eyrie for a young eagle. He had taken his ground training at the Massachusetts School of Technology, and was completely American trained.

Your fighter is never a talker, and of all fighters the airmen go the limit in slowness of speech. Even after Winslow, the hoary elder of two-and-twenty, was finally prodded on to talk, he left so much to the imagination that it is necessary to fill in between his wide lines. He and Campbell had gone out early for the first official flight, and were playing cards in a tent near their hangar, while the mechanics tuned up their machines. The morning was clear; sunlight streaming between soft clouds high over the flying field. From the sandbag targets, where a machine gun was being lined up and synchronised with the motor, came staccato bursts of firing. Everything was going on as usual when, in response to a telephone call from some far observation post, a bugle shrilled out the "Alerte!"

"I was already in my flying togs," Winslow explained, "and so got into the air at once. Campbell followed about a minute later. The Boche planes had just come into view, flying quite low, not higher than a thousand feet. Their pilots said, afterwards, that they were lost and mistook our station for their own, otherwise they would never have ventured into such a hornet's nest. To me it seemed impossible. I felt sure it must be some of our fellows coming in from another station. But the 'Alerte' kept me ready. They were flying



Lieut. Winslow and his Aeroplane

higher than we, and the instant I sighted the German cross, I let fly a burst from my gun.

"The Boche answered, but already I had banked steeply on a half loop that carried me above him; then, describing a 'vrelle,' that is, a tail spin, I came squarely behind and shot him down with my second burst. By that time Campbell was chasing his man like a hawk after a running chicken across the sky, and I lit out after them. How that Boche did go! But he was too slow. Just as I caught up, Campbell sent him down in flames."

He summed this remarkable contest in the following schedule: "The 'Alerte' sounded at 8.45 a.m. 8.50, closed with the Boche. 8.51, shot down my man. 8.52, Campbell got his. 8.53, back on the ground."

Eight minutes by the clock! Good work!

It remained for Campbell to add the touch of humour that cross-cuts the most serious dramas—even like these, of life and death. "Our mechanics all came running out of the hangars to see the fun—till one got shot through the ear. Then you should have seen them duck for the dug-outs. In ten seconds the field was as empty as if the dinner call had rung." He added, "And Winslow's man? He wasn't hurt a bit. I don't think he knew just where he was going, but he was certainly on his way, for he ran like a hare; broke every record up to half a mile before they chased him down."

We went into their rooms to view the trophies, guns, cartridge belts, clocks, and so forth that were laid out on their cots; and while we were looking them over, Campbell added the last human touch to the story. In sky warfare alone, it is said, have the Germans displayed any chivalry—a thing that is quite understandable. The uttermost bravery called for in those desperate duels up there in the wide and lonely vault of heaven is always associated with chivalric spirit. There the knightly tradition still obtains, and this lad's utterance proved that our boys can be depended upon to hold it.

"My fellow was wearing an Iron Cross. I wanted it badly, but the poor devil was suffering enough from his burns, I hadn't the heart to take it from him."

Fine feeling!

There is no such thing as defeat for men animated by such spirit backed up by the thorough, intensive training given at our fields. Flying has progressed since the days when Captain von Boelke, the great German flyer of 1914, invented the "loop the loop" attack. Happily he is now deceased. But were there resurrection for flyers, and he tried to pull anything like that on our boys—his shrift would be short indeed. By a quick combination of acrobatics he had learned during instruction, Winslow had got his man. And as I thought of the quick-witted lads of ours that are now getting the same training, not by the tens or twenties, but by hundreds of thousands, I mentally echoed a favourite exclamation of the British Tommy: "Poor old Fritz!"

In an Ambulance: By Francis Brett Young

THIS story is not really mine at all, but that of the fellow who lay on the stretcher alongside of me, scratching his back (our clean shirts had never caught us up), and staring up at the hood of the ambulance. He scarcely moved at all, lying flat on his back, so that I got him in profile, and could see the flies settling on the tip of his thin nose and worrying his lips. You can always tell how ill a man is by his attitude towards flies; and this man, I could see, was pretty bad. His face had that peculiar dusky yellowness that you see in men who are on the edge of blackwater fever. He was horribly bony; his features were drawn and waxy, like those of a dead man. All that afternoon we scarcely spoke; but in the evening, when the heat of the day had passed and the driver had brought us a brew of tea, the fellow brightened up amazingly; and when night came, and our ambulances were parked on the edge of the bush, we found ourselves thrust into the sudden and peculiar intimacy which even

the most shy men find easy when they are jolted together in a Ford ambulance. He revealed himself as a quiet and homely man of middle age who had joined the Indian Army Reserve and been posted as a subaltern to a Baluchi regiment. Already he had been fighting for over two years in East Africa. Twice he had been sent back to the hills with malaria and dysentery. This time, as I had half-guessed, it was a mild attack of blackwater. He said that a month in the highlands would put him right.

Of course, I knew that it wouldn't: that, as far as Africa was concerned, his campaigning days were over. I told him so, thinking, for my own part, that no man could give more cheerful news.

He shook his head: "I hope they won't send me to England."

"My God," I said, "I wish I had your chance. Just think of it! March, . . . April, . . . May, . . . Why, you have the prospect of getting to England in spring. You may

see the end of the blackthorn. Green, . . . real green—not this grey stuff, but beautiful tender "bread and cheese" on the hawthorns. All the hedges bursting out into a green flame. Gorse, . . . miles of almondy gorse tossing on the moors. Linnæus went down on his knees, and thanked God for it. And he was a Swede, a Scandinavian neutral. You don't deserve to be English, I'm damned if you do. . . ."

He said: "I shock you when I say that I hope they won't send me to England. I suppose you've decided for yourself that I want to keep clear of the police. It isn't that. It's because of my last visit. A sort of nightmare. The most curious . . . what shall I call it? . . . spiritual cold douche, we'll say, . . . a man ever got. And when I do tell you, you'll probably decide that I'm mad. . . . Oh, well . . . I think it was your speaking of the gorse on the moors that brought it back to me worst of all."

"Of course, I'm not a young man. In the ordinary way I didn't show my age. Now, I daresay I look it. Anyway, I'm well over forty, and nearly the whole of my life I've lived in India. People who belong to the Army don't understand that. They don't realise that there are men who live in India, men as white as themselves, who don't know the meaning of the word 'home.' They live in India, and work in India, and die in India. They've less claims on England even than the *babu* students who go there to study medicine and law, and teach the beautiful mysticism of the East to their landladies' daughters or theosophical societies in Highgate. It's a matter of money . . . money, and the hard line which divides English society in India.

"My father was a sergeant-major in the Cornwalls; married on the strength. I was born in Cornwall . . . or Devon. Devonport, anyway. I lived there for I don't know how many years. I was a backward child, and don't remember anything about it except the noise that the steamships used to make with their syrens in the Hamoaze: just the noise of hellowing in the sort of misty rain you get there. Yes, that's the one thing I really remember. But what I remembered for myself wasn't half as important as what my mother told me.

"At Poona, in the hot season, it was pretty awful. It was so hot that children couldn't sleep, and the married quarters in that cantonment weren't fitted with the latest thing in punkahs. She used to sit by my bed and fan me. Sometimes she'd sing a song about a mole-catcher. But more often she would just talk about Treliske, and the people and things she most fondly remembered. The most wonderful thing of all was a kind of catechism which she made for me. I dare say it was simply for the joy of hearing me say the words. It was just part of the great plan that she had made for her own home-coming. I expect, as a matter of fact, that my father was really rather a brute of a man. . . .

"But her catechism. . . . It went something like this:

"*'When you get out of the train at Liskeard, which way do you go?'*

"*'Down the hill,'* I'd say, *'on the road to Looe till you get to the gate on the . . .'*

"*'The gate on the railway. Yes. . . . And then you cross that, and the brook, and go up the hill. Oh, such a hill, till you get to . . .?'*

"*'Mr. Penberthy's farm. . . .'*

"*'Yes. And then?'*

"*'You don't take no notice of the dog, mother, because he's an old 'un, and his teeth wore smooth with stones as Jack Penberthy's made 'en fetch and carry. . . .'*

"*'Well, then? . . .'*

"*'Then there's one field of rough grazing, and one field of plough, and don't 'ee tread on the young corn, mother . . . and then you keeps the path right over above Herodsfoot. . . .'*

"*'You're forgetting something. . . .'*

"*'Oh, yes . . . The furze. The field where the furze grows like a letter "L," where there's two paths. And the one of them goes to Duloe and the other to Treliske.'*

"To Treliske . . . she would say, laughing and kissing me, and holding me close to her as if the ecstatic thing had actually happened, and there we were at Treliske, the two of us together.

"Of course, you know, it was really a lot more elaborate than that. It was a perfectly definite picture, or series of pictures, which made between them an atmosphere . . . I'm no good at words . . . a sort of dream atmosphere which was a thousand times more real to me than any piece of *pukka* reality I ever came across.

"It stayed with me. It didn't vanish or even grow more tenuous when she died. I lost both of them in the same week. It was in Bombay . . . a terrible place for typhoid in those days. I suppose it was as good a starting-point as any other for a commercial career. I worked in a shop where a Devonshire man named Snell was foreman; and by

the time he had left Bombay, with just enough money to set up poultry-farming down Plymouth way, he had put me on my feet.

"I won't bore you with a tale of my employments. In my own way I prospered. Tea was my line. I became expert in the quality of tea-leaves and the secrets of their blending. All the time I lived in a chummyery near an infernal cotton-mill in Bombay; and I might have stayed there till this day if I hadn't happened to go away for a week-end to a place called Matheran, over on the coast, a little hill-station in the Western Ghats. I went there in the breathless days before the breaking of the monsoon, when Bombay was like an orchid-house built in direct communication with a sewer. You people who sip iced pegs at the Yacht Club don't know what Bombay is. I went to Matheran, I say, and tasted hill air. I began to wonder why in God's name I had ever been content to live down there. I threw up my job, and got another, poorly paid enough, on a plantation in Assam. Moving from one plantation to another, I worked for twenty years. That's a long time for India; and yet I can't say I wasn't happy. I was living simply and healthily in the open air. Apart from fever, I kept pretty fit; and all the time I was scraping together a little money . . . enough to live on; that was all I wanted—just enough to buy me one of my dreams.

"Perhaps you can guess what that was? . . . I wanted to go back to Treliske. I wasn't in a tremendous hurry to go there. I just thought of it as something always indefinitely before me: something beautiful that would arrive in the natural passage of time and bring peace with it. Deliberately, I wouldn't allow myself to build on it, and yet it was always there, sustaining me.

"One day—it was about six years ago—I was knocked over by a mixture of fever and sun. I must have been pretty bad. I didn't know anyone for five days. When I came round, the man who had been nursing me—a good fellow—told me that I'd been talking a lot of nonsense. 'Something about a letter L,' says he, and then Herod's foot. I've heard of John the Baptist's head; but I'm damned if I ever heard of Herod's foot. I didn't know you were a religious man, Charlie.' . . . And I laughed—you know, in the feeble sort of way one does when one is washed out—to think of the way in which this old catechism of my mother's went ticking on in my brain. I said to myself: 'Not yet . . . not yet. Another year or two will do it; and then I shall never see India again.' The doctor told me that it had been a near thing; but I didn't believe him, for I knew that some day in this life I should walk to Treliske. What a day that would be!

"It came. I went home by a B.I. boat, second class. I wasn't in a hurry. I didn't fret like the pale people on board who were already seeing the other end of their leave. I had done with India. There was plenty of time. Sometimes, lying in my cabin at night, and rather cold (for the air of the Mediterranean seemed icy), I would look over the map, which I knew already by heart. I was determined to take it all calmly. If I didn't take it calmly, it seemed to me, something might miscarry at the last moment. I only had one pang of dangerous emotion. At a concert in the first saloon one night a young girl got up and sang a song which I hadn't heard before. I'm not musical, I may tell you. It was called 'A Little Grey Home in the West,' and something in the words—I don't know what exactly—made me suddenly emotional. I could have cried.

"We had a bad time of it in the Bay. I'm not a good sailor, and so I spent most of the time below. When I came on deck at last, I found that we were wallowing in a pale, frosty sort of sea, and people were standing in little groups looking at a level coastline of the same neutral colour, very low and indistinct under a huge sky of clouds streaming from the west. I heard the word 'Cornwall.' Cornwall. . . . I just stood there clutching on to the hand-rail that ran along the deck-house. I was simply bewildered. It's difficult to describe my state of mind. There was exultation in it; and, besides the exultation, something else that was nearest to fear. I dared not look at it any longer. As a matter of fact, I couldn't, for suddenly I felt horribly sick. I found myself hanging over the rail, looking at a swirl of giddy water—pale and horribly cold.

"Three days later I left London in a train they call the Riviera Limited Express. I don't remember much of the country through which we passed: nothing, except that it all seemed to me blue—just made of a sort of blue haze and very colourless. The train travelled much faster than an Indian express; the carriages were not so comfortable, and my feet were icy. I couldn't believe it was spring. In my time I had read a lot about the English spring. I had imagined it clear and fresh, like the climate of the Nilghiris.

I persuaded myself that in a little while, as we went westward, the conditions would change; I should see the green, the intense green that people wrote about, instead of this everlasting blue haze; I should see the Tamar, shining blue with great banks of brilliant gorse climbing on either side.

"Next morning I set off early. You won't be surprised when I tell you that I remember every ridiculous detail of that walk. On the floating bridge at Torpoint I talked to a bluejacket. A Cornishman, he told me, home on leave to a place called Tregantle. He was very friendly, taking me for a seaman; deceived, I suppose, by my tanned face. I told him that I was walking out beyond Liskeard, . . . and he said he would go with me as far as Antony. Then came my first disappointment. The road out of Torpoint was hilly, and I found that I simply couldn't keep pace with him. That's what India does for you. You never think of walking there. I soon saw it was a bad job, and he went on his way whistling, leaving me pumped on the side of the road, sitting to recover my breath. It was on one of those banked hedges which you get in the West country, covered with sweet-smelling grass, and on the top of it, in a cluster, I found my first primroses. You say that Linnæus went down on his knees and thanked God for the sight of the gorse. I didn't do that exactly; but I'll confess that tears came into my eyes. I thought of my mother. You know, she had a passion for primroses.

"Oh, well. . . . That day I realised what spring means. I don't believe there was ever such a day in the world. The clouds lifted. The sun shone. All the country was full of bird-song. And it wasn't blue any longer. I suppose my eyes were beginning to get accustomed to the subdued English colour. Suddenly I began to see it all. It was just as if the green had come out with a rush. I won't talk about it: I see it will make you homesick. I'll only say that it made me forget my tiredness. If life were going to be all like that it would be unbearably beautiful.

"I slept that night in a hotel at Liskeard—a comfortable, square place facing a wide street planted with trees. Next morning, in the same peerless weather, I set off, a little stiff and sore with my walk of the day before. This, of course, was to be my great day. My mind was full of words, which ran in it like a nursery rhyme.

"*'When you get out of the train at Liskeard, which way do you go?'*

"*'Down the hill to the road to Looe till you get to the gate on the railway.'*

"It was all working out pat, like a game of patience. Here was the hill. On the edge of it there hung a block of recent labourers' cottages. Below the hill I found the railway running in the bottom of a most lovely valley, with hazel thickets clothing the hills on either side. I crossed the line, and the brook which becomes the East Looe river. I climbed a steep bank at the back of some farm buildings. On the edge of a dark spinney of firs primroses were growing. The prescription still worked.

"It was an awful pull up to Penberthy's farm. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'the dream is going to let me down; for Jack Penberthy's dog, with the teeth worn smooth by carrying stones, must have been dead for many years. Still . . . Well, there *was* a dog there; but I saw quite enough of his teeth at a distance; so whether he was a new incarnation of the dream-dog or no I can't tell you. But I did see a woman who was probably little Jack Penberthy's wife. She came out and scowled at me from under black, straight brows. I shouted 'Good morning' to her; but she didn't answer. I would have given good morning to my worst enemy on that day. . . .

"Beyond Penberthy's farm the going became more easy. *'One field of rough grazing and one of plough, and don't 'ee tread on the young corn.'*

"Beautiful slender stuff: I suppose the rotation of cropping had just brought it back to that field for my delight. Beyond the wheat, the path led me over many acres of grass land, a high, windy piece of country from which I could see the hill-town of Liskeard and the moors behind it. And one chimney-stack I saw on a remote hog's back of a hill that seemed familiar. From time to time I would stop and fill my lungs with air and my eyes with the sight of that sweep of country. Standing there, with my waistcoat unbuttoned, I suddenly felt myself give a little shiver. It warned me that I must be careful. People on the boat had told me that a man who has malaria in him is bound to get it when he goes to a colder climate. I reflected that I hadn't brought any quinine with me. Still, that was nothing.

"*'You keeps the path right over above Herodsfoot.'*—I had come to a steep hillside. Below me lay a deep valley far wilder and more densely wooded than that of the East Looe. Down there, I supposed, lay Herodsfoot, though I could see

no sign of any village. I knew, at any rate, that Treiske stood high, and that I should not have to go down into the valley to find it, and it relieved me when I saw that the path took a turn through the edge of a hazel plantation, landing me clean into a field where gorse was growing in the shape of a letter L.

"Why did the gorse grow like a letter L? I'll tell you. On two sides of the field were stone walls, and the angle between them faced the mouth of the valley and the prevailing wind, so that the flying seeds were always blown up into that corner and along the walls. Even in such a small thing, you see, it worked. Now for the two paths. *'One of them goes to Duloe and the other to Treiske.'* I could see the two paths, and then found myself faced with an awful doubt. Which went to Duloe and which to Treiske? I stood at the corner of the field shivering. Now, there was no doubt about it. I was in for fever. My head ached; my limbs were sore; I began to feel sick. I must get, somehow, to a village. The map showed me an inn at Duloe. It seemed to me that the sooner I reached it the better, so I gambled on the path which branched off to the left. While I had been debating with myself the sky had clouded over. I set out as best I could. Once, in a near field, I saw a man on horseback, and shouted to him, thinking to ask him the way. I suppose he didn't hear me, for as soon as I shouted he rode away as fast as he could go. Then the path took me into a field full of cows. You'll laugh at me when I tell you that I didn't like the look of them, although, if you come to think of it, your English cows are formidable beasts compared with our little Indian buffaloes. It wasn't that, though. As soon as I set foot in the field they all began to run for me. I never saw anything like it. I simply made for the hedge, and there they stood below me, about a dozen of them, refusing to let me pass. I threw a clod of earth at them to get them out of the way. They didn't run. They clustered round it, sniffing it as it lay on the ground. Then I tumbled to it. I saw that there wasn't a day's feed in the field. The wretched beasts were starving.

"By this time my fever was pretty bad. At the corner of the next field I met a little girl with black hair and quick, brown eyes: a dirty child, in the poorest of clothes. I called to her, but she ran from me as if she were frightened. I had a sudden idea that perhaps she was right, and that I myself was a sort of ghostly revenant. I suppose I was light-headed. Fever does take me like that. I knew I couldn't go on much longer, and thanked Heaven when I saw at the end of the field a big, squalid sort of stone cottage the windows of one half were empty, the others decorated with ragged lace curtains. In the garden, among hens and gooseberry bushes, I saw my little girl wiping her nose on her frock. Now she smiled at me slyly. Her mother appeared: a slatternly woman with red hair and bad teeth. I asked her the way to Duloe. 'Duloe?' she said, 'Duloe? . . .' I never heard the rest of it. I fainted on her doorstep: I suppose I had overdone it.

"They weren't bad people. She and her husband got me to bed and sent for a doctor. The bed was filthy, and the doctor a most objectionable old man, without the least knowledge of tropical diseases. He ventured to give me two grains of quinine. I take it by the teaspoonful, you know. It isn't even expensive. . . . The days I spent in that bed, four of them, were the most miserable I ever had in my life. The people regarded me as the nuisance which, I suppose, I was. The woman with the red hair and the bad teeth would forget all about my food, even though I assured her that she and her husband would be well paid for everything they did for me. Her eldest daughter suffered from fits, and slept within a few inches of me through a narrow partition of boards. I used to hear the father slapping her at night when she made a noise. Altogether, it was a ghastly nightmare, of which I remember very little but the view through the window. It was always the same wild and miserable scene: colourless hilltops and black woods, and over all, a cold and drenching rain that never ceased. Nobody, it seemed to me, who had ever known sunshine, could consent to live in a place like that. I wondered, rather ruefully, if Treiske were better. Of course, Treiske *must* be better.

"On the fourth day I got up and drove away from that ghastly place. I paid the woman who had neglected me, handsomely. She took it as a matter of course. I told her that I would send her little girl a present. I'd noticed that the child had no toys. 'I'll post it to her when I get back to London,' I said. 'And, by the way, I haven't got your name.' She said the name was Crago. I wrote it down, smiling, for I remembered that it was my mother's. 'And the address,' I said, 'the name of the house?'"

"'Treiske.'"

Life and Letters *by J. C. Squire*

The Royal Academy

IN the middle of the quadrangle of Burlington House stands Mr. Gilbert Bayes's colossal "War Equestrian Statue," an ideal male figure on horseback, fronting the future with determination. It has not the life and strength of Watts's "Physical Energy," which once stood in the same place. It is decorative but little more; its grace and its serenity are rather those of a well-designed piece of furniture than those of a work of vital art; taste and fancy, not imagination and passion, have gone to its making; and its origin, whether the sculptor knows it or not, is Munich, where a reproduction of it might well make a cover for one of the magazines of the "Secession." But even good taste is not a commodity to be under-rated when one meets it at the Academy; and Mr. Bayes's group is better than all save a very few of our English public monuments.

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The next important thing you come to is the turnstile; the next the catalogue. Blazoned on the title page is an extract from Hazlitt: "Art must anchor on Nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly." "Nature" is a comprehensive word, and it would be difficult to find a man who would dispute the maxim. The Post-Impressionist at whom it is here aimed, maintains that what he is trying to paint exists in Nature; he merely argues that there is more in Nature than meets the unacademic eye. And I had rather see a man fail in the difficult task of painting the "bottleness" of a bottle than try to paint the obvious surface of the bottle, and fail dismally at that. If the Royal Academy has anchored on Nature, all one can say is that the anchor has dragged pretty considerably. The Hanging Committee may be determined to set its face against new follies, but it clings desperately to old ones; and the maddest of the Cubists are preferable to the slavish copyists and drivelling anecdotists who cover the walls of Burlington House. Year after year it goes on. Good men are constantly being elected to the Academy, and optimists are always hoping that the bad ones will die off and Time rectify all. So they hoped a generation ago (I commend readers to the discussions in the painter's *Life* which preceded Sir E. Burne-Jones's resignation of the Association which his friends had persuaded him to take), and so they hope still. But the dullards take care that they preserve their compact majority, and the percentage of good pictures on the walls remains as low as ever. Every year there are actually more good things in each of several small exhibitions than among the whole of the hundreds of exhibits at Burlington House. It is a tragedy; one cannot help feeling what the prestige of the Academy could do for the best of the young painters if the Academy were differently constituted.

* * * * *

War pictures are, of course, numerous; they may almost all be neglected, the best of them having the sole merit of giving one an idea (as good newspaper pictures do) of what conditions at the front are. It is impossible, however, to ignore Mr. F. Salisbury's vast panel for the Royal Exchange, representing the King and Queen at the front. As usual with these pictures, it is so terrible that, were it not that the Academy's loyalty is above suspicion, one would incline to think it an insidious form of republican propaganda. If anything could be more amazingly bad than the main design, showing the King with his generals on an eminence—the Prince of Wales is also shown, apparently wondering when the painter is going to let him move—it is the appendix at the bottom, representing the Queen amongst the wounded. More words fail me. The separate portraits of their Majesties (apparently studies for the great work) which guard the flanks are quite tolerable. Mr. Walter Bayes's "The Underworld," though a thousand times better painted, and far more nearly "anchored on Nature," is almost equally odd. It is a study of the Tube during an air-raid. Puvis de Chavannes might have painted it had he taken to pessimism. It is wonderfully keenly seen in places; but it is so large, it does not hang together; and its realistic ugliness is the work of a clever reporter in paint than of an artist. It had a red label on it, indicating that it had been sold. It cannot be supposed that our enterprising Underground Railways are going to use it as a poster; let us hope that it has not been acquired for the National War Museum. If some stout fellow of a profiteer has actually purchased it to embellish

his home, all I can say is that I trust I shall never be asked to dine with him. Mr. David Jaggard, who last year did a good study of a "Conscientious Objector," has gone one better this year with a raving Bolshevik, backed by a blood-red banner, the red of which has got into the inside of the Bolshevik's extended mouth, giving him a truly terrifying appearance. There is great vigour in the painting, but it is crude and raw. It makes no pretence to be anything but hideous (there is no question of a "new kind of beauty" here), and it can only be recommended to the attention of the directors of Madame Tussaud's. Older wars are less conspicuous than usual; I did not notice even one picture of Cavaliers and Roundheads. The Hanging Committee must have been nodding. "Stories in paint" have also diminished in numbers. Mr. John Collier confines himself to portraits. No Academy, however, would be complete without a picture of somebody or other prostrating himself or herself at the foot of the Cross. Sometimes it is a knight in armour, sometimes a fashionable lady, sometimes a figure which, in the absence of clothes, one cannot socially place. This year it is a ballet-dancer; the picture (by Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams) is called "The Triumph." What does Mr. Sargent think when his colleagues fill many square feet of wall with things like this?

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There are a few good or pleasing pictures, conspicuous among them being several small still-lives. Mr. Arnesby Brown's "The Little Village" is charming; and it is pleasant to see him getting away from the rut (populated, in his case, with blue cows) into which he seemed to be getting, as members of the Academy almost always do. Mr. D. Y. Cameron, with an intensely cerulean "Waters of Lome," also departs in colour, if not in subject, from his customary track; he is one of the finest artists we have, but I do not think he entirely succeeds in this picture, which is vaguely inharmonious. Mr. Charles Sims's "Landscape"—a great block of dark foliage—is very agreeable; and the flesh-tinted Græco-Roman statue which he sets against a mountain background and calls "The Piping Boy," though not up to his old standard, shines by comparison with what surrounds it. Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Adoration of the Kings" is brilliantly painted, but would be tiring to live with; judging by their faces, his monarchs needed all the religious influence they could get. Mr. Harry Watson's "A Morning of Pleasure" is an effective effort in the out-of-focus sun-spotted genre; and Mr. Sydney Lee's "The Limestone Crag" an interesting reversion to the methods of James Ward.

* * * * *

Mr. Sargent does not exhibit. Nor does Mr. Brangwyn. Nor does Mr. Orpen, who has recently been doing first-rate portraits of soldiers at the front. Mr. Clausen, happily, does; his "Sleeper"—a nude woman asleep with her cheek on her knee—is very undemonstrative, but one returns to it with growing admiration after walking round the room in which it is. His work is always too quiet to get its full effect on those bellowing walls; a really representative one-man show would surprise some of those who tend to overlook the beauty and variety of the work he has been doing for thirty years. Mr. Cayley Robinson's "Winter Evening" would be completely satisfying if it were cut in two, and only the figure by the fire retained. The portraits, as a body, do not attract attention; few of them being remarkably good in execution or notable in subject. Sir John Lavery, who is painting below his old form since he became a fashionable artist, does not succeed with Mr. Asquith, who is not very firmly taken in a not very characteristic aspect. Mr. Fiddes Watts's "Lord Finlay" is better; it is not credible, however, that Lord Finlay can always look so wise as that. Mr. Charles Shannon's portrait of himself painting is good; he is holding a brush in his mouth, and one is at liberty to guess that he has just fetched it out of the water for Mr. Charles Ricketts, who would do as much for him.

The sculpture galleries are a relief. They contain much that is workmanlike and nothing that is offensive. But enough of this list. The one consolation one found, when looking for the few needles in that immense haystack, was that amongst the comparatively few pictures which had been sold at the time of one's visit were virtually all the good ones. It reminded one that there is a public for good art.

Building in Paint: By Charles Marriott

THE time is past, if it was ever due for thinking of the artist as an unpractical person engaged in gracefully dodging reality for ornamental purposes. Nowadays we judge the ornamental by the amount of reality it contains. We recognise, too, that the kind of reality suited to any particular art depends upon the tools and materials it is done with.

One of the most interesting and suitable ideas of reality for pictorial expression with paint and brushes is that of space in three dimensions. For some time after the reaction from realism, which was partly due to the recognition that paint and brushes are not in it with the camera for that purpose, painters "hedged" by putting down their surface impressions of nature only, but presently they began to want something firmer. Cézanne expressed the desire when he said: "I want to make of impressionism something solid and permanent, like the old masters." What it amounted to in fact was a craving for the third dimension.

Some such preliminary is necessary to explain what a painter like Mr. J. D. Fergusson, who is now exhibiting at Connell's Gallery in Old Bond Street, is working at. By avoiding realism he recovers the free and characteristic use of paint and brushes, liberty of design, and the intrinsic value of colour; but at the same time by insisting upon the condition of depth, he secures the solidity demanded by the Western mind. It may be said that he could get the same result by painting realistically, but that is not true. If you are out to create the illusion of reality—as in a stereoscopic photograph—any freedom of brushwork, any obvious brushwork, indeed, must disturb the illusion; and it is worth remarking that the earlier painters who aimed at realistic illusion, consistently concealed their brushwork, and painted very smoothly. Also in realistic painting you are severely limited in the matter of design. You can arrange or compose realistically painted objects in a striking or pleasing manner, but you cannot really make a design of them in paint without straining probability—just as you would if you wrote a realistic description in formal verse. For the same reason you must sacrifice the intrinsic value of colour to descriptive truth.

You can't have it both ways. The objection to realistic painting is not an æsthetic fad. It is as practical as the objection to rule of thumb in engineering. The problems of painting, indeed, are very much like the problems of engineering. You have to make a structure in a definite material that will carry your ideas or feelings to the spectator. The methods, like the burden, may be subtler and more subject to emotion, but they are strictly scientific in principle. There is no scope for thinking in the world of illusion, it is all a matter of tricks; but in the world of design, there is unlimited scope for thinking. Once exchange the illusion for the idea of reality as an aim, and you come into the full freedom of your materials, and you can work out your problems of design instead of merely dodging them by pretending—always at risk of probability—that it

"happened so." Mr. Fergusson can be as "decorative" as he likes; but because he designs in three dimensions instead of, like the Chinese, only in two, he secures the reality that is generally sacrificed in decorative painting. It was to express the idea of designing in three dimensions that I headed this article "Building in Paint."

Mr. Fergusson's paintings of heads convey the idea of plastic relief which is something quite different from the illusion of stereoscopic relief produced by realistic painting. They do not stick out of their frames, but are closely related to their backgrounds or surroundings. In several pictures, in "Rose Rhythm," for example, he has carried the same motive throughout the design in almost exactly the same way as a

musical composer would construct a fugue on a given sequence of notes—or an engineer would carry the cantilever principle throughout his bridge, for the matter of that. This is a thing you could not do in realistic painting, except by pretending accidental circumstances of the "very like a whale" order; by pretending that the young woman's mouth or ear looked like a rose in certain lights, for example. By dealing with ideas rather than appearances of structure, Mr. Fergusson has been able to design the young woman in the rhythm of roses without risk of probability. Once reduce the visible world to the same category of ideas expressed in terms of painting, and you can compare and design to your heart's content without any risk to probability, or of confusion between the character of one object and another. You do not need artistic licence. Whether you deal with facts or fancies you have exactly the same freedom and security



Lamplight and Violet: Ruby

By J. D. Fergusson

as the writer who designs in words, or the composer who designs in musical sounds. The nearer you get to the ideas of things, the more you bring out their differences.

Moreover, as Mr. Fergusson shows, the moment the painter has plumped for ideas, instead of imitations of reality, he can combine with ideas of structure, of length, breadth, and depth, the more subtle suggestions of surface. One of his pictures has for its motive the blondness of a woman. The head is firmly constructed in paint, there is no imitation of hair or flesh and blood, but the bloom and delicacy of the subject is kept throughout.

But when all has been said, the most striking temperamental characteristic expressed in the work of Mr. Fergusson is his craving for the third dimension. Obviously he is a man of robust imagination, ill content with a vision that evades the logic of structure. But being a true painter he will not sacrifice the tools and materials of his craft to realistic imitation in order to get the effect of solidity. By reducing everything to the same category, and dealing with it in the same terms, he is able to combine ideas of structure and emotional suggestions in a pictorial and decorative manner; to embody thoughts and feelings "in the round." As might be expected of such a painter, he has more than an instinct for sculpture; and the exhibition includes some examples of his work in stone.

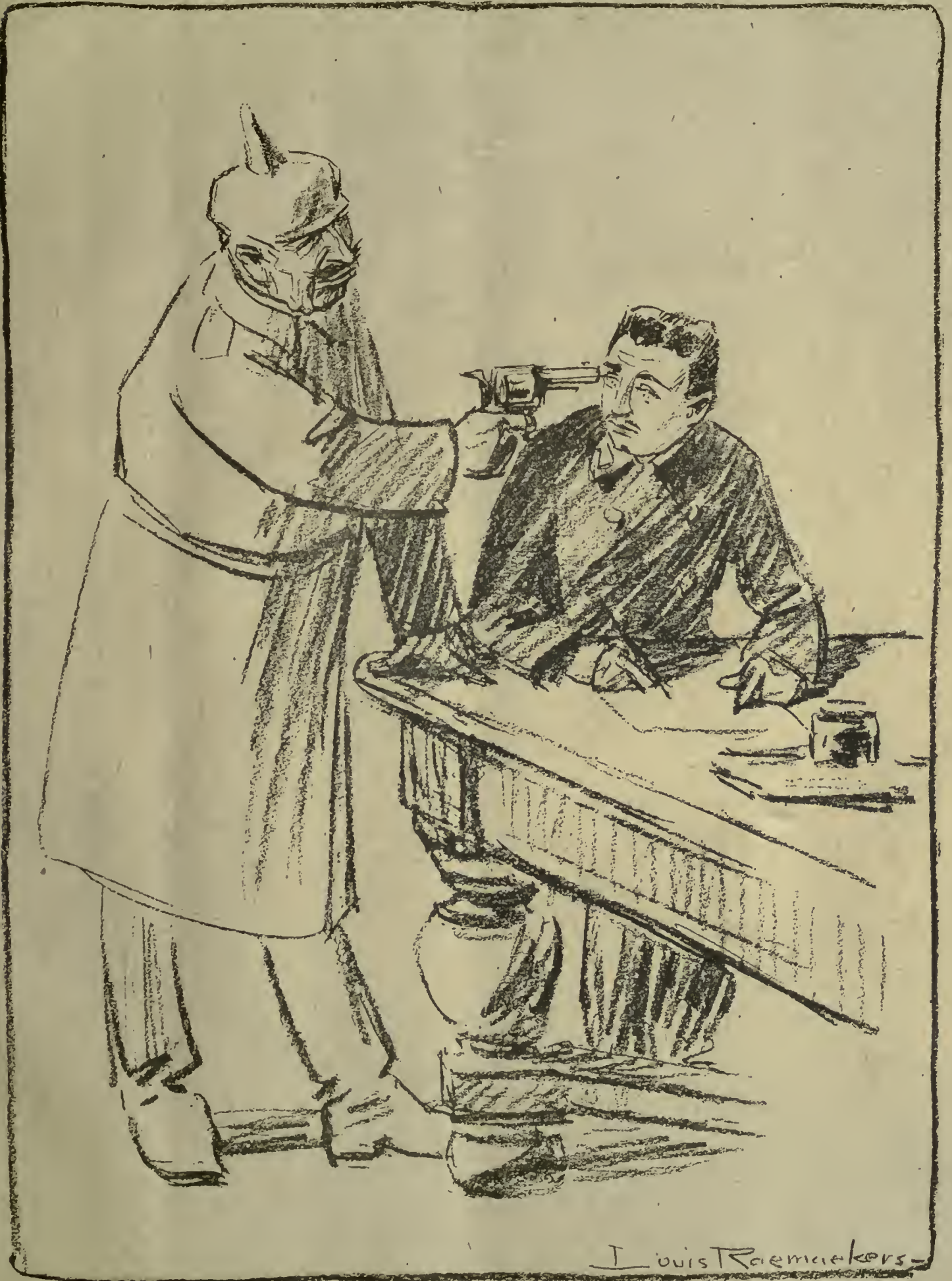
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The Extended Alliance

The Emperor Karl has concluded a closer alliance with the Kaiser

By Louis Raemaekers.

German Rule in East Africa



GERMANY'S method of ruling subject races is further illustrated in these photographs. They were taken in East Africa, but

there is plenty of evidence that the methods are not peculiar to that section of the German Empire. The same system of "frightfulness" was consistently practised in German West Africa, in the Cameroons, and the Pacific Islands. When the Crown Prince was in India, he explained to an American journalist, to whom he had been deprecating the British system of rule, the manner in which Germany established her might over weaker races, illustrating it by this anecdote: "A German planter in Samoa had a field of yams, which were pilfered by native villagers. So he went to the village, seized the headman and three others, decapitated them, and impaled their heads at each corner of the field. Afterwards," added the Crown Prince with approval, "there was no more stealing!" That is the true German idea of justice and mercy where the weak are concerned.

To carry out this policy effectively, we see in the third photograph here how they train to arms the more warlike races. The native soldier is encouraged to be the same bully as the Prussian officer; he is allowed all kinds of gross privileges, and is permitted to bully and pillage peaceful folk so long as he conforms to military discipline. The main danger of German rule in Africa is the creation of a vast black army that may be let loose to ravage neighbouring territories at any favourable moment. The army, directly it realised its strength, would probably begin by cutting the throats of its taskmasters, but there is no saying where it might end.



1. Civil Prisoners in Jail.

3. German Officer at Head of Transport.

2. Drilling Native Soldiers.

4. Another Hanging.

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THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1918.

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The Outlook

LORD FRENCH has not been long Viceroy of Ireland before giving evidence that he remains a man of action. The arrest of the Sinn Fein leaders is reassuring both for the act itself and for the manner of its execution. When the details of the German plot are revealed it will be seen how near Ireland has come to a second rebellion. The clemency which was shown by the British Government after the Easter Rebellion of 1916 appears, on the face of it, to have been misplaced, seeing how many of those who then received pardon are implicated in this second conspiracy. None the less, we believe this clemency to have been a wise act; henceforth, no scruples need be shown in dealing with those who, for whatever purpose, have conspired to enter into treasonable communication with the German enemy. We deprecate hasty conclusions that all who have lately been associated with the Sinn Fein leaders are necessarily a party to treason. This is an occasion for calm judgment and slow speech, and it must be carefully borne in mind that the one object all wish to attain who have sincerely at heart Ireland's future is that some system of Government may be devised which will enable the vast majority of Irishmen, in whichever province they live and to whatever creed they belong, to work together loyally and in amity for the peace and prosperity of their country, and for the welfare and security of the British Empire. The prospect is dark at the moment, but we believe this latest step to be a decided advance in the right direction.

The long interval which the enemy may be presumed to be using for purposes of reconstruction and of opening a third phase in his great offensive still continues at the moment these lines are written. It has endured without interruption (save by comparatively small local actions) since Monday, the 29th of April, on which day the enemy suffered his heavy defeat to the North of Mt. Kemmel. The number of divisions he has employed actively to date in this offensive—nearly all of them in the first six weeks, is now definitely ascertained to be the equivalent of 254, of which so many have been put in a second, a third, and even a fourth time, as to point to an exceptionally rapid rate of usage. Evidence on his exact losses is still lacking, but something in the neighbourhood of the half million is not an excessive estimate. His delay will permit of a certain number of returns, and he has, both in fresh divisions, and in field depots, enough material left to make of the third phase, if he chooses, something like a repetition of the first. On the other hand it must be remembered that he has not the same quality at his disposal. His first shock was delivered with specially trained divisions, each of which had been examined for the purpose. It is also doubtful whether he can now count upon any element of surprise.

Meanwhile the future of aviation and the apparently continuously rising preponderance of the allies in this field is attracting universal attention. Subsidiary to the essential action of aircraft upon the front, the weather has permitted a long distance raid into Germany and the thorough bombing

of Cologne. The raid upon London was almost simultaneous—for it takes more than twenty-four hours to prepare a thing of this sort. Nevertheless the two will certainly be treated by the enemy in his Press and communiques (and unfortunately, probably by too many people at home) as cause and effect.

Of more significance to the war is the tale of aircraft work at the front. The most striking piece of statistics in connection with this is that given in connection with the number of bombs dropped behind the German and British lines respectively. For the months of March and April—and much the greater part of it since March 21st—the difference is no less than thirteen-fold. 60,079 bombs were dropped on or behind the German lines by the British, and only 4498 by the Germans on or behind the British lines. It is far too early as yet to calculate upon any decisive result through the growing superiority of the Allies in the air. Though it already hampers enemy communications it is still very far from dislocating them, and as for what is called "blinding" the enemy by establishing such a superiority that he cannot observe usefully, no one can tell how far superiority must be carried before such a result can be achieved. At any rate, it is not yet in sight. But if the rate of increase can be maintained—and the resources of the Allies should make that possible—it will, with American recruitment, be the new element in our favour as the year proceeds.

Raids by night on London were resumed this week. A year has not elapsed since the first attack in formation by Gothas; it occurred on Wednesday morning, June 13th last; it was followed on Saturday morning, July 7th, by another attack; others were frustrated, and afterwards the enemy preferred the inferior visibility of moonlight for his raids. Had the German General Staff a year ago been able to foresee that within ten months Cologne would be in the reach of British airmen at noonday, it is doubtful whether London would have been attacked. As it is, the German air offensive on cities outside the war zone shows no advance during this period; the British air offensive is proving more and more effective. Germany threw down the challenge; we accepted it. The end is not yet.

"A peace offensive is a proposition made by one party who does not desire peace himself, but who does desire to divide his enemies by making proposals of peace." This definition, put forward by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons last week, deserves the widest publicity, for of "peace offensives" we are bound to hear much in the coming months. This definition has received the approval of that other master of clean-cut phrases, President Wilson, who, speaking at New York on Saturday, said: "We are not to be diverted from the grim purpose of winning the war by any insincere approaches upon the subject of peace." Insincerity has been Germany's trump card in all diplomatic relations in the past; she has won so many tricks with it that she will not forgo it readily; but while it is easy to deceive at any game when a man is treated as an honest man, it becomes very difficult, once he is a declared swindler. The failure of each new peace offensive makes the next one more difficult. But Germany will persevere.

A reference was made in these notes a few weeks ago to the inequity of the stipends in the Church of England. It was stated that the scandal had not been dealt with. This was true in itself, but the report of the fourth Committee of Inquiry into the Administrative Reform of the Church, just issued, shows that it has not been overlooked. The reforms proposed by this committee are most far-reaching and sensible. It is proposed to abolish the gross scandal of the "parson's freehold" and the lesser one of pew-rents. There is to be a Patronage Board in every diocese, on which the laity are to be largely represented. The clergy are to be assured a living wage, and the bishops are no longer to dwell in castles or palaces. Parochial Church Councils are to be instituted. Let these reforms be brought into effect, and the Church of England will gain new life as a modern institution. How can this be done within a reasonable time? There is one omission which a substantial and growing minority of Churchmen will deplore—that the recommendations do not include disestablishment. But disestablishment can well stand over for the moment if only these reforms are not delayed. In another generation at latest it will be everywhere recognised that a Church cannot thrive and be vigorous which is under State control and at the mercy of political parties. The separation must come about, but it will be all the easier if the Church has been efficiently reorganised on modern lines.

The Offensive Reviewed: By H. Belloc

FOR now exactly three weeks (at the moment of writing, Monday, May 20th) the enemy has refrained from any continuation of his great offensive movement. His last fully developed action was that of Monday, April 29th, in Flanders, between the Ypres Canal and Meteren, in which he suffered a very heavy defeat, the magnitude of which was somewhat obscured by the fact that the victors were on the defensive.

We have already given in these columns the reasons for believing that such a halt is only a prelude to a third phase in this great series of actions. The enemy has shown by every possible indication his determination to achieve a decision as early as possible this year; he has put in the equivalent of 254 divisions—a mass of men hitherto quite unprecedented. To do this means that you are determined to get your result at once, and that you would rather pour out men from your depots than get fresh material in rotation from units in other parts of the line. Both methods of recruiting the strength for shock have been used, but the pace at which German divisions have been put through the mill—from three to four times that of a previous period—is absolute proof that the enemy was working for as rapid a decision as he could possibly obtain. If, in spite of this he has allowed three weeks to go by without action, it is either because his losses have imposed such a period of reconstruction, or it is because he is elaborating a completely new plan; more probably it is from a combination of these two causes.

For the comprehension of the future quite as much as that of the past, and therefore with a practical object, we may use such a moment for a review of the great German offensive from March 21st to April 29th—five weeks and a half of most intense fighting upon the largest scale.

It was divided into two phases. The first was the great blow upon a fifty-mile front struck between the Scarpe and the Oise rivers on March 21st and March 22nd, with the object of separating the French and the British armies and of destroying the latter by an advance against the flank so exposed. This great effort succeeded in effecting a breach in the British line not far from its junction with the French. There followed a rapid and very expensive retirement, but, as in the case of Caporetto, the full results of the breach were not obtained. After an attempt, six days later, to break the wall at last erected against them, the great German mass in this salient ceased its effort and the first phase of the offensive was over by April 5th—just more than a fortnight from the moment of its inception.

The second phase took a curious and unexpected form; unexpected to the enemy as well as to ourselves. The fact that its form was unexpected has profoundly affected the story of the great action from that moment onwards.

The German higher command ordered an attack upon April 9th upon a comparatively small scale (six divisions—four in line and two in support) upon a short sector of a few miles in front of Lille. This defensive sector broke; a complete breach was effected; the Lys was reached and crossed within twenty-four hours, and within a week the whole plain up to the foot of the Kemmel Hills was in enemy hands. An advance comparable in shape (though, of course, not in extent) to the great German advance in the south had taken place.

The effect of this very great local success upon the German higher command can now be clearly traced, though at the time we had no evidence to show whether it were a long-prepared plan or not. We now know that it was an accidental opportunity rapidly used.

The enemy, finding himself thus possessed of yet another breach in the old defensive line, determined to use it thoroughly. Comparatively small as was the area for manoeuvre, he poured in between 30 and 40 divisions, and sacrificed men with the utmost freedom in the pursuit of a novel subsidiary plan to cut off the northern end of the British line and to reach Dunkirk, at least, of the Channel ports. This second effort, which became more and more expensive as it was pressed, was a strategical failure. A violent effort to increase the salient by its left flank in the second week of the fighting (led by Bernhardt, with six divisions) was heavily defeated; and in the week following, after the exceedingly expensive capture of Kemmel Hill, the largest assault of all, with 11 or 13 divisions on April 29th, was broken to pieces, and the second phase of the great German offensive came to a close.

Such have been the general lines of the affair. I will now examine them in greater detail.

The first essential in such a study is a comprehension of the enemy's scheme of attack. We are the better able to appreciate this scheme from the fact that enemy sources of information and enemy descriptions are now available. Even the roughest sketch cannot be complete, of course, because in the first place both the enemy and the Allies conceal of necessity a mass of things, and in the second place, because many things, though not concealed, must not be published lest they give information to the other side.

The first three weeks of March, the special training of the chosen units on the enemy's side being by then accomplished, were filled with the last accumulations of munitionment and with the bringing up to their points of concentration of these divisions, which were at the last moment marched up by night to complete the very great density with which the attack was to be delivered.

Concentration for Attack

Already during the two months past the roads leading to the sector of attack had been perfected, and so elaborate in detail was the whole plan that it included, as the French correspondents tell us, a book of about 100 pages, which was distributed down to the company commanders to explain the nature of the operation which was toward. It would seem that in the creation of new roads the enemy was particularly careful to create subsidiary lateral communications. The night marches up to the front began on the 13th of March and proceeded for eight days continuously. It is to be remarked that the moon was in her last phase during this operation, and that just before the attack there was almost complete darkness to cover the concentrations effected. It seems proved that much the greater part of the final concentration was made quite at the last moment with the object of preventing information reaching us through prisoners.

Three great armies and a portion of a fourth were aligned between the Rivers Scarpe and Oise, a distance as the crow flies of about fifty miles. The right of these three armies was in front of the Vimy Ridge by Arras; the left beyond St. Quentin, while that portion of the fourth army which came in upon the extreme left was astraddle of the River Oise, south of St. Quentin near La Fere.

These armies in their order were the XVIIth on the north or German right, commanded by Below; the IInd in the centre, commanded by Marwitz; the XVIIIth on the German left or south in the St. Quentin district, commanded by Hutier. It was this last which achieved the principal success of the action. Yet further to the south beyond Hutier again upon the Oise was the extreme right of Boehn's VIIth Army, a certain portion of which, as we shall see, was drawn into the action.

Each of the three armies consisted of no less than 23 divisions. It is probable that one of them was as strong as 24 divisions. There were thus from 69 to 70 German divisions. But to these must be added 6 divisions which were drawn in from Boehn's VIIth Army on the extreme left. So that in the very first developments of the affair, before ultimate reserves were thrown in, while the original shock alone was engaged, at least 75 divisions were used; between a million and a million and a quarter men.

Each Army commander had under him from four to five corps. But these corps were not the normal German *Corps D'Armee* of two divisions; they were groups of divisions, some of them containing as many as six, the idea being to keep great masses of men under comparatively simple controls. We will, however, give them their corps names. Below's XVIIth Army, on the right or north in the Arras district, counted, leading from right to left—the 1st Bavarian Reserve, under Fasbender; the 9th Reserve, under Diessenbach; the 18th; the 6th Reserve, under Borne; and the 14th Reserve, under Lindequist.

These corps contained between them 21 divisions, of which 12 were in line and 9 were in immediate support. But Below also had under him two reserve divisions, the 16th Bavarian and the 24th, which he kept to the rear of his left, near his junction with Marwitz.

Marwitz in the centre, commanding the IInd Army, also had five group corps: Grunert's, which formed the junction with the northern army; and then in order from north to south were the 29th Reserve, under Staabs; the 23rd Reserve

under Kathen; the 13th, under Hofacker; and the 14th, under Gontard.

This central army was curiously constituted. Grunert and Staabs on the north were diminished. They had only 2 divisions each, both in line. The other three corps were correspondingly swelled. This central army, like the one to its right, counted, as I have said, 23 divisions, 13 in line, 5 in immediate support, and 5 used as an army reserve.

Hutier's army on the left, the XVIIIth Reserve, which, as we have said, achieved the principal result, was again organised in a special fashion. Its two wings, North and South, Luttwitz's 3rd Corps, and Conta's 4th Reserve, had 4 divisions each; but the centre was even denser. Though it consisted of only two corps, the 17th, of Webern, and the 9th (Oetinger's), it counted certainly 11 divisions, and possibly 12. It was the densest formation of the whole line. There was only room for 11 divisions in line, but there were 9 in immediate support, and from 3 to 4 as an army reserve. This disposition of the 18th Army proves not only from its density, but from the depth of its formation, that it was intended to give the main blow, and this is what one might expect, seeing that it had to operate on the right of the British, where rupture was intended between them and the French.

I have said that beyond Hutier's XVIIIth Army the extreme right of Boehn's VIIIth Army was engaged. This included Schoeller's 8th Corps, and the 8th Reserve, under Wichura, which formed the extreme left of the great action. Each of these corps were 3 divisions strong.

The attack came, as we all know, in the morning of Thursday, the 21st of March, favoured by a thick mist. According to the German accounts the moment fixed for the general attack was twenty minutes to ten. There is evidence that different parts of the 50-mile line launched the infantry at different moments. The chief novel feature in the attack would seem to have been the use of the two-man machine guns which came forward right on the crest of the advancing waves. Another somewhat novel feature was the extreme advancement of the field pieces, which pushed right up with the advance of the infantry. The German correspondents have been allowed to print the fact that this tactic, though successful, was very expensive.

The German account of what they had to meet allows the British only 18 divisions in the front line. When the blow was struck, the first day bore little or no fruit, and was spent at a very heavy cost in men. The second day, Friday, March 22nd, unfortunately gave the enemy, as we know, a breach west by a trifle north of St. Quentin, at Holnon. There followed the flood of German advance, in which Hutier's army went furthest, and which occupied in just a week the whole great salient between Arras and the Oise, passing in front of Albert and Montdidier and Noyon.

It was an advance in two stages, rapid as it was. For it was checked on the line of the Somme and the heights just to the east, in what the Germans call the Battle of Bapaume, forty-eight hours after the breach was effected. It was only forty-eight hours later still, upon the 26th, that Albert was passed in the north centre, and on the next day, the Wednesday, the 27th, that the enemy entered Montdidier. The divisions of the French 3rd Army had been hurried up with sufficient rapidity just to check this tremendous impetus before the Amiens railway was reached.

Thursday, the 28th—exactly a week after the opening of the offensive—may be fixed as the moment when public opinion in Germany reached its highest note of confidence. There seems to have been some confusion due to the elation of the moment and a general confidence (unwarranted by the facts) that the Amiens line had been reached, and that the French and British armies were separated. It was not fully understood as yet that the French 3rd Army had relieved the 5th British, and that the gap was closed. There were elements in the situation which public opinion in Germany could not understand, though they were grasped, of course, by the German as well as by the Allied commands. The chief of these was the momentary exhaustion of the attacking force. It had marched in special kit, with six days' rations and spare boots over and above the regulation weight. It had advanced in extreme cases nearly 40 miles, fighting all the way. It had come across the devastated battlefield of the Somme. Its communications, which had been so admirable just before the battle was delivered, had become, in the advance, quite insufficient. There was a halt of nearly a week (filled, of course, with plenty of heavy fighting) along the line of check, when, on April 4th, the last great effort of the main German original plan was made, and failed.

That effort may be called the Battle of Moreuil. It was a blow struck upon a grand scale to turn Amiens by the south—that is, against the left of the newly arrived French divisions.

On the next day, the 5th, and even the day afterwards, April 6th, it was believed in Germany, though in a rather confused fashion, that this great blow had succeeded, and that the Allied line was pierced. But by the Sunday, April 7th, the position was clear both at home and abroad. The original great wave was held, and the last effort to advance had failed with very heavy loss. It may possibly have been with a political object, in view of disappointment at home; it was, at any rate (we are now quite certain of this) as a subsidiary and secondary operation, that on the Tuesday following, April 9th, 6 divisions were launched against the Portuguese, holding the marshy flats at the foot of the Aubers Ridge in front of Lille, and against the two British divisions that flanked them on the right and the left (the one from Lancashire, the 55th, at Givenchy; the other at Fleurbaix, in front of Armentieres).

The operation had an unexpected and very rapid success. But precisely on that account it led to considerable consequences adverse to the enemy's cause.

Battle of the Lys

By the evening of the first day, the whole of the marshy country up to the Lys had been overrun by the enemy, who had broken through the defensive zone upon a sector of six miles. From the front of that zone to the Lys was a distance of three to four miles, in which he captured numerous prisoners and guns. He crossed the Lys by the unbroken bridge at Bac St. Maur; twenty-four hours later he was everywhere a mile or two beyond the river; Armentieres, with three thousand troops, had been surrounded and had surrendered, and his advance had already touched the site of Messines on the southern edge of the ridge.

On the night of the third day, Thursday, April 12th, he had added about as much again to this rapidly advancing salient. He was almost up to the Forest of Nieppe on his left. He was close to Bailleul and Neuve Eglise, at the foot of the Kemmel range of heights.

It is at this moment, the night of Thursday, April 12th, that we begin to note the effect upon the enemy of this unexpected success and his determination to prosecute it: with all the consequences of that determination.

During the next two days he made very little advance, for the British reserves were coming up. He was still by the Saturday night out of Bailleul, and though he had taken Neuve Eglise he had not succeeded yet in forcing the Messines Ridge. He had put about 16 divisions by that time into the battle.

Now that the Germans saw the British resistance stiffening with the arrival of the reserves; now that they knew that the French had also had to send from their reserves divisions right up round to this far northern field, they might have checked their adventure had the original plan been fully maintained. But it is clear that in the face of the apparently great opportunity now afforded them in the north coupled with their finding themselves firmly held in the south in front of Amiens, they modified their plan; or rather adopted a new plan and determined to press for all they were worth in the north. They called up at least 9 divisions from the Amiens salient, diverted further fresh divisions to Flanders, and for fifteen days maintained a most furious and expensive effort to reap the fruits of their unexpected earlier success.

They took the Messines Ridge and Bailleul, but already upon the 9th day after their first attack, on April 17th, it was apparent that they were being led too far. On that day the attempt to cut off the Ypres salient from the north was broken by the Belgians, and on the next day, Thursday, April 18th, came a severe defeat. Six divisions under Bernhardt tried to force the line of the Béthune Canal and to cut the lateral communication which runs behind it. The attack was completely broken with very heavy losses indeed. Indeed the action of April 18th is perhaps the most significant of all these efforts in Flanders, for it should have shown the enemy that the defensive could now hold him there. Nevertheless he still went on, having already doubled the number of divisions he had used up to but five days before. To keep French reserves in the south and to check any further movement northward, he made, on April 24th, a violent attack upon the plateau which covers Amiens at Villers-Brettonneux. He was beaten there; but his main object for the moment was the north, and on the next day, April 25th, he began a fight which lasted thirty-six hours and ultimately gained him Mt. Kemmel.

With the least possible delay—not three full days—he concentrated 13 divisions upon the front of which Mt. Kemmel is the centre, and with the early morning of Monday, April

29th, opened the last great phase of his Flanders Battle, which was at once to turn the line of hills and to cut off the troops in the Ypres salient. It was the most desperately fought of all these actions, and it resulted in the most expensive and the most complete defeat the enemy had yet

received. By the night of that Monday, April 29th, an effort upon double the scale of Bernhardt's ten days before had been even more thoroughly crushed, and the second phase of the Great German offensive was at an end. We await the third.

The Emperor Charles' Letter

THE abortive negotiations which took place last year between France and Austria are now of only historical interest. Even if they were not dead and done for in themselves, the Battle of Caporetto, the now decided disintegration of what was once the Russian Empire, and the scale of the great Western offensive which opened on March 21st, would have destroyed all their practical effect upon the war.

Nevertheless, though these negotiations are now no more than objects of study for the curious, they have this dangerous feature about them: that they may be used by malevolent or foolish people as a subject of recrimination. They may be thus used by the enemy to impair the solidity of the Alliance, and, what is perhaps most dangerous of all, they may lead well-meaning and terribly ignorant enthusiasts to believe that some sort of negotiation can even now take the place of military action.

It is important, therefore, to grasp the real nature of the event, and this is, happily, a simple matter. If we exclude the elements of personal intrigue which are the curse of all Parliaments, in France as much as in England; if we eliminate the private motives of those who use any national peril as a mere instrument for the support or ruin of some petty Parliamentarian; if we confine ourselves to the plain facts—there is nothing either very mysterious or very valuable in the affair.

There are three things quite clear. The first is that the attempted Austrian negotiation with France last year was not some marvellously cunning piece of duplicity engineered by Prussia. It came from an easily recognisable motive of a singularly obvious sort. The second is allied to the first: it is the fact that these proposals were entirely and naïvely to the advantage of the Emperor Charles, and not at all to that of the Emperor William. The third and most important is that the one nation to which they would have been disastrous if (to suppose the impossible) they had been accepted is our own.

The young Emperor of Austria had nothing to gain by continuing the war. He saw before him the increasing power of an ally who was rather worse than a rival, and possibly, at the end of the whole business, the House of Hapsburg no more than a German feudatory of Berlin. His people were suffering terrible privation.

The Russian Empire, the menace of which was the only thing Austria considered on entering the field, had disappeared, and a strong personal feeling in favour of the West natural to any family of good breeding and civilised traditions, further inclined the Emperor Charles and his wife to the action they took.

It was a personal action confided to a near and youthful relative, who was quite above any suspicion of duplicity and whose sympathy was heartily with the Allies: Prince Sixtus was actually fighting in one of the Allied armies.

Some may be puzzled by the Emperor of Austria thus acting secretly, separately from his ally, and without the knowledge of his ally. They will say: "How on earth could he carry out anything he promised without Germany being a party to that promise?"

The reply to such an objection would seem to be that the Emperor hoped (if anything should come of his action) to approach his ally and to see what accommodation could be made. It is possible that Berlin during some bad squeeze in 1916 or 1917 had already given a hint at Vienna that Prussia would sacrifice the advantage of past crimes in order to avoid punishment for the crimes of the present war. Things were not going too well for Prussia even as late as June 1917. The position of Russia was not yet absolutely certain, and no unexpected successes upon the West had come to raise her spirits. She had always been ready since the Marne to make very large concessions to France in the hope of separating that country from ourselves.

But whether such hints had been dropped just before the young Emperor tried to open negotiations or whether the action was entirely spontaneous and only envisaged consulting Germany after France had been sounded, we cannot tell. What is clear is that this approach to the French Government by the head of the Austro-Hungarian State

was as direct and sincere as it was personal. The Emperor expressed very mildly his views about the German annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and he was there saying undoubtedly what he felt. It is what everybody upon the Continent feels with the exception of the Germans. The seizure of Alsace-Lorraine after the war of 1870 was a perfectly novel baseness of a peculiarly cynical and disgusting sort, which profoundly shocked the conscience of Europe, and which has never been forgiven its authors.

The next thing to note about these Austrian negotiations is that such proposals as they contained (and they were vague enough, Heaven knows!) left Austria-Hungary upon the balance a great deal stronger than it was before the war.

This capital point has been curiously missed, especially in our Press.

Take the extreme case, and suppose Austria-Hungary to have secured peace upon the lines suggested in the famous letter, and then compare her situation with what it was in 1913. The position before and after would have been something like this:

In 1913 Austria-Hungary representing the Catholic, as against the Orthodox, Slavs, was in perpetual jeopardy from the enormous military power of the Russian Empire, the leader and protector of the Orthodox Slavs. An agitation was perpetually going on just over the borders of the Austrian and Hungarian kingdoms; its centre was in Serbia. It worked upon the national sympathies of the Serbian race on both sides of the frontier, Catholic as well as Orthodox. It was a perpetual source of the gravest anxiety and even weakness to the ruling house at Vienna. The Orthodox elements in Galicia and certain racial elements (such as the Serbian population from over the Hungarian border, the much larger Rumanian population in Transylvania) were all of them elements of weakness which imperilled or darkened the future of the Dual Monarchy. The way to the East was blocked; the relations between the Balkan States were uncertain and required the exercise of the most careful Austrian diplomacy.

Faced by such an Eastern situation, Austria-Hungary was dependent upon the support of Prussia; though the whole tradition of the House of Hapsburg and the whole culture, even German, of the varied people whom it ruled, was anti-Prussian to the core.

Compare such a precarious state of affairs—which had endured for a generation, marked by continual threats of war and by ceaseless vigilance—with the situation that would have existed had peace been established upon the lines that Austria suggested to France last year!

The Hapsburgs would have found themselves completely secure, and apparently secure for ever, upon the Eastern side. There was no longer any military relationship, nor even union among the Orthodox Slavs. Russia had gone. Austria-Hungary here could draw what frontier it chose and rule completely at ease. The Balkan tangle was at an end. Bulgaria alone remained, and with Bulgaria there was no quarrel. The mortal irritant of Serbia was gone. The complete control of the Dalmatian Coast gave Austria the Adriatic. And all this aggrandisement was purchased at the price of a few square miles in the Alps (which never did Austria any good, and which had always been a source of weakness), and, for the rest, at the expense of Prussia. Such a peace, by the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine, left the Prussian rival relatively weaker, and restored something of the old balance between South and North Germany and something of the old position of the Hapsburgs.

All this, of course, is purely academic. Peace could never have been concluded upon lines so ideally consonant with Austrian interests and satisfying to no one else. But still the comparison at least makes it clear that Austria, acting thus, acted in the most natural fashion possible. For she was simply following her own interests entirely and neglecting everybody else's.

But there is a third point to be considered in all this which is not academic at all, but severely practical and of vital importance for the people of this country. Not only is it important, but it is or ought to be self-evident.

It is this: That negotiations of such a kind, peace pro-

posals upon lines of the famous letter, directly involve the fall of *this* country; not of France or Italy, but of England.

Of all the marvels of the great war none is more marvellous than the blindness of those who fail to perceive so glaring a danger when it stares them in the face. It is a prodigy which can only be explained by the peculiar history of Victorian England with its isolation from the world, its extraordinary illusions, its singular domestic peace and happiness, and, above all, its self-confidence. But even if we regard the survival of those illusions as the explanation of certain modern follies, those follies remain enormous. There are actually people writing and speaking to-day as though the acceptance of such terms, not by France, mark you, whom they actually benefit, but by Britain, would have been statesmanlike!

Of two allies, one, Britain, dependent upon sea-borne commerce, the commercial rival of the chief enemy, the power chiefly interested in Eastern affairs, and possessed of an empire for which the East and communications to it are life and death, was to be left without any results from the war! Its commercial rival was to remain undefeated; the Eastern Mediterranean and all the ways to Asia were to be at the mercy of the Central Empires! A new code of maritime warfare (or murder), which had destroyed the security of sea-borne commerce, and therefore of the mere food by which the English remained physically alive, was to subsist unchastised and even unproved!

Such would have been the situation of Britain if peace had resulted upon the lines of the Emperor of Austria's letter.

The other ally, France, would indeed have had remaining before it an undefeated enemy, but the one prime national demand, the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, would have been satisfied. The great source of iron supply in Europe would have been acquired by France. The war would have terminated with a sense in France if not of victory, at least not of defeat; not one of the conditions thus threatening Britain need have concerned the totally different necessities of a continental people.

Happily, there was no question of France listening to such proposals, for they were nothing more nor less than the betrayal of Britain. But the stupefying thing is that conceit, or the habit of security, or both combined, should have led men who would have been ruined even in their private possessions by such a peace (let alone in their national pride) to regret or half-regret that it did not come!

There is only one melancholy consolation connected with such a thought, and this is that ineptitude of such a sort has not much longer to live. The war has done unbounded evil, but it has also done some good if it has killed, as surely it is killing, the state of mind which makes such follies possible.

An undefeated Prussia is ultimately the end of England, and, in particular, is it the end of fortune and security for that silly, comfortable, belated handful from whom these proposals come. A Prussia not only undefeated, but left specially strong against England alone and allowed to buy off her allies by special sacrifices to them alone is the speedy and immediate end of England. What room is there for argument in a thing so plain?

British-American Relations: By Arthur Page

Mr. Arthur Page, the writer of this article, is the son of the United States Ambassador in London and one of the best-known publicists in America. He succeeded his father in the editorial chair of the "World's Work" of New York, which the latter had left to be Ambassador in this country.

Mr. Page not only explains clearly why the United States, in defence of its ideals, "had to stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle of human freedom," to use the King's historic language, but he also foreshadows how after victory is won, America and the British Empire may still work together wholeheartedly in the same cause.

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States are now undergoing the fourth great crisis in their relations with each other. Curiously enough, these serious crises do not occur over the subjects upon which the two countries do not agree, but arise from the recurrent forgetfulness of the one all-important subject upon which the two people most emphatically do agree.

In the great crises which have confronted the two countries in their relations with each other in the last 140 years, the main question has not been either's advantage to the detriment of the other, but how rapidly the two nations acted on the realisation that the continued existence of both depended upon their close co-operation. When I speak of existence, I mean existence as free, self-governing nations, for in neither country do we believe a lesser existence than this worth having. The most fatal thing which could happen to either country would be to lose its political liberty. The serious crises which have confronted the two countries have been threats against this common heritage.

The first threat occurred in 1802-3. Napoleon had Marshal Victor Perrin all prepared with an army and a fleet ready to sail for Louisiana to re-establish despotic power in North America. If he had succeeded in this, the free institutions of the United States and Canada would have been continuously menaced by an immediate proximity of a most despotic and aggressive neighbour. This American expedition was one step in Napoleon's plan of world empire, which included, of course, the destruction of Great Britain, even as Chancellor Michaelis has informed us the present German plan does.

This crisis was met with great foresight and success. Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. He was of a pacific nature, but ever ready to fight for free institutions. The menace of Napoleon's plan was amply apparent to him. The result was a co-operative arrangement made with Great Britain early enough to prevent war. Addington, who was then the British Prime Minister, promised the

American Minister, Rufus King, that if Napoleon sent an army to America the British Fleet would take and hold New Orleans for the United States. Jefferson sent James Monroe to Paris to tell Napoleon that the United States would buy Louisiana, which he had just forced Spain to give to him. Napoleon, knowing the alternative if he refused to sell, accepted the offer because, as he said, he did not often have a chance to sell what he would otherwise have had taken from him.

The co-operation between Great Britain and the United States was sufficiently foresighted to prevent Napoleon's attack on free institutions in America. If the co-operation had continued, it would have prevented the war of 1812. It was at that time the most vital interest of the United States that Napoleon should not drive every Liberal government out of Europe, and particularly that he should not defeat the British Navy, for had he done so the United States would have been the only free government left in the world, and it could hardly have maintained itself against an autocratic Europe, with many times its population and war-making resources and with command of the sea. It was, likewise, of the greatest importance to Great Britain not to have any more enemies than she could help while engaged in the life and death struggle with Napoleon. The statesmanship which allowed the war of 1812 to occur against the major interests of both countries is a good example of the kind of foreign policy to avoid.

The next crisis was in 1823. This one, like the crisis of 1803, was handled with foresight and without bloodshed. The Holy Alliance, as every one knows, planned to exterminate Liberal government in South America as a step towards getting rid of it all over the world. James Monroe, who in 1803 had gone to Paris to buy Louisiana for Jefferson, was President of the United States. George Canning, as British Foreign Minister, followed the precedent set by Addington. When Canning's proposal to join the force of the British Fleet to the armed resistance which America was prepared to offer to the plans of the Holy Alliance reached Monroe, he sent to his old chief Jefferson, then in retirement, for advice. The advice he got, which sounds uncannily as if it were written now, was as follows:

DEAR SIR,

Monticello, October 23rd, 1823.

The question presented by the letter you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence that made us a nation; this sets our compass, and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on our view, and never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious.

Our first and fundamental maxim should be: Never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second:

Never to suffer Europe to intermeddle in Cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests different from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own; she should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is labouring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavour should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate at one stroke a whole continent, which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty.

Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one of all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should the most sedulously nourish a cordial friendship and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause, not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars, but the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war, but ours. Its object is to introduce and to establish the American system, of ousting from our land all foreign nations, of never permitting the Powers of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations; it is to maintain our own principle, not to depart from it, and if, to facilitate this, we can effect a decision in the body of the European Powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it; but I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion, that it will prevent war, instead of provoking it.

The President accepted Jefferson's advice, and the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated, which preserved half the world for the growth of democracy without bloodshed.

In the ninety-odd years since this happened the two countries have achieved the important success of adjusting all difficulties between each other without entering into hostilities which would enable their enemies to catch these two most consistent and powerful exponents of political liberty divided, and thus destroy them. From time to time, also, the two nations have given each other a helping hand. But the long immunity from attack threatening the existence of our common principles somewhat dulled the foresight which on some of the earlier occasions enabled us to triumph by preparedness without bloodshed. When the hand of the Hun struck it was not recognised in either country with absolute clearness that the same old crisis faced us again and that our free existence again depended on co-operation.

Moreover, neither country realised in full measure that the same obligation lay on us in regard to the other nations that had joined the ranks of freedom. It was not so much a clear foresighted realisation of the true meaning of the struggle as it was the direct menace of the German advance through Belgium that precipitated Great Britain's rush to arms. It was not a far-sighted conception of the meaning of the struggle that convinced America. It was the *Lusitania* and the decree of ruthless submarine warfare. There were many in both countries who knew what was the real significance of the crisis the day the Kaiser ordered his mobilisation, but the majority were too befuddled by the complexities of the situation to lay a firm grasp on the one essential and all-important truth that again we were faced with the old choice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

We are all in it now, fighting with our lives for our liberties.



The King and Queen and Major-General John Biddle

Major-General Biddle commanded the American troops who paraded before His Majesty on Saturday, May 11th.

By foresight perhaps we could have saved both. By fighting we can at least save the more precious.

This is the history of our co-operation in the defence of liberty. Twice we have joined together early and avoided war. And once we were foolish enough to aid the enemy by fighting each other while he endeavoured to destroy the principle by which both nations live. This time, not seeing the peril early enough to prevent it, we have got to fight our way out together.

And then what? What about the future? If we go forward together in the unending task of trying to improve democracy and safeguarding it all over the world, we shall see problems and dangers eye to eye so that we may, even if we do not achieve foresight, achieve promptness and unity of action against the dangers to our common ideal.

There is an earnest hope very prevalent in America, and I believe also in Great Britain, that after the war there will be a League of Nations to enforce justice. If this can be achieved, the two countries can maintain an active and harmonious understanding as members of this league. If there are not enough nations in the world whose ideas of what constitutes justice agree to allow the formation of such

a league or its effective operation, the United States and Great Britain must, nevertheless, maintain together the eternal watchfulness which is the price of liberty.

Even the autocratic attacks of history did not show us the full measure of danger to our institutions which the German onslaught on civilisation has revealed. The German plan for autocratic world dominion was to be gained through commerce as well as by war. The Germans saw that by the economic conquest of a country they could deprive it of its political liberty as well as by military conquest. Their economic and military plans for world dominion went hand in hand.

We are fairly familiar now with the German reason for attacking Belgium and France first rather than Russia. The Western advance gave the German armies control of great deposits of iron and coal in Belgium, Northern France, and in the Briey basin opposite Verdun. It turned out that they were indispensable for the Germans in this war, but their object in taking them was primarily for future wars, both military and commercial. The conquest of these regions would give Germany a practical monopoly of continental coal and iron.

The control of the dye business of the world and its relation to explosives is well known. There were similar plans for gaining a strangle-hold upon the world by a monopoly of potash.

During the war, both the United States and Great Britain have demonstrated that a Government controlling a large percentage of any of the world's necessary products can hold other nations in economic peril, just as Germany tried to use her projected coal and iron monopoly on the Continent. The United States, for instance, has most of the world's cotton. Great Britain has nearly a monopoly of rubber production. The two nations together control most of the coaling stations necessary to world commerce. It is plain that other nations besides Germany have the commercial weapons to waylay the world, but they have not used them after the German method. American cotton has gone to Liverpool and Hamburg on the same terms that it has gone to Providence and Fall River. German, Japanese, and Scandinavian ships have coaled at Hong Kong, Port Said, and Gibraltar on the same terms as British ships. But the

ease with which commercial power can be abused has been made so abundantly clear, and the immediate profits of its abuse are so manifest, that it would not be wise to trust that no attempt will be made to abuse such power in the future. There is imperative need that the nations—especially those endowed with commercial strength—should agree upon some general set of rules concerning what is fair and what unfair competition.

The greatest commercial power and the greatest responsibility now rests on the American and the British peoples.

This is indicated by the large proportion of the world's more vital resources held by them. For example, the year before the war (1913) the world's coal production was about 1,478 million short tons. Of this, 570 million tons were mined under the American Flag and 380 million tons under the British Flag. The two together make 950 million tons, or just two-thirds of the world's supply. The pig-iron production in 1913 was about 79½ million metric tons. Of this, 31½ million was American and 11½ million British—the two together somewhat more than half the world's supply. The steel figures were much the same. Of the total 76 million tons, the United States produced 31 million and British people 9 million—together, a little more than half the total.

The copper production before the war was about a million metric tons a year. Of this, more than half (557,387 tons) was American and about 100,000 tons British. The two together were two-thirds of the world's total.

The United States produced two-thirds of the world's oil supply of that year alone.

About 60 per cent. of the world's cotton is raised in the United States and another 25 per cent. in British dependencies.

National Responsibilities

American responsibilities arising out of the possession of natural wealth are much greater than those of all the British people. On the other hand, Great Britain owns the strategic points of world commerce, and governs more than 300 million politically undeveloped peoples. We are responsible for about 10 million chiefly in the Philippines. In this respect, France has far greater responsibilities than the United States, for the French colonies in Africa, China, and elsewhere contain about 40 million people.

Next to the United States and the British peoples, and in many things more than the British—Germany had the greatest responsibilities of power, but her selfish use of her strength has not been mitigated by any enlightened ideas whatever.

In or out of a league, the richly endowed nations must meet these responsibilities, must mitigate the dangers of unfair commercial competition, and must endeavour, on the one hand, to prevent the exploitation of dependent and backward people, and, on the other hand, to encourage them toward material well-being and political ability and its attendant freedom.

In other words, to protect their own political liberties, to protect and encourage the political liberties of less well-developed people, and to establish a system of commercial intercourse which prevents the abuse of economic power either by chance or design, the close co-operation of the United States and Great Britain is a world necessity.

Unless it betrays the principles of both nations, such co-operation cannot be for selfish ends, nor can it be exclusive. It is of the utmost importance that all nations whose ideals are sufficiently similar to enable them to aid in these tasks should do so. But the defection of any other nation would not be so serious as the defection of either the United States or Great Britain because these are the two strongest commercial Powers which believe in free political institutions.

The fact that they have the same language, literature, traditions, and ideals, and are engaged in the ceaseless struggle to improve democracies along similar, if not identical, lines, is not only added reason for their co-operation, but assurance of its success. And the lessons of our previous history add strength to this assurance.

By what machinery can this co-operation be achieved? The League to Enforce Peace, as generally discussed in the United States, is, very roughly, a plan for a treaty between the nations which become members binding them to accept arbitration—or, at least, a delay for discussion before the appeal to arms—upon pain of universal economic and military pressure. But this merely provides a means of settling disputes after they arise. There is nothing in it to prevent disputes from arising, nor to prevent abuses of economic power which do not transgress international law. There has been little or no discussion of a League with a Legislature

representing the different countries as suggested by the British Labour Party. Whether such a programme as the British Labour Party proposes be feasible or not, it is certain that some machinery must be devised that will be in continuous operation. It is not possible to make an international treaty, such as the American idea of the League to Enforce Peace, which would govern close co-operation in the changing aspects of commercial and diplomatic affairs, except to settle disputes after they arose.

Machinery Essential

A static thing like the League cannot have foresight or flexibility of action. To achieve these things there must be some continuously functioning machinery. Until some better machinery can be devised, it is a fortunate circumstance that we now have the machinery in operation. The diplomatic and consular services have always furnished the skeleton framework of this machinery; but these services were usually left in the skeleton shape, except now and then in critical situations, when the two nations saw clearly the necessities of close co-operation. Then the skeleton has been filled out and invigorated.

The question now before the nations is whether we wish to relapse again into passive lack of disagreement or push the great principles in which both agree in active co-operation. The machinery is at hand. The question is one of foresight and intention.

To make the matter concrete, the Monroe Doctrine for a very long time, if not during its entire existence, has depended upon the fact that both nations were behind it. On the other hand, during President Cleveland's administration the fact that there was not sufficient common counsel between the two countries made it possible for a misunderstanding to arise over the particular application of a doctrine in which both believed. This misunderstanding was settled amicably, but it unquestionably led the Kaiser, who did not and does not believe in the Monroe Doctrine, to try to make a breach in it in the same place during Mr. Roosevelt's administration.

It is quite possible that the United States and Great Britain could between them announce and effect a more ideal policy for their conduct in Far Eastern affairs than either could alone.

The commercial field is also full of opportunities and necessities for agreement. After the war, for example, both America and Great Britain will have a large merchant marine. In both cases it is likely to be owned or closely controlled by the Government. If these two great shipping organisations, with the taxing power of their respective nations behind them, should drift into a campaign of ruthless competition, the result would hardly fit with the principles for which we are fighting. Great Britain has the lower cost of operation and advantages of strategic coaling stations. The United States has more money to back its ship campaign. A struggle between the two would drive other competition from the seas and bring loss and ill-will to both contestants. Yet without continuous and cordial discussion, such a contingency is entirely possible. If the people and the Governments of the two countries realise that their community of ideals and interest must mean continuous community of action in peace and war, the machinery for developing this action will appear.

Mr. James A. Farrel, President of the United States Steel Corporation, recently said:

America, it may be hoped, will maintain the position of offering to the world all its requirements which can be supplied here, on terms and conditions that are fair and just. There is no evidence of any intention to take undue advantage of our economic and productive strength, and we shall in the future be as little disposed to turn to personal profit the necessities of a war-worn world, or the exceptional influence of our position as exporters and importers.

That is a statement of American feeling—the feeling not only of those who could not profit personally by a less enlightened policy, but of those who could. But these good intentions, unless organised in America and reciprocated abroad, cannot be made effective.

There are people who would look upon a co-operation between two great nations as a menacing combination of power. *It would certainly produce great power. But it is power for good as well as power for evil. Whether it is used for good or evil depends on the intention and wisdom of its holders, not on their strength.*

The virtues of impotence are not of great moment in the world. The virtues of strength are, and in combined strength there is likely to be more virtue than if the power is used separately, for in combination the policies would have to have the approval of at least two national consciences.



German Plots Exposed

"Eitel Friedrich's" Photographs of Sinking Ships

By French Strother, Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York



OUT of the black picture of the German depravity in fighting this war have emerged four or five dramatic episodes that have stirred the imagination of the world, and appealed to the romantic and chivalric instincts even of Germany's enemies. America was the scene of two such episodes. The

first unexpected appearance of the U53 upon our shores, rising unheralded from the unsuspected waters, thrilled the sporting instinct of our people. But perhaps the most dramatic incident was the arrival of the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*.

During the night of March 9th-10th, 1915, this gallant cruiser of the Kaiserliche Marine, slipped into the harbour at Norfolk, having run the British blockade of cruisers outside the three-mile limit, ending a career of six months as a commerce raider, recalling the feats of the *Alabama* in the Civil War. The *Eitel Friedrich* was soon interned for the period of the war, and her officers and crew put under formal arrest. Even the British whose fleet had been outwitted, gave their tribute of praise to the men who had taken their fair chance, and had got away. Captain Max Thierichens and his crew became objects of admiration to the world. Felicitations were showered on them, most of all, as was natural enough, from Germans and German-Americans.

That is the bright side of the picture; and no one, even now, would care to dim its lustre.

But even at his best the German of the ruling class seems tainted with the ineradicable nature of the beast. The world has long accepted the Latin affinity of Mars and Venus—perhaps too complacently, though not without reason—so it would not have been surprised if the gallant Thierichens had not measured up to the standards of a Galahad. Nevertheless, it had a right to expect that he should not descend to the level of a Caliban; and Thierichens fell below even that low standard.

Among the great quantities of letters of congratulation which Captain Thierichens received were many from German-American women. They were stirred by the brilliancy of his exploit: it was a ray of light in the gloom that had fallen on the Teuton peoples after the Battle of the Marne, when

the rosy vision of quick victory had turned to the grey fog of a long defensive war. These letters breathed the passionate loyalty of the German spirit to the Fatherland. To these women, Thierichens was the embodiment of the martial spirit of their race—the spirit of the sons they saw themselves in imagination sending forth to war. Some phrases from their letters strike the key:



Before and After a Dose of Kultur

I. Before

many; have so many times to defend my Germany, but I have an unlimited confidence in God and in the truth.

Again: Hold your head high and do not forget: "starlight itself is in the night, and God does not forsake his own."

Their attitude was one of high patriotism and maternal solicitude. They sent him books and delicacies, scraps of news from Germany, and in every way sought to comfort and inspire their hero.



Before and After a Dose of Kultur

II. After

narrowed his correspondence chiefly to three women, and of these more particularly to two. Of these latter, one was a German servant girl of rather better than average understanding, and the other a kindergarten teacher in the Middle West, one twenty-five and the other forty-five years of age. Their correspondence in both cases started on an exalted plane. It ended in unprintable depravity. Only a reading of the complete series of Thierichens' letters to these women could give a full understanding of the heartlessness, the baseness, and the ingenuity with which this man, always playing upon their patriotic fervour, transmuted their finer

It is a pleasure for us to help our German brothers, but I also understand that you, my dear brother, are waiting to come out from your predicament. How grand it is that you are receiving letters from the Fatherland. We don't hear anything. Can't write anything, as the letters are not being delivered. So far, good news. It is wonderful. My heart is jumping with joy. I look with confidence in the future. I have to please so

Thierichens was indifferent to the lofty purpose of these letters. His mind was depraved by the social custom of military Germany by which men of the officer class are in youth taught to consider themselves above the moral law. He was quite aware of the kinship of all emotions, and he promptly undertook to change the direction of these currents of passion into a channel more pleasing to his tastes. It was not long until he had



(1) The "Mary Ada Short" Heeling Over

The "Eitel Friedrich's" careful German record entered below this photograph was:
"Englischer Dampf. 'Mary Ada Short' aus Sunderland versenkt am 28 Januar 1915, P.M. 2.35
mit 5,200 tn. Mais. kam Früh 7.25 in Sicht!"

(2) Last Plunge of the "Willerby"

Sunk on February 20, 1915, about four hundred miles from Pernambuco, Brazil.



(1) Sinking of the "Jakobsen"

This French sailing vessel was sunk by the "Eitel Friedrich" on January 28, 1915, the same day on which the American ship "William P. Frye" was sunk.

(2) "When the water gets to the boilers"

Explosion of the boilers of one of the neutral merchant steamers sunk by the "Eitel Friedrich."

feelings into the most degrading travesty of romantic love. By the time this correspondence came under Government censorship it had become a blend of exalted patriotism and of passion-perverted to the obscenities pictured on the walls of ruined Pompeii.

To make complete the picture of this hero of the Prussian officer class, it may be well to quote the round robin of the crew of the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*. To them even the air of an American internment camp was the breath of freedom compared to their service on a ship of his Imperial Majesty's Marine. Here is their opinion of life in it and of their gallant captain :

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., July 8th.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DEAR SIR,—We of the crew of the *Prince Eitel Friedrich*, beg to inform you about the condition as there had been existing on board said vessel, and of the character of Captain Max Thierichens. He is one of the most cruel and dishonest men who ever had been in charge of a vessel. He is a disgrace to any military organisation, and we feel ashamed that he brought disgrace to our vessel. He is one of the worst egoists in existence, without any feeling for his fellow-men. He is guilty of using the United States mails for fraudulent purposes, advertising in the papers that he would receive *liebesgaben* (love packages) for the soldiers in order to benefit himself, and later selling the same in the canteen after an inspection and rifling; he kept everything of value. He has received 1,000 of packages and money from very near every German society and countless private people, but his son never saw a penny of the same. The money he has spent for himself and some of his officers on his orgies.

As we had been out on the high seas, he only had an eye for his personal welfare. If we met a vessel, after stopping the same, the first thing he always did was to secure as much wine and other good things for himself and officers, so that they always had plenty. He would not allow his sailors to bring enough potatoes and common food on board to satisfy their hunger. There had been cases where men had been severely punished just for taking a piece of meat from the table of one of the sunken vessels. The men did not even have drinking water, but he and his officers used the same for bathing. He had been afraid that the U.S. Government would find out about his various misdeeds, so in order to make the Government think that he was all he should have represented he pulled off the biggest bluff ever thought of. He told ten men that they could run off, supplied the same with money, and after a few moments sent some other boys over the side to make as much noise as possible to call the attention of the guards. He had his men maltreated wherever there was a chance to do so. He even did this after we had been brought to Fort Oglethorpe. We have to thank the U.S. officers for putting a stop to it. The captain had been mad that he lost the power over the men. He swore he would bring the men to a military prison for years to come, simply because they refused to be treated like dogs after being informed by the U.S. officers that they don't have to stand for anything like that. If it was not for the iron discipline maintained by the Germans, there would have been a mutiny on board the ship. Even a common man hates to see good supplies going to waste just because the captain could not get quick enough to his wine, and the men feed on hard tack that was full of worms. Some of the men are willing to appear in court against the captain to bear

out because they are not protected by the U.S. Government, and may have to face a court martial law if they are returned to Germany. We do hope that there will be an investigation of the evil doings of said captain. If found guilty, we do hope that he may find out what it does mean to do wrong to his fellow-men.

The photographs taken by officers of the *Eitel Friedrich* during her career as a commerce raider are printed here. With true German thoroughness they made a complete record of the ships they sank, even to photographs of these vessels when first sighted, and "progress pictures" of their destruction and submersion, mounting the photographs on sheets of paper embossed with the Imperial sign. The *Eitel Friedrich* was a cruiser, not a submarine, and it so far observed the rules of war as to remove the crews before the ships were

sunk. One of these merchantmen was an American, the *William P. Frye*. The German photographs show the Stars and Stripes flying from the stern when sighted and then a last view of the topmasts as she went beneath the waves. On the *William P. Frye*, as on many of the others, women were among the prisoners of war removed to the *Eitel Friedrich*. Aboard the German raider they were locked in their cabins under guard, and treated with scrupulous politeness. Perhaps it was as well for their peace of mind that Thierichens' subsequent record in an American court of law was not emblazoned on their walls. It is certainly well that there was the difference between the German crew and their captain trained in the Prussian military code of morals.

This Captain Thierichens was in correspondence in America with nearly a dozen misguided American women. At the same time, he was receiving most tender and touching letters from his wife and children at Kiel, to whom he was a hero. His little daughter writes: "My darling,—On the day of my sixth birthday I will thank you all alone for the

pretty things. Lovely kisses for same. I hope by my next birthday you will be with us again. I am praying every evening and morning to the dear God that he will protect my dear father." His wife writes, in March, 1917: "We are all right. Nobody would conquer us. God the Lord won't leave us alone. We are all brave. We shall wait to see how everything turns out. England will be punished shortly. Now, my darling, enough for to-day. Please remain healthy and retain your good humour."

(To be continued)



The Sinking of the "William P. Frye" after the crew of the "Eitel Friedrich" had exploded a charge of dynamite placed within the hold

Notice

THE increasing cost of paper makes it necessary to raise the price of LAND & WATER to One Shilling, beginning with the issue of June 6th.

After the end of this month LAND & WATER will be obtainable to order only. We particularly request all our readers who have not already done so to place an order for regular delivery with their news-agents, and we invite their attention to the subscription form which appears on page 18 of this issue.

Subscriptions received before June 1st will be accepted at the existing rates.

The Turkish Conspiracy—II

The Narrative of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador in Turkey,
1913-1916

Mr. Henry Morgenthau resumes his narrative of the Turkish Conspiracy, which was begun in LAND & WATER, May 9th. He stated that Germany precipitated the war to "obtain a huge Oriental Empire that would form the basis for unlimited world dominion," and explained the steps taken previous to 1914 by the Kaiser to transform Turkey into a vassal State. Mr. Morgenthau also described the movement that led to the ascendancy of the Young Turks, up to the hour of the assassination of Nazim Pasha, at the Sublime Porte, by a mob collected by Talaat and Enver, two of their leaders; Djemal, the third leader, when war was declared was sent to command armies in Asia, and henceforth played a subsidiary part. Mr. Morgenthau also gave a vivid character study of the German Ambassador at Constantinople, Baron von Wangenheim, and in this chapter he continues his portraiture by a complete sketch of Talaat Bey and a partial one of Enver Bey.

AS assassination had been the means by which these chieftains had obtained the supreme power, so assassination continued to be the instrument upon which they depended for maintaining their control. Djemal, in addition to his other duties, had control of the police; he developed all the talents of a Fouché, and did his work so successfully that any man who wished to conspire against the Young Turks usually retired for that purpose to Paris or Athens. The few months that preceded my arrival had been a reign of terror. The Young Turks had destroyed Abdul Hamid's régime only to adopt that Sultan's favourite methods of quieting opposition. Instead of having one Abdul Hamid, Turkey now discovered that she had several. Men were arrested and deported by the score, and hangings of political offenders—opponents, that is, of the ruling gang—were common occurrences.

The difficult position of the Sultan particularly facilitated the position of this committee. We must remember that Mohammed V. was not only Sultan but Caliph—not only the temporary ruler, but also head of the Mohammedan Church. In this capacity he was an object of veneration to millions of devout Mussulmans; a fact which would have given a strong man in his position great influence in freeing Turkey from this crowd. I presume that even those who had the most kindly feelings toward the Sultan would not have described him as an energetic, masterful man. Had his days been east in more favourable times perhaps the present ruler of Turkey might have developed into the actual head of the State. It is a miracle, however, that the circumstances which fate had forced upon Mohammed had not long since completely destroyed him. His brother was Abdul Hamid—Gladstone's "Great Assassin," a man who ruled by espionage and bloodshed, and who had no more consideration for his own relations than for his massacred Armenians.

One of Abdul's first acts, on ascending the throne, was to shut up the Heir Apparent in a palace, surrounding him with spies, limiting him to his harem and a few palace functionaries, and constantly holding over his head the fear of assassination. Naturally, Mohammed's education had been limited; he spoke only Turkish, and his only means of learning about the outside world was an occasional Turkish newspaper. So long as he remained quiescent, the Heir Apparent was comfortable and fairly secure; but he knew that the first sign of revolt or even a too curious interest in what was going on, would be the signal for his death. Hard as this preparation was, it had not destroyed what was at bottom a benevolent, gentle nature. The Sultan had no characteristics that suggested "the Terrible Turk." He was simply a quiet, easy-going, gentlemanly old man. Everybody liked him, and I do not think that he nourished ill-feeling against a human soul. He could not rule his empire, for he had had no preparation for such a difficult task; he could not oppose the schemes of the men who were then struggling for the control of Turkey.

In exchanging Abdul Hamid, as his master, for Talaat, Enver and Djemal, the Sultan had not improved his personal position. The Committee of Union and Progress ruled him precisely as they ruled all the rest of Turkey—by intimidation. The Sultan had attempted on one occasion to assert his independence, and the conclusion of this episode left no doubt as to who was master. A group of thirteen "conspirators" and other criminals, some real ones, others merely political offenders, had been sentenced to be hanged, and among them was the imperial son-in-law. Before the execution could take place the Sultan had to sign the death-warrants. He did not object to viséing the hangings of the other twelve, but he begged that he be permitted to pardon his son-in-law.

The nominal ruler of more than twenty million people figuratively went down upon his knees before Talaat Bey, but

all his pleadings did not affect this determined man. Here, Talaat reasoned, was a chance to decide, once for all, who was master, the Sultan or themselves! A few days afterwards the melancholy figure of the imperial son-in-law, dangling at the end of a rope in full view of the Turkish populace, visibly reminded the empire that Talaat and the Committee were the masters of Turkey. After this tragical test of strength, the Sultan never attempted again to interfere in affairs of State. He knew what had happened to Abdul Hamid, and he feared a more terrible fate.

Talaat the Postman

Talaat, the leading man in this band of usurpers, really had remarkable personal qualities. He had started life as a letter-carrier; from this occupation he had risen to be a telegraph operator at Adrianople. And of these humble beginnings he was extremely proud. I visited him once or twice at his house; although Talaat was then the most powerful man in the Turkish Empire, his home was still the modest home of a man of the people. It was cheaply furnished; the whole establishment reminded me of a thirty-dollar-a-month apartment in New York. His most cherished possession was the telegraph instrument with which he had once earned his living; I have seen him take the key and call up one of his personal friends or associates.

Talaat one night told me he had that day received his salary as Minister of the Interior; after paying his debts he had just twenty pounds left in the world. He liked to spend his spare time with the rough-shod crew that made up the Committee of Union and Progress; in the interims when he was out of the Cabinet he used to occupy the desk daily at party headquarters, personally managing the party machine. His powerful frame, his huge sweeping back, and his rocky biceps emphasised that natural mental strength and forcefulness which made possible his career. In discussing matters, Talaat liked to sit at his desk, with his shoulders drawn up, his head thrown back, and his wrists—twice the size of an ordinary man's—planted fiercely on the table. It always seemed to me that it would take a crowbar to pry these wrists from the board, once Talaat had laid them down. Whenever I think of Talaat now I do not primarily recall his rollicking laugh, his uproarious enjoyment of a good story, the mighty stride with which he crossed the room, his fierceness, his determination, his remorselessness—the whole life and nature of the man takes form in those gigantic wrists.

Talaat, like most strong men, had his forbidding, even his ferocious, moods. One day I found him sitting at the usual place, his massive shoulders drawn up, his eyes glowering, his wrists planted on the desk. I always anticipated trouble whenever I found him in this attitude. As I made request after request, Talaat, between his puffs at his cigarette, would answer "No!" "No!" "No!"

I slipped around to his side of the desk.

"I think those wrists are making all the trouble, your Excellency," I said. "Won't you please take them off the table?"

Talaat's ogre-like face began to crinkle; he threw up his arms, leaned back, and gave a roar of terrific laughter. He enjoyed my joke so much that he granted every request I made.

At another time I came into his room when a couple of Arab Princes were present. Talaat was solemn and dignified, and refused every favour I asked. "No, I shall not do that." "No, I haven't the slightest idea of doing that," he would answer. I saw that he was trying to impress his princely guests; to show them that he had become so great a man that he did not hesitate to "turn down" an ambassador. So I came up nearer and spoke quietly.

"I see you are trying to make an impression on these Princes," I said. "Now, if it's necessary to pose, do it with

the Austrian Ambassador—he's out there waiting to come in. My time is too important."

Talaat laughed, "Come back in an hour," he said. I came back; the Arab Princes had left, and we had no difficulty in arranging matters to my satisfaction.

"Some one has got to govern Turkey; why not we?" Talaat once said to me. The situation had just about come to that.

"I have been greatly disappointed," he would say, "at the failure of the Turks to appreciate democratic institutions. I hoped for it once, and I worked hard for it; but they were not prepared for it." It was a country which the first enterprising man who came along might grab; and he determined to be that man.

Of all the Turkish politicians I met, I regarded Talaat as the only one with extraordinary native ability; he showed this in the measures which he took, after the murder of Nazim, to gain the upper hand in this distracted empire. He did not seize the government all at once; he went at it gradually, feeling his way. He realised the weaknesses of his position; he had several forces to deal with, the Revolutionary Committee which had backed him, the army, the foreign governments, and the several factions that made up what then passed for public opinion in Turkey. Any of these elements might destroy him, politically and physically. He always anticipated a violent death.

"I do not expect to die in my bed," he told me.

By becoming Minister of the Interior, Talaat gained control of the police and the administration of the provinces; this gave him great patronage, which he used to strengthen his position with the Committee. He attempted to gain the support of all influential factions by gradually placing their representatives in the other Cabinet posts. Though he afterward became the man who was chiefly responsible for the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians, at this time Talaat maintained the pretence that the Committee stood for the unionisation of all the races in the empire. His first Cabinet contained an Arab-Christian, a Deunme (Jew by race, but Mohammedan by religion), a Circassian, an Armenian, an Egyptian. He made the latter Grand Vizier. Prince Said Halim, this new dignitary, was a cousin of the Khedive of Egypt; he was an exceedingly vain and ambitious man—not ambitious so much for real power as for its trappings. The Young Turk programme included the reconquest of Egypt, and the Committee had promised Halim that, when this was accomplished, he was to become Khedive.

Germany's War Preparations

Germany's war preparations had for years included the study of internal conditions in other countries; an indispensable part of the Imperial programme had been to take advantage of such disorganisation as existed to push her schemes of penetration and conquest. What her emissaries have accomplished in Russia and to a smaller extent in Italy is now tragically apparent. Clearly such a situation as existed in Turkey in 1913 and 1914, provided an ideal opportunity of manipulations of this kind. The advantage of Germany's position was that Talaat needed Germany almost as badly as Germany needed Talaat. He and his Committee needed some exterior power to organise the army and navy, to finance the nation, to help them reconstruct their industrial system, and to protect them against the encroachments of the encircling nations. Ignorant as they were of foreign countries, they needed an adviser to pilot them through the shoals of international intrigue.

Where was such a protector to be obtained? Evidently only one of the great European Powers could perform this office. Which one should it be? Ten years before Turkey would have naturally appealed to England. But now the Turks regarded England as merely a nation that had despoiled them of Egypt, and that had failed to protect Turkey from dismemberment after the Balkan wars. In association with Russia Great Britain controlled Persia, and thus constituted a constant threat—at least so the Turks believed—against their Asiatic dominions. England was gradually withdrawing her investments from Turkey; English statesmen believed that the task of driving the Turk from Europe was about complete; the whole Near-Eastern policy of Great Britain hinged on maintaining the organisation of the Balkans as it had been determined by the Treaty of Bucharest—a treaty which Turkey refused to regard as binding and which she was determined to upset. Above all, England had become the virtual ally of Turkey's traditional enemy, Russia, and there was even then a general belief which the Turkish leaders shared, that England was willing Russia should inherit Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Though Russia was making no such pretensions, at least

openly, the fact that she was crowding Turkey in other directions made it possible that Talaat and Enver should look for support in that direction. Italy had just seized the last Turkish province in Africa, Tripoli, and at that moment was holding Rhodes and other Turkish islands and was known to cherish aggressive plans in Asia Minor. France was the ally of Russia and Great Britain, and was also constantly extending her influence in Syria. The personal equation played an important part in the ensuing drama.

The Ambassadors of the Entente hardly concealed their contempt for the dominant Turkish politicians and their methods. Sir Louis Mallet, the British Ambassador, was a high-minded and cultivated English gentleman; Bompard, the French Ambassador, was similarly a charming, honourable Frenchman; and both were constitutionally disqualified from participating in the murderous intrigues which then comprised Turkish politics. Giers, the Russian Ambassador, was a proud and scornful diplomat of the old aristocratic régime. He was exceedingly astute, but the contemptuous manner in which he treated the Young Turks naturally made their leaders incline to Germany. Indeed these three Ambassadors did not regard the Talaat and Enver régime as permanent. That many factions had risen and fallen in the last six years they knew; and they likewise believed that this latest usurpation would vanish in a few months.

Enver Pasha

But there was one man in Turkey then who had no nice scruples about using such agencies as were most available for accomplishing his purpose. Wangenheim clearly saw what his colleagues had only faintly perceived, that these men were steadily fastening their hold on Turkey, and that they were looking for some strong Power that would recognise their position and abet them in maintaining it.

As I look back the whole operation seems so clear, so simple, so inevitable. Germany, up to that time, was practically the only great Power in Europe that had not appropriated large slices of Turkish territory; this gave her an initial advantage. Germany's representation at Constantinople was far better qualified than that of any other country, not only by absence of scruples, but also by knowledge and skill, to handle this situation. Wangenheim was not the only capable German then on the ground. A particularly influential outpost of Pan-Germany was Paul Weitz, who had represented the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in Turkey for thirty years. Weitz had the most intimate acquaintance with Turks and Turkish affairs; there was not a hidden recess to which he could not gain admittance. He was constantly at Wangenheim's elbow, coaching, advising, informing. The German naval attaché, Humann, the son of a famous German archaeologist, had been born in Smyrna, and had passed practically his whole life in Turkey; he not only spoke Turkish, but he could also think like a Turk; the whole psychology of the people was part of his mental equipment. Moreover, Enver, one of the two main Turkish chieftains, was Humann's intimate friend. When I think of this experienced trio, Wangenheim, Weitz, and Humann, and of the delightful and honourable gentlemen who were opposed to them, Mallet, Bompard, and Giers, the events that now rapidly followed seem as inevitable as the orderly processes of nature.

By the spring of 1914 Talaat and Enver, representing the Committee of Union and Progress, practically dominated the Turkish Empire. Wangenheim, always having in mind the approaching war, had one inevitable move: which was to control Talaat and Enver.

Early in January, 1914, Enver became Minister of War. At that time Enver was thirty-two years old; like all the leading Turkish politicians of the period he came of humble stock. His popular title, "Hero of the Revolution," shows why Talaat and the Committee had selected him to lead the army department. Enver enjoyed something of a military reputation though, so far as I could discover, he had never achieved a great military success. The revolution of which he was one of the leaders in 1908 cost very few human lives; he commanded an army in Tripoli against the Italians in 1912—but certainly there was nothing Napoleonic about that campaign. Enver used to tell me himself how, in the second Balkan war, he had ridden all night at the head of his troops to the capture of Adrianople, and how, when he arrived there, the Bulgarians had abandoned it and his victory had thus been a bloodless one.

Mr. Morgenthau in next week's LAND & WATER completes his character study of Enver Pasha, and explains in detail how Germany got her firm grip on Turkey.

Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

Inside a Man's Head

THESE pieces of moral prose have been written, dear Reader, by a large Carnivorous Mammal, belonging to that sub-order of the Animal Kingdom which includes also the Orang-outang, the tusked Gorilla, the Baboon with his bright blue and scarlet bottom, and the gentle Chimpanzee." I hasten to draw the reader's attention to the quotation marks and to disclaim these humiliating relationships. The passage is the Preface of Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's book *Trivia*, newly published by Constable at 4s. 6d. net.

* * * * *

Mr. Pearsall Smith's book will be generally described as a book of prose-poems. The term has unfortunate associations. It is usually applied to compositions in which some useless dilettante has said nothing at all in superficially pretty language. I therefore eschew it, and content myself with explaining that the work contains a hundred pieces, whose length varies from fifty to a thousand words, some of which are certainly poems in prose, and all of which are exquisitely written, but which have the unusual characteristic of invariably expressing something at first hand. They are not easy to define, because nothing else quite like them exists. The author modestly refers to them as "thoughts (if I may call them so)," and all of them have a central idea. But their value is far from being confined to their interest as meditations. They are prose of a quality rare in any age; they are perfectly polished, yet betray no sign of the pumice-stone or file; they are most musical when read aloud; they are decorated with an abundance of delicate pictures. Queerly meditating upon the state of his own mind, his relations with men and women, nature and the Deity, Mr. Pearsall Smith ransacks the Cosmos for images: all the quaint and beautiful names of history and geography, all shapely and misshapen beasts, birds and fishes, sun, moon, stars, and the infinite darkness that contains them all, snow, rain, fog, the refinements of an opulent civilisation, the flamboyant trappings of militant barbarism, they are all made the servants of a mind and style which bridge the gulf between Watteau and Jeremy Taylor. The finest and most sustained piece of prose in the book—"The Starry Heaven"—is too long to quote; but one may illustrate the grace of his style with a shorter one—"Happiness":

Cricketers on village greens, haymakers in the evening sunshine, small boats that sail before the wind—all these create in one the illusion of Happiness, as if a land of cloudless pleasure, a piece of the old Golden World, were hidden, not (as poets have imagined) in far seas or beyond inaccessible mountains, but here close at hand, if one could find it, in some undiscovered valley. Certain grassy lanes seem to lead between the meadows thither; the wild pigeons talk of it behind the woods.

That gives his natural background; he drops into it, seriously or whimsically, at any odd moment, at tea, in church, or on a railway station. But his more instant preoccupation is with his own mind, chiefly considered as typical of all human, or, at any rate, all self-conscious minds. In beautiful and brief prose he seizes the significance of casual meetings and tiny occurrences, visits to the bank, walks "owling out through the dusk" through twilight London, stray sentences overheard, odd desires detected, vague hankerings after the beautiful and the divine; all the things, in fact, which most people "be, do and suffer" without really, or at least actually, noticing them. He gets the drama out of the unmelodramatic processes of our daily life. And if one illustrates one of his qualities more than another, it should be his truthfulness.

* * * * *

We hear a good deal in these days about frankness and candour. But the frank modern writer is generally frank about anything in the world but himself, and when he is candid about himself he is only willing to admit that he is the deuce of a dog, but seldom that he is an ass. His parade of abnormal honesty, too, announced with beatings of drums and swinging of great bells, is somewhat suspicious; he summons the world to hear the man who has the courage to confess what other people are afraid to confess; and it is difficult to see, therefore, how he can avoid at best an unconscious lack of proportion and at worst lying for effect. These apostles of brazen veracity would probably be incredulous if one told them that one thought Mr. Pearsall Smith one of the most candid writers alive. Nevertheless, it is true.

He acknowledges, and in the quietest, most natural, most charming way in the world, the things of which people are usually most ashamed—for people are usually far more ashamed of their absurd dreams, their humiliating *faux-pas*, their humbugs, their snobberies, than they are of the most flamboyant of the Deadly Sins. They ought not to be; still they are. But no one who has read *Trivia* will feel quite the same about them afterwards; Mr. Pearsall Smith's open confession is good for other people's souls. Let me give a few examples of his revelations of his private life:

Humiliation

"My own view is," I began, but no one listened. At the next pause, "I always say," I remarked, but again the loud talk went on. Some one told a story. When the laughter had ended, "I often think—"; but, looking round the table, I could catch no friendly or attentive eye. It was humiliating, but more humiliating the thought that Sophocles and Goethe would have always commanded attention, while the lack of it would not have troubled Spinoza or Abraham Lincoln.

Who has not vainly attempted to turn a conversation his way; to unload an experience, an anecdote, or a jest, or to show that he also was intelligent and entitled to his view? Who has not done it three times? Who—and this is the subtlest touch of all—has not studiously modified his words of entrance each time to avoid the appearance of egoistic insistence? Apply this, again, to your own experience:

The Goat

In the midst of my anecdote a sudden misgiving chilled me—had I told them about this goat before? And then—as I talked there gaped on me—abyss opening beneath abyss—a darker speculation: when goats are mentioned, do I automatically and always tell this story about the goat at Portsmouth?

In "Symptoms," the record of one of the most painful and humiliating things that can happen to one, he tells how, at a dinner-table, he was talking eloquently about Bores, and how deadening they are and how obtuse, proceeding to add a few stories and some remarks about his own sensations, when "suddenly I noticed, in the appearance of my charming neighbour, something—a slightly glazed look in her eyes, a just perceptible irregularity in her breathing—which turned that occasion for me into a kind of nightmare."

* * * * *

To me, at least, Mr. Pearsall Smith's public exhibition of himself is balm, and his book will be a refuge. He knows all the other things, too: the idiotic resolves to start a great career to-morrow, to work, to get up at dawn; the swollen conceits; the certainty that one could do anything if one tried; the other certainty that Providence has its special eye on one and warns those who threaten one with "Leave him alone, I tell you"; the dissipation of energy; the pretence at activity; the desire to shine in company; and, above all, those romantic, those towering castles in Spain. Do we all do it? I suppose we do. Do we all—like Mr. Smith's romantic "Me," whom he caught looking into a fishmonger's window and saying "I caught that salmon"—live, whilst lying in beds, sitting in chairs, walking in streets, the lives of all the Heroes and all the Heroic Rascals? Do you also, reader, you who would get out to any ball and run away from any fast one, hit six in succession over the gasworks, following up your tremendous innings by getting all ten Australian wickets in your first two overs, thereby causing the cables to hum? Do you, timid and harmless creature, return from deeds of amazing alertness and valour in the field, to receive the V.C. which you wear with a rare and becoming modesty. And you, also, most impecunious and unobservant of men, do you dive from Waterloo Bridge after would-be suicides, rescue rich old ladies from the descending feet of runaway cab-horses, and win the £100,000 offered by a Shipping Magnate to the first man who Kills the Kaiser? You do, all of you; and you will find your similitude in *Trivia*, a book, however, which neither you nor I would have had the honesty or the ingenuity to have written. I suspect that, percolating through the centuries in the characteristically shy and unobtrusive way, Mr. Pearsall Smith's book is destined to a modest immortality. It will never be a widely popular book; but I cannot conceive that there will ever be a time, two or three or twenty centuries hence, when a few men will not delight to find in it themselves, their hearts and minds, dreams, and doubts, and delights.

Future of the Farm Labourer: By Jason

THE labourer, whose ancestor was a member of a living community with rights and property of his own, has become by the process described in an earlier article, a mere wage-earner in a sweated industry. He has declined into the most despairing of all positions. For in the struggle of the poorer classes against the social forces that threaten their independence we can discern two elements of promise. The peasant is a man with some power of self-defence derived from his association with a community that is attached to the soil; the town workman is a man with some power of self-defence derived from his association with his fellow-workmen in Trade Unions. History is full of examples of the strength of the peasant class. At our own doors we have a striking illustration in the success of the Irish peasant who by sheer tenacity and the mysterious comradeship of the soil has won from a very powerful aristocracy and a very powerful neighbour rights that the English labourer may well envy. As for the strength of the Trade Unions, the evidence is unmistakable and convincing.

Now the agricultural labourer is not a peasant; he has none of the corporate power of a society behind him. He is a labourer. Neither is he a Trade Unionist. All the conditions of his life and work have made the struggle for Trade Unionism a difficult and uphill fight. Men working in isolation or small groups on scattered farms are at a great disadvantage for Trade Union work; they have no buildings, as a rule, where they can meet and discuss their affairs without fear; they have none of the relative security of the town workman who is not tied to a single home or a single employment, and they work for a class which has been on the whole more suspicious of Trade Unions than any other employing class in the country. By an unhappy combination of misfortunes the class that needs Trade Unions more than any other is more handicapped than any other in its efforts to create them.

Disease of Low Wages

Any industry so circumstanced tends to become a sweated industry, and agricultural wages have reflected the short-sighted power of the backward employers. A most instructive book was published the year the war broke out by Mr. Reginald Lennard, under the title *English Agricultural Wages*, which showed by a most careful and scholarly investigation that agriculture was suffering from the disease of low wages. This disease showed its results partly in the inefficiency of farmers for whom the apparent advantage of a low wage is an encouragement to idleness or to unenterprising and unprogressive farming, partly in the inefficiency of the labourers whose vigour is sapped by positive underfeeding and the general hopelessness of their outlook. Sir Daniel Hall, the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, has remarked that "many farmers waste manual labour because it is cheap." And in agriculture, as in the early days of cotton factories, manual labour may be driven down to such a point that there is no inducement to introduce machinery.

Sir William Osler has pointed out that it is dangerous to suppose from the comparatively good physique of the agricultural labourer that he is properly nourished, that a degree of underfeeding insufficient to show itself in measurements might be serious enough to reduce the capacity of a workman for physical toil. As for the general depression produced by low wages and poor prospects, we need only contrast the agricultural labourer in the best paid counties with his fellows in the worst paid counties. The truth has been well put by Sir Daniel Hall. "The farmer's general complaint is that the majority of his men are not worth their wages, and that is probably true; they will have to be more highly paid before they will earn their money."

The first and essential condition of successful agricultural development is the emancipation of the labourer from these conditions. He must have a decent house; he must have a decent wage; the conditions of his employment must not be arbitrary or tyrannical, and village life must be revolutionised so as to turn him from a dependent wage-earner into a citizen with freedom and opportunity and social enjoyment. Thus it is not merely a reform here and a readjustment there that is wanted. It is the transformation of village life.

A vigorous policy on these lines was urgently needed before the war; the need to-day is more urgent than ever. For nobody can suppose that the soldier who has faced the

unspeakable sufferings of this war will return to live the life that the labourer lived before the war. Think of what his home has been in many a village. Sir Douglas Haig reminded his men in the most anxious moment of the fighting last month that they were defending their homes. In answer to that appeal men will give their last effort. What kind of home is it that is described in the reports of our Medical Officers of Health? In the villages there is not the excuse—such as it is—that space is limited, and yet the Medical Officer for Bedfordshire has pointed out that the insanitary conditions in the village cottages are often more serious than those usually to be found in town dwellings and that phthisis is very prevalent in our rural country homes.

The Housing Problem

When we ask why this state of things continues we are told that the labourer's wages are so low that he cannot afford to pay an economic rent. An overcrowded and defective cottage is not much consolation for a sweated wage. It is obvious that wages must be raised to cover the cost of housing, but we cannot wait for economic readjustments. The crisis is too serious for that. The nation must make provision for house building to begin immediately the war is over. From this point of view the policy which is apparently to be pursued by the Government is disastrously inadequate. The Local Government Board have issued a circular to local authorities asking for a report on local deficiencies and undertaking to bear three-quarters of the loss on building schemes. Now this means that there will be delay in many places and inaction in many others. We know what the terror of the countryside about rates is like, and any half-hearted authority will be so afraid of this prospect of a new burden that it will be exceedingly reluctant to commit itself to any scheme at all.

The right principle is to recognise that in this tremendous emergency the responsibility for re-housing the nation is national and not local. The returning soldier has fought for the nation, and not merely for his village, and the nation owes it to him to see that he has a decent home in the country he has defended. The Government, that is, must guarantee the local authority against loss, and it must see that the local authority carries out an adequate scheme. For this purpose the County Council should be substituted for the District Council, and the schemes will, of course, be designed with a view to the needs and circumstances of larger areas than the area of a District Council. This is an immediately urgent policy.

There are in existence at this moment two types of institutions that the war has brought into existence upon which we shall have to rely in great part for the successful transformation of village life. One is the Agricultural Wages Board set up under Section 5 of the Corn Production Act of last year. It is the duty of this Board, which consists of representatives of employers and labourers in equal numbers with additional members appointed by the Board of Agriculture, to fix minimum rates of wages. This Central Board has established thirty-nine district wages committees, formed on the same principle, acting in some cases for a single county and in others for two or more counties grouped together. These committees make recommendations to the Central Board, and their recommendation takes the form of a proposed weekly wage for a given number of hours. These recommendations are considered, and the Board after hearing objections gives its award.

Now the creation of this Board and these Committees is a step of great importance. Hitherto wages have been kept down in agriculture by the weakness of the labourers and the power of custom and solidarity among farmers. It has been supposed to be improper and almost dishonourable for a farmer to give higher wages than his neighbours. In some districts the more enterprising farmer gives presents on the sly.

At a Wages Board the good employer counts, and the establishment of a judicial wage breaks the ice. But in practice the Board does more than fix minimum wages, for a committee recommends a certain wage for certain hours. That is to say, the working day of the rural labourer is regulated, and any time over and above the fixed limit becomes overtime to be paid for at special rates. When a Wages Board is set up, it soon assumes other powers than those of fixing wages; it tends to protect the workman from other abuses. That has been the experience of the Trade Boards in sweated industries where the regulation of wages has been followed

by the regulation of other conditions. So with the Wages Committees. It is their duty to fix a wage. That involves taking a standard day. And the decision of this question enables the Wages Board to regularise employment. In some parts of the country the labourer is sent home when it is wet and he loses a day's pay. The Board can forbid this. It can again help to make employment more regular by fixing hourly and daily rates rather higher than the weekly rate. Moreover it has to assess the value of allowances in kind which enables it to penalise bad housing by refusing to allow anything for a house that is defective. Thus these Committees come to supervise a great part of the economy of the farm, and they may be made the means to a general improvement of conditions.

Most important of all is the influence of such a body on the growth of Trade Unionism. In every case Trade Boards have led to the development of the workmen's organisations, and agriculture will follow the same law. In counties where farmers have been in the habit of refusing to employ labourers who belong to a Union, they are now sitting at the same table with Union officials. There were many who feared that the labourers would not have the courage to present their case before a Wages Committee, but this has proved an idle fear. The labourers are represented partly by officials of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, partly by officials of such Unions as the General Workers' Union, which include agricultural labourers among their members; men who are accustomed to the atmosphere of discussion and negotiation. The whole tone of agricultural life will be immensely affected by this development.

A Stimulating Influence

We have then in these Committees a very stimulating influence on rural life. Farmers, labourers, and persons representing the outside world are brought together; labourers have to organise their forces and to feel their strength; it is everywhere recognised that the scandalous wages of the past must not return. The wages recommended by such Committees as have reported vary from 30s. to 35s., these wages mark an advance, and of course they are fixed as a rule for a shorter working day. But they are too low; for a Special Sub-Committee appointed by the Wages Board has laid it down that the wage paid must be such as to enable a labourer to pay rent for a five-room dwelling in proper state of repair, with satisfactory sanitary arrangements, an adequate water supply, together with garden ground of not less than an eighth of an acre. It is, of course, most satisfactory to have such a standard established, but it is quite clear that the wages recommended fall short of it. On the other hand, once a Wages Board is set up, there is a medium in which public opinion can work, and it is certain that agricultural wages will rise. This machinery will also be of use in introducing a Factory Law into agriculture. There is no reason why the agricultural labourer should be denied the protection that the town workman receives from the law.

The other institution that we owe to the war is the County Agricultural Committee. The Corn Production Act guarantees certain prices to the farmers, but it imposed on them a certain discipline. Under Part IV of the Act the Board of Agriculture is empowered to enforce a certain standard and type of cultivation on the farmer. This control is wide and drastic. If a farmer is negligent or wasteful, if he refuses to put his land to the best use, if he allows rabbits to become a pest, if in general he does not conform to the standard imposed by the Board, he may lose his farm. These powers have been delegated by the Board to the War Agricultural Executive Committees. In many cases the Committees have acted with vigour, inflicting penalties for waste and bad farming and the excessive preservation of game. It is a weakness in the organisation of these Committees, that though they have power to punish a bad farmer, they have no power to protect a good one. These Committees will remain in existence with these powers as long as the Corn Production Act is in force, i.e., till 1922, and although nothing but the critical position of the country would have reconciled the farmers to this revolutionary scheme, it is obvious that the machinery will serve very useful purposes after the war.

For in agriculture, not less than in other industries, organisation is urgently needed if the industry is to be developed. And there is no industry where development is so vital to the nation as the fundamental industry of all. Everybody agrees that the land must produce more food; that the nation cannot afford wasteful farming; that private pleasure must not be allowed to take precedence over public needs.

On other sides reform is necessary to give vitality and significance to rural life. We want to encourage small

holdings of different types; to introduce land settlements for soldiers; to give agriculture the promise of a career to men with brains and no capital. The regeneration of rural life means the development of co-operation, of village clubs, of village industries, of new methods not of production only but of buying, selling, transport and communication. By making village life various in its employments and its interests we shall restore the old type of village society. In a later article we shall examine the bearing on all these questions of the new revolution that is imminent with the development of electrical power. At present it is only necessary to point out that the War Agricultural Committees will be invaluable as representative bodies for stimulating and guiding the development. For that purpose one reform is obviously essential. There is no reason for the presence of the Textile Trade Unionists on the Cotton Control Board and the Woollen Control Board, which does not apply to the case of the Agricultural Labourers and the War Executive Committees. These Committees must include the representatives of the Labourers' Unions, so that they may speak with the authority of the industry as a whole. The Government would have been wiser to recognise this principle from the first. As it is, there have been complaints in some parts of the country that Executive Committees have used their power unfairly in dealing, at the time of a labour dispute, with the question of exemptions from military service. For the future there can be no doubt that these Committees must be organised on the principle that has been applied with such success to the textile industries.

NOTE.—Mr. Arthur Baring's letter in LAND & WATER of May 2nd, on the subject of the assault on Mr Bingham Baring, does not affect my account of the brutality of the punishments inflicted on the rioters in 1830. Of Mr. Bingham Baring's part in the proceedings I have nothing to say. The fact that he used his influence on the side of mercy—which I am interested to learn—suggests that he took the same view as the people of Micheldever of the conduct of the judges.

In Barracks: By Sherard Vines

Desolately, the Last Post
Cries down the windy barrack square,
Whirls and quavers, and is lost
In the blue frost
Beyond the air.
Yet that sobbing quality,
Not wholly of our earthly scale,
In their brazen harmony,
Pierces the
Unending veil.
Light to sleep goes after light,
Step echoes after step to bed,
While the bugler every night
Plays in sight
Of all the dead.

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Men and Moods

By Edward Anton

I have just delivered myself from one of those "moods" to which, as a Celt, I am somewhat liable.

I wish to emphasise that I "delivered myself," which describes the process exactly. Time was when I waited for my moods to pass: now I end them at will. It means much to me, and it is one of the many reasons why I think so highly of Pelmanism as an instrument of self-mastery.

All of us suffer—consciously or unconsciously—from "moods," in great or less degree. And the man or woman who has learnt the secret of mood-mastery has acquired knowledge which not only adds largely to his or her working capacity, but also to the capacity for interest, pleasure, and even happiness.

"Moods" are the fog-banks of the mind; impeding progress and perverting vision. They are induced by a diversity of causes, into the nature of which it is not my intention to inquire here: it is to their effect that I am presently considering.

If I illustrate my remarks by reference to my own case, it will, I hope, be understood that I do so not from egotism, but from a desire to speak from experience.

A retrospective survey of my forty-odd years of existence shows me that, up to the date of my introduction to the Pelman Course, I have been greatly the victim of "moods": gloomy moods, impulsive moods, irritable moods, lavish moods, irresponsible moods, moods of inexcusable optimism, moods of the deepest self-distrust. And I daresay there are many thousands of men and women who, whether they recognise it or not, are equally handicapped by their wretched perversions of mentality which we call "moods."

"I can't help it," we often say, "it's my nature." Just so have I often attempted to excuse myself for a word or an action which I could not defend. "It's my nature!"

We libel "nature" and we belittle ourselves in uttering such an infamous phrase. It is not "nature" that is to blame: it is our self-ignorance. The majority of us, successful or unsuccessful, are deplorably ignorant of those forces which constitute our personality and make us individuals. Strange that in an age which prides itself upon its spirit of investigation, we should have been so remiss in getting to know what there is to be known about *ourselves!*

But Pelmanism is changing all this, and in doing so is showing us not only how to abolish certain undesirable moods, but even teaching us how to produce other moods which are desirable and profitable.

Let us get back to our "awful example"—myself. I was most conscious of my handicap where it affected my work. I worked well; but the "moods," alas! were all too infrequent. They would come unannounced and would depart abruptly; I could not depend upon myself.

That disability has been conquered, thanks to Pelmanism, and I may, without affectation, claim to be able to produce my best standard of work at will. There is no need to dilate upon the enormous advantage this has been to me—an advantage which I can translate not only in terms of £ s. d. (the usual criterion), but, what is of more significance to me, in sentiment and self-esteem.

Even upon those occasions when I could honestly say that my "mood" had been partly, if not wholly, induced by bad health, I have found "Pelmanising" result in an astonishing betterment: enabling me to overcome my mental inertia, and, by reaction, improving my physical condition.

This may probably seem difficult of belief to some of my readers, but there are the simple facts—and they are amply corroborated by the voluntary evidence of hundreds of other "Pelmanists."

Let us take another phase—the dissatisfied, restless mood which, intervening, makes work, pleasure, interest, or recreation impossible; "a feeling that you don't know what you want," as I have heard it described. Here again I have achieved conquest, and am able to put the "mood" to rout as soon as I am conscious of it. How much that has meant to me in the last few years it would be difficult to estimate.

Irritability—another supposedly "natural" feeling—was a severe handicap which I have successfully "Pelmanised," but here the battle is not yet completely won. Of the ultimate issue, however, I have not the slightest doubt.

The net result is to give me a feeling of power that I never remember possessing previously—not even in my supremely confident boyish days. I *know* now that I can make myself do—and I do it. I do not wait miserably upon Chance; Mood, Circumstance, Environment, or any other of the bogies which

cripple and nullify human effort. I appoint my work, I command my mood, and I achieve satisfaction.

Let me repeat that these notes are penned in no egotistical spirit. I want readers of LAND & WATER to realise that "Pelmanism" may well represent something of far more moment to them, personally, than they may have yet realised. It is simply the impossibility of explaining in a column or two the immense range of limitless possibilities of the System, which compels certain popular phases of "Pelmanism" to receive more frequent mention than others.

Ability to induce a working mood at will is a distinctly valuable gain; but there are others. The Pelmanist who faithfully applies the principles of the Course can don a mood suited to every occasion. Interest, sympathy, criticism, appreciation, contemplation—all these various moods or mental attitudes may be cultivated; perhaps not always with the same degree of success, but invariably to a certain degree.

Confidence is, probably, the mood which most matters for the majority of men and women, and I will quote what was recently written upon this matter by a Pelman student (a traffic manager on a big Northern Railway System):—

"The Pelman Course breathes confidence from the beginning . . . confidence in what the student is taught, and confidence in himself.

"What self-confidence means can only be appreciated by those who have known the lack of it. To have failed—not from lack of ability, but from lack of self-confidence—at a time which marked the making or the marring of a career, is an agony which takes a long time to drive from the mind. . . .

"To the self-doubter the Pelman Course is a boon and a blessing. It opens a new outlook on life, it sends one forth rejoicing in a new-found strength. I am—I ought—I CAN."

Those are words written straight from the heart: they should be well pondered by every man and every woman who has so far failed to find a footing on the ladder of success.

The financial, business, and professional advantages have been so much explained and so liberally evidenced that, I suppose, no reader of LAND & WATER requires further assurance on that matter from my pen. Equally, enough has been said of the "pull" which Pelmanism confers upon the Army or Navy officer or man. I regard these triumphs—solid and substantial as they are—as "theatrical effects" compared with the deep and lasting change which the study of this remarkable System can and does produce in the inner life of the individual.

Financial, business, professional, and social considerations do not represent the main considerations in life. Our vocations and our social amenities constitute but a part of our daily lives. It is of infinitely greater importance to be able to command a happy, contented frame of mind, to be able to take a living interest in the world around us, to be able to develop and control *ourselves*, than it is to double our incomes or achieve professional advancement.

Thus, for the time being, I set commercial inducements aside and invite readers of LAND & WATER to consider the matter of Pelmanism from the higher plane. Every man and every woman with a proper degree of self-pride can, and should hasten to, profit by the adoption of the simple and scientifically sound principles laid down in the Pelman Course.

It is profoundly true that, as a student of the Course recently said: "If people only realised what Pelmanism was capable of affecting for them, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

There are, perhaps, a hundred strictly personal reasons why each or any reader of this page should become a Pelmanist, and I venture the statement that, if he or she realised it, any *one* of those hundred reasons would be sufficient *if he or she could be brought to realise it!* I have never yet met the man or woman who, having studied Pelmanism, has been in the least degree disappointed.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a reprint of "Truth's" famous report on the System and a form entitling readers of LAND & WATER to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fees, on application to-day (a post card will do) to the Pelman Institute, 39, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

London: By Miller Dunning

TO be in the outskirts of London, beyond the town, yet tragically within the spell of its atmosphere, is to win an experience that may well make a lasting impression. It is a low level land, lying between the river and the last rows of houses, and stretching to and along the raised bank which borders the Thames. It is away towards the East, well on the seaward side of the West India Docks; a strange country full of wild contrasts and boding suggestion.

Above, if the month is April, the sky will be clear and blue, reaching over like a great sparkling dome whose foundations rest in a setting of encircling smoke, which rising, turns to amber till it veils the clouds and an afternoon sun. And beneath both crystal dome and smoke lie side by side the most acute of all contrasts—the borders of a blackened city against fields of untilled soil . . . and here, near at hand, solitude; and there, on a little further, desolation, and in the far-away distance, grim destruction—the spirits that hover between that sky and this earth and ever breathe their likeness into the beings who live in their midst.

One is in touch yet removed from it all. The sounds that come, come singly and distinct; the distant roll of the train to Tilbury, the hum of an ocean tramp on the river, and the low pulsating of engines in a factory hard by.

Then the fields! Eastwards they grow deeper and are finally lost in the turnings of the river—not green fields, but long broken levels, dun-coloured and uninviting. Along the inner boundary they are fringed by straggling wind-blown trees. An occasional cottage is seen in the background and, standing forward from the rest, a mansion such as one would build who had a spite against his kind; a dull red building, with gables, numerous chimneys and hundreds of windows. In this place it stands up as the very emblem of misery—a misery such as these cottagers could never conceive; the bitter God-cursing grief of disappointed Mammon.

How is it revealed? Most surely not by the lad who speaks of its ghost-haunted rooms and its secret tunnel to London. No! It is self-evident. The soul that conceived such a house in such a place must have been full of irony. It must have seen in everything about it the glaring signs of oppression; the very smoke that infiltrated the air, the grim hostile looking factories in the immediate neighbourhood, the dirty unfertile fields all about it, the unholy visage of the docks, the tooth-like cranes standing gaunt and black above the river, a conglomerate mass of buildings, and above them a gasometer frowning on every aspect of the land . . . and seeing these things, cursed them, and by coming into their midst, its own existence also. For such things as these are not the natural environment of happiness. Who then being happy would choose this place to enjoy the good things of life? None, so it seems, but one whose life had grown thoroughly spiteful and morbid: one from whom all real joy had flown, leaving him to the gnashing of his teeth. "It is mine," so he said, "and with it I shall do as I choose. In the midst of man's degradation I will build me a mansion, My heart is bitter, and I curse the day I was born. But with the sight of my wealth, still more will I curse those around me. I will set my castle in the midst of their misery and from its high windows I shall look down on all that is mine. I shall laugh and deride their weakness, for it is I who am strong. It is I who am bitter, and it is I who shall do as I please." But this is not the misery that comes of poverty. Indeed this might afford the normal man with many luminous moments, although at its best it can boast but a grotesque beauty.

The tide is rising from the Thames, forcing the water into this smaller stream. Lining either side there runs a narrow sward of tall river grass—beautifully green and swaying gently to each breath of wind. The river between is calm and scarcely moving. Further down, two men are poling a great barge. There is an occasional splash, the thud of dropping poles, and the inarticulate sound of men's voices. Near at hand, a flood gate retains the water of a still smaller stream. Men and women work in the gardens that run along either side. One of them scrapes a spade, and except for the chance cry of a child there is no other sound.

But over all, far and near, there hovers a strange incongruous serenity. For this is none the less an ill-natured country which in some subtle manner would seem to epitomise a sordid beauty, as though to draw from all greatly mundane things whatever expression of virtue they might contain. It is seen in the intermingling contrasts of beauty

and ugliness. To the fore is a hazy landscape. We can dimly see—but we clearly know what it contains. And above all, above these broken fields and scraggy trees, above these sceptre-like chimneys and the grim masses at their base, a real sun is shining, ever as though to gild with true gold the basest work of its creatures. But it rests in the arms of two soot-begrimed clouds, and while its light is reflected in the passing river and the swampy ponds, it is nevertheless light that is hushed and muffled; like the souls of labour-ridden people. For this is the expression of a labouring city, and neither the sun nor any other star can make it more than seem a nobler thing. Everywhere it is the same.

On The River

On the river, large ships and small pass to and fro, with only their masts and funnels showing above the banks. One passes by the entrance of the smaller stream and mingles its smoke with that of the factories that overshadow its water. Of these there is a long uneven row following at right angles from the greater river. There also everything is significantly quiet, and except for the occasional figure of a man, no living thing is to be seen. The factories are of the smaller, ramshackle class: Chemical and guano works, a hide and skin factory, and others of various kinds. This part of the country had known the activity of other days. Everywhere the natural earth lies many feet under great areas of refuse. The upper arch of a disused tunnel recedes and is lost in the rearward fields. There are pits and mounds, all overgrown with noxious and stunted weeds. A dry, nose-biting quality infiltrates the air, and soon the vilest of foul odours rolls up like a monster. A horse and cart come through a gate, and with them a great wave of unseen virulence—the natural atmosphere, so it seems, of those who dwell within.

And yet, despite the general quietness of the day, there is a low, ill-matured whistle in the wind. Then too there is a house in sight—a smaller one this time—which bespeaks dark night deeds, associating us with those blood-curdling stories people read in their days of innocence. It is double-storied. Several lines of heavily laden telegraph poles wind into the distance behind it. It has on either side a chimney like two Satanic ears. Its windows are almond-shaped eyes. The central doorway is capped by a sharp perverted curve, an evil nose, so that the whole architectural idea has as it were the countenance of commonplace villainy.

The fields spread everywhere—some overgrown and green, others quite barren. Between the factories and the foot-path small swamps and pools of green slime line the way, and beyond, a row of attendant cottages succeeds the factories. Women are standing talking by the roadside. A boy with donkey and cart is preparing for the city. At the mouth of the smaller river there is an ale house of the kind with which London abounds. Men and women with their children are sitting on the bank above the river, drinking and talking. Below them a boy is lolling in a boat. His dog runs up and down the shore, and in its vain endeavour to reach him, snaps fruitlessly at the water. Out in the open stream looms a great tramp making for its native ocean, and following it comes the wash, rocking the boat and driving the dog up the bank with its wave. The evening shadows spread across the water, and, penetrating through them, stretch the long reflections of distant buildings. The faint notes of music rise and fall on the almost motionless air, accompanied by the subdued voices of men and women.

They sit out in the evening. Resting thus, they seem to make themselves one with the all-pervading spirit of peace—for what can appeal more to our sense of the picturesque and seemly, than a group of men and women recumbent in the shadows that succeed the day.

But this it is that following the easier way we so readily accept the more obvious reality, and pass over the spirit that lurks so darkly beneath it. Tradition would have us cry: "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world," while we, to uphold tradition, greet every seeming scene of tranquility with applause, hold it fast in our memories for evidence, and being satisfied pass on, although we have but witnessed the manifestation of a happiness so rare, that we have long ceased to recognise it as the natural heritage of man; or if we recognise it as such, then only to take it as signifying a state of permanence which does not exist—a delusion nevertheless which enables us to go our way unhaunted by a truth too uncomely, too monstrous, to find itself at home in the delicate tenements of our unpractised minds.

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Major William Orpen, A.R.A.

A portrait of the artist, by himself, now on view at the Agnew Galleries, Old Bond Street

The Orpen Exhibition



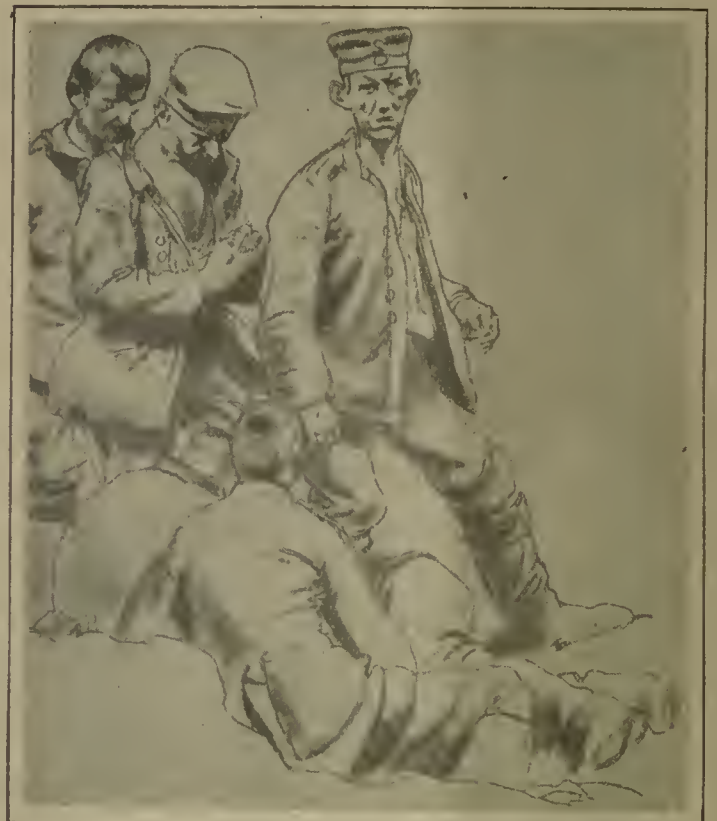
Highlander Passing a Grave



Man with Cigarette



Royal Irish Fusiliers



German Prisoners

THE exhibition of paintings and drawings executed on the Western Front by Major William Orpen, A.R.A., which was opened by Lord Beaverbrook last week at the Agnew Galleries, 43 Old Bond Street, will draw every one in London. It will be the most talked of picture show this summer, for Major Orpen brings home to the beholder the facts of war in the present year in a more vivid manner than any other artist. And this is true not only of his paintings, but of his drawings in black and white. He has an extraordinary power of characterisation, as will be perceived in the four pictures reproduced above; he compels a personal interest in the individuals he portrays, for one feels they are the very type of men one would like to know personally. He shows some magnificent portraits, notably of Field-Marshal French and Haig, and of Generals Trenchard and David Watson. There are two portraits of "A Refugee," a pretty lady, whose anonymity lends additional charm. The tints of his landscapes are singularly lovely, and remain in the mind, and he has the power of imparting pathos to broken buildings and fields. It is right that this exhibition should be under the direction of the Ministry of Information, for it is informative in the best sense of the word. The civilian who enters it leaves with a new sense of the fighting line, and a lively visualisation of the scenes of those heroic episodes of which he reads daily in the papers, but which, by very repetition, assume after a time an air of unreality. Major Orpen corrects this. He conveys every one with the least imagination to the Front, and shows what is actually going on, all the horror of trench and battlefield, and that strange ironic beauty in which Nature seems to delight for the mockery of man. The nation has reason to be doubly grateful to the artist—for the work itself and for his generous gift of it.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1918.

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Notice

THE increasing cost of paper makes it necessary to raise the price of LAND & WATER to One Shilling, beginning with our next issue.

The Board of Trade having forbidden the distribution of newspapers "on sale or return" on or after the 24th proximo, LAND & WATER after the issue of June 20th will be obtainable to order only. We particularly request all our readers who have not already done so to place an order for regular delivery with their newsagents, or to register a subscription at this office, 5 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

The Outlook

THE long delay of five weeks since the defeat of the enemy on April 29th closed upon Monday morning with a double attack which he launched in Champagne and in Flanders. The first was pressed against a sector where the French had noticed for some time a concentration of enemy artillery, and where certain British divisions had been brought from the north, the presence of which was noted in the enemy *communiqués* twenty-four hours before. The second attack was on the well-known ground—about ten miles in extent of front—which covers the hills beyond Mount Kemmel and the southern part of the Ypres salient. It runs from the front of Loere to Voornzele, near the Ypres Canal.

It is to be noted, as is remarked elsewhere in this issue, that the interval of delay which the enemy has allowed to pass corresponds with the period required for the recruiting of his forces after the losses of the first main offensive between March 21st and April 29th. If it is his intention to use the great masses which we know he has concentrated on the centre of the salient—that is, in the region of Albert and in front of Amiens—then these two attacks in the extremities of the line will appear as secondary efforts, with the object of pinning down the troops there and preventing reinforcements for the centre. But if he develops the attack in Champagne and makes it his principal business, it will depend upon whether he can turn the strong ridge of Chenin des Dunes on the south, as he is apparently attempting to do.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the evidence of the connection between the German enemy and the Sinn Fein movement, which was published officially last week, would have been received with incredulity in this country. The idea that the Easter rebellion of 1916 should have been planned by an Ambassador in a neutral country, and every detail worked out down to the actual date of the uprising, would until recently have been deemed an impossible breach of the laws of international hospitality. But to those who have followed in LAND & WATER the exposure of the plots incubated at the German Embassy in

Washington, the villainy appears merely part and parcel of the ordinary behaviour of von Bernstorff and von Papen.

The villainy of these two highly placed German officials has been established plainly by Mr. French Strother. Documents have been published in these pages which have placed beyond all suspicion the infamy to which they were willing and eager to stoop in service to their State. To hoodwink the American Government by adding to diplomatic telegrams, after they had received sanction for dispatch, was to them a natural trick to play on the "idiotic Yankees." It did not offend their sense of honour. The reason for this is perhaps a simple one: they totally lack that sense. Civilisation has been forced to the conclusion that honour, as understood by men of rectitude in all ages and in all climes, is a virtue which has no place in Teuton character.

* * *

The publication of this evidence should strike a death blow to the Sinn Fein movement. No effort will be spared to minimise or distort the related facts. But the period over which the conspiracy extends is in itself corroboration of the truth of it. One has only to read the public utterances of the Sinn Fein leaders or to listen to the songs which the rank and file sing openly in Ireland to realise that an active alliance with Germany was entirely to their liking.

The Government have to play the man and stamp out boldly this rebellious spirit. If it weakens and finds pretexts or excuses for the rebels, then it cannot expect support either here or elsewhere. But if it acts strongly, it will be assured of the goodwill and co-operation of all loyal subjects, and we maintain that it will find, notwithstanding superficial evidence to the contrary, that loyalty exists in Ireland to a far greater degree than is generally supposed. Weakness and hesitation in a crisis of this character are the deadly sins.

* * *

The week has been conspicuous for two pieces of work in the air; the one highly characteristic of the enemy's methods, the other of the increasing superiority of the Allies. The first has been the raiding by night of a large British hospital area far behind the battle front; the second has been a series of British raids on the German towns of the Rhine Basin, and particularly a most effective one upon the provincial capital of Cologne. The raiding of the British hospitals, though the worst, is not the first case of this kind of atrocity. The enemy has already been guilty of the same kind of thing at Bar le Duc many months ago, when he deliberately chose in a night raid a restricted area which he knew to be entirely given up to hospitals.

But the attack upon the British base hospitals last week has a character of its own. It was designed in the first place to compel the British to use more tonnage for the transport of wounded overseas, and to abandon their system of hospitals on the Continent; and in the second place to reinforce the strong political effort the enemy is making to arrive at a convention which shall put an end to air raids over anything but the war zone.

The raid by daylight over Cologne had the best effect; it created a greater impression upon the civilian population of Germany than has yet been registered, and it is an excellent augury for the future. The development of this policy will be of more value on the political side of the war than has yet perhaps been appreciated among the Allies. The immunity of German soil from the suffering inflicted upon the Allied capitals and other towns (including Venice) for many months past has been a very great factor in preserving the civilian moral of our enemies.

* * *

If one may judge from the provincial Press, farmers are protesting loudly against the proposal of the Budget to increase their liability for income-tax. It is difficult to see any reason for their protest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to charge them on double their rent, but they are still to have the option of paying on the same basis as other people—that is, on their actual profits under Schedule D. The plea put forward on their behalf, that so few farmers keep any accounts, is not a sound argument against this alternative. The man who does not or who cannot, keep such simple accounts as will satisfy the Inland Revenue authorities is certainly not qualified to have the control of land. The real and only reasonable objection to this proposal is that any alternative should be given.

It is true that the farmer pays more than his fair share of local taxation, which entitles him to special treatment in regard to his payment for income-tax, but so long as he gets this special treatment under the latter head he is not likely to get justice under the former. As a class, they stand to gain more by a fair revision of the incidence of local taxation than they will lose over income-tax.

The Delay and the Attack: By Hilaire Belloc

AT the moment these lines are written (on the afternoon of Monday, May 27th), news reaches London that two offensives have been launched by the enemy early this morning at widely distant points: the Flanders front before Mount Kemmel, in the extreme north, and the Champagne front before Rheims, in the extreme south.

The delay of the enemy before resuming his offensive—the Allied command deliberately left him full choice therein—was up to the moment of that attack the chief object of military interest. It admits of little analysis and less conjecture.

The enemy's delay was due to one main cause: the necessity for recruitment. To this must probably be added the time necessary for a change of plan—since his first plan failed. There may possibly be added doubtful elements such as his waiting for new material, etc. We may add, if we will, the effect upon him of the present Allied superiority in air work and the perpetual harassing of his concentrations in men and material. But it remains true that his chief cause for delay was recruitment.

That he has had to change his plan meant, of course, an immense amount of new staff work, a certain amount of re-arrangement, and possibly further delay caused through the discussion of alternative objects. But his inability to strike again until he had in great measure replaced the losses of his last immense effort to reach a decision, was the governing condition of that halt in operations which had been so striking since April 29th, when he suffered a heavy defeat.

We have here available figures to guide us. The enemy lost during that great offensive between March 21st and April 29th, one way and another, counting sickness and every form of depletion, not less than 500,000 men. He may have lost more. He may have lost up to 600,000. But 500,000 is a safe figure.

It has been said in this paper, and I think justly, that he was then budgeting for losses of some 650,000 at the most. To have lost more than that in the first blow before reaching a decision would have crippled him hopelessly. As a fact, when he saw that he had failed to reach a decision he checked his losses before the possible maximum was reached.

Granted this, what were the forms of recruitment upon which he could rely should he determine to break off the battle and allow a long pause for the restoration of his establishments? His allies may be ruled out. Austria can afford next to nothing, and there are political difficulties as well. He can bring little more of use from the East. What else had he wherewith to refit?

His two sources of recruitment are hospital returns and his last class called up and in training; part of which is already in depot and ready to be drafted into the fighting units.

In round numbers, something over 60 per cent. of those in hospital at any moment return to the army after an average absence of four months. The rest are killed, mutilated, or sick beyond hope of immediate further service.

To have lost 500,000 men, therefore, in the great offensive which ended upon April 29th would mean that if the enemy delayed to the end of the summer he would get back from his hospital returns alone, theoretically, some 300,000 men; in practice, perhaps, a quarter of a million.

But it was not a question of waiting for the longest possible time, but of waiting for just so much time as would give him the highest effective returns, at the least disadvantage to himself through the growth of his opponent and of civilian strain at home. It is a junction in a double variant.

Now, the curve of returns after one short intense effort fluctuates sharply. There is an early period of rapid returns for very slightly wounded or slightly sick. Then comes a period varying from six to nine weeks during which what may be called the normal lighter cases are being cured, and during which the curve flattens. At the end of it the curve rapidly rises, the rise representing the discharge in great numbers of the men who have passed through the simple and easier cures and come out again. Then comes a long period of slow and fairly even rise representing the gradual return of the graver cases in their order.

Other things being equal, the moment when the large returns begin to come in, say, after six to eight weeks, is likely to be the moment of greatest efficiency. It is the moment the enemy has chosen.

The second factor in recruitment is the new class.

This new class is in the present case class 1920—that is,

the lads who were born in 1900, and who attain their eighteenth birthday between January 1st and December 31st of the present year. Rather more than one-half of them are still under eighteen years of age. It is necessary that the oldest should be used first, and, even so, they have been called and trained earlier than any other German class senior to them since the beginning of the war. What can this class now provide? Normally, it would provide quite at the end of this summer about 450,000; but for the moment 200,000 is the highest figure we can possibly allow, and it is certain that those 200,000 will not be put into the fighting units right away, but kept for immediate drafts when the fighting begins.

Our conclusion is that the enemy, so far as mere numbers are concerned, can already bring up his establishments, if he is dealing only with the divisions he has already put in, very nearly to the weight in which he was before the great attack of March 21st. He has now, so far as mere numbers are concerned, so replaced some 70 per cent., or a little more, of his losses. If he likes to risk the holding of his line with even less men than he held it before, he can milk the divisions that have not been in or bring them up bodily to replace divisions mauled in the recent fighting, sending the latter back to the quiet portions of the line. To replace three-quarters of your losses when your losses have been from a third to a quarter of what you put in is very nearly to restore your original condition. After a delay thus calculated very nearly to fill the gaps created by the great offensive of last March and April, and its failure, we have news, as I write these lines, of a renewed attack.

The news is fragmentary so far and quite inconclusive. But the prime characteristic of it is that two efforts are being made by the enemy upon two sectors as widely separate as possible—from 100 to 115 miles apart. The first and apparently (so far as the news goes) the largest effort, is being made in the sector of Rheims. Its exact extent is still uncertain. We do not yet know, at the moment of writing, whether it includes the strong position of the Chemin des Dames or not, but presumably it does. The second effort is being made in Flanders upon the familiar ground which was that of the last great battle of April 29th in front of Mount Kemmel, from Loere to Voormezele.

No indication of the exercise of pressure elsewhere is yet to hand, but it is probable that two such very widely separated



efforts are but the preliminary to further work in the centre. We cannot tell. We know that for the moment the greatest weight is in the south, and we await the event.

[P.S.—As we go to press a brief dispatch describes the enemy's attack up to Monday night. He has attacked on a front of about 25 miles, pushed back the Allied right between

Rheims and the hills, and so turned the eastern end of the ridge known as the Chemin des Dames from the eastern end of this ridge, therefore the Allied line has fallen back to the River Aisne south of it, and the enemy has reached the road crossing at Pont Darcy. No further news is to hand.]

The Air

There remains the work in the air. Of the normal work, the work of military operations proper (which is nearly the whole) all we know is that the Allied superiority is maintained and increased. But the comparatively small extra work designed for political effect merits our special attention this week. The most striking and the worst incident in it was the deliberate bombardment of a great British Base Hospital area by the enemy. What he did here was consonant to what he has done throughout the war, to wit, the breaking of all civilised conventions where he thought there was advantage to himself with no corresponding disadvantage that he could see. It was exactly the same calculation as made him massacre and burn in Belgium at the beginning of the war, and as made him murder Captain Fryatt. No parallel action could, he thought, be taken against himself.

It is clear that if he compels that one of his enemies who has maritime communications to spend more tonnage in transporting wounded; to subject more wounded to the strain of two transshipments, etc., he has a clear advantage, because his own communications for evacuating wounded are uninterrupted and by land. Further, he can withdraw at necessity his base hospitals to a great distance. The British, short of crossing the sea, must remain within radius of aircraft.

But he had another object, which was purely political, and that was to prepare the way for a Convention which shall put an end to the bombing of anything that is not of strictly military importance and within the war zone. He desires to put a special strain upon the Allies in this respect because he knows that if he does not get his Convention the Allies can in the near future put a greater strain on him, which will be in his particular case really dangerous.

We shall never get a proper view of the present and coming air raids in the Rhine Valley until we put ourselves in the shoes of the enemy and see how various experiences combined have produced in him a state of mind upon which these repeated raids are peculiarly efficacious.

The principal of these experiences is the tradition of victory combined with complete security at home.

The very oldest men alive in North Germany to-day, the men between 70 and 90, have their memories of young manhood crammed with victories not only on the largest scale, but of the most decisive sort, and these achieved against first class Powers with incredible facility and rapidity. They remember the wars which unified North Germany under Prussia between '64 and '70 as the very foundation of their lives.

Men somewhat younger, men still in the vigour of public service, men from 55 to, say, 68, can recall as children the same experiences. No one living in North Germany can recall anything else. The whole psychology of that modern experiment which still calls itself the German Empire is steeped in a blind faith in absolute, necessary, conclusive victory upon the largest scale. No one living remembers invasion, and, what is more, only the very oldest of those now living can remember a state of mind in which defeat was thought possible.

With the national soul in such a state the German Empire launched its campaign of conquest in 1914. There followed, it is true, a certain disappointment. Victory did not prove as simple, as easy, or as rapid as had been expected. Still there was victory, and, above all, there was the continuation of complete security.

All the news of civil damage and humiliation which the German at home reads about (or the German soldier either for that matter) was news of harm done to the enemy, not to himself. Did French and British gunfire fall upon points behind the lines, those points were French and Belgian. A German attack involved the ruin of foreign land. Even German defence involved nothing but the ruin of foreign land.

Later when the German armies made their retirement to what was called the Hindenburg line, they devastated territory which they detested, and which was not their own. And all this while, though suffering the strain of partial blockade, civilian life in Germany was quite secure.

We cannot grasp the enormous effect of air work in Germany until we grasp that state of mind.

The first sign of what such an effect could be was the explosion of anger, surprise and furious recrimination which followed the French raid upon Karlsruhe. So normal was life within Germany, so much did all the authorities take the old state of affairs for granted, that the Royalties were quietly visiting each other in the Palace of Karlsruhe when the raids took place, and the Queen of a neutral country narrowly escaped death.

A Small Beginning

But Karlsruhe was only a beginning—and a small beginning. After all, the opportunities (apparently) of hurting French territory in such a fashion were much greater than the opportunities of hurting German territory. There was, as yet, no conspicuous Allied superiority in the air. It seemed safe for the enemy to pursue an intensive policy of terror over Allied civilian territory.

We said in these columns many months ago, that the test would be *Cologne*. The words written in these columns were to this effect; "The first bombardment of Cologne will wake an echo not only throughout Germany but round the world."

Why had Cologne this great importance? On account of its size, its political history and its character as the capital of the great industrial district which lies to the north of it. Cologne was the one great city of Western Germany which had this character of a *capital*, of a provincial metropolis; of a centre of influence, of a great historical aggregate of population. It was intensely jingo; there had appeared in its Press threats against the French and British more violent, and perhaps one may say more simple, than in the Press of any other city. It had constantly seen pass through it, and had insulted, those long trains of prisoners over whom for three years it had exulted. And all the while it had regarded itself as certainly out of the war as a great city could be. It was the heart and nerve centre not only of the western belt of the German Empire but of its great industrial ganglion, the Lower Rhine coalfield, and yet it thought of itself as no more than the spectator of, and the secure and happy applauder of, victories in hated foreign lands far to the West. That it should be raided, raided by day, and raided on a large scale, produced a revolution in the German mind. If it could be thus raided on a large scale and by day there was apparently no limit to the Allied power of reprisal!

You have the measure of the astonishment and the salutary terror produced by this British achievement when you read the pathetic, because child-like, commentaries of the enemy upon it. The principal Parliamentary representative of the city (whose name Kuckhoff is amusing to our ears) naïvely suggests that the thing should stop. He thinks it frankly intolerable. He says it must not go on. The Cardinal-Archbishop of the place proposes that the Pope should put an end to it. The newspapers of Cologne and its district all shriek at the top of their voices that it is fiendish to imperil the lives of harmless women and children.

The mind of Cologne just now, at the end of May, 1918, is far more different from what the mind of Cologne was six months ago, than is the mind of any western belligerent from what it was four years ago. And Cologne is only a beginning of what may be done for the conversion of the North German. In the West every one has known German outrage from the very beginning of the war, invasion, or at the very best the necessity for bearing with reverse and humiliation. The original British divisions had not landed and been deployed in line more than a few hours before they had to suffer the terrible ordeal of the retreat from Mons. Belgium in the first days of the war had suffered arson, massacre, rape, pillage, and inhuman insult after a fashion which no Christian nation had yet known. With Northern France it was the same; and the captives had gone into Germany by tens of thousands. The monuments of antiquity were ruined, the deficiencies of life dissolved, and a sort of chaos seemed to have come. It is nearly four years since that time. In all these four years the British, the French, the Belgians, and in their turn the Italians (to mention only the West) have acquired a complete experience of Prussian war and of what it means to have an inferior put for a moment over his superior; what it means when the child of the savage or the brute gets hold of a weapon which ought never to be left within his reach.

Meanwhile the German himself, the author of all this abomination, was immune. He suffered military casualties; but those are normal to war. He saw none even of his most offensive modern erections destroyed; not one of his principal towns heard the noise of the aeroplane droning above it; no open coastal place of his suddenly suffered murder from

the sea. As his own maritime commerce was destroyed no civilian sailors or unarmed passengers of his own people suffered inconvenience, let alone indiscriminate murder by sea. The war was still to the German the thing it had been for us in the past before the present campaign: Lamentable for

death and privation, but not affecting the core of the nation, its soil, its tissue as it were.

The development of our great raids of reprisal have changed all that, and they will continue to change it more and more.

The Treaty of Bucharest

THE President of the United States was heard everywhere in Europe when he said recently that the intervention of his people concerned Russia just as much as it did Belgium.

That phrase might be expanded to mean that the American Government had appreciated a truth which in this paper was emphasised continually many months ago, when it was hardly grasped, which is fundamental to the whole war: if Prussia can establish a Central Europe controlling the East she has won the war, no matter what happens on the West; and the conception of Allied victory in the West side by side with a free hand for Prussia in the East is meaningless. If we really win in the West we win all. Unless we liberate the East we lose all.

Now, the Rumanian Treaty, of which more details are now before us, confirms and increases this vital conviction. The details of the document vastly develop the judgment formed upon the first news of it—a judgment which my readers may recall. Those details (which can now be studied fully and at leisure) show Prussia producing, as we said three weeks ago, a *federal* State, of which the new, humiliated, and half-absorbed Rumanian could be taken as a typical member. But they also show the complete control which Prussia assumes in the formation of the new State, the deliberated exclusion of all Western influence, the pretence or confidence of moulding this particular element at will (as Poland, Lithuania, and Finland will later be moulded), and the presence before our eyes of a Prussian Empire in the making. An Empire which could make nothing of Europe, it is true, but might well destroy what it was too base to understand, and would certainly destroy ourselves.

The Treaty of Bucharest was signed at 11 a.m. upon Tuesday, May 7th, at Catroceni. Kuhlmann was in the chair. He sat in the same place as had seen the declaration of war issued by Rumania against the Central Powers. It was a complete triumph.

The Treaty of Bucharest consists in 31 articles, arranged in eight chapters.

There are three special points in the text of the Treaty to which I would direct the attention of my readers.

The first point is this: That the political future of Rumania is left entirely at the mercy of the conqueror.

Article 4 (in chapter II.) leaves only 20,000 Rumanian infantry in being. But this tiny force is not independent. Article 5, of the same chapter, puts all military material under the direct control of the Austro-German Army of occupation. Article 6 subjects to the military authority of the victors the movements of every Rumanian officer, even for the shortest journey. Article 7 puts Austro-German officers into intimate connection with every unit. There is no power of political autonomy left to Rumania by this act. All is for the moment in enemy hands.

The second point is the destruction of all power over the great international highway of the Danube save that of the Central Powers. It is exceedingly important. It specifically eliminates the old right of Europe as a whole in this highway, and treats Russia as non-existent. It prevents even Bulgaria having the hold we thought it had when we first heard of the treaty. For by sub-section B of article 10, chapter III., the mouths of the river are specifically handed over *not* to Bulgaria, but to a "Committee of the four Allied Powers."

Now, this is something new in Europe. It is curious that so vital an innovation should not have been seized by the public. It is the very magnitude of the war, and the fact that all is still complete in suspense which accounts for the misapprehension of the thing.

In the first place, here is Prussia (at the head of the New Central European State) arranging matters so that she can reserve to herself in the future all the bargaining between Bulgaria and Turkey. The northern part of the Dobrudja—including the town of Constanza, the great grain port—is put into commission, as it were. It is in the hands of a Round Table, with Prussia in the chair. Turkey and Bulgaria are now attendants upon the final decision, but that decision will virtually leave neither Turkey nor Bulgaria possessed of

the mouths of the Danube. It will leave each expectant, dependent, and weakened.

In the second place, Europe, as Europe, has ceased to exist where the Danube is concerned. Now the Danube is the artery of Europe in the East. The Lower Danube is the road by which most cheaply and most easily the grain and the oil and all other products of the Hungarian Plain and the Northern Balkans and the vast Rumanian cornfield reaches the rest of the world. This Lower Danube was hitherto by treaty almost like the sea. There were particular rights, jealously guarded, general and international rights more jealously guarded still. The Russian Empire was the great countervailing weight which kept that highway open. The Russian Empire has disappeared.

I have said that this Treaty of Bucharest treats Russia as non-existent, and perhaps that negative point is the most striking point of all. There was a time when Great Britain turned her foreign policy and her claim to a part in the world upon her power to support or to control, to restrain or to defend, those who held the entry to the Black Sea. There was a time when the Western Powers, and England in particular, were not only members, but the chief members of that European Committee which counted the Lower Valley of the Danube as something within its purview. The Treaty of Bucharest professes to open a new era and to say that all this is now closed to the West. The Danube is mastered by one Power, as the Rhine in the early nineteenth century was to our permanent loss mastered in its middle reaches, mastered in its upper reaches in 1870, and as Prussia would master it to-morrow in its lower reaches and its mouths.

One might write a history of political expansion in terms of the great streams which, when several nations are independent, are common highways, but which when one attains hegemony are the first objects of the new Power. There are not many such, but the Volga made the autocracy of Russia; the Lower Mississippi was the test of the complete continental control by the American States and the exclusion of European power; the Rhine and the Danube, very much more than either of these other examples, will be the test of whether this new Power of Central Europe under Prussia shall remain erect or not. During the long centuries of civilisation, for a thousand years, since the evangelisation of Hungary, nine hundred years ago, of the right bank of the Rhine a couple of centuries before, the two great streams have been the common inheritance and the common communication of many and various members in the community of Christendom. The Rhine first passed almost entirely into one hand: A political peril supported by academic pedantry. Its last issues towards the sea (which include the great harbour of the Scheldt) are, if Prussia has her way, to be absorbed into the Central European system directly or indirectly.

And now it is the turn of the Danube. Between the Iron Gates and the Black Sea the Danube is, according to the Treaty of Bucharest, to be under the control of the new State—that is, to be a Prussian thing.

So much for the first two points. Rumanian political independence is held in suspense at the will of the conqueror, to be released by degrees, and moulded plastically at his will, until the new State takes its place in the Federal system of Central Europe, just as the archbishopric of Cologne was absorbed into the State of Prussia a hundred years ago, and just as Hanover and Frankfurt were absorbed within living memory. That was the first point. The second point was the seizure of the Danube valley, the elimination of any real power over it from the Iron Gates to the sea save that of the Central Powers under the domination of Prussia.

No Guarantees

The third point is the fact that for the first time in any so-called treaty of peace a nation left nominally independent is also, by the Treaty of Bucharest, left without any guarantees for its economic freedom.

Chapter IV. of the treaty is as significant as anything that has appeared in modern history. It is entitled "Indemnities of War." It has only two sentences. In the first, both

parties renounce any claim to charges upon the other for the costs of the war. In the second sentence, only twelve words long, Rumania is left entirely at the mercy of the conqueror for any indemnity he may in future exact. It runs thus, translated into English: "Future agreements are reserved which shall regulate the indemnities of this war."

Half the fifth chapter develops that idea upon other lines. The army of occupation retains, although peace has been signed, the right to requisition any amounts of any material it may demand. All the expenses of the army of occupation must be paid by Rumania, and all actions are subject to the military tribunals of the conquerors.

There is no limit to the exportation from Rumania which Prussia may not arbitrarily demand; there is no limit to the time over which she may not make those arbitrary demands. There is no limitation of payment for what she may seize. She may pay nothing or she may pay in her own paper at whatever price she chooses. The nominal vendor may not open his mouth. Such is the bargain. There is no limit to the size of the army of occupation, or to its demands, or to the surplus which it may send abroad, or to the power of those who loot over those who are looted.

If any Rumanian peasant protests against the action of any agent come to take his stock, the issue will be tried as a criminal issue before a court martial composed entirely of German or Austrian officers.

Upon the face of it, such a treaty is not a treaty of peace at all: it is a treaty of occupation, and almost of annexation. But we must beware against regarding it as a mere piece of oppression. There is more policy in it than that. The whole thing is based upon the federal idea and upon the experience of Prussia in the last half-century.

That experience leads the rulers of Prussia to believe that if you first thoroughly master a district by arms, and then release it within a certain degree to enjoy a certain measure of local freedom, you can later arrange it to suit yourself in

some scheme of federation the members of which shall exercise, in all sorts of differing degrees, local customs and traditions, and even the simulacrum of independence. It is the experience of Prussia that this process, first of military conquest, then of carefully regulated and very partial release, digests the conquered into that expanding body which Prussia ultimately rules.

What remains of the treaty is of secondary importance save for one point: the deliberate permission extended to Rumania to enter Bessarabia, and thereby keep up an open quarrel with the Ukraine. It is a policy which has been described often enough in these columns, and the object of which is to keep subsidiary States weak by establishing points of rivalry between them. We have exactly the same thing in the Polish province of Cholm, and the artificial arrangement of Lithuania and in Courland.

The conclusion of the Documents adds little to our interest. Chapter VI. of the Treaty of Bucharest expands at length the new arrangement for the Danube, and fixes Munich as the town in which the last details are to be thrashed out.

Chapter VII. does not concern us particularly. It deals with what it calls "religious" equality, with the special object of merging the German-speaking Jews in the mass of the Rumanian.

Chapter VIII., which contains the last three clauses of the treaty (29 to 31), insists that any economic arrangements made in the future—though Rumania does not know to what extent she may be bled—shall be deemed to date from the signature of this treaty.

Taken as a whole, the Treaty of Bucharest is the most significant of all the purely political events which we have seen in Europe since the ultimatum was launched against Serbia in July, 1914. If the Treaty of Bucharest stands, no matter what the results in the West, Prussia has conquered, she has the East at her disposal, and our civilisation is defeated.

German Order of Battle on March 21st

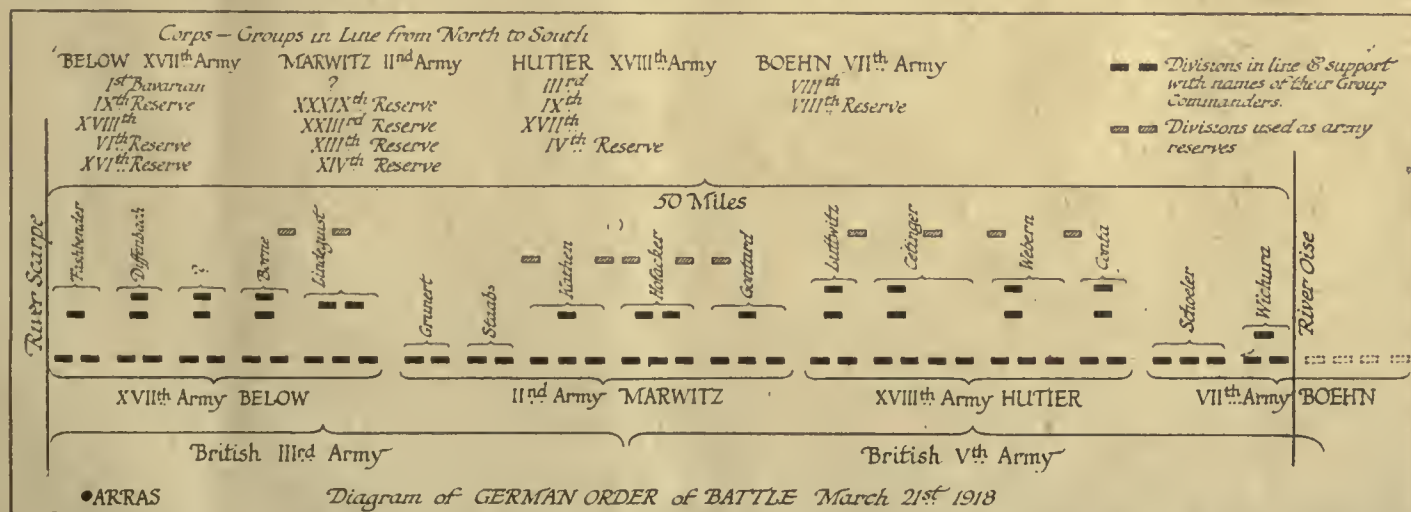
LIMITATIONS of time and difficulties connected with Whit-week compelled me to postpone to the present issue a diagram of the German order of battle as that order was described at length in my last article.

I now reproduce that diagram with certain explanations.

The chief point to note, which was emphasised also in my article of last week, is the distinction between the internal arrangement of the three German armies involved. The Northern Army on the German right, the XVIIIth, under Below, has only two divisions kept as an army reserve and those two divisions in the rear of its left. Its front line is

It is designed to do it in the neighbourhood of its own centre—that is, in the region of St. Quentin. Its whole mass is concentrated upon the two middle groups, Webern's and Oetinger's, while there is a division as army reserve behind each of the four sections. Seen upon the map, this third mass, the XVIIIth army, is not only thus grouped for special weight in its centre, but is deeper in formation than the other two. Finally, though the six divisions of the VIIth army (Schoeler's Corps and Wichura's) were under Boehn's command, they are lent to, and tactically seem to form part of, Hutier's force.

The whole system may be compared to a great pendulum



evenly disposed. None of the five group corps is especially milked to reinforce any of the others. It is a disposition designed to strike with most weight well south of Arras, and therefore arranged with an eye to something which is expected further south still. No group corps contains less than three divisions, and of the 23 divisions of which the whole was composed, 9 were in support and 12 in line. The Central Army under Marwitz is similarly concentrated by the left. Its two Northern groups have only two divisions each, with nothing in support behind, and the army reserve is five divisions strong, the centre of gravity of it lying to the south of the centre. But it is the third in the series, Hutier's army, the XVIIIth, which we must specially note. It is clearly designed to do the main part of the work, as in fact it did.

of which the weight is in the south. It is intended to swing round a pivot on the north in front of Arras, and to break the opposing line upon the south in front of its main weight. In other words, the order of battle, the enemy's plan as revealed by it, corresponds very precisely to the event. Where the enemy failed was only in reaping the full results of a breach which he had first effected, for it seems certain enough that he intended the chief effort to be in the area of St. Quentin and the follow-up to be mainly provided by the deep formation in that area. What he did not allow for was, after a rupture, the rapidity with which the Allied force would bring up reserves to dam the advancing flood. The thing was done in just a week. Ten days and it would have been too late.

The Turkish Conspiracy—III

The Narrative of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador in Turkey;
1913-1916

Mr. Morgenthau adds to-day to his portrait gallery of the leading personalities in Constantinople at the beginning of the war a life sketch of Enver Pasha. He also continues his narrative of persistent German intrigue in the Turkish capital.



Mohammed V., Sultan of Turkey

His Majesty is a kind-hearted old gentleman, who is entirely ignorant of the world, and lacking in personal force and initiative.

CERTAINLY Enver had one trait that made for success in such a distracted country as Turkey—audacity. His other dominating motive was an unlimited ambition. I remember sitting one night with Enver,

in his private apartment. On one side hung a picture of Napoleon, on the other one of Frederick the Great. Between them sat Enver himself! This fact gives some notion of the man's colossal vanity; these two warriors and statesmen were his great heroes and I believe that Enver actually thought fate had a career in store for him not unlike theirs.

That, at 26, he had taken a leading part in the revolution which had deposed Abdul Hamid caused him to compare himself with Bonaparte; many times has he told me that he believed himself "a man of destiny." Enver even affected to believe that he had been divinely set apart to re-establish the glory of Turkey and make himself the Great Dictator. Like Napoleon, Enver was short in stature, but his diminutive size did not prevent him from being a handsome, even an impressive, figure. He was the type that in America we sometimes call a *matinée* idol; the word women frequently used to describe him was "dashing." His face contained not a single line or furrow; it never disclosed his emotions or his thoughts; he was always calm, steely, imperturbable. That Enver certainly lacked Napoleon's penetration is evident from the way which he had planned to obtain the supreme power; for he early allied his personal fortunes with Germany. For years his sympathies had been with the Kaiser. At the fall of Abdul Hamid he had gone on a military mission to Berlin; and here the Kaiser immediately detected in him a possible instrument for working out his plans in the Orient, and cultivated him in numerous ways. Afterwards Enver spent a considerable time in Berlin as military attaché; when he returned, he was wearing a moustache slightly curled up at the ends. He could speak German. Indeed he had been completely captivated by Prussianism. As soon as Enver became Minister of War, Wangenheim flattered and cajoled the young man, played upon his ambitions and doubtless promised him Germany's complete support in achieving them. In his private conversation Enver made no secret of his admiration for Germany.

Thus Enver's elevation to the Ministry of War was virtually a German victory. He immediately instituted a drastic reorganisation. Enver told me himself that he had accepted the post only on condition that he should have a free hand; and this free hand he now proceeded to exercise. The army still contained a large number of officers who inclined to the old régime rather than to the Young Turks—many of them partisans of the murdered Nazim. Enver promptly cashiered 268 of these, and put in their places men who were known as "U and P" men and Germans. The Enver-Talaat group always feared a revolution that would depose them as they had thrown out their predecessors. Many times did they tell me that their own success as revolutionists had taught them how easily a few determined men could seize control of the country; they did not propose to have a little group in their army organise such a *coup d'état* against them. The boldness of Enver's move alarmed even Talaat, but Enver showed the determination of his character and refused to reconsider his action. One of the officers removed was Chukri Pasha, who had defended Adrianople

in the Balkan war. Enver issued a circular to the Turkish commanders practically telling them that they must look to him for preferment alone—that they could make no headway by playing politics with any group except that dominated by the Young Turks.

Talaat was not an enthusiastic Prussian like Enver. He had no intention of playing Germany's game; he was working chiefly for the Committee and for himself. He could not succeed unless he had control of the army; therefore, he

had made Enver, for years his closest associate in "U and P" politics, Minister of War. But he needed a strong army if he was to have any at all; therefore he had turned to Germany. Wangenheim and Talaat, in the latter part of 1913, had arranged that the Kaiser should send a military mission to reorganise the Turkish army. Talaat told me that on calling in this mission he was using Germany, though Germany thought that it was using him. That there were definite dangers in the move he well understood. A deputy who discussed this situation with Talaat in January, 1914, has given me a memorandum of a conversation which shows well what was going on in Talaat's mind.

"Why do you hand the management of the country over to the Germans?" asked this deputy, referring to the German military mission. "Don't you see that this is part of Germany's plan to make Turkey a German colony—that we shall become merely another Egypt."

"We understand perfectly," replied Talaat, "that that is Germany's programme. We also know that we cannot put this country on its feet with our own resources. We shall, therefore, take advantage of such technical and material assistance as the Germans can place at our disposal. We shall use Germany to help us reconstruct and defend the country until we are able to govern ourselves with our own strength. When that day comes, we can say good-bye to the Germans within twenty-four hours."

Certainly the physical condition of the Turkish army betrayed the need of assistance from some source. The picture it presented, before the Germans arrived, I have always regarded as portraying the condition of the whole Empire. When I issued invitations for my first official reception a large number of Turkish officers asked to be permitted to come in evening clothes; they said that they had no uniforms and no money with which to purchase or to hire them. They had not received their salaries for three and a half months. As the Grand Vizier who regulates the etiquette of such functions, still insisted on full military dress, many of these officials had to absent themselves. About the same time the new German Mission asked the Commander of the second army corps to exercise his men; the latter replied that he could not do so as his men had no shoes!

Desperate and wicked as Talaat subsequently showed himself to be, I still think that he at least was not then a willing tool of Germany. An episode that involved myself bears out this view. In describing the relations of the great powers to Turkey I have said nothing about the United States. In fact we had no particular business relations at that time. The Turks regarded us a country of idealists and altruists; the fact that we spent millions building wonderful educational institutions in their country purely from philanthropic motives aroused their astonishment and possibly their admiration. They liked Americans; and regarded us as about the only disinterested friends they had among the nations. But our interest in Turkey was small; the Standard Oil Company did a growing business, the

Singer Company sold sewing machines to the Armenians; we bought much of their tobacco, figs and rugs, and gathered their liquorice root. In addition to these activities, missionaries and educational experts were about our only contacts with the Turkish Empire. The Turks knew that we had no desire to dismember their country or to mingle in Balkan politics. The very fact that my country was so disinterested was perhaps the reason why Talaat discussed Turkish affairs so freely with me. In the course of these conversations I frequently expressed my desire to serve them, and Talaat and some of the other members of the Cabinet got into the habit of consulting me on business matters. Soon after my arrival, I made a speech at the American Chamber of Commerce in Constantinople; Talaat, Djemal, and other important leaders were present. I talked about the backward economic state of Turkey and admonished them not to be discouraged. I described the condition of the United States after the Civil War and made the point that our devastated Southern States presented a spectacle not unlike that of Turkey at that present moment. I then related how we had gone to work, realised on our resources and built up the present thriving nation. My remarks apparently made a deep impression, especially my statement that after the Civil War the United States became a large borrower in foreign money markets and invited immigration from all parts of the world.

This speech apparently gave Talaat a new idea. It was not impossible that the United States might furnish him the material support he had been seeking in Europe. Already I had suggested that an American financial expert be sent to study Turkish finance; I had mentioned Mr. Henry Bruère, of New York—a suggestion which the Turks had favourably received. At that time Turkey's greatest need was money. France had financed Turkey for many years, and French bankers, in the spring of 1914, were negotiating on another large loan. Though Germany had made some loans, the condition of the Berlin money market at that time did not encourage the Turks to expect much assistance from that source.

In late December, 1913, Bustány Effendi, a Christian Arab, and Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, who spoke English fluently—he had been Turkish commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893—called and approached me on the question of an American loan. Bustány asked if there were not American financiers who would take entire charge of the reorganisation of Turkish finance. His plea was really a cry of despair and it touched me deeply. But I had been in Turkey only six weeks; obviously I had no information on which I could recommend such a large contract to American bankers. Talaat came to me a few days later, and suggested that I make a prolonged tour over the Empire and study the situation at first hand. Meanwhile he asked if I could not arrange a small temporary loan to tide them over the interim. He said there was absolutely no money in the Turkish Treasury; if I could only get them £1,000,000, that would satisfy them. I told Talaat that I would try to get this money for them and that I would adopt his suggestion and inspect his Empire with the possible idea of interesting American investors. After obtaining the consent of the State Department I wrote to my nephew and business associate, Mr. Robert E. Simon, asking him to sound certain New York institutions on making a small short-time collateral loan to Turkey. Mr. Simon's investigations disclosed that a Turkish loan did not seem to be regarded as an attractive business undertaking in New York. Mr. Simon wrote, however, that Mr. C. K. G. Billings had shown much interest in the idea; and that, if I desired, Mr. Billings would come out in his yacht and discuss the matter with the Turkish Cabinet. In a few days Mr. Billings had started towards Constantinople.

The news of Mr. Billings's approach spread with great rapidity all over the Turkish capital; the fact that he was coming in his own private yacht seemed to magnify the importance and the glamour of the event. That a great American millionaire was prepared to reinforce the depleted Turkish Treasury and that this support was merely the preliminary step in the reorganisation of Turkish finances by American capitalists produced a tremendous flutter in the Foreign Embassies. So rapidly did the information spread, indeed, that I rather suspected that the Turkish Cabinet had taken no particular pains to keep it secret. This suspicion was strengthened by a visit which I received from the Chief Rabbi Nahoum, who informed me that he had come at the request of Talaat. "There is a rumour," said the Chief Rabbi, "that Americans are about to make a loan to Turkey. Talaat would be greatly pleased if you would not contradict it." Wangenheim displayed an almost hysterical interest; the idea of America coming to the financial assistance of

Turkey did not fall in with his plans at all; in his eyes Turkey's poverty was chiefly valuable as a means of forcing the Empire into Germany's hands. One day I showed Wangenheim a book containing etchings of Mr. Billings's homes, pictures, and horses; he showed a great interest not only in the horses—Wangenheim was something of a horseman himself—but in this tangible evidence of wealth. For the next few days Ambassador after Ambassador and Minister after Minister filed into my office, each solemnly asking for a glimpse at this book! As the time approached



C. K. G. Billings

An American capitalist who visited Constantinople in March, 1914, to discuss the question of an American loan to Turkey. At that time the Turkish Treasury was empty and was seeking financial support elsewhere than in Europe. Talaat was turning to the United States because he knew that the United States had no territorial ambitions in Turkey. The German Ambassador was much excited over the possibility that American bankers might finance the Turkish Empire.

for Mr. Billings's arrival Talaat began making elaborate plans for his entertainment; he consulted with me as to who should be invited to the proposed dinners, lunches, and receptions. As usual Wangenheim got in ahead of the rest. He could not come to the dinner I had planned and asked me to have him for lunch; in this way he met Mr. Billings several hours before the other diplomats. Mr. Billings frankly told him that he was interested in Turkey and that it was not unlikely that he would make the loan.

In the evening we gave the Billings party a dinner, all the important members of the Turkish Cabinet being present. Before this dinner, however, Talaat, Mr. Billings and myself had a long talk about the loan. Talaat informed us that the French bankers had accepted their terms that very day, and that they would, therefore, need no American money at that time. He was exceedingly gracious and grateful to Mr. Billings and profuse in expressing his thanks. Indeed, he might well have been, for Mr. Billings's arrival enabled Turkey at last to close negotiations with the French bankers. His attempt to express his appreciation had one curious manifestation. Enver, the second man in the Cabinet, was celebrating his wedding when Mr. Billings arrived. The progress which Enver was making in the Turkish world is evidenced from the fact that, although Enver, as I have said, came of the humblest stock, his bride was a daughter of the Turkish Imperial House. Turkish weddings are prolonged affairs, lasting two or three days. The day following the Embassy dinner Talaat gave the Billings



Sir Louis Mallet and M. Bompard, the French Ambassador to Turkey. Neither the French nor the British Ambassador attempted to compete with the German diplomats for the favour of Talaat, Enver, and the other leaders of the Young Turks.



Bustány Effendi, ex-Minister of Commerce and Agriculture in the Turkish Cabinet, who came to Mr. Morgenthau in January, 1914, seeking American assistance in financially rehabilitating Turkey. Bustány is a Christian Arab, and a great scholar.



Mr. Morgenthau (left) in congenial association with Sir Louis Mallet, the British Ambassador to Turkey in 1914. Sir Louis had been secretary to Sir Edward Grey and was pursuing a policy of conciliation and "hands off" in Turkey.

party a luncheon at the Cercle d'Orient, and he insisted that Enver should leave his wedding ceremony long enough to attend this function. Enver, therefore, came to the luncheon, sat through all the speeches, and then returned to his bridal party.

I am convinced that Talaat did not regard this Billings episode as closed. As I look back upon this transaction I see clearly that he was seeking to extricate his country, and that the possibility that the United States would assist him in performing the rescue was ever present in his mind. He frequently spoke to me of Mr. "Beelings," as he called him; even after Turkey had broken with France and England, and was depending on Germany for money, his mind still reverted to Mr. Billings's visit; perhaps he was thinking of our country as a financial haven of rest after he had carried out his plan of expelling the Germans. I am certain that the possibility of American help led him, in the days of the war, to do many things for me that he would not have otherwise done. "Remember me to Mr. Beelings" were almost the last words he said to me when I left Constantinople. This yachting visit, though it did not lack certain comedy elements at the time, I am sure ultimately saved many lives from starvation and massacre.

But even in March, 1914, the Germans had pretty well tightened their hold on Turkey. Liman von Sanders, who had arrived in December, had become the predominant influence in the Turkish army. At first von Sanders's appointment aroused no particular hostility; German Missions had been called in before to instruct the Turkish army, notably that of von der Goltz, and an English Naval Mission headed by Admiral Limpus was even then in Turkey trying to make something out of the Turkish navy. We soon discovered, however, that the von Sanders military mission was something quite different from those I have named. Even before von Sanders's arrival it had been announced that he was to take command of the first Turkish army corps, and that General von Schnellendorf was to become Chief of Staff. These appointments simply signified that the Kaiser had annexed the Turkish army to his own. The British, French, and Russian Ambassadors immediately called upon the Grand Vizier and protested with more warmth than politeness over von Sanders's elevation. The Turkish Cabinet hemmed and hawed in the usual way, protested that the change was not important, and finally withdrew von Sanders's appointment as head of the first army corps, and made him Inspector General—a post that gave him even greater power. Thus, by January, 1914, seven months before the Great War began, Germany held this position in the Turkish army: a German General was Chief of Staff; another was Inspector General; scores of German officers held commands of the first importance, and the Turkish politician who was even then an outspoken champion of Germany, Enver Bey, was Minister of War.

After securing this diplomatic triumph Wangenheim was granted a vacation, and Giers, the Russian ambassador, had a vacation at the same time. Baroness Wangenheim explained to me—I was ignorant at this time of all these subtleties of diplomacy—precisely what these vacations

signified. Wangenheim's leave of absence, she said, meant that the German Foreign Office regarded the von Sanders episode as closed—and closed with a German victory. Giers's furlough, she explained, meant that Russia declined to accept this point of view.

An incident which took place in my own house opened all our eyes to the seriousness with which von Sanders regarded this military mission. On February 18th, I gave my first diplomatic dinner; General von Sanders and his two daughters attended, the general sitting next to my daughter Ruth. My daughter, however, did not have a very enjoyable time; this German Field-Marshal, sitting there in his gorgeous uniform, his breast all sparkling with medals, did not say a word through the whole meal. He ate his food silently and sulkily, all my daughter's attempts to enter into conversation evoking only an occasional surly monosyllable. The behaviour of this great military leader was that of a spoiled child.

At the end of the dinner, von Mutius, the German chargé d'affaires, came up to me in a high state of excitement.

"You have made a terrible mistake, Mr. Ambassador."

"What is that," I asked, naturally much alarmed.

"You have greatly offended Field-Marshal von Sanders. You have placed him at the dinner lower in rank than the foreign ministers. He is the personal representative of the Kaiser and as such is entitled to equal rank with the Ambassadors. He should have been placed ahead of the Cabinet Ministers and the foreign ministers."

So I had affronted the Emperor himself!

This then was the explanation of von Sanders's boreish behaviour. Fortunately, my position was an impregnable one. I had not arranged the seating precedence at this dinner; I had sent the list of my guests to the Marquis Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, and the greatest authority in Constantinople on such delicate points as this. The Marquis had returned the list, marking in red ink against each name the order of precedence—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. I still possess this document, as it came from the Austrian Embassy, and General von Sanders's name appears with the numerals "13" against it. I must admit, however, that "the 13th chair" did bring him pretty well to the foot of the table.

I explained the situation to von Mutius and asked Mr. Panfili, *conseiller* of the Austrian Embassy, who was a guest at the dinner, to come up and make everything clear to the outraged German diplomat. As the Austrians and Germans were allies, it was quite apparent that the slight, if slight there had been, was unintentional. But the German Embassy did not let the matter rest; afterward Wangenheim called on Pallavicini, and discussed the matter with considerable liveliness.

"If Liman von Sanders represents the Kaiser, whom do you represent?" Pallavicini asked Wangenheim. The argument was a good one as the Ambassador is always regarded as the *alter ego* of his sovereign.

"It is not customary," continued the Marquis, "for an Emperor to have two representatives at the same court."

(To be continued).

May 31st, 1916-1917-1918: By A. Pollen

THE observance of anniversaries is a wholesome habit, if we are led thereby to commemorate the great things done in the past and from them to draw the courage needed for the tasks that lie before us. It adds to the value of such exercises if the retrospect is dispassionate and critical and events retraced to their causes, for then something may be added to the general stock of wisdom, some principle of action made clear, and so the past made, not only an encouragement, but a guide and inspiration for the future. The last days of May and the "Glorious" First of June are dates traditionally famous in our naval history. It is May 31st that saw the greatest naval event in this our present war. Two years have passed since Jutland, and it is perhaps worth asking what that battle and these years have taught us, and in what respects and how the situation at sea has altered in the interval.

The month of May, 1916, saw the close of the enemy's first systematic attempt at a ruthless submarine blockade of these islands. When the threat was first made by von Tirpitz, as a reply to Sir Doveton Sturdee's annihilating victory off the Falkland Islands, it was couched in very uncompromising terms. A month or six weeks later the German purpose was expressed in an official document, which made it clear that the enemy held himself bound by no limitations of humanity, and would sink on sight whenever, in the judgment of the U-boat commander, it should seem desirable to do so. America protested before the actual campaign began, but Berlin's reply set all doubts at rest. German necessity would be the only rule. No tenderness as to risking the lives of neutrals or civilians, no scruples as to the agreed obligation of The Hague rules, were to stand in the way. Yet, as a matter of fact, after the *Lusitania* was sunk there was comparatively little ruthlessness. And the reason for this was obvious enough. It was clear that the people of the United States would not permit it. It was also clear that without ruthlessness the submarine campaign could never achieve its purpose.

"Thorough"

Already, in the autumn of 1915, two groups were fighting for the control of German naval policy. The Tirpitz party were for a policy of Thorough, their opponents either for stopping the submarine attack altogether, or at least for limiting its conduct to standards the neutral world could tolerate. The strength of the latter's case lay in this: that the whole-hoggers had not boats enough with which to win. But, by the end of the year, the almost frenzied building efforts inaugurated when the threat was first made, were already coming to fruition. A considerable number of submarines had been finished in 1915—many more, in all probability, than had been lost. An ample reserve of officers and men had been trained to the work, so that when new boats began coming to hand at the rate of three a week with satisfactory regularity, the advocates of "Thorough" felt positive that these new forces—sent regularly into the field in increasing numbers, and ordered to strike on sight without pause or parley—must certainly succeed.

The military situation at the time was critical. The German victories in Russia had seemingly left the power of that Empire almost unimpaired; the land forces of Great Britain were daily increasing in numbers, in efficiency, and in armament; the people of Austria and Germany were getting restless under the beginnings of our stricter sea siege. To forestall the dangers ahead a great military attack on the French was in contemplation. What could be more opportune than to strike a blow at England, which was sure to produce panic even if it did not produce famine? So sanguine was the Grand Admiral himself, that he announced the date of his sea attack on England almost as the great battle of Verdun began. How his plan was overborne and he himself dismissed, and then, in response to agitation, the plan revived, is a familiar story.

The frightfulness lasted from the last week of March till May the 1st. It was President Wilson's "Sussex" note that ended it. An ultimatum backed by Congress ended any uncertainty as to America's attitude on the sink at sight policy. Berlin of course had to surrender. The hot-heads who thought that the "idiotic Yankees" would never fight were disappointed that their prophecy had miscarried, but the believers in the U-boat blockade must have been more disappointed still, for the results had not justified the risks.

The maximum number of ships sunk in any week was less than 30, the average over the period hardly half. It was not a rate of destruction that could put Great Britain out of business with sufficient speed. Germany withdrew from the game. It was a great humiliation and naval prestige had to be restored. It was this necessity that brought out von Hipper and Scheer to seek action with the Vice-Admiral of the battle cruiser fleet.

The resulting battle, in effect, served the enemy for his main purpose. When the German fleet returned to harbour it was possible to tell the people that it had fought against a fleet of twice its strength and had inflicted heavier losses than it had suffered. The overwhelming numbers under the British Commander-in-Chief's orders had not been able to overwhelm. Dexterous and determined torpedo attacks had diverted the British main forces from coming to decisive range, and at the long range thus made inevitable, poor light and smoke screens favoured the German tactics of evasion. Unquestionably to have escaped destruction could be, and was, represented as an achievement in every way praiseworthy and remarkable. But it was followed by no immediately favourable result to Germany, and the extravagant claims to a victory led to a reaction.

Unrestricted Submarine War

It was this resentment that the German navy turned to account nine months later. For during all this period new submarines of an improved type were being added weekly to the underwater force, and from August until January more and more of them were brought into use, partly to obtain a maximum of sinkings within the rules laid down by Washington, partly to train a still further reserve of officers and crews for the task in view. September, October and November showed an enormous increase in submarine efficiency, even when the boats were employed under the severe restrictions of the "Sussex" ultimatum. With very little frightfulness the record of the previous April was easily passed. What might not be expected if all restrictions were withdrawn? On February 1st withdrawn they were—and the results obtained in March and April and May, but especially in April, seemed amply to justify those who had told Berlin that the certainty of Great Britain's defeat at sea made America's belligerency a negligible price.

A year ago then, Germany's naval prestige was not only at its highest point, but at a point so high that no reasonable person could have doubted that, unless some vast improvement was made in our counter measures, our days of belligerency were numbered.

It was, indeed, an astonishing change from the situation of a year before. Then we were all in full cry over the flight of the German fleet from Jutland, and its unwillingness and incapacity to dispute with us the supremacy of the sea. Now the supremacy in surface ships seemed suddenly to have become valueless. At no period of the war had either side seemed nearer to an early defeat than did the Allies a bare year ago. But, as if by a miracle, we were saved, but only just saved. The Admiralty house was put in order. A civilian who, however little he knew about the Navy, knew much of war and almost all there is to know about organisation, was put at its head. A new spirit re-animated the command, reserves of unused brain-power were drawn upon. And synchronously with these great reforms, representatives of the American navy were domiciled in London and a singularly efficient American force was quartered at the critical point at Queenstown. The convoy principle, so persistently urged and so obstinately neglected, was adopted.

A year has passed since then. Once more the situation at sea has undergone a complete revolution. The efficiency of the submarine, measured by the present rate at which the world is losing tonnage compared with the rate for the second quarter of last year, has been reduced by no less than 60 per cent. And as the world is building tonnage faster than it is losing it, the efficiency of the submarine as an engine of victory has vanished altogether. What effect is this change likely to have upon Germany's sea policy?

There is obviously a fairly close analogy between the situation to-day and that of two years ago. Now, as then, the sea arm on which our enemy chiefly relied has been brought to nothing. In 1916 it was fear of America, not the strength of our counter-attack, that defeated him. To-day it is the combined military and shipbuilding efforts of all the Allies, but chiefly of Great Britain and America, which have

made this sea arm useless for its purpose. The parallel ceases when we come to the situation on land; for here, undoubtedly, the extinction of Russia and Germany's recent successes in the West have put the prestige of her armies amongst her people higher than they have ever been. But against this the straits of the people are many times more severe than they were two years ago. Five ounces of meat a week, and a bread ration recently reduced to a point that would seem to us below the limits of subsistence, with a grinding scarcity of fats and sugar, and, indeed, of every comfort of life, call for something more than mere prestige, if they are to be patiently endured. The situation seems to demand continuous bids for victory. All observers seem to agree that another attack will be made on land. Must not the same conditions that make this necessary, added to the changed conditions at sea, make an effort by the German Fleet not improbable also?

We should be deceiving ourselves if we concluded from the enemy's conduct of the sea war up to May 31st two years ago, and from his conduct on that day, that he was exceedingly averse from risking an engagement between the main fleets, or determined, if one came about, to conduct it on principles that would make a decision unlikely. It is a sounder view to assume that he is acting on the principles he professed so lucidly before the war. These, stated briefly, were to reduce British numbers by recognised methods of attrition—torpedoes from submarines, mines, and bombs from aircraft; to create some diversion that would divide our forces; then to overwhelm one or other portion of our Fleet with as near the whole of his as could be mustered. The process of attrition since August, 1914, must have been disappointing. At most two capital units have been lost from the British Fleet by accident or enemy action of this sort. Three others were sunk at Jutland. The enemy, it is supposed, has lost at least two modern units—if not three—in the meantime. On balance, then, we are very little to the bad in losses, and our additions since the declaration of war have been great in number, and even more remarkable in size, speed, and armament. And, for more than six months now, this greatly enlarged force has been strengthened by a division of American battleships. It is against reason to suppose that the enemy can have added even half as many new ships to his fleet as have we in the last four years. His only ally possessing battleships, Austria, cannot help him in this matter, for no Austrian fleet could ever get from Pola to Kiel. But, on the other hand, there is grave reason to fear that the Russian Baltic Fleet is either already or must shortly be in German hands.

This possibility was discussed some weeks ago in these columns. We saw then how greatly four fast dreadnoughts, each with a broadside of twelve 12-inch guns, and four battle cruisers, each with a broadside of eight, would add, not only to the main battle force, but to the scouting power of the German Fleet. These eight vessels would not, of course, bring the enemy to equality with Sir David Beatty's force in the North Sea, nor anywhere near equality. But, if he is contemplating action by diversion, this increase of his numbers must add greatly to his capacity in this direction. That the enemy has built light cruisers of a new type, very powerfully armed and exceptionally fast, is already known. Of destroyers he has always possessed an ample supply, and to this he has probably added many more than he has lost. But when all is said, it is the Russian ships, if he gets them, that will be his main factor of reinforcement.

There is, however, another which is far from being negligible. It was supposed early in 1915 that the Tirpitz submarine building programme contemplated a production of three U-boats a week, and that a delivery at this rate would begin at latest by the end of the year. It is hardly to be supposed that this rate was maintained throughout 1916 and 1917, or is being maintained now. But we have it on the best authority that it was not until the end of October last that we were destroying submarines as fast as the enemy could build them. From January, 1916, then, for eighty weeks, the net gain in underwater boats must have been very great. These boats, as we know to our cost, were built for the specific purpose of attacking our trade. What would be their value employed in battle?

In the combined sweep of the Bight of Heligoland in August 1914, the enemy's submarines effected nothing. We hear of them in the affair of the Dogger Bank twice. Sir David Beatty mentions their presence shortly after eleven, and records the destroyer attacks made on them and the squadron's change of course. The dispatch of the Rear Admiral who succeeded to the command when Sir David's ship was disabled, has never been published.

Two statements were issued by the Admiralty—one saying that action was broken off because of submarines; the

second that it was the presence of mines and submarines that caused Sir Archibald Moore to recall the ships from the pursuit. The bare statement was astounding enough, and it was tantalising that no more light was thrown upon the matter. At Jutland, not only were submarines seen but it was mentioned in the dispatch that one was destroyed, though the manner of its destruction was not recorded.

Quite recently, however, we have heard a good deal of what our own submarines have done in the Baltic, on the occasion of the German invasion of Finland. These incidents suggest great possibilities of underwater boats, if they were employed in great numbers, and used with skill and resolution. But German U-boats are certain to be numerous, and there is every reason to expect both skill and resolution from their commanders. And, as the initiative in seeking action rests entirely with the German fleet, their submarines would have an advantage which British submarines in the Baltic certainly did not possess. It seems, then, to be far from fanciful to suppose that Germany, devoting all her underwater force to the purpose, might plan to achieve almost on the day of battle itself the full toll of attrition which her pre-war writers assumed would be a long, but continuous process. It does not follow, then, that because to-day our numbers are actually greatly superior to the enemy's that this fact alone makes it even probable that he will regard a sea battle as a quite desperate adventure.

Russian Reinforcements.

Just as the enemy seems bound to get the Russian Baltic Fleet, so it seems almost certain that he is either already in possession of the Black Sea Fleet, or must shortly be so. The Russian Black Sea Fleet, so far as we know, consists of ships similar in type to the *Gangoot*, though not quite so fast. They are three in number, and so have a broadside fire of thirty-six 12-inch guns. If the *Goeben* is fit for service, and these ships are officered and manned by Germans, they would constitute an exceedingly formidable squadron. If the four fast cruisers, laid down just before or at the very beginning of the war at the Nikolaieff works, have been completed, the value of the battleship force would be very greatly enhanced. The Black Sea Fleet included also nine modern destroyers. Put the whole together, and there is clearly a unit of sea-power which could create a very awkward situation in the Mediterranean—if once it got to sea. For, according to the latest edition of that invaluable work, *Jane's Fighting Ships*, the Austrians laid the keels of two new battleships immediately after the declaration of war, and two more a year later. There has been ample time to finish all four. Before the war, Austria had four dreadnoughts finished, and if these could join forces with the former Black Sea Fleet and the *Goeben*, a single fleet more powerful than any Allied fleet in the Mediterranean would be constituted.

The question, of course, is: can the Black Sea Fleet clear the Dardanelles? We know that the *Goeben* did so a few months ago, though she lost her consort in a minefield on her return, and was thought to have struck a mine herself. But the fact remains that she was not destroyed, and that, unless means of closing the Dardanelles have since been found, the sortie may be repeated.

The situation to-day, then, seems to possess for the Germans many of the characteristics of that of two years ago. They have suffered a reverse at sea far more serious than the surrender to Washington, because it puts a final stop to every hope of victory by submarine. If in 1916 they were impelled to seek a fleet action to restore their credit, the elements of compulsion in the same direction are, therefore, ten times stronger than they were. If they possess the eight powerful fast vessels that Russia built or was building in the Baltic and have added, to the limit of their own building capacity, to their fleet since Jutland was fought, they are probably relatively stronger than they were, in spite of the Grand Fleet having been strengthened by the new vessels we have constructed and by the American division which has joined us. The Germans certainly possess a vastly greater number of submarines than two years ago, and must have learned something of how to use them in battle. In the Black Sea, if they have the Russian ships—dreadnoughts and fast cruisers—they have a force which, if it could join hands with the Austrian Fleet, would create an entirely new situation in the Mediterranean, one which might call for the diversion of English or American battleships to that sea to secure an adequate supremacy. It is, take it for all in all, a situation full of potentialities, and it may well happen that, before many weeks have passed, the centre of interest will pass once more from the war on land to the war at sea.

"The South" Entrenched: By Herman Whitaker

"YOU are a writer," said the "runner," as we walked along. "I've read a lot of this war stuff, but I've never seen that correctly described. How would you go about to do it?" "That"



The Author

happened to be the whistling rush of a *miniewurfer* shell high overhead. While listening till it merged in a distant explosion, I also realised that it had never been described—for a cogent reason; it can't be done. When I say that it is a cross between a whinny, a whine, and a whistle—I'm as far from the mark as the best of them. The note of a high-explosive shell that followed was shriller and cleaner cut, but equally indescribable. When it plugged a big hole like one sees in the battle pictures close to our road, I got my first real war thrill; one that was keener, perhaps, because I really had no business to be there.

You see G.H.Q. is more careful of its correspondents than their own mothers could possibly be. Both for their sakes and that of the troops upon whom German fire might be drawn, we are restrained from unnecessary movements along the front. Very politely, but most positively, I had been informed that an "observation post"—usually a few kilometres behind the front trenches—would be about the best G.H.Q. could do for me. Thanks, however, to a lucky combination of low visibility, produced by a misty rain, and a complaisant southern major whom I found with his staff burrowed under the ruins of a village, here was I marching along a camouflaged road to the music of bursting shells to spend the night in a front-line trench.

Through shell-pocked fields and past shattered farmsteads, the "runner" led on into a wet wood. Now than a weeping wood in winter, one can hardly imagine anything more comfortless; and the prospect was not improved by zigzag lines of clayey trenches fenced with belts of rusted wire that criss-crossed it everywhere. But, perhaps because of a faint resemblance to their own southern "piney woods," the troops that held it appeared quite at home. Though it was just past five, supper was in full swing. Blue smoke from half a hundred shacks and dug-outs hung low on the wet air, mingling with satisfying odours. Introduced by the "runner" at "Delmonico's," a real Bairnsfather shack, I joined a brace of lieutenants in soldiers' chow of steak and potatoes, bread and coffee, topped off with rice and syrup.

It was still light when we finished, and, viewed through a thin haze of tobacco smoke from the changed view-point induced by comfortable repletion, the shacks and dug-outs, clayey trenches, rusted wire tangles, even the weeping wood appeared, if not home-like, at least liveable. One could understand how a man can get so accustomed to shrapnel helmets, trench coats, mud boots, gas masks, and other impedimenta, as to feel uncomfortable without them.

This narrative of American troops in the firing line, related by Mr. Herman Whitaker, describes a visit to a section of trenches in France, now held by troops from the Southern States in America, men who are the descendants of those who fought bravely for the South in the War of Secession five and fifty years ago.

"They're shuah natural soldiers." The elder lieutenant confirmed my impression in a slow, southern drawl. "All have twenty generations of private wa'h behind them. Very few of their ancestors, s'eh, ever died in their beds; and even yet a revenue officer isn't what you could call a good insurance risk in the back counties. Instead of a rattle, their mothers gave them a gun to play with in the cradle. At five they'd be knocked head over heels by the recoil of pop's shot gun. At ten, they'd be trailing deer in the mountains. Shuah, they're sullen fighters, and thar' goes a fine specimen."

In the face of the man who passed, just then, was concentrated all the hardness, almost vindictive reserve, undiluted by the softer qualities that toned it in the others. Carrying his rifle in the hollow of his arm, he lounged along in a swinging hunter stride quite unmilitary. One glance at him supplemented the lieutenant's short biography.

"He was a Tennessee 'moonshiner,' and simply can't stand discipline. But he's the finest shot we've got; can pick the eye out of a Boche at three hundred yards." To get the best out of him, we just gave him a pass, good anywhere along the lines, and let him go to it. So every day he goes on his lonely to stalk Boches through No Man's Land. When he draws a bead on one, it's 'Good night, nurse!' for he never lets loose till he's certain. Some day Fritz will get him, I suppose; but not before he's paid an awful price in lives."

"And he's not the only one," the other lieutenant put in. "We have a dozen snipers that go out like that—not to mention the raids we pull off almost every night. Fritz, over thar, tho'ght he was going to have a cinch with us raw Americans. But he's found our chaps so nasty, I believe he'd just about as soon change back to the French."

"They so keen for it," the other continued, "we have an embarrassing choice of volunteers for the raids. All to-day they've been sidling up to me in ones and twos and threes—'Any chance to-night s'eh?' When I say no, they look glum as a pack of girls that have been done out of a dance; but if I'd taken all that offered, we shuah have had to attack in fo'ce. If you want some action for yu' money, s'eh," he concluded, "you had better come along?"

"Better come along?" I, whose ambition had been to "go over the top" ever since the beginning of the war!

Lives there a correspondent who would not have jumped at the chance! I saw myself putting one over on our dear grandmother, the G.H.Q.; and I took him up at once.

It was then only half-past five. The patrol would not go out till nine, and I spent the remainder of the daylight following a "runner" through the wicker-lined trenches from one to another of the company's four posts. The more I saw of them, the more I wondered that troops could ever be got to

in hard print the whole story of the south—mountain vendettas, family feuds, moonshining, the Klu Klux Klan, race wars, all of that dread atmosphere which Mark Twain caught so wonderfully in *Huckleberry Finn*.

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Section of Trench on American Front



Relief Mustering for Duty in American Trenches

go up against them. Imagine thousands of miles of rusted barbed wire running in a tangled belt 40 feet wide in front of a trench laid out with frequent salients that permit enfilading fire on attacking troops. Behind the first line, a second wire belt; then another trench system; finally, belt after belt of wire running back into the open country through which I had come.

Though it had been raining for days, steady pumping had kept the water below the level of the duckboards in the trench bottoms. The "runner" spoke quite proudly of their "dryness"; and I suppose they were—as dryness goes in a wet wood. The dug-outs, too, each had a well below the floor level, from which excess water could be pumped out. Judged by war standards, these southern troops might be said to be living in the lap of luxury.

At Post Two, from where the raid was to be launched, I looked across No Man's Land at a low ridge that marked the first Boche trench. The dull winter prospect, misty with rain, and partially veiled in evening gloom, appeared so quiet and peaceful, it were difficult to imagine the Boches over there—on sentry, in their dug-outs, eating, drinking, sleeping, just like the men about me. But, proving their presence, a *miniewurfer* shell passed overhead.

"Better not look too long, s'eh," the "runner" warned. "It's true they can't see yew, but they have machine guns trained on this post, and turn 'em loose, now and then, on gen'ral principles."

In a dug-out, six by five outside of the bunks, I sat out the remainder of the evening with its inhabitants—three lieutenants. The eldest could not have been twenty-four; but all had led night raids on the Boche trenches, and while the guttering candle lifted and lowered their bright boys' faces in and out of the gloom, they drawled with the soft southern speech of risks and dangers that, if they knew of them, would turn grey the hair of their friends at home.

One had been shot through the shoulder only a couple of weeks ago, while stalking a Boche sniper out on No Man's Land. Grinning, he explained: "You see, s'eh, thar' happened to be two of him, and just when I was about ready to draw a bead on one, the other plugged me. What did I do? Run, by golly! Shuah, how I do run. A bounding buck had nothing on me. I leaped sideways and endways, just tangoed it over the tops of the bresh, for three of my snipers were squirming up behind them, and I knew if they kept firing long enough, something was due to happen. It did, too, for my boys got both of them."

Fine work! But fancy making a shooting gallery out of yourself for the benefit of your snipers! Though I did not catch the name, I felt sure it was he the patrol was discussing while, an hour later, we filed along the duckboards on our way to Number Two. "He's a nervy cuss, that lieutenant. But if he don't take care, Fritz is going to present him with a steel medal one of these days."

That was something of a march—through wet woods in black rain, along narrow duckboards that crossed deep trench systems, and threaded barbed belts of wire. Though I held on to the belt of the man ahead, he was invisible. Sometimes, too, we left the duckboards and wallowed along snaggy paths that I found difficult enough to follow in broad day next morning. How the leader found his way I cannot say. But a subdued challenge presently told that he had. While we filed up to go over the top and out through the wire, I grinned guiltily but delightedly as I thought how cleverly I was doing up G.H.Q. They could not stop me now. I was going over the top—even if I got sent home for it or was shot at sunrise. But, alack and alas! through that black rain, G.H.Q. extended its mandate from head quarters 40 miles away. The soft drawl of the lieutenant sounded close to my ear.

"I really didn't think you were serious, s'eh. I'd shuah like to have you go with me, but I'd never lo'give myse'f if you got you'self killed. It's contrary to o'ders, too. If G.H.Q. evah found it out, I'd shuah get myself co't-martialled. If it's the same to you, s'eh, I'd rather you didn't come?"

I was not going to increase that fine boy's embarrassment by putting up a disappointed howl. So, though it wasn't "the same to me" by any means, I shook hands, and wished him luck; then joined the sentry up above, and listened to the rustle of their passing through the wire, till it was drowned by the pattering rain.

It was eerie watching there, hour after hour, in wet black silence that was broken only at long intervals by the boom of a distant gun, shriek of a passing shell. Imagination peopled the utter darkness beyond the parapet with sinister shapes. Small noises took on vast importance. Once I saw the dim form of the sentry stiffen in breathless attention. Rifle at hip, leaning slightly forward, he stood, rigid, absolutely motionless, for fully ten minutes. My straining ears

had also picked up the sound—clip, ping! clip, ping!—the exact noise made by nippers severing wire! The Boche! I know that, in the sentry's place, I should have fired. But he stood, frozen still, and soon his whisper fell down through the darkness.

"It's water, s'eh, dropping from a tree on to the wire."

Shortly thereafter a star-shell on our left suddenly laid out the wood's dark outline and No Man's Land under its bright blue flare. Came the sentry's hissed whisper: "Don't move!" As the light faded, he said: "A German sniper might be out thar. If a light goes up when we're out on patrol, we freeze—with one foot up, if it chances to be raised. So long as you don't move they kain't see you."

Just then a second star-shell broke on high, followed by a burst of machine-gun fire, rapid in its reverberation as the ripping of canvas. For five minutes it continued, but the pictures of German attacks that formed in my mind were dissipated by the sentry's laconic comment: "Number Three's nervous to-night."

When, a few minutes later, a second eruption of flares and firing broke on our right, he added: "Nervous as a pack of wimmen. Number One's got it now; must be catching. I'd sho' think they'd be ashamed."

Presently flares and firing died, leaving us to continue our watch in cold, wet darkness. Though there with the sentry in the flesh, in spirit I roved with the patrol groping its way out there through the utter blackness of No Man's Land. Always I looked for the star-shell that would leave it discovered under German fire. But up to the moment a sergeant climbed up to us from a dug-out below, nothing disturbed the black night beyond the parapet.

It is quite easy for a patrol to lose itself. The marvel is how it ever gets back. Therefore, according to agreement, the sergeant fired a pistol flare at twelve o'clock. Quarter of an hour thereafter came the soft rustle of men passing through our wire. Then, one by one, twenty dark figures climbed down the parapet.

The lieutenant's report was vividly alive; tense with the dread interest of those who walk with death. They had gone up to and laid down close to the German wire; so close that they had seen a Boche patrol in dim outline passing above along the parapet.

"We could have picked off a few," he explained, "but the next second they'd have lit No Man's Land brighter than day with their flares and machine-gunned us off the airth. We could hear them talking. One chap said '*Nein! nein!*' in a hissing whisper as though he was checking something foolish. If we'd been thar just one hour sooner we'd have had the wire cut so we could have gotten to them. But we know, now. We'll go out earlier to-morrow night, and get them to rights."

If he had known just where that patrol had been—I doubt whether he could have held his men's fire. But none of us knew until, quarter of an hour later, we stopped on our way back to the main camp at Number Three Post.

"Nervous, heigh?" The corporal in charge replied to the lieutenant's banter. "There's three dead Boches out thar in our wire that would tell you diff'rent. They raided us while you were gone—killed one of our sentries and wounded two others; sniped 'em from the edge of the wire. But three for one is good exchange. If we keep that up, I know who'll win the wah."

"Must have been the gang we saw! Oh, *why* didn't we meet them in the open?"

The lieutenant's exclamation drew an echo from the dark line of men behind us—a mingled snarl and growl similar to that emitted by an animal torn away from its prey. It was not, I suppose, a pleasant sound, but it boded ill for Fritz when they "got him to rights to-morrow." All the way back to camp they growled and grumbled, and as I listened there was borne in upon me full comprehension of how their grandfathers, under Robert Lee, had for three years made life for the northern armies into one long hell. My last look at the grim determined faces going out, next morning, assured me that they could be depended upon to do the same for Fritz.

The latter was shelling the road on general principles rather than in search of correspondents when I approached the village under the shards of which the complaisant major lived with his staff. In saying goodbye, he put into a couple of sentences the spirit of these fighting southerners.

"We're not naturally quarrelsome, s'eh. I'm a man of peace myself—but not at any price. There's only one way it can ever be restored again on earth—by giving Fritz particular hell."

The last I saw of him, this man of peace was bending over a map with his finger on the spot where he intended to cut hell loose upon Fritz next.

Brazil's Part in the War



Signor W. Braz,
President
of the Brazils

nothing about this vast country most of whose inhabitants have an admiration which amounts almost to a craze for everything English. In Brazil "the word of an Englishman" is the most reliable of sureties, and the shop-keeper cannot praise his goods more highly than by labelling them "English style." Tennis, association football, and rowing during recent years have gained enormous popularity, the actual English words for scoring, rules, and even applause being employed in the former two. It is amusing to hear the words, "Well played!" come out in the midst of a salvo of Portuguese from the onlookers. The Boy Scout movement is thriving, and the educated woman of Brazil has already begun to see in First Aid and Nursing the thin end of the wedge which shall open a way for her into the free and active life of her much-envied English sisters.

It is worth our while to appreciate Brazil correctly, both as an ally in the war, and as an important commercial adherent after it. The vast wealth which is stored up in her little-explored hinterland is only beginning to be foreshadowed. The necessities of war have brought to light the fact that the production of manganese, mica, and other increasingly important minerals will very soon exceed altogether her present exports of rubber, coffee, sugar and cotton; cattle-raising is on the increase.

We at home know the years of war it has needed before we are even moderately sure of having scotched German influence in the United Kingdom. It is not to be expected therefore that the Teuton in Brazil has yet received the full measure of his dues. In a country of many illiterates, it is not possible to dispense in a moment with the services of 200,000 educated foreigners, and the important enterprises they represent. Furthermore internments on such a large scale are a severe tax on the finances of a small nation. So that, although the German Banks and great Shipping Houses are closed in Rio, yet Germans of both sexes are frequently to be met in public. But they conduct themselves discreetly. Even before Brazil declared war the German's life was not a happy one in Rio. To-day police protection is given to the windowless German buildings because the citizens broke in and attempted to burn them down in October, 1917, when two Brazilian (ex-German) ships were torpedoed on their way to Europe. They wrecked most of them very thoroughly then, and have since done the same to one or two lesser buildings. No doubt there are pro-Germans to be met with occasionally, but there is no mistaking the attitude of the vast majority. It is interesting, but a little risky, for an Englishman not well-known in Rio to venture among the avenging crowds. The educated people of Brazil can almost all understand if not speak English, but the poorer folk, including the policemen, cannot distinguish it from German.

THE entry of Brazil into the war on the side of the Allies probably created but little enthusiasm in the minds of Englishmen at home. Those who consulted the map could see that it was a case of checkmating the schemes of Germany in a large maritime country, while on the other hand our food supply would be likely to benefit by our closer co-operation with Brazil. But that is not the sum total of Brazilian importance to us.

It is a remarkable fact that the man in the street knows practically nothing about this vast country most of whose inhabitants have an admiration which amounts almost to a craze for everything English. In Brazil "the word of an Englishman" is the most reliable of sureties, and the shop-keeper cannot praise his goods more highly than by labelling them "English style." Tennis, association football, and rowing during recent years have gained enormous popularity, the actual English words for scoring, rules, and even applause being employed in the former two. It is amusing to hear the words, "Well played!" come out in the midst of a salvo of Portuguese from the onlookers. The Boy Scout movement is thriving, and the educated woman of

However, to smoke one's pipe is to announce oneself an Englishman, and, as a last appeal, the singing of "Tipperary" would almost certainly convince any Brazilian crowd of one's nationality.

Rio de Janeiro, the most wonderfully reconstructed city in the world, was also, until recently, one of the most pleasure-loving. To-day the President is endeavouring to instill war economy into the nation before it feels the brunt of war—a by no means easy task. Economy is not easily preached in a country where State Lotteries are of daily, and public holidays of all too frequent, occurrence. The most popular of the latter is the Carnival, which occupies the four days preceding Ash Wednesday.

Brazilians who complain of the high cost of living will probably wish to see war economy continued in times of peace. It costs one about 30s. a day to live at all comfortably in Rio. Some manufactured articles are now difficult to obtain, and the cost of everything "owing to the war" and the colossal protective tariffs, is such as to make unaccustomed English folks feel faint with horror. A ready-made drill jacket, though cheaper in back streets, will be commonly priced at 45s. in shops on the Avenida Rio Branco. A tailor-made man's suit will cost about £10.

Recruiting posters have been common for over six months, and the result is seen in the numerous soldiers and khaki-clad "tiros" (c.f. French "tireurs") who are to be seen everywhere to-day. These latter correspond to our territorials in

principle, though in practice they have doubtless much to learn before they reach the splendid standard of our "terriers" of to-day. The first thing about them that strikes one is that they all wear elastic-side boots with very delicate leggings, a combination that would not survive the stress of life in Flanders for long.

A recent message from the King to the President of the Republic welcomed the navy of Brazil on its entry into active warfare. By no section of the nation is Britain so much beloved as by the Navy.



Hoisting the Brazilian Flag over a German Steamer Interned in Rio Harbour

Nor is this surprising when one recollects that it was our own brilliant Lord Cochrane who founded Brazil's navy in 1823, receiving a marquisate for his services. His name and other British names are borne to-day by officers who trace their descent from Cochrane and his colleagues. During the revolt of 1893, when the navy was excluded from its country's ports, the British ships on the station took pity on them in their dire straits and gave them provisions. The descendants of those men are serving under the Republican flag to-day, but they do not forget the English kindness shown to their fathers.

In a young country the navy is of necessity hampered for lack of funds. It would be impossible for a small Power to expend the vast sums which are set aside by first-class Powers, not for construction, but merely for upkeep and the constant succession of exercises vital to the efficiency of a fleet. Brazilian naval officers, until the entry of their country into the war, have had to content themselves with wearisome "make-believe" practices, and, worse still, the supply of materials for repairs and construction had been entirely commandeered by the belligerent powers. But there has always been a large section of keen officers and men to vitalise the fleet and keep in touch with modern naval lines of thought. A flourishing Navy League with a monthly organ shows that keenness on naval affairs is not confined to the Service. When Admiral Alencar, the Minister of Marine, called for volunteers for active service, there was a rush for the lists on the part of officers and men alike. They have long chafed at inaction, and we may expect good service from them. Brazil will certainly do her bit on the sea.

Her Air Service was first in the field. Some months ago half a dozen airmen, drawn from both Army and Navy, arrived in England, and more will follow.

Her entry into the war was as the unlocking of flood-gates as far as the supply of materials for ship-repairing and even shipbuilding (a much harder proposition) were concerned. The magnificent harbour of Rio will now come into its own. Previously there was not enough material to work with, now the cry is for more skilled artisans to cope with the pressure of work. The dockyards have already done admirable work in repairing the damaged German ships. When these ships, some twenty in all, were taken over, the Germans had damaged their machinery and boilers to such an extent that it looked as if they would have to be renewed throughout. The enemy openly boasted,

"What a German has torn to pieces it will take a German to put together again." Their boast has met its answer. If ever engineer had an extraordinary feat to perform it was the repair of those ships, yet they are under steam to-day. It would open the eyes of stay-at-home Britons to see what a number of large enterprises are either entirely or in part conducted by their fellow-countrymen. With the exception of submarines, Great Britain built the Brazilian Navy of to-day. Englishmen control her railways and mills, and huge power-stations; Englishmen represent great American firms; England provides overseers and chargemen for the yards and docks. If only people at home realised something of the promise of the country, Germany would stand but a poor chance of reasserting herself, as she certainly intends to do, in Brazil after the war.

A Naval Incident: By Capricornus

IT was one of the most lovely mornings I remember. We were anchored off Asia Minor at the moment, during a spell of delightful weather, and the smooth sea and golden sunshine gave the early hours of my morning watch a most peaceful charm. It was before the war. Later on, the ordinary routine of a man-of-war began, and with much clatter of scrubbers and swishing of water, the ship was made clean.

The bugle rousing the "Guard" to wakefulness had just been sounded. Here I must digress for a moment to explain that the "Guard" are those marines detailed for the various sentry posts in the ship, who, in naval parlance, are allowed to "lie in," i.e., they may remain in their hammocks an hour or so after the others. For their convenience they are usually allotted a separate part of the ship to sleep in. In my particular ship they slept in a "flat," the port side, just before the half-deck; a hatchway and a ladder led from the upper deck to this flat. Though more quiet than the ordinary mess-deck, this flat is really a gangway through which a certain amount of traffic would always be passing.

I had been watching the changing shadows on the hills ahead of us as the sun slowly rose above them. The air was full of the scent of the myriad flowers which bloomed on their blue-shadowed slopes, and I pictured to myself the dark groves of orange trees with their golden burden, and the yellow roses which grew beneath them. How one longs, after many days at sea, for the sight and sound, and the very smell, of Mother Earth.

Meanwhile, the sound of gentle scrubbing blended with my thoughts. It was Payne, the ship's lark, beginning a new day, and his song was the song of the scrubbing brush. Payne was considered rather a character on board. An old five badge Marine, with a good conduct medal, he had been everywhere, and seen most things, including a deal of service. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, he never changed. We almost looked on him as one of the fittings of the half-deck; he was such a quiet, hardworking old man, and the gleaming enamel and brasswork in his charge were standing tributes to his industry and perseverance. In his odd moments he turned an extra penny by haircutting, and had cut mine to perfection and shaved me the day before. A good soul he was, and my thoughts, accompanied by the sound of his scrubbing and the gentle lapping of the water, flitted back to the land of the blue shadows.

It was not for long. My peaceful musings were suddenly and relentlessly shattered, the vision beautiful vanished, and in its place stood a grim, terror-stricken Marine, pale and dishevelled. He was clad only in the scanty garments in which he had retired to sleep; he was trembling violently, and I shall not easily forget the look of horror in his eyes.

"It's Bill, sir," he roared, as though I was eighty yards away instead of standing all attention at his elbow. "Bill Kennedy what sleeps alongside of me, sir." His voice grew ever louder, and he never removed his dilated eyes from my face.

"Yes, yes," I said in a soothing tone, "but what about Bill?"

"He's dead, sir, dead," he added softly and emphatically, as though trying to realise the full force of what he said.

The man, Private Jackson, was very shaken and upset, but eventually I gathered that having been roused by the bugle, he had turned as usual to Bill, who was a very heavy sleeper, "to shake him properly," when to his horror, he saw that Bill Kennedy's head was hanging over the side of his hammock, with his neck almost completely severed. Overcome with shock and fright at the dreadful fate of his

bed-fellow, Jackson had rushed to the upper deck, and to me, the Officer of the Watch, for assistance.

To pass from the peaceful harbour routine, in calm and sunlight, to murder and sudden death, is an ugly shock, and I remember the sight of poor Kennedy to this day. We could do nothing for him, poor fellow. He had passed ahead.

I had the doors of the flat closed, and the place and the near cabins all searched and the occupants questioned, but without result. One or two of the officers' servants were about the half-deck, and Private Payne, the sweeper, but they had nothing to report.

Well, we had "poor Bill" removed and the flat cleaned, but the shadow of Cain was on us. Suspicion ran amongst us. We were all murderer-hunters.

The Captain, in duty bound, had been informed at once of the death of one of his ship's company, and after Divisions—corresponding to Parade ashore—he ordered the "lower deck to be cleared," and every one to assemble aft. Having briefly detailed the tragedy, he announced that every individual should pass before him and be interrogated in the presence of all as to his knowledge of the affair. The Captain was a fair judge of character, and no doubt he knew well that this necessarily slow and deliberate method of obtaining information would add to every one's nervous tension.

One by one, officers and men, we all paused at a small table opposite the Captain, stated what we knew or did not know, and passed on. The end of the line had nearly been reached, the marines were filing past, and so far no more information had been obtained. Now only three remained to be questioned, when Payne, the last of the line, stopped opposite the little table. We thought he was explaining how close a friend he had been to the dead man, and we all closed in to hear.

I stood directly behind him and could only guess at the grieved expression on his lined old face. The grey, bowed head shook sadly, as his deep musical voice went on:

"You see, sir, it was like this. Just before the bugle sounded, I had occasion to go forward to the flat, for some fresh water for my paint work. While my bucket was filling, I stood looking at the boys asleep. Now Kennedy, he slept on the outside of the row, and was the one nearest me. His head was hung back, like, a little, like this, sir," and the old man threw back his head and stroked his gnarled old neck.

"He had a beautiful throat, sir, smooth and young."

There was pity in the old fellow's voice. To have had time to acquire five badges a Marine can be no chicken, and no doubt he felt the tragedy of his mess-mate. He paused for a moment, thinking deeply, and wagging his grey head from side to side as though smitten with the tragedy of life and death:

"Well, sir, I turned the water off," once more he paused, and we waited sympathetically, "he had such a smooth throat, sir, I just took me razor out, and slit it from ear to ear, then I cleans me razor in the bucket, puts it away in my pocket, and goes on cleaning of my paint work, sir."

The righteousness in his last words was evident to all of us. He had seen a throat which seemed to him meant to be cut, and he had cut it. The temporary diversion over, he had gone on with his work, "cleaning of my paint work, sir."

I think we all felt a little sick, Payne excepted.

He was led away, and now scrubs the paintwork in a naval lunatic asylum. We dispersed, and under the influence of routine were soon forgetting, but the flat at night is still a trifle uneasy: and I remember how carefully and slowly Private Payne had shaved me the night before.

The Indispensable Artist : By Charles Marriott

AS an artist, Lieutenant Paul Nash owes nothing to the war, though he probably owes a great deal to it as an exhibitor. Hundreds of people will go to see his "Void of War" pictures at the Leicester Galleries who would never have glanced at his landscape drawings and paintings in the London Group and other exhibitions, though, granting that he has had a little more practice in the interval, they were just as good and striking as are his war pictures. There is nothing to grumble at in that; but the point is worth emphasising because there is an idea about that war "improves" the artist—that it makes a man of him, so to speak. The idea cannot be too strongly or too often denied, because if it were true the Germans would be right, and we would be wrong. What happens to the artist in war is what happens to the plumber or any other man when he puts on khaki: he is not greatly changed, but our eyes are opened to his value and importance.

One of the few satisfactory things about war is that it does distinguish between dispensable and indispensable people and things. It shows the unreality of business and brings out the reality of work. More than that, it abolishes the false distinctions between one kind of work and another; and though it makes its first call upon the fighter, it proves that while the tradesman is a doubtful convenience, the artist, equally with the man with the hoe and the man with the hammer, is a necessary person. There never was a war that did not make a direct call upon the services of art and literature; but the striking thing about this war is that it shows the indispensability of art and literature on their own terms as art and literature, and not merely as instruments adaptable to the occasion.

Persons whose contact with reality is habitually compromised by the vague thing called business are always imploring us to look at the facts. Well, there are the facts: how are you going to explain them? The draughtsmen and painters supply a something other than pictorial information, a something beyond the power of photography, the need for which is imperative.

That something is interpretation. What the authorities want, and what the artist alone can supply is not so much a representation as a reading of the facts. The "stern arbitrament of war," which proves the futility of so many human activities, only confirms the reality of art, and confirms it in its highest function. Under the sheer pressure of events, the artist is found to be indispensable.

The particular interpretation of war given by Lieutenant Paul Nash is that of its absolute sterility. This, of course, affects nothing of the human spirit which finds magnificent expression in war as it does in any emergency. It is extremely doubtful if the finer things of war can be told in pictures, except symbolically, though they can be told in words. In all probability the visible accidents of heroic deeds are absurdly undignified. Being a landscape painter, Lieutenant Nash takes the human spirit for granted, and limits his judgment of war to its effects upon inanimate nature. His judgment is entirely unselfish and all the more forcible on that account. He shows that as a destructive agent war has not even the merit of originality, but only repeats

the foundry scrap-heap and the blasted quarry on a "kolossal" scale.

He is not indebted to war even for the undoubted strangeness of his work, for he has always had the gift of the imaginative man of finding everything strange. No other artist that I can think of can so bring back the wonder of trees as they appear to the child; and this not by fantastic exaggeration, but rather by insisting on their character. Even when he is dealing with the wildest disorder there is a curious tidiness about his work, as if he disdained to make use of accidents and relied rather on the force of understatement. He has perceived, as few have, the peculiar slowness of explosions; the weighty jar which jumps earth or masonry out of place; and he explains the aptness of the word "crater," his drawings of such phenomena recalling nothing so much as pictures of landscapes in the moon. Whether or not the effects will be permanent, he conveys the impression that the earth in the war zone has been killed. Nothing could bring home more forcibly the stupidity of war.

Though, as I said, Lieutenant Nash takes the human spirit for granted, it is all there by implication. In a sense there could not be a stronger tribute to the sublime endurance of our men than the desolation he so remorselessly conveys. He will not even allow that

they have the support of the picturesque. They have nothing but their duty. Without a single heroic gesture, with, indeed, an occasional hint of sensible scuttling, he conveys an impression of massive determination that no other artist has been able to suggest.

Lieutenant Nash undoubtedly owes a great deal to the consistency of his method. It might be called a method of super-realism, in which the effect of truth is got by disregarding accuracy and reducing everything to its essentials. Nothing could be further from photographic truth or show more clearly the entire independence of the arts of painting and photography. Equally arts, they have absolutely nothing in common except subject matter. One reflects the thing and stands or falls by the accuracy of the reflection, the other translates the thing and stands or falls by the completeness and consistency of the translation. The difference in result is that between a record and a commemoration or interpretation, which latter implies human consideration and judgment.

This applies not only to the whole scene or event, but to every particular; and there is not a single line, curve, or tone in Lieutenant Nash's work that merely copies the lines, curves, or tones of nature. Generally, the thing has been greatly simplified, with emphasis upon its typical rather than its accidental form. This has a practical as well as an aesthetic value; for, as Sir Arthur Quiller Couch pointed out in one of his lectures on poetry, the first effect of measured language is to make a thing memorable.

So the reason or instinct which leads the authorities to employ draughtsmen and painters to commemorate the war is as sound as that which led our forefathers to say: "Thirty days hath September"; and the reason or instinct which led them to employ Lieutenant Nash was particularly sound and accurate because it is seen that he has a very definite and complete convention.



La Folie Wood

Cross to Canadians fallen on Vimy Ridge

By Lieutenant Paul Nash

Life and Letters *by J. C. Squire*

Victorians with the Gilt Off

THE "standard biography," in two volumes, so large as to be unreadable, so discreet as to be misleading, and so inartistically done as to convey no clear portrait of its subject, is one of the commonest products of our Press. The good biography is very rare. The good short biography, though we were better at it in earlier centuries, has been almost extinct for generations. Mr. Lytton Strachey's book *Eminent Victorians* (Chatto & Windus, 10s. 6d. net) contains four short biographies which are certainly equal to anything of the kind which has been produced for a hundred years. His subjects are Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, General Gordon, and Arnold of Rugby; and in the course of his narratives he gives portraits, large or small, of many other influential or popular Victorians. Opinions will differ as to his fairness. But he has certainly created the living images of human beings; his writing is deliciously restrained, persuasive without being rhetorical, epigrammatic without being showy, witty without being flippant; and he handles his stories like a master. One, at least, of these narratives—that of Gordon's end and the precedent events—is extraordinarily complex and difficult. But he elucidates it with consummate dexterity; and, what is more, proportions it so fairly and states the problems involved so carefully, that he makes us understand that there was something—a great deal—to be said for the opinion and the view of almost every man prominently involved in the tangle.

* * * * *

He is drawn to Gordon by his recklessness and fire and unworldliness; he is drawn to Florence Nightingale by similar qualities in her, though the picture he draws of that fierce spirit flogging Sidney Herbert to his death is very different from the popular sentimental vision of "The Lady with the Lamp." The traits for which he has most distaste are smugness, prudence, and material ambition; and, finding these in many of the people about whom he writes, he tends rather to iconoclasm. Iconoclasm is, perhaps, too strong a word. His practice, rather, is to rub the whitewash off gently. Sometimes he rubs too long and too often; and a little of the solid substance comes off. His Arnold, for instance, is not a man who could have been the power that Arnold was: he is merely a self-satisfied and bigoted donkey. His general influence, his personal hold over boys are mentioned; but they are certainly not brought home or explained. His dislike of Lord Cromer leads him too far there. To Manning, too, he is not quite fair; and he goes a little beyond his self-defined sphere by putting words into the Pope's mouth at the famous interview with Pio Nono. Granted, however, its limitations—the limitations of a corrective—the book is a masterpiece of its kind.

* * * * *

One would like to quote freely in illustration of the amenities of Mr. Strachey's style. Here is a sentence on Keble: "He had a thorough knowledge of the contents of the Prayer Book, the ways of a Common Room, the conjugations of Greek irregular verbs, and the small jests of a country parsonage; and the defects of his experience in other directions were replaced by a zeal and a piety which were soon to prove themselves equal, and more than equal, to whatever calls might be made upon them." Here is a sly reference to Dr. Arnold:

It was no wonder that Carlyle, after a visit to Rugby, should have characterised Dr. Arnold as a man of "unhasting, unresting diligence."

Mrs. Arnold, too, no doubt agreed with Carlyle. During the first eight years of their married life she bore him six children; and four more were to follow.

For a specimen of his sustained style one can quote nothing better than a portion of his fine passage on Newman:

If Newman had never lived, or if his father, when the gig came round on the fatal morning, still undecided between the two Universities, had chanced to turn the horse's head in the direction of Cambridge, who can doubt that the Oxford Movement would have flickered out its little flame unobserved in the Common Room of Oriel? And how different, too, would have been the fate of Newman himself! He was a child of the Romantic Revival, a creature of emotion and of memory, a dreamer whose secret spirit dwelt apart in delectable mountains, an artist whose subtle senses caught, like a shower in the sunshine, the impalpable rainbow of the immaterial world. In other times, under

other skies, his days would have been more fortunate. He might have helped to weave the garland of Meleager, or to mix the *lapis lazuli* of Fra Angelico, or to chase the delicate truth in the shade of an Athenian *palaestra*, or his hands might have fashioned those ethereal faces that smile in the niches of Chartres. Even in his own age he might, at Cambridge, whose cloisters have ever been consecrated to poetry and common sense, have followed quietly in Gray's footsteps and brought into flower those seeds of inspiration which now lie embedded amid the faded devotion of the *Lyra Apostolica*. At Oxford, he was doomed. He could not withstand the last enchantment of the Middle Age. It was in vain that he plunged into the pages of Gibbon or communed long hours with Beethoven over his beloved violin. The air was thick with clerical sanctity, heavy with the odours of tradition and the soft warmth of spiritual authority; his friendship with Hurrell Froude did the rest. All that was weakest in him hurried him onward, and all that was strongest in him, too.

And this one has cut short at its best.

* * * * *

It is a noticeable thing that the figures which Mr. Strachey has selected for study were all of them devout Christians; and he is continually returning to the phenomena of religious introspection and the niceties of religious dogma. For the sincere self-examiner he has a certain sympathy, as indeed any humane man must, whatever his own position and habit. The measure of sympathy varies. Perhaps it varies too much. Nothing could be more comprehending and tender than his references to the self-tortures of Newman, but his dislike of Manning is such (he slips, in one place, into a reference to "superstitious egotists"—an unusual lapse from urbanity) that his attitude towards Manning's ruthless and undoubtedly conscientious analysis of his own motives is coloured too much by his conviction that Manning was always bound to cheat himself into the selfish course of action. His sympathetic comprehension of struggles about motive and conduct, however, does not extend to disputes about dogma. He is interested in dogma, but his interest is the interest of Gibbon. It is all very well for him to quote "*Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien; j'expose*," but he cannot help having his point of view. He regards all dogmas as an amusing kind of nonsense; he loves to look on and see how far the doctrinal disputants can carry the splitting of hairs, their efforts to reconcile things difficult of reconciliation, to deduce a certainty from an ambiguity, to find support for their positions in the remotest corners of patristic literature. The odd names of early bishops and mediæval scholastics appeal to him; he rolls them off with an outward solemnity that does not conceal the inward smile. He cannot quite regard a believer as an intellectual equal; and he tends to exhibit the whole body of believers as odd insects performing strange evolutions for his benefit. But one is not so sure that were he to turn his microscope in other directions he would find other classes of persons less ridiculous. I suggest, with deference, that he might set out on a new line. An observer with his detachment, his keen sense of the ludicrous, his eye for little intellectual and moral weaknesses, might give us an original view of the members of his own sceptical camp. They have never turned their own guns upon themselves; and their opponents are incapable of this kind of cool daylight writing. If Mr. Strachey would devote his attention to a few "pioneers" of the anti-religious movements, and examine their characters and mental processes with the scientific conscientiousness of which he has shown himself capable, one imagines that the general run of them, from Voltaire to Bradlaugh, will be left with even less of the monumental about them than the others. His treatment is a valuable treatment. A man who can remain heroic—as both General Gordon and Miss Nightingale do—after being subjected to it has passed a very severe test, and his really heroic qualities have been, in effect, glorified. But the one striking and inevitable defect of his method is that in failing to communicate in their full force the emotions by virtue of which persons have been great and impressed their contemporaries as great, by throwing a high light upon habitual weaknesses and blind spots, it tends to make both the great and the half-great seem more foolish than they were, and to give one the idea that our fathers were very simple-minded to be imposed upon by such persons. A biographer who looks down on his subject can contribute much to our knowledge of him; but the biographer who looks at him with level eyes and the biographer who looks up at him are also useful.

The New Salonika : By Thomas H. Mawson



The Quay before the Fire

This is to be made wider and arranged as a Boulevard in two levels

Mr. Thomas Mawson, the writer of this article, is the well-known landscape artist and town-planning expert. He is the senior member of the Commission for the rebuilding of the City of Salonika, which was practically wiped out of existence by the Great Fire of last autumn. Before the war, Mr. Mawson had been engaged on a scheme for modernising the city of Athens. He also laid out Banff and Calgary in Western Canada, so his experience is unique. The members of the Commission include, besides Mr. Thomas Mawson, Sir E. Hebrard, Captain Pleybair, M. H. Kitchikis, and M. J. Jacens, with the Mayor of Salonika as ex-officio member. The Commission works with the Greek Ministry of Communications, which is under the able presidency of M. Papanastacius.

IN these strenuous and anxious times comparatively few people have given any serious thought to the future of Macedonia and the intensely interesting problems connected with the rebuilding of Salonika; and yet I claim that no part of the territory over which we are now waging such terrible warfare would better repay careful study and active interest, for to every student of the Orient it is becoming increasingly clear that never before in our history have the British been held in such high regard, both by the Greek Government and people at large, as at the present time.

There are several main causes which have produced this desirable change in our favour; they may be stated as follows.

The great popularity of our Army (which applies to all ranks, from the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir George Milne, to the private soldier) is almost unbelievable until one hears from the natives of the splendid heroism of our men and their self-sacrifice during the terrible night of the fire. Nothing has ever happened in Macedonia which so impressed the Oriental mind or so completely captivated the inhabitants of Salonika and the hinterland. Stories are told on every side of the perfect genius of our soldiers for control on a great and tragic occasion, and their care of the women and children who flocked to them as their natural protectors. Everywhere I heard it said: "British soldiers are inimitable."

The second reason arises from the recognition of the work which



Eastern end of Rue St. Demetre

Donkeys laden with oak. An old Turkish Cemetery in background

our armies are doing in the creation of a great system of splendid railways and main roads, which radiate from the city through the hinterland to the frontier, and which have opened up the country for future development and assured prosperity. In carrying out this work vast numbers of the mixed population of Macedonia have been employed, their work being paid for on a scale which is just and even generous. In fact, in all these matters the British have won a reputation for fair dealing and prompt payment.

The third reason for our popularity is the knowledge that we are held in high regard by the King, M. Venezelos, and his Government, and also by the fact that the safety of Macedonia is in the keeping of the Allies, who are working in perfect harmony with the Government in Athens.

For these reasons, it seems to me that people at home should make haste to realise the commercial importance of Greece, and to take every advantage of the present favourable conditions to further British prestige, commerce, and industry.

The re-planning of the city, after one of the greatest and most disastrous fires in history, provides just the right opportunity and occasion for enterprise, whilst the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of Macedonia is now made possible by the new railways and roads to which I have already referred. Together, these offer endless opportunities for British capital organising genius and industry, and the more we can develop these opportunities, the more sure are we to prevent the future Germanisation of Greek financial corporations.

A natural question which is often asked is: Where is the money to come from for all this exploitation? To which I reply: Principally from the Greeks themselves, because it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the Greeks are to-day very rich. What is needed are a few recognised British financial corporations, whose members are known for commercial ability, practical enterprise, and probity. Given these conditions, I am sure the rest is easy.

I regard it as most fortunate, from a national point of view, that an Englishman was asked by M. Venezelos to take the senior position on the City Planning Commission—for rebuilding the city and to lay down the principles upon which the plans were to be



Church of the Twelve Apostles

From this position can be obtained the finest panorama of City, Gulf of Salonika, and Mount Olympus in the distance

developed. Nothing appeals to the Oriental mind more than the building of a city. With them, city-building is the highest possible enterprise, and I may add that the Greeks everywhere are delighted that we British were asked to take so important a part in this work.

"In what way," you may ask, "does the rebuilding of the city offer such great opportunities?" To begin with, it is surely clear that the rebuilding and extension of a city upon which there will be expended at least twenty millions sterling, provides unlimited opportunities for the supply of every kind of building material which has to be imported into the country. The Greek Government, however, are anxious that we should take a much more prominent place in the rebuilding of the city than this implies. They desire British contractors to finance and build important sections of the city, and they are prepared to make special terms and conditions to attract this enterprise.

Still more important contracts will be given for the new dock and harbour extensions, new railway terminals, and goods yards, a connecting underground electrical railway between the east and west terminals, and a bold and comprehensive system of tramways, all and each of which provide opportunities for still larger concessions, as will also the new waterworks and main drainage system, which form parts of the plans submitted to the Government by the City Planning Commission.

The new Salonika, which will become one of the most important cities in the Orient, will, in addition, possess those qualities of permanence and stability which should encourage manufacturers to lay down factories, and the necessary plant for the production of all those commodities, whether of machinery or fabrics, for which Macedonia and the Balkan States provide so great a market. In this connection we must always remember that Salonika is the natural gateway to the Balkan States, and that at the end of the war Serbia will ask for, and probably obtain, a free port near the city. All these

factors will ensure a rapid growth in the population, which at the present time is 220,000, but which in twenty years may be well over half a million.

As to the climate of Macedonia for purposes of residence, this is perfectly delightful for eight months in the year, though during the remaining four months malaria is prevalent, but with the drainage and proper irrigation of the Varda, Mikra, Langaza, Struma, and Dorian marshes, this scourge will, it is said, rapidly disappear. Indeed, conditions in this respect are already greatly improved. In other respects, Salonika will be one of the most beautiful seaports in the world, a city in which parks, gardens, and boulevards will provide ample shade and recreational spaces, a city in which intellectual pursuits will become a pastime, and in which opera and good music will flourish. To the historian and archaeologist and artist, the city will possess great attractions, for every archaeological treasure will be preserved, and in it the new architecture, though following local tradition, will equal in design and beauty the best modern work in any European city. So much M. Venezelos is determined to realise. In the business and residential quarters there will be good schools and a well-placed and well-equipped University, a fine opera house and theatre, a permanent exhibition ground, and a unique sporting and yachting centre at Mikra point, now the site of our British base hospitals.

From a strategic point of view, Salonika will have good railway connections with the Balkan States and Western Europe, with Constantinople and Athens, the latter railway (which is just completed) adding greatly to the convenience and popularity of Salonika as a centre for tourists.

Even now, in one respect at least, Salonika is unique,

for it has no municipal debt, and does not need to levy a rate for maintenance.

To those who have visited this ancient port the following notes on our initial plans may be of interest. Rue Egnatius will be the main central longitudinal boulevard through the city. It will be straight from end to end, and have a width of one hundred and twenty feet. At the Porte Varda end there will be placed the great union terminal railway station, with an electric underground railway connecting the stations with another railway terminal at Kalamaria, or the east end of the city. From this station a new railway will eventually run to the Gulf of Orphano. The width of Rue Egnatius permits of a central boulevard of trees, with tram-lines on either side, then two lines of vehicular traffic and wide tree-planted sidewalks. Above and below this main longitudinal axis, or seven in all; two will include Rue St. Demetre and the Quay.

The main cross axis starts at the Quay, and extends to the minaret of St. Demetre. This is the main cross artery of the city; it will be 150 feet in width, planted with four lines of shade trees, and have, in addition, a central parkway. On either side of this boulevard and north of Rue Egnatius there will be erected in large open spaces, the new city hall and Law Courts, which, together with the new St. Demetre, should make a very fine architectural composition.

Rue Venezelos, so well known to British soldiers and nurses, will be widened and paralleled by another road of equal width and importance to the west. At the base of these two roads, and near its junction with the Quay, the central block between these two parallels is carried back for one hundred yards, thus forming a square, to be called Liberty Square. Around this square will be erected the great Post Office and the principal banks.

The great Quay is to be widened by about 40 feet, and divided into lower and upper Boulevards, the latter about 4 feet above its present level.

The docks are to be developed westwards, and the White Tower, at the east end, developed as the great social centre for the city. Here will be built the new opera house and theatre, and the great city cafés.

The east, or Kalamaria end of the city, will increasingly become the residential quarters for the official, professional, and merchant class, and Mikra point the residential area for the rich. Here also will be developed the bathing and recreational centre, with a great yacht club.

The area west of Porte Varda is to be developed on garden city lines as residential quarters for the industrial classes. Here they will be near the dock and factory areas, and in this section will be laid out the exhibition ground, where international sports will be carried on.

The existing picturesque Turkish quarters north of Rue St. Demetre will be preserved along with every feature of historic or archaeological interest, but certain slum quarters are to be cleared out to make way for an improved system of roads and the provision of playgrounds and gardens.

The new University, in which the Greek Premier takes so much interest, and which will eventually consist of a large group of fine buildings, is to be erected on the site of one of the Turkish cemeteries, in a direct line with Rue Egnatius. Within the central part of the city there will be many beautiful town gardens. One of these will extend from the Cathedral of St. Sophie to Rue Venezelos and forward to the proposed French Cathedral at the end of Rue France.

One great feature of the city will be the new bazaars, which are to follow the best tradition of Byzantine architecture, and planned in large groups on a system which will prove a great convenience to both sellers and buyers.



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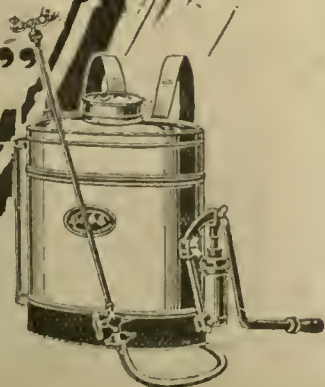


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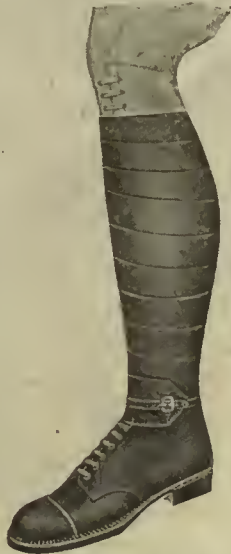
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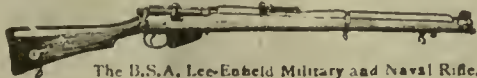
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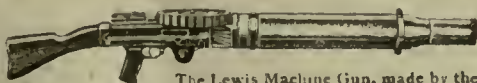
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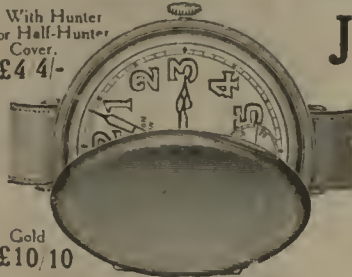
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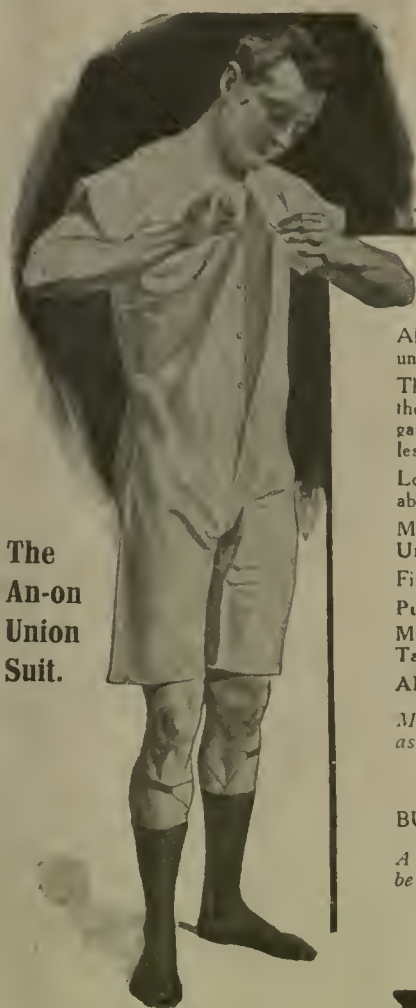
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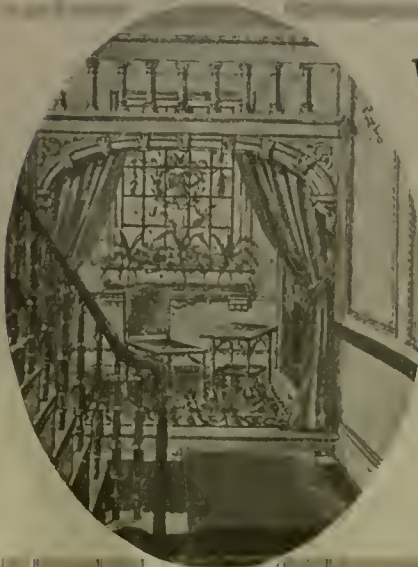
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1918

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1918.

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The Outlook

WE are passing through the most critical period of the war since the battle of the Marne. The German Army at the moment of writing has reached the right bank of that river and at Chateau Thierry is within fifty miles of Paris.

Whatever may have been the original intention of the enemy, the success which he gained last week in Champagne has encouraged him to make this his principal offensive with the French capital as its objective. Fresh units were placed by him rapidly in the firing line, and though his progress slowed down with the lengthening of his communications, it was not until Sunday that he sustained a serious check. What the cost of this attack may have been on either side we have not as yet any means of knowing. But the comparative expense by which the offensive and defensive in these extremely rapid developments are being conducted is the element of supreme interest in the whole affair.

* * *

This advance, it must be admitted, has been conducted in a masterly fashion, and has justified what are known as the new German tactics. These involve secrecy of concentration, organisation of the attack in great depth so that fresh units can come up between tired units whenever a rapid advance is possible to carry forward the wave, the special training of men for rapidity of advance, short but extremely intense preliminary bombardment, and the use at the very front of all lighter forms of mechanical weapons, especially of tanks and field artillery.

The three British divisions which found themselves once again in the forefront of the battle, although they had been sent to this part of the line to recuperate, fought with magnificent stubbornness, and only fell back from their second line positions in order to conform with retirements elsewhere. The French are displaying their usual valour, and at the beginning of the week counter-attacked frequently with splendid effect. The real criterion of the present operations is the extent to which the reserve divisions of the two armies will have been employed. As it is explained elsewhere in this issue, there is a good purpose in holding a defensive line lightly.

* * *

The capture of Cantigny by American soldiers was a brilliant affair; small in itself, but important as evidence of the excellent fighting qualities of our new Allies. The village was carried in a dashing manner, and the troops consolidated their gains with the rapidity and efficiency of veterans; although the enemy counter-attacked more than once, he was unable to get back anything.

London has had ocular evidence that the men whom the American Republic are sending over are fine raw material, but the Cantigny affair proves they have the making of first-class soldiers, for this brilliant exploit shows a high degree of training and discipline, and also that mental alertness to turn an advantage to its best value, which is ever the better half of victory.

* * *

Paris preserves a calm and resolute attitude with this fierce battle raging within ear-shot. Every night come the

Gothas, and at dawn big Bertha hurls her shells. There was no respite for Paris even on Corpus Christi day. Her serene spirit under these trials is typical of France as a whole. She places absolute confidence in General Foch, and declines to believe that the foot of the invading Hun shall again defile her streets. "The will to end the war," for which Germany is now fighting desperately, has no place in her mind; her one thought is victory, however long it may be delayed or through whatever trials she may have to pass.

The air defences of the French capital have proved themselves extraordinarily efficient. Although on many nights there have been two separate attacks, only rarely has a single enemy machine been able to penetrate them. The long-distance gun is now almost accepted as an ordinary part of the daily life of the capital, and people go about their business as though it were not.

* * *

The King's Birthday Honours List this year is notable in that it contains the first nominations for the Royal Air Force decorations, which were specially instituted on this occasion. Until the present century no distinction was made between the fighting forces where decorations were concerned, beyond the colour of the ribbon, but in 1901 the Conspicuous Service Cross—now the Distinguished Service Cross—was instituted as a special naval decoration, and it was followed on New Year's Day, 1915, by the Military Cross.

There is good reason for dividing decorations; and if ever a service had won right to a distinction of its own it is the Royal Air Force. There were two crosses and two medals; all four can only be won for acts of courage, devotion to duty, or gallantry *when flying*. The penguin has to look elsewhere for his honours, which is as it should be.

* * *

The congratulations to Lord Rhondda on his promotion in the peerage will have an unusual ring of sincerity about them. He has almost achieved the impossible and blossomed into a popular Food Controller. He is still constantly cursed for the frequent changes in rationing, but as soon as the change is found to be in favour of the home-controller and consumer the curses quickly pass into blessings, and he is extolled as a great and good man. Lord Rhondda, we feel sure, will not take all the credit for this to himself; he will be among the first to admit that the nation, as a whole, has played the game over the rationing business, and adapted itself cheerfully and willingly to the annoyances and restrictions which were inevitable at its institution.

One curious result of the coupon system, and one which will please the new viscount, is that it has placed for the first time a premium on big families. The prudent married couple who have refrained from giving hostages to fortunes or been content with one or, at most, two, find themselves irked by the fewness of their coupons; but let the quiver be full, and there are more coupons in the home than the mother requires. And as wages are good, the man with a big family can, for the first time, crow over his prudent neighbour.

As if nature approved of the rationing system, the harvest prospects continue to be excellent. More land is under cultivation than for years. One has to go back a quarter of a century to find the equal of the present acreage under wheat. The injury by wire-worm proves to have been less than was anticipated, and if the favourable weather continues, the British Isles will reap a record harvest.

* * *

We have held since the beginning of the war that it would have been wiser had we exchanged all interned civilians, irrespective of their number. There were obvious objections to this course, but we believe the country would have gained immensely on the balance, and would have breathed the freer if every German had been sent back to the fatherland. As it is, we have derived no benefit by keeping them here beyond that we have deprived the German High Command of a certain amount of "food for powder"—an almost inappreciable amount at the rate powder devours men in this war—while we have had to provide food of another kind, and thus saved the enemy this necessity.

On the other hand, while we have treated all prisoners of war, civilian and combatant alike, with a humanity that borders on benevolence, Germany has not hesitated to wreak malevolence and brutal spite on British prisoners in her power. We are glad to know that every effort is now to be made to exchange prisoners as quickly as possible. To what extent the enemy will be prepared to respond is doubtful, but German prisoners in this country exceed in number British prisoners in Germany, so that numerically we have the advantage, and we are slowly discovering there are other ways in which pressure can be brought to bear on the enemy to compel him to conform to reasonable demands.

Battle of the Tardenois: By Hilaire Belloc

THIS article is written in the course of Monday, June 3rd, and is based upon dispatches, the last of which was sent from French Headquarters late in the evening of Sunday, June 2nd. It is therefore dealing with the great action upon which the whole fate of the war may well depend, in the very heat of its most critical and least-decided phase. Not only is there no indication as yet of the direction events may ultimately take; there is not even an indication of possible alternatives. Any one attempting to analyse the action at this stage from the very meagre accounts of it which have reached us can pretend to no more than a statement of its simplest and most obvious elements, and a record of its varying features during the full seven days through which that record extends. After having attempted such a task, we will turn to the more general meaning of the struggle and to some judgment, however general, of its gravity.

The elements of the situation at the moment of writing—the main factors—are as follows. The enemy, after a highly successful offensive in which he was able to effect a great measure of surprise, found himself in a deep salient reaching to the Marne—a salient the immediate product of his success and too deep for its width. He determined, therefore, to enlarge it upon the flank where it was most threatened—the Western flank—and by Sunday night he had enlarged it, forming a great new secondary salient or bulge here, which carried him from six to eight miles further west.

He was standing then upon the night of Sunday, June 2nd, with a front, the shape of which might be compared to a very flat letter D; the top of the D represented the old Chemin des Dames front which he broke a week before. The bottom of the D represented a 14-mile occupation of the right bank of the River Marne; the perpendicular stroke of the D represented the eastern flank of his salient from the Marne up to Rheims, while the round of the D was the bulge westward by which the enemy had enlarged his area of occupation in the course of the past three days.

Upon the north-western corner of the salient stands the town of Soissons, the French holding the heights immediately to the west of it, and the enemy apparently unable to débouch from the half-ruined city which they occupy. Upon the north-eastern corner of the salient stands the town of Rheims, which the Allies still occupy; the space between the two towns is about 25 miles. The total depth of the salient from the original front to the River Marne is also about 35 miles. The total new front which the enemy is holding from Soissons round by the west to the Marne, near Chateau Thierry, up the Marne for 14 miles to near Verneuil, and so up to Rheims, is probably close on 90 miles. I say "probably" because the constant fluctuation of the line is such that no exact measure be taken. But certainly by the evening of Sunday last, to which this description is confined, 80 miles would be an under-estimate of the new front the enemy has created for himself by his recent success, and something between 80 and 90 is the true figure. It is, as we shall see in a moment, an important point.

The area thus overrun by the enemy is in the main composed of a plateau called the Tardenois, which is the watershed between the basins of the Oise and the Marne. It is broken country but well provided with roads, and in its central part open; the plateau is cut through its middle by the sources and upper course of the little river Oureq running westward; it is bounded for the most part on its westward side by a succession of great woods, the largest of which is the Forest of Villiers Cotterets. It is bounded on the south by the broad valley of the Marne which is not marshy like that of the Oise, and is nothing like so formidable an obstacle. Further, the Marne is easily crossed by a force coming from the north, because the heights which dominate the flat of the river valley stand upon the northern side. It is from these heights that the Tardenois Plateau falls sharply on to the water level.

All round the edge of this very considerable area the enemy by the evening of Sunday was using about 50 divisions, which is at his present establishment less than half a million, but more than 400,000 infantry, and not quite double that figure in total forces of every kind. Of this very large force much the thinnest part is along the Marne to the south, much the densest at the moment of writing is upon the west, where every effort is being made to extend the salient with the double object of removing dangerous pressure, and turning the French out of the Soissons corner. The remainder,

probably not a third of the total, are upon the eastern side of the salient between the Marne and Rheims.

The history of the action so far has been as follows:— Upon Monday, May 27th, the enemy having effected as he had done twice before in this season, a concentration, the existence of which was known, but the magnitude of which was not known, struck, after a very intense but short preliminary bombardment, the whole front from the neighbourhood of Rheims to the Forest of Pinon, which is some miles north of Soissons in the valley of the Aillet River. The front he thus attacked was a section of the quasi-permanent defence in the field, which the Allied line and the German line opposing it had thrown up and maintained for many months—in some parts for several years—from the Swiss frontier to the North Sea. As we know, more than 60 miles of this, north of the Forest of Pinon, had gone as the result of the great German advance in March, but all this sector of between 30 and 40 miles east of the Forest of Pinon was part of what may be called the "wall" upon which the Allied defensive reposed during the perilous interval between the disappearance of Russia and the effective appearance in the field of the United States. As we shall see later, to break this wall piecemeal, to restore a war of movement, to disintegrate while he is still superior the armies of the Allies and the civilian structure behind them, is the whole object of the enemy.

The Action

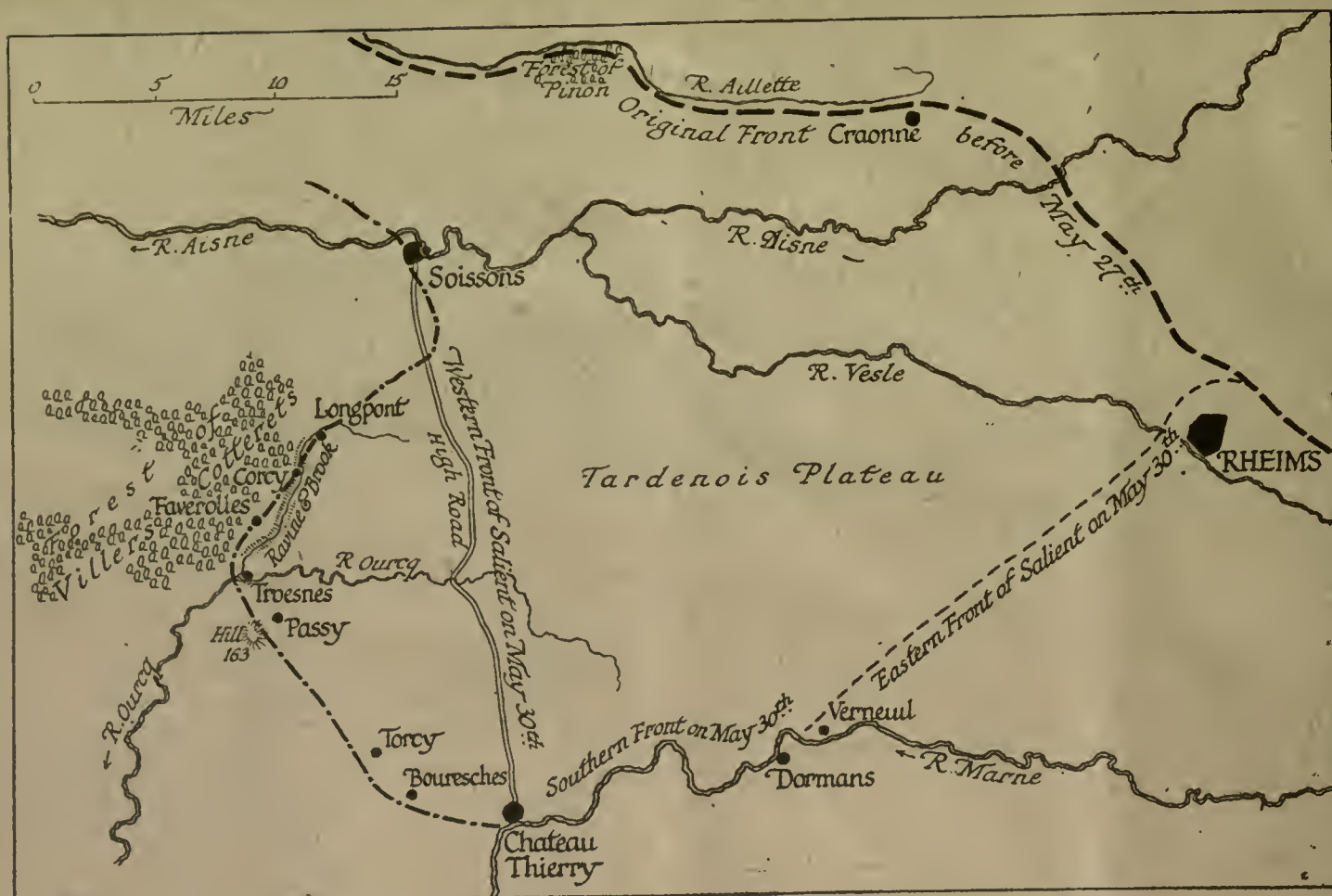
The enemy, using the advantage of a new and successfully developed tactic to which he can lay credit (for it is a great achievement) succeeded in completely breaking the line in this, the third stroke, of his offensive. He had massed about 25 divisions with 15 reserve, making a total of 40, against a front of 7, and on the very first day he was right away five miles forward of the original line, and crossing the first obstacle, the Aisne. There was no possibility of considerable resistance before the centre of his advance after this first success had been so rapidly achieved. With the second day he was pouring across the second and smaller obstacle of the Vesle, by the evening of the third he was close to the Marne itself, and his advanced bodies may already have come in sight of that river. At any rate, on the morning of the fourth day, the Thursday, light German units had appeared on the hills above the Marne from just above Chateau Thierry to the neighbourhood of Dormans. At this point, on the morning of the Thursday, the battle had completed its first phase, and we may note the results. There is a considerable claim to prisoners, between thirty and forty thousand, as a result of this extremely rapid overrunning of the Tardenois, and the overwhelming of the original line. There is also a claim to 400 guns or more, many of them heavies, which the rapidity of the unexpected German success had made it impossible to remove. But the enemy, thus thrusting forward where he found least resistance, and reaching the Marne in 72 hours, after he had marched, at the furthest points for well over 30 miles, was in a salient or pocket very dangerous to himself.

If it be asked why a striking advance dependent upon the very success of the mover should so rapidly produce a peril for him, the answer is to be found in that new method of his of abandoning topographical object for the mere weight of a blow, of which method we will speak in a moment.

At any rate, on Thursday, the fourth day of the battle, he did find himself in peril through the depth of his salient.

The cause is easy to understand. If you are facing in any direction your strength is towards the point you look at and advance towards, your weakness is on the sides. For all military advance is ultimately analysable as a column. You can only defend your flanks by facing round towards them. The longer your flanks get, therefore, in proportion to the width of the territory over which you advance, the narrower the V which you produce by your thrust forward after a success, the more in danger you are of a much inferior force striking at the base of your long wedge and cutting it off.

The reason that the enemy's advance was shepherded into this curious shape was the situation at the two points of Soissons and Rheims. The enemy carried Soissons, indeed, but found he could not débouch against the French, who held the heights to the west. He tried to do it over and over again day after day, and constantly failed with



very heavy loss. The other corner, Rheims, was not carried by the enemy, the defence, largely British, and under the general command of Gouraud, who had led the French in the Dardanelles, was maintained outside the town, and though it lost some ground, thoroughly maintained throughout all the three days of tremendous pressure its task of keeping the corner firm.

The result was that, with the opening of the fourth day—Thursday, May 30th—the large German body, amounting by this time to something like 40 divisions, found itself pinned into what was too narrow a salient for safety. Now, on the west the boundary of the salient was, roughly, the high road from Soissons to Chateau Thierry. It was the business of the German command to use their vastly superior numbers for the purpose of getting an extension of room on this side.

A strong movement westward here would have the double effect of removing the perilously narrow character of the salient, and, if it were pressed right home, of compelling the French to fall back from the neighbourhood of Soissons lest they should be turned.

The German higher command therefore regrouped its units in the course of the Thursday, and spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday in throwing their weight at right angles to the direction hitherto pursued and striking westward upon either side of the Ourcq Valley. They started, as I have said, from the line of the road, and in the course of the three days they created a new big western bulge rather more than six miles deep. By the night of Sunday, June 2nd, they stood in a great bow from a point about four miles south of Soissons to the Marne at Chateau Thierry, with their most advanced units fighting hard for the following points, reading from north to south: Longpont, Corey, Faverolles, Troesnes, Passy (and Hill 163), Torcy.

If the reader will look at the sketch-map appended he will see that the French have here a certain line which their reserves continually reaching the line of battle could hope to defend. It is the line of a profound ravine with steep sides, through which runs a small brook, the Savieres; just east of the edge of the great forest of Villiers Cotterets. This brook falls into the little River Ourcq at Troesnes, the bow to the south of Troesnes is continued by a not very clearly defined line of heights, including Hill 163 just in front of Passy, and rather a steep bank in front of Torcy. It was here that the stand was being made all during the course of Sunday last, June 2nd, upon the dispatches of which day is based the present description. The names of places just mentioned mark a line on which the battle fluctuated for 24 hours, some of the villages being taken and re-taken several times—a fact which shows the arrival of fresh forces upon the Allied side in this neighbourhood—but by Sunday night, although nearly the whole of the line had been re-occupied

by the French after having been completely lost upon the Saturday, one point of vantage remained which was of some value to the enemy. It was the point of Faverolles, which stands above the deep ravine in open agricultural land just outside the forest. Thus holding Faverolles, the enemy had a bastion thrust out beyond the obstacle which the French were holding.

Such was the situation at the moment when that phase of the battle which terminates with the night of Sunday was concluded.

We may now recapitulate and summarise the whole. In seven days of fighting the enemy had thrown in at least 50 divisions, which is rather more than half the strength he has available for shock. Those seven days are divided into two clear chapters, the first three days in which he begins with a great unexpected success due to an element of surprise for which he must have full credit, and which carry him to the Marne; the last three days in which he faces round at right angles to his former direction, and throws all his weight westward down the Valley of the Ourcq. The fourth day, Thursday, which separates these two chapters, was the day on which he was re-arranging his units and converting his direction. That is the geographical description of the action during its first week.

Now let us turn to the more practical, but far more difficult, business of estimating his intention and its result. For this purpose we must go back to the very beginning of the enemy's great offensive nearly two and a half months ago, and see how the events will probably have affected his judgment.

On March 21st, the date he had fixed for opening his main attack in the west, the enemy had against the Allies, three great advantages. He had superior numbers, he had interior lines, he had a perfectly united force. The Allies were of different nationalities, in commands mainly separated (I mean separated in situation not in authority), they were less in numbers, and to reinforce at any point they had to swing troops on their exterior lines further than the enemy had to swing his on his interior lines.

These advantages further gave the enemy the capital advantage of initiative. He could strike at his own time and place.

These advantages alone would not account for what followed; he added to them a further element which is the new tactic he has developed in the present campaign. It is composed of many elements combined, and it has proved exceedingly successful. Its chief point is a power of surprise due to the study of secret concentration after a fashion which no belligerent had yet attained. To this must be added deep formation so that he could use fresh units very quickly to support an advance, intensive training to get the furthest possible forward movement out of his men, the

pushing up of the lighter missile weapons so that they work as almost part of the infantry, etc.

This new tactic gave him upon March 22nd, the second day of his attack, the result he desired. He did what no one had yet done upon either side of the west during all these years, he broke right through the full width of the defensive zone in front of St. Quentin. There followed the loss of 50 miles of the old solid front, and the creation of his great salient, the apex of which stands just outside Amiens. Though his effort had cost him a very heavy price in men, he could count so many prisoners and the destruction of so much material that by the end of March, when he found himself held, the advantage was still clearly upon his side. He had restored a war of movement, he had made a wide breach in the solid line upon which the Allies depended for their power of resistance while awaiting American reinforcements; and whereas most of his lighter cases would return from hospital to the field in a comparatively short time, very many of his opponents, lightly wounded and even unwounded, were definitive or permanent losses to their side because they were prisoners. On the other hand the enemy could observe these two points. First, that he had failed in his topographical object of separating the British from the French armies; next, that his continual offensive, save where there was a rapid success and a great haul of prisoners, would necessarily be far more expensive to him than to the Allies. The defensive would meet him with forces deliberately inferior to his own, far less in proportion than the difference between the totals of the two sides. In other words, the defensive, if successful, would keep a considerable reserve in hand, while he had a strict limit both in time and number wherein to effect his purpose. If he lost more than a certain budgeted amount of men in a certain time he would, even allowing from his new recruitment from the younger classes, lose his superiority in numbers, which would be fatal to him, and after a certain number of months, if he did not succeed within the limitation of his possible losses in defeating the British and the French armies, the American reinforcement would turn the scale enormously against him. Putting all this together, the effect both of his great success and of his limitations must have been to make him argue somewhat after this fashion.

"I have superiority of numbers, I have interior lines, I have the initiative, I have a homogeneous force. But, following out a strategical plan of a clear geographical sort, they have not given me the full result they might have done. Now I have also as an asset my new tactic. Perhaps I cannot always break the line, but I can try first here and then there, and sometimes succeed. If I make it my principal business not to reach this point or that, nor to separate this body from that, but to strike repeatedly at one place and another until I have ruined the original defensive line; if I make dispositions to follow up immediately any success; if I leave my general plan vague and to be moulded by circumstance, but keep for my main principal the mere delivering of very heavy blows, I may within the limits of time—which are inexorable—succeed in disintegrating the whole defensive system of the Allies. I may so exhaust their reserves, shake their morale, military and civilian, impose upon them the heavy business of perpetual movement along exterior lines, as to put them out of action before the end of the season."

The Russian Analogy

We must remember that the enemy's success against Russia had proved to be in the main a success of this kind, and that the unexpected development of the Russian situation has had a profound effect upon the mind of those who govern Germany. They had intended being in a vast superiority of material to achieve a military decision by a carefully calculated strategical plan which should destroy the armed forces of the Russian Empire. They had created one salient after another all through the summer of 1915, and in the last one, that of Vilna, they very nearly reached a true military decision.

Nevertheless they failed, and what ultimately happened was something quite unexpected. The tremendous strain had the moral effect of disintegrating Russian society and, through it, the army. It was as though a battering ram driven at a wall had failed to break down that wall, and had yet so loosened its structure that the wall came down in the next high wind. Or it was like the case of a hunter who shoots and thinks he has missed his game, but finds later that he has wounded it, and that it has died as an indirect consequence of the wound.

We may take it that after the partial—but only partial—success of the March offensive, which was obviously traced upon a fixed and simple plan, the enemy relied more and

more upon the delivery of successive blows, now here, now there, and his power to follow them up immediately if they should prove successful, trusting to chance and circumstance for the moulding of the battle which might ensue. He failed in his first blows east of Arras and south of Amiens, an operation undertaken five days after his last far to the north in the sector of Lille was unexpectedly successful. He followed it up at once, fought very hard for three weeks from April 9th to April 29th; having begun with only six divisions, ended by putting in nearly 40, and then, having pushed his losses near to the limit he had allowed himself, he had to break off to recruit. He halted a whole month, and struck again, as we know, with 25 divisions on Monday last, May 27th, at the extreme other end of the line, where he could compel his opponent to the greatest fatigue and the longest delay in the moving up reinforcements. Had the blow failed, we should have seen a short delay and another blow elsewhere. Succeeding, as it did, he at once exploited it along the line of least resistance, pouring through, and then, when his very success had put him in some peril, turned to ward off that peril, and at the same time to see what chances pressure no longer southward but westward would give him. He is not thrusting for Paris, he is not carrying out a geographical plan: he is working to break us up piecemeal as State and Armies. He looks at the map and perceives that of the old defences regarded as almost permanent between the Swiss frontier and the North Sea, there now remains north of Rheims nothing but a short sector on the marshes of the River Yser and the bow running from in front of Arras to the neighbourhood of La Bassee. He proposes to continue the process, simply taking advantage of every opportunity as it arises, until, as he hopes, disintegration shall ensue long before American reinforcement can turn the scale.

Now, in such circumstances, there are two points clearly before us. On the first, only a negative judgment can be rendered, though it is important to have that negative judgment well defined and fully possessed by the public at home. On the second, a positive judgment is not only possible, but imperative. The first point is the fact that the enemy, by restoring a war of movement, has not given advantages to his own side only, even though he has superior numbers to challenge a war of movement is to challenge brains. He cannot in it continue to enjoy his present advantage of his new tactics of surprise against hitherto untouched sectors. He is taking his risks. The second point is that, since a main part of his calculations is the effect of new conditions upon the whole mass of the nation, so it is quite clearly our duty in this terribly grave moment to meet him by as complete a civilian discipline as possible, and to refuse to allow any movement of his, or any success in the near future, to affect the national will.

As to the first point; although our judgment can only be negative, it is of the first importance to keep it sound and cool.

Initiative

The enemy has the initiative, he has the numerical preponderance; that is, we for the moment are first following what he does, and he not following what we do. That is the meaning of the word "initiative." He, so far, dictates the form of the battle. And his numerical superiority means that he cannot only dictate the form, but exercise the pressure; therefore, he is on the offensive, we are on the defensive. It is the judgment of a fool to regard an offensive as victorious in itself, and a defensive in itself as a mark of defeat. The defensive is a phase during which he who has the less opportunity plays with space and time as best he can, to his own advantage, until the offensive can be resumed by him in his turn. We must consider our commanders during all the defensive phase, even though it may last for months, as men making for victory quite as surely as though they were advancing day by day and reporting the capture instead of the loss of positions, men, and guns. We must not regard them as men necessarily destined to achieve victory. That is a convention which many worthy people have thrust upon the public under the idea that merely to say that you are certain strengthens your temper. It is a very base state of mind; no one is certain of victory ever. Victory is decided by forces higher than mankind. But in the development of manœuvre, victory is granted, as a rule, not to mere superiority of number, unless it be overwhelming, but to superiority in will, decision, and rapidity of thought.

The enemy may advance from this to that, he may report such and such captures, and we may be certain that he will make the very best he can of the shop window. But he knows, just as well as we ought to know, that the problem is

ultimately one of expense. We condemn him to a certain expense, and our commanders, by their right use of resources, can condemn him to a higher rate of expense than our own. That, indeed, is the price of an offensive—always. We do not know the price he is paying, for it is his business to conceal it from us. We only know the price we are paying; and even that very vaguely. In the last great movement we brought him to a halt, making him lose about five to our three. We not only brought him to a halt, but we compelled a delay of one month at a time when every day means the nearer approach of a turn in numbers. All this struggle, if it could be observed by one impartial to either side, and fully informed as to wastage, would be regarded by such an observer as a race between two sets of losses, coupled with a contrast between two intelligences, each eager to catch the first slip upon the part of his opponent; the first gap, the first imprudent rush, the first unexpected congestion and confusion.

There have been moments during the last two anxious months when tremendous execution was being done against the offensive without our general opinion at home appreciating adequately, or even appreciating at all, the advantage that was being gained. The great battle of April 29th was such a moment; the enemy was beaten dizzy between the Ypres Canal and Merris; he was so beaten that two attempts to begin again broke down hopelessly, and yet there was no change upon the map. There was not even the possibility of presenting to our public at home any detailed comparison of his loss against ours. So it is to-day.

In this connection we must remember the fundamental truth that the defensive is always working, not with its full strength, but with the minimum strength which it judges necessary to its task. You may have in such and such a place no more than 3 or 4 divisions opposing 8 or 9. The men under the strain simply find themselves against overwhelming odds, and ask no questions. But the odds are not those of the total forces opposed, they are harder odds deliberately arranged by those who have the command of the defence. They are difficult odds deliberately arranged because the defence so acting keeps its reserve in hand, while the offence is tempted to put in all it can lay its hands on.

Another negative point, in connection with this negative judgment, is the point of communications. We must not judge too much by the map; the railways of peace time are not the railways of war time, nor are the roads. We must not, because some mere student of the map suggests it, say that the enemy's advance to this or that point has produced this or that disadvantage to our power of concentration. In the earlier stages of the war judgments of this sort were both permissible and valuable. To-day they are neither one nor the other. Three full years of construction have changed conditions beyond all knowing.

Enemy Statements

There is one last point in this connection, and that is, our reading of the enemy's bulletins. It would be extravagant to say that these are merely bombastic, or that their exaggeration is wild. In their main lines, they follow the truth. They put down, indeed, the largest captures which they can claim, or which they think we will accept; their object is of course political, it is aimed at civilian opinion abroad, and especially in France and England, but when they state precise numbers, and give the names of places, it is wiser to take them for the most part as accurate, or roughly accurate. What we must do, however, is to scan very carefully the messages the enemy sends in order to distinguish between precise and vague statement. Words like "enormous," "vast," and the rest of it may be neglected. When the enemy says he has captured "far more than" such and such a number of pieces, it means that he has captured that number and perhaps somewhat over. When he says that he has captured a thousand "vehicles" we must remember that vehicles cover everything from a motor lorry to a hand barrow. When he says "repeated counter-attacks" broke down with "sanguinary" losses (a phrase he has used so often that he surely has it all set up in type for regular use) we must remember that the whole gist of the matter is the strength of the forces which counter-attacked; a mere rearguard action, in which a couple of battalions hold the advance of a division in a narrow place, may be so described.

When the enemy says he has taken so many prisoners exactly, or that after hard fighting (the German word resembles the English word "bitter" and is invariably so translated, though the English word "bitter" means something quite different), then we may take it that the place which he claims to have entered, he really has entered.

To conclude, while the business is on, our judgment has no

positive foundation; we cannot tell the comparative losses or even the comparative forces engaged, but we know more or less the limits of reality; we know what cannot be true, and we also know what may be true.

Civilian Opinion

The second matter is really more important, I mean the steadying of civilian opinion under the present and coming strain. It would be exactly of the same importance if we had no news at all, or if we had the fullest and most detailed description of the whole action on both sides from day to day.

The enemy is working quite as much on civilian moral as he is upon the existing power of the armies. A mere résumé of the German Press will teach you that. Our Press has been at times sensational, and has prophesied both good and evil magnificently, but it is nothing to the German Press in this regard. The German Press has announced impending victory—victory in the next few days—I know not how often—certainly twenty times—since the huge German blunder of the Marne.

Well, the German Press is very much under orders, and if it does this kind of thing, it does it in order to affect a civilian moral in the countries of its opponents. Our counter to such policy ought to be simple enough. It would be absolutely simple were we a completely disciplined society; the ideal in time of war. We have simply to neglect the whole hypnotic effect.

The enemy may advance, he may enter towns, exercise no matter what cruelties (there was no limit to these), occupy no matter what territory, destroy no matter how much, of what we had hitherto thought part and parcel of the inheritance of Europe.

All that is upon quite another plane from the major issue, which is whether the Allied Armies remain in being and stand ready for ultimate reinforcement. So long as they are in being, and can maintain themselves prepared for that reinforcement, the rest, though enormous, is negligible.

Judgment is wholly founded upon degree. Victory or defeat in this war is compared with all its concomitant strains indefinitely more important. Not a capital city, nor twenty great monuments from the past, nor even so strict an economic suffering as the German Empire now happily undergoes, applied to us, is, compared with victory, any more than the wetting of one's clothes in the putting out of a fire which threatens all our property and the lives of one's family. Of those who do not understand this truth—it is useless to appeal to those who can never get out of their little province and think only the crude sensationalism which is their life—there is no present power in the State to control their dangerous and sometimes disastrous effect. The only thing that one can say to such is that their own skins are now in peril, and that they would do well to consider those skins. But to the many who still live more or less in terms of the old Europe, and still think of a diplomatic compromise and of a signed peace with negotiation or what not for the base of it, one can point out this now self-evident truth; that the battle at present engaged will either leave Europe a respecter of treaties and a united civilisation through *our* victory, or will result in such a victory for the enemy as ends all security, and begins a ruinous and probably rapid decline of our civilisation as a whole. They must not, even unconsciously, favour so terrible an issue.

Postscript

Tuesday, June 4th.

The communiqués of the last 36 hours, since this article was written, show an approach to stabilisation of the line between Soissons and the Marne. Faverolles was recovered yesterday. There is some retirement west of Soissons, but no considerable modification of this front.

Notice

THE Board of Trade having forbidden distribution of newspapers "on sale or return" on or after June 24th, LAND & WATER after the issue of June 20 will be obtainable to order only. We particularly request all our readers who have not already done so to place an order for regular delivery with their newsagents, or to fill in the subscription form which accompanies this issue.

The Jutland Anniversary: By A. Pollen

IN dealing with the anniversaries that fell last week, I intended—but space forbade—touching on an aspect of the Battle of Jutland which has not yet, I think, been discussed, and, in making notes for it, read through with great interest Mr. Hurd's chapter on the battle in his recently published work. The author writes with enthusiasm and a literary skill which makes it contagious. It is refreshing and comforting to have the story of the sea war re-told to us with the ring of victory in every line. And behind it all there is an apostolic purpose worthy of the theme. Mr. Hurd's motive in writing is to make the world's debt to the British Fleet so patent an affair that, when all is over, we may ever continue to hold the navy's work in grateful memory. But, greatly as I desire the end this very engaging writer has in view, I am far from sure that, in adopting the method of indiscriminating praise, he has chosen an effective means for securing it:

For really, when it comes to our North Sea strategy, to Jutland, to the submarine campaign, and for that matter every other aspect of our naval policy, our author will have it that, from 1914 till 1917, our course was a continuous miracle of perfection. The author clearly has no doubts at all. There is nothing Lord Fisher planned that Nelson would not have endorsed; there was no course of Lord Jellicoe's that the greatest of all seamen would not have been proud to follow. Some critics, he tells us, have asserted that had true doctrine been acted on, the German fleet would have been destroyed and the submarine per] removed. "It may be argued," he says, "that Nelson would have gone into the German ports in spite of all risks and attacked the German fleet in its nests." Heaven forbid that anyone should prescribe limits to the nonsense that "may" be argued. But surely it is a simple fact that no one of sense ever has so argued, and that the lament over the survival of the German Fleet was occasioned, not by failure to attack it at anchor, but by its unfortunate escape on May 31st two years ago. Curiously enough, while Mr. Hurd mentions six comments on the famous battle—none of which he tells us has stood the test of time—he entirely omits to mention the master issues raised. First, does the threat of torpedo attack constitute that superior force in the presence of which alone a British Admiral is justified in retreating? Secondly, why, as the rear battle squadron got into action at 6.17, did not the leading divisions open fire before 6.30?

Policy and Organisation

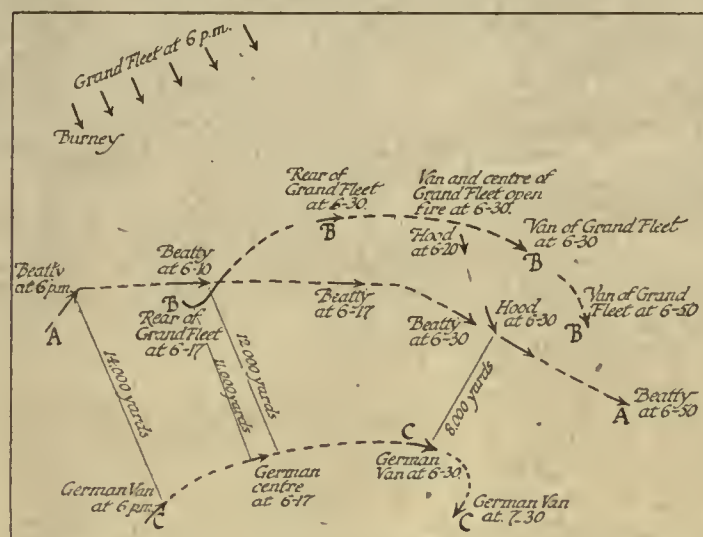
The book, it seems to me, would have been more useful if it had dealt with these and other naval issues with greater frankness. Every one who writes about war during war is necessarily in a dilemma. He must be on his guard not to help the enemy. It is his duty to encourage as well as to inform his readers. With the splendid spectacle which the valour, the self-sacrifice, and the devotion to duty which the British on the sea have shown in the last four years, he would have to be a poor spirited creature indeed, not to be in a constant temptation to dwell only on the greatness of what he describes, and to deal with the men and the measures they adopt in terms of praise alone, and of superlative praise at that. But surely those who have made a special study of naval war are at times justified in pointing out where policy is weak, or preparations inadequate, or organisation defective. Our government which runs the war is, after all, civilian. It is civil opinion in the end that alone can secure right military action. The fact that we have completely changed our naval policy, by changing the organisation that creates and controls it, seems by itself to prove that criticism has been neither merely destructive nor altogether without valuable results. And to acknowledge our great defects of organisation does not belittle but enhances the great things the seamen have done.

A Problem in Deployment

If the views set out above are sound, it is no disservice to the general cause to make, from time to time, a careful and dispassionate examination of past events because, though it is exceedingly unlikely that the conditions arising in one action will be reproduced, even approximately, in another, still an inquiry may exhibit a principle in working that will assist towards its better future application. With this object in view I propose to examine one of the two main issues arising out of the battle fought two years ago. The first of

them, which may be called the torpedo problem, has perhaps been as adequately discussed as the information at our disposal makes possible. But the second raises questions to which much less consideration has been given. Let me recall the broad facts of the situation between 6.0 and 6.50 p.m., of which a rough indication is set out in the diagram.

We know from the dispatch that the Grand Fleet was coming down to the battlefield on a S.E. by S. course, in six divisions, with the first squadron, under Admiral Burney, on



the western flank. About a mile would separate the divisions from each other. At four minutes to six, *Lion* and *Marlborough* saw each other at a distance of between ten to eleven thousand yards. At that time the head of the German line was 14,000 yards from Sir David Beatty, bearing approximately as indicated. Beatty, it will be remembered, changed course to the east and went full speed. He sighted Admiral Hood with three battle cruisers at 6.20, ordered Hood to take station ahead of him, and changed course at 6.25 in support. Hood was then closing on to the German van, and firing at a range of 8,000 yards. Beatty apparently kept this course until approximately 6.50, having thrown the head of the enemy line into complete confusion.

In the meantime at 6.17 the western divisions of the Grand Fleet—which were to become the rear when the single line was formed—had come into action at a range of 11,000 yards. These ships must, therefore, have crossed Sir David Beatty's track at a point about three and a half to four miles astern of him. They accordingly got into action at once, probably with the German centre. The rest of the Grand Fleet did not open fire on the main force until 6.30, by which time, if the line was formed, they would have been approximately in the position shown in the sketch. For at 6.50, Sir David Beatty tells us, the battle cruisers were clear of the Grand Fleet, the leading ships of which "bore N.N.W. from him at a distance of about three miles." In the sketch I have shown Beatty's course "AA," the German course "CC," and have indicated the line "BB" to show successive known positions of the Grand Fleet.

Now the point on which we are absolutely ignorant is how the Grand Fleet got from its original position at six o'clock, into one which it apparently held at 6.30, when it opened fire. What seems to be quite clear is that, though the rear of the line must have crossed Sir David Beatty's track, it was not on the battle cruisers, nor the enemy's van, that the Fleet deployed. The result was that between 6.10, when Sir David had closed the range to 12,000 yards, until had light made gunnery impossible, he was unsupported, except by whatever period of fire *Marlborough* and her consorts had been able to maintain between 6.17 and breaking off to keep station with the divisions ahead. At 6.30, as at 6.50, the leading battleships were at least 3,000 yards away from the battle cruisers, and, consequently, at nearly that much greater range from the enemy.

Certain things should be noted in regard to these events. By 6.50 the visibility, Sir David Beatty tells us in his dispatch, "at this time was very indifferent, not more than four miles, and the enemy ships were temporarily lost sight of. It is interesting to note that, after 6.0 p.m., although the visibility became reduced, it was undoubtedly more favourable to us than to the enemy. At intervals their ships showed up clearly." Had it been possible, therefore, for any squadron of the Grand Fleet to have fallen in

behind the battle cruisers, they would have had the enemy under fire at ranges diminishing from 12,000 yards to 8,000, from 6.10, say, till 6.40, and this in extraordinarily favourable gunnery conditions. As it was, by the time they did get into action—that is, after 6.30—the conditions were all against effective gunnery. “The mist,” said the Commander-in-Chief, “rendered range-taking a difficult matter.” “Owing principally to the mist, but partly to the smoke, it was possible to see only a few ships at a time in the enemy’s battle line. Towards the van, only some four or five ships were ever visible at once. More could be seen from the rear squadron, but never more than eight to twelve.”

Further, it was not till nearly 7.0, when the leading ships of the Fleet turned south, that the Germans, having us now behind them, began the great torpedo attacks which were decisive. At any rate it was at 6.54 that *Marlborough*, the only ship touched by a torpedo, was hit. From the wording of the Commander-in-Chief’s dispatch, it would appear certain that it was now that the enemy’s plans of evasion—torpedo volleys and smoke screens—were put in force. “After the arrival of the British battle fleet,” says the Commander-in-Chief, “the enemy’s tactics were of a nature generally to evade further action, in which they were favoured by the conditions of visibility.” “(He) constantly turned away and opened the range under cover of destroyer attacks and smoke screens, as the effect of the British fire was felt.”

There was evidently something, then, in the situation, or in the way it was met, that saved the German fleet from our gunfire, just at the one period when it could have been made really destructive. That the rear got into action before the van is in itself an extraordinary circumstance, and it seems plain that, to take a numerous fleet into action in single line, presents difficulties to-day as acute as they were in the era of masts and sails. This fact is worth emphasis because the evolution of the Nelsonian battle is easily traced. The things that distinguish it from so heart-breaking a fiasco as Mathews’ action, Byng’s, or the Battle of the Saints, on the one hand, and the “Glorious First of June” on the other, were twofold. First, the tactical plan was made with the single object of bringing the force into battle with the utmost rapidity, which involved it being directed straight at the points chosen for attack without preliminary manœuvres; and, secondly, the execution of the plan, after the Commander-in-Chief had made absolutely certain that his second in command and every subordinate had mastered his intentions completely, was left to the untrammelled discretion of these responsible for the separate divisions.

Battle Cruisers in Action

The fact that Sir David Beatty was not supported at this critical period does not, of course, give rise to the assumption that he might and should have been. Until all the circumstances are known, any such inference from the bare facts would be unwarranted. But it remains a poignant regret that the support could not be given, for, viewed as a move taken with the expectation of such support, the Vice-Admiral’s tactical decision at 6.0 was of an exceptionally brilliant order. When the battle-cruiser type was first designed, its purpose was announced to be twofold. It was to be a ship that would combine such force and speed as would enable any enemy’s scouting screen to be both driven off and pierced; conversely, it would itself protect the screen of which it was part, from disturbance. Its second purpose was to be a superlative unit in the protection or attack on

the lines of sea supply. The dispatch of *Invincible* and *Inflexible* to the Falkland Islands was an example of the latter form of strategy, and the German raids on the East Coast exemplified yet a third purpose to which such vessels could be put. Both sides employed them as advanced scouting forces on the 31st May.

It was reserved for Sir David Beatty to employ the difference in speed between his squadron and that of the enemy to create a tactical situation in a fleet action which, could it have been improved, would have led to the enemy’s annihilation. So to employ these vessels called, it is needless to say, not only for that “correct strategical insight and appreciation of situations,” with which the Commander-in-Chief duly credited him, but for a firmness of resolution and a grasp of right war-like principle of a very exceptional order. Two of his vessels had been lost earlier in the day, and it is not known whether or not he knew at the time that it was accidental shots and not the wholesale piercing of their thinly protected sides that accounted for their destruction. In any event, having lost two ships out of six when the range was 14,000 yards, it might well have been supposed that he was likely to lose a far higher proportion when he decided to close, first to 12,000 and then to 8,000. But there are two things that must be remembered. First, in closing the range materially he did the best thing possible for the defence of his ships; for he added, perhaps, incalculably to the efficiency of his own gunfire. Secondly, while—even with this point in his favour—he took an immense risk, it was incurred for the sake of bringing about the crushing decision which he, no doubt, realised must be obtained in the next half hour or probably not at all.

To those who are conversant with the discussion that followed, the two knot increase in speed which *Dreadnought* possessed over the *King Edwards*, this episode of crumpling the head of the German line is exceedingly interesting. It was made possible by the possession, not of a 10 per cent., but of a 30 or 40 per cent. superiority in speed over the opposing force. For a parallel to it we should have to go a long way back in history. Possibly there would be no precedent at all until we come to the work of the high speed triremes of the Athenians and the victories which their superior oarsmanship obtained in the Peloponnesian war. In strict analysis this startling use of the battle-cruisers was a containing movement. It was the essence of the Beatty stroke that it created the opportunity for the main fleet.

Indeed, is not the revolution at Whitehall itself the most astonishing of all the things the Navy has done? It was effected at the most critical period of the war, despite exhortations not to swap horses in mid-stream. It is not our least conspicuous nationality to fear theory, to dislike order, and to distrust system. And this is seemingly an old trait. Shakespeare must have had the opponents of the staff system in mind in writing Ulysses’ speech in *Troilus and Cressida*:

They tax our policy and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience and esteem no act
But that of hand: 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 enemies’ weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger’s dignity:
They call this “bed-work,” “mappery,” “closet-war”:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution.



The Fifth Battle Squadron at “Windy Corner,” Jutland, May 31st, 1916

By H. E. Frecker, R.N.R. (From details supplied by eye-witnesses.)

The Turkish Conspiracy—IV

The Narrative of Mr. Morgenthau, American Ambassador in Turkey,
1913-1916.

THIS proceeding had great international importance. Von Sanders's vanity had led him to betray a diplomatic secret; he was not merely a drill-master sent to instruct the Turkish Army; he was precisely what he claimed to be—the personal representative of the Kaiser. The Kaiser had selected him just as he had selected Wangenheim, as an instrument for working his will in Turkey. Afterward von Sanders told me, with all that pride which German aristocrats manifest when speaking of their imperial master, how the Kaiser had talked to him a couple of hours the day he had appointed him to this Constantinople mission, and how, the day that he had started, Wilhelm had spent another hour giving him final instructions. I reported this dinner incident to my Government as indicating Germany's growing ascendancy in Turkey; I presume the other Ambassadors likewise reported it to their governments. The American military attaché, Major R. M. Taylor, who was present, attributed the utmost significance to it. A month later he and Captain McCauley, commanding the *Scorpion*, the American *stationaire* at Constantinople, had lunch at Cairo with Lord Kitchener. The luncheon was a small one, only the Americans, Lord Kitchener, his sister, and an aide making up the party. Major Taylor related this incident, and Kitchener displayed much interest.

"What do you think it signifies?" asked Kitchener.

"I think it means," Major Taylor said, "that when the big war comes, Turkey will probably be an ally of Germany. If she is not in direct alliance, at least I think that she will mobilise on the line of the Caucasus and thus divert three Russian army corps from the European theatre of operations."

Kitchener thought for a moment and then said, "I agree with you."

And now for several months we had before our eyes this spectacle of the Turkish army actually under the control of Germany. German officers drilled the troops daily—all, I am now convinced, in preparation for the approaching war. Just what results had been accomplished appeared when, in July, there was a great military review. The occasion was a splendid and a gala affair. The Sultan attended in state; he sat under a beautifully decorated tent and held a little court. The Khedive of Egypt, the Crown Prince of Turkey, the Princes of the Imperial blood and the entire Cabinet were on hand. We now saw that, in the preceding six months, the Turkish army had been completely Prussianized. What in January had been an undisciplined, ragged rabble now paraded with the goose

step; the men were clad in German field grey, and they even wore a casque shaped head covering, which slightly suggested the German *pickelhaube*. The German officers were immensely proud; and the transformation of the wretched Turkish soldiers of January into these neatly dressed, smartly stepping, splendidly manoeuvring troops was really a creditable military achievement. When the Sultan invited me to his tent I naturally congratulated him upon the

Field-Marshal Liman von Sanders, who had arrived in Constantinople in December, 1913, was appointed General Commanding the First Turkish Army Corps. On the British, French and Russian Ambassadors protesting, his appointment was changed to Inspector-General. In February, 1914, Mr. Morgenthau gave his first diplomatic dinner. According to the order of precedence, settled by the Austrian Ambassador, doyen of the diplomatic corps, von Sanders was placed below Foreign Ministers. This led to a scene in which Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, took part. Subsequently von Sanders was given precedence over Foreign Ministers with the result he was never again invited to a diplomatic dinner.

excellent showing of his men. He did not manifest much enthusiasm; he said that he regretted the possibility of war; he was at heart a pacifist. I noticed certain conspicuous absences from this great German fete; the French, British, Russian, and Italian Ambassadors had kept away. Bompard said that he had received his ten tickets but that he did not regard that as an invitation.

Wangenheim told me, with some satisfaction, that the other Ambassadors were jealous; that they did not care to see the progress which the Turkish army had made under German tutelage. I did not have the slightest question that these Ambassadors refused to attend because they had no desire to grace this German holiday; nor did I blame them.

Meanwhile, I had other evidences that Germany was playing her part in Turkish politics. In June the relations between Greece and Turkey reached the breaking point. The treaty of Bucharest had left Greece temporarily in possession of the islands of Chios and Mitylene. These islands stand in the Ægean Sea like guardians controlling the Bay and the great port of Smyrna. It is quite apparent that any strong military nation which permanently held these vantage points would ultimately control Smyrna and the whole Ægean coast of Asia Minor. The racial situation made the continued retention of these islands by Greece a constant military danger to Turkey. Their population was Greek and had been Greek since the days of Homer; the coast of Asia Minor itself was also Greek; more than half the population of Smyrna, Turkey's greatest Mediterranean seaport, was Greek; in its industries, its commerce, and its culture the city was so predominantly Greek that the Turks usually referred to it as *giaour Ismir*—"infidel Smyrna." Though this Greek population was nominally Ottoman in nationality it made practically no secret of its affection for the Greek fatherland; these Asiatic Greeks even made contributions to the Greek Government. The Ægean islands and the mainland, in fact, constituted *Graecia Irredenta*; that Greece was determined to redeem them, precisely as she had recently redeemed Crete, was no diplomatic secret. Should the Greeks ever land an army on this Asia Minor coast, there was not the slightest question that the native Greek population would welcome it enthusiastically and co-operate with it.

Germany, however, had her own plans for Asia Minor, and naturally the Greeks in this region formed a barrier to Pan-German aspirations. As long as this region remained Greek, it formed a natural obstacle to Germany's road to

the Persian Gulf, precisely as did Serbia. Anyone who has read even cursorily the literature of Pan-Germania understands the peculiar German method advocated for dealing with populations that stand in Germany's way—that is by deportation. The violent shifting of whole peoples from one part of Europe to another as though they were so many herds of cattle has for years been part of the Kaiser's plans for German expansion. This is the treatment



Talaat and Enver at a Military Review

Observing the transformation worked in the Turkish army by its German drill-masters. This was in early July, 1914, almost a month before the war broke out. Talaat is the huge broad-shouldered man at the right; Enver is the smaller figure to the left.

which, since the war began, she has applied to Belgium, to Poland, to Serbia; its most hideous manifestation, as I shall show, has been to Armenia. Acting under Germany's prompting, Turkey now began to apply this principle of deportation to her Greek subjects in Asia Minor.

The events that followed foreshadowed the policy adopted in the Armenian massacres. The Turkish officials pounced upon the Greeks, herded them in groups and marched them towards the ships. They gave them no time to settle their private affairs, and they took no pains to keep families together. The plan was to transport the Greeks to the wholly Greek islands in the Ægean. Naturally the Greeks rebelled against such treatment; and occasional massacres were the result, especially in Phocææ, where more than fifty people were murdered. The Turks demanded that all foreign establishments in Smyrna dismiss their Christian employees—and replace them with non-Greeks. The Singer Manufacturing Company received such instructions; I interceded and obtained sixty days delay, but ultimately this American concern had to obey the mandate.

Turkey for the Turks

Naturally this procedure against the Greeks aroused my indignation. I did not have the slightest suspicion then that the Germans had instigated these deportations; I looked upon them merely as an outburst of Turkish ferocity and chauvinism. By this time I knew Talaat well; I saw him nearly every day, and he used to discuss practically every phase of international relations with me. I objected vigorously to his treatment of the Greeks; I told him that it would make the worst possible impression abroad and that it affected American interests. Talaat explained his national policy; these different *bloes* in the Turkish Empire had always conspired against Turkey. Because of the hostility of these native populations, Turkey had lost province after province—Greece, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Egypt, and Tripoli. In this way the Turkish Empire had dwindled almost to the vanishing point. If what was left of Turkey was to survive, he must get rid of these alien peoples. "Turkey for the Turks" was now Talaat's controlling idea. Therefore, he proposed to Turkify Smyrna and the adjoining islands.

The Greeks in Turkey had one great advantage over the Armenians; for there was such a thing as a Greek Government, which naturally has a protecting interest in them. The Turks knew that these deportations would precipitate a war with Greece; in fact they welcomed such a war and were preparing for it. So enthusiastic were the Turkish people that they had raised money by popular subscription and had purchased a Brazilian dreadnought which was then under construction in England. The Government had ordered also a second dreadnought in England, and several submarines and destroyers in France. The purpose of these naval preparations was no secret in Constantinople. As soon as they obtained these ships, or even the one dreadnought which was nearing completion, Turkey intended to attack Greece and take back the islands. A single modern battleship like the *Sultan Osman*—this was the name the Turks had given the Brazilian vessel—could easily overpower the whole Greek navy and control the Ægean Sea. As this powerful vessel would be finished and commissioned in a few months we all expected the Greco-Turkish war to break out in the autumn. What could the Greek navy possibly do in face of this impending danger?

Such was the situation when, early in June, I received a most agitated visitor. This was Djemal Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Marine, and one of the three men who then dominated the Turkish Empire. I have hardly ever seen a man who appeared more utterly worried than was Djemal on this occasion. As he began talking excitedly to my interpreter in French, his whiskers trembling with his emotions and his hands wildly gesticulating, he seemed to be almost beside himself. I knew enough French to understand what he was saying; and the news which he brought—this was the first I had heard of it—sufficiently explained his agitation. The American Government, he said, was negotiating with Greece for the sale of two battleships, the *Idaho* and the *Mississippi*. He urged that I should immediately move to prevent any such sale. His attitude was that of a suppliant; he begged, he implored that I should intervene. If the transaction were purely a commercial one, Turkey would like a chance to bid. "We will pay more than Greece."

Evidently the clever Greeks had turned the table on their enemy. Turkey had rather too boldly advertised her intention of attacking Greece as soon as she received her dreadnought. Both the ships for which Greece was now negotiating were immediately available for battle! The *Idaho* and *Mississippi*

were not indispensable ships for the American Navy; they could not take their place in the first line of battle; they were powerful enough, however, to drive the whole Turkish navy from the Ægean. Evidently the Greeks did not intend politely to postpone the impending war until the Turkish dreadnought had been finished, but to attack as soon as they received these American ships. Djemal's legal point, of course, had no validity. However much war might threaten, Turkey and Greece were still actually at peace. Clearly Greece had just as much right to purchase warships in the United States as Turkey had to purchase them in Brazil or England.

But Djemal was not the only statesman who attempted to prevent the sale; the German Ambassador displayed the keenest interest. Several days after Djemal's visit Wangenheim and I were riding in the hills north of Constantinople; Wangenheim began to talk about the Greeks, to whom he displayed a violent antipathy, about the chances of war, and the projected sale of American warships. He made a long argument about the sale; his reasoning was precisely the same as Djemal's. I suspected he had himself coached Djemal for his interview with me.

"Just look at the dangerous precedent you are establishing," said Wangenheim. "It is not unlikely that the United States may sometime find itself in a position like Turkey's to-day. Suppose that you were on the brink of war with Japan; then England could sell a fleet of dreadnoughts to Japan. How would the United States like that?"

And then he made a statement which indicated what really lay back of his protest. I have thought of it many times in the last three years. The scene is indelibly impressed on my mind. There we sat on our horses; the silent, ancient forest of Belgrade lay around us; in the distance the Black Sea glistened in the afternoon sun. Wangenheim suddenly became quiet and extremely earnest. He looked in my eyes and said:

"I don't think that the United States realise what a serious matter this is. The sale of these ships might be the cause that would bring on a European war."

This conversation took place on June 13; this was about six weeks before the conflagration broke out. *Wangenheim knew perfectly well that Germany was rushing preparations for this great conflict; he knew also that preparations were not yet entirely complete.* Like all the German Ambassadors, Wangenheim had received instructions not to let any crisis arise that would precipitate war until all these preparations had been finished. He had no objections to the expulsion of the Greeks, for that in itself was part of these preparations; he was much disturbed, however, over the prospect that the Greeks might succeed in arming themselves and disturbing existing conditions in the Balkans.

He went so far as to ask me to cable personally to the President, explain the seriousness of the situation, and to call his attention to the telegrams that had gone to the State Department on the proposed sale of the ships. I regarded his suggestion as an impertinent one and declined to act upon it.

To Djemal and the other Turkish officials who kept pressing me I suggested that their Ambassador in Washington should directly take up the matter with the President. They acted on this advice, but the Greeks again got ahead of them. At two o'clock, June 22nd, the Greek Chargé d'affaires at Washington and Commander Tsouklas, of the Greek Navy, called upon the President and arranged the sale. As they left the President's office the Turkish Ambassador entered—just fifteen minutes too late!

I presume that Mr. Wilson consented to the sale because he knew that Turkey was preparing to attack Greece and believed that the *Idaho* and *Mississippi* would prevent such an attack and so preserve peace in the Balkans.

Acting under the authorisation of Congress the administration sold these ships on July 8, 1914, to Fred J. Gauntlett, for \$12,535,276.08, *i.e.* rather more than 2½ millions sterling. Congress immediately voted the money realised from the sale to the construction of a great modern dreadnought, the *California*. Mr. Gauntlett transferred the ships to the Greek Government. Rechristened the *Kilkis* and the *Lemnos*, those battleships immediately took their places as the most powerful vessels in the Greek Navy.

By this time we had moved from the Embassy to our summer home on the Bosphorus. All the summer Embassies were located there, and a more beautiful spot I have never seen. Our house was a three-story building, something in the Venetian style; behind it the cliff rose abruptly, with several hanging gardens towering one above the other; the building stood so near the shore and the waters of the Bosphorus rushed by so rapidly that when we sat outside, especially on a moonlight night, we had almost a complete illusion that we were sitting on the deck of a fast sailing ship. In the daytime the Bosphorus, here little more than

a mile wide, was alive with gaily coloured craft; I recall this animated scene with particular vividness because I retain in my mind the contrast it presented a few months afterward, when Turkey's entrance into the war had the immediate result of closing this strait.

Day by day huge Russian steamships, on their way from Black Sea ports to Smyrna, Alexandria, and other cities, made clear the importance of this little strip of water, and explained the bloody contests of the European nations, over a thousand years, for its possession. However, these summer months were peaceful; all the Ambassadors and Ministers and their families were thrown constantly together; here daily gathered the representatives of all the Powers that for the last three years have been grappling in history's bloodiest war, all then apparently friends, sitting around the same dining tables, walking arm in arm upon the porches. The Ambassador of one Power would most graciously escort in to dinner the wife of another whose country was perhaps the most antagonistic to his own. Little groups would form after dinner, the Grand Vizier would hold an impromptu reception in one corner, Cabinet Ministers would be whispering in another, a group of Ambassadors would discuss the Greek situation out on the porch, the Turkish officials would glance quizzically upon the animated scene and perhaps comment quietly in their own tongue, the Russian Ambassador would glide about the room, pick out some one whom he wished to talk to, lock arms and push him into a corner for a surreptitious *tête-à-tête*. I felt that there was something electric about it all; war was ever the favourite topic of conversation; every one seemed to realise that this peaceful frivolous life was transitory; that at any moment might come the spark that was to set everything aflame.

Yet, when the crisis came it produced no immediate sensation. On June 29th we heard of the assassination of the Grand Duke of Austria and his consort. Everybody received the news calmly; there was, indeed, a stunned feeling that something momentous had happened; but there was practically no excitement. A day or two after this tragedy I had a long talk with Talaat on diplomatic matters; he made no reference at all to this event. I think now that we were all affected by a kind of emotional paralysis—as we were nearer the centre than most people, we certainly realised the dangers in the situation. In a day or two our tongues seemed to have been loosened, for we began to talk—and to talk war. When I saw von Mutius, the German Chargé, and Weitz, the diplomat-correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, they also discussed the impending conflict, and again they gave their forecast a characteristically Germanic touch; when war came, they said, of course the United States would take advantage of it to get all the Mexican and South American trade!

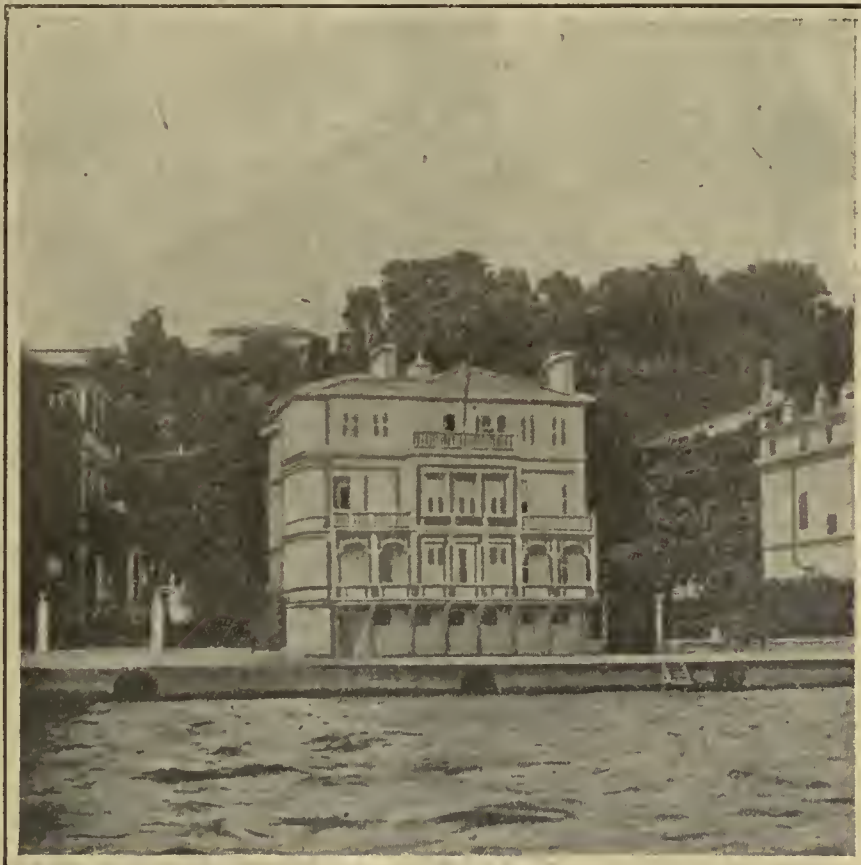
“Serbia will be Condemned”

When I called upon Pallavicini to express my condolences over the Grand Duke's death, he received me with the most stately solemnity. He was conscious that he was representing the Imperial family, and his grief seemed to be personal; one would think that he had lost his own son. I expressed my abhorrence and that of my nation for the deed, and our sympathy with the aged Emperor.

“Ja, Ja, es ist sehr schrecklich” (yes, yes, it is very terrible), he answered, almost in a whisper.

“Serbia will be condemned for her conduct,” he added. “She will be compelled to make reparation.”

A few days later, when Pallavicini called upon me, he spoke of the nationalistic societies that Serbia had permitted to exist and of her determination to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. He said that his government would insist on the abandonment of these societies and these pretensions, and that probably a punitive expedition into Serbia would be necessary to prevent such outrages as the murder of the Grand Duke. Herein I had my first intimation of the famous ultimatum of July 22nd.



The American Summer Embassy on the Bosphorus

Not far away, across the Strait, which is here only a mile wide, Darius crossed with his Asiatic hosts nearly 2,500 years ago.

The entire diplomatic corps attended the requiem mass for the Grand Duke and Duchess, celebrated at the Church of Sainte Marie on July 4th. The church is located in the Rue Pera, not far from the Austrian Embassy; to reach it we had to descend a flight of forty stone steps. At the top of these stairs representatives of the Austrian Embassy, dressed in full uniform, with *crêpe* on the left arm, met us, and escorted us to our seats. All the Ambassadors sat in the front pew—and it was the last time that we ever sat together. The service was dignified and beautiful; I remember it with especial vividness because of the contrasting scene that immediately followed.

When the stately, gorgeously robed priests had finished, we all returned to our motor cars and started on our eight mile drive along the Bosphorus to the American Embassy. For this was not only the day when we paid this tribute to the murdered heir of this mediæval autocracy; it was also the Fourth of July. The very setting of the two scenes seemed to me to symbolise these two national ideals. I always think of this ambassadorial group going down those stone steps to the church to pay their respects to the Grand Duke, and then going up to the gaily decorated American Embassy, to pay their respect to the Declaration of Independence. All the station ships of the foreign countries lay out in the stream, decorated and dressed in honour of our national holiday; and the Ambassadors and Ministers called in full regalia. From the hanging gardens we could see the place where Darius crossed from Asia with his Persian hosts 2,500 years before—one of those ancient autocrats the line of which is not yet entirely extinct. There also we could see the fine Robert College, an institution that represented America's conception of the proper way to “penetrate” the Turkish Empire. At night the hanging gardens were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and good old American fireworks, lighting up the surrounding hills and the Bosphorus, seemed almost to act as a challenge to the plentiful reminders of autocracy and oppression which we had had in the early part of the day. Not more than a mile across the water the dark and gloomy hills of Asia, for ages the birthplace of military despotisms, caught a faint and I think prophetic glow from these illuminations.

In glancing at the little ambassadorial group at the church and later at our reception I was surprised to note that one familiar figure was missing. Wangenheim, Austria's ally, was not present. This somewhat puzzled me at the time; but afterward I had the explanation from Wangenheim's own lips. He had left some days before for Berlin. *The Kaiser had summoned him to an Imperial Council, which met on July 5th, and which decided to plunge Europe into war.*

(To be continued.)

In an Old French City : By An Officer

This description of Arras, written earlier in the year, has a new and special interest just now, when at any moment a new battle may again rage round this ancient city.

UNTIL past spring the city was within a mile and a half of the German lines; but since then there has been an advance, and now it is a good six miles distant. Considering its vicissitudes, the two great battles fought so close to its walls, the desultory and sometimes violent bombardments, the place has suffered surprisingly little.

Entering the city by one of those great national roads which, tree-bordered, stretches as straight as a ruler across the rolling plain, you come to a couple of railway-tracks followed by a brickyard and factory and a row of rather dingy-looking, semi-urban houses. The outskirts of the place, like those of most European towns, give no promise of the character to be found within. The road speedily becomes a "faubourg," and houses border the pavement on either hand. Steeply up to the left is the way to the prison. Despite the echo of many footsteps, the ceaseless activity of men going and coming, the prison retains its character at once austere, gloomy and pitiless. One would not linger here, though in it happens to be an officers' mess. The passages are all of stone, echoing and cold, with bell-ropes hanging at intervals along them. Rooms of varying size open off on either hand, whose massive doors have each a peep-hole. When night comes all the echoing rooms and passages are plunged into absolute darkness. War blunts the imagination or one might see, fearfully passing in procession before one, the faces of generations of French criminals who must have lingered and possibly died here. Was a guillotine ever raised in either of the two dingy central courtyards now abandoned to the twittering sparrows? Possibly.

The main street that leads into the city is remarkably free from damage. This is the quarter furthest from the enemy and almost every house is whole. On the right stands a magnificent example of (I believe) Franco-Spanish architecture. Only can one conjecture the history of these places, for guide-books are not obtainable. And this grey-stone delicate ornate-looking building must surely have been a monastery or convent; near by, intricate with splendid architecture, is a chapel as fine as anything to be found in the city. The former seems to be occupied by soldiers, to judge by its cheerful sounds after nightfall.

It was a place of military importance. There are three barracks, two for the infantry and one for the artillery and engineers. The largest of the former is a great red-brick modern structure; the last-named is the more interesting. It is older and close to the citadel; and looking at its broad open barrack-square, one can even now picture the splendid parades of the brilliantly uniformed engineers and artillerymen in days gone by.

In one corner of the parade-ground is a dreary little chapel—the engineers' military chapel. It is barred and wind-blown, having been stripped of its glass and all furniture. Only there remain the gallery at the western end, one or two tawdry effigies of the Virgin and Child, the peeling faded plaster on the walls, and the steps that once led up to the altar. There are three or four tablets on the walls. "Jacques," "Anthony," "Marcel," "Renée"—these commemorate the heroes of 1870-1 of Sedan and Spichenen, of Gravelotte and Mars la Tours.

A girdle of earthworks encircles the town. How obsolete and picturesque they look! The wars of the past must have come very near. Here drank, quarrelled, and loved 'Dumas' heroes, *The Three Musketeers*. Penetrating the interior of the city, one is struck more and more by its essentially foreign and distinctive aspect; like so many towns, it has a personality of its own, and that an attractive one which gives play to the imagination. There are long broad streets of almost stately houses, tree-bordered and with a kind of garden down the centre. There are narrow, crooked, and winding streets consisting of blank walls and high white houses with Venetian shutters that remind you of nothing so much as Southern Italy. There is a broad amiable-looking fish-market and wide round open places or squares in one of which is a bandstand, in another a statue of the contemplative Victor Hugo. There are several gardens, public and otherwise.

There are also many churches and more than one fine modern public building, such as the Prefecture and the Musée. Despite ruined and empty houses, of which there are a number, and the warlike unnatural atmosphere of the

place, there is about this city none of that depressing squalor and flimsy pretentiousness which characterise many towns near the front. One feels that it would be a place to visit in summer, when the noonday sun is blazing down upon the broad squares, when the trees of the boulevards and public gardens are green and shady, when the streets are alive with hurrying French people and gay with shop-awnings, when from the byways and the fish-market and the churches there arises that curious combination of sounds—a mixture of busy murmurs, quaintly intoned cries, and the incessant ringing of church-bells—which is the distinguishing and attractive feature of so many foreign cities.

The Cathedral

The cathedral is a sight to see. Not standing well, because too closely pressed in by houses, but rising by flights of broad stone steps to a majestic height, it is the mere shell of what once must have been an impressive building. The mere shell! The gigantic pillars lead gracefully and solemnly up to the altar which save for a bare slab of marble is no more. The pulpit remains—a piece of ornate driftwood, so do the several chapels which lead off the side-aisles. Here and there hangs an image or a crucifix, while at the head of the cathedral still depends the great figure of the Saviour. For the rest, bareness and ruin. A long colonnade leads away to grass-grown cloisters and courtyards, and an atmosphere of those who in vestment and cassock must often have lingered here, reading, meditating, and praying. A huge forecourt, with entrance archway, a many-windowed majestic building, such as one sees in Paris, tall, old-fashioned, iron-wrought lamp-posts, and a wall surmounted by railings—it is the Bishop's Palace. Nothing is lacking to impress one with His Eminence's importance.

The main street that leads down to the railway-station has no particular character, but it must obviously have been a busy shopping centre. Half-way down is a fine gloomy Gothic building; further on a central square—doubtless the resort once of many fiacres and idlers—with a large white-fronted hotel standing in its own courtyard just opposite. Many of the shops are still doing business and display in their windows most of those shoddy cheap-looking goods that appear to appeal to the British soldier in default of anything better. As you approach the station, things become very bad. Not a house is left standing, not a house left whole, not one that has escaped a breach in its walls, and is not fritted with shrapnel. Extermination! It is the most shelled portion of the city, that nearest the enemy, and to-day the most dangerous.

The once-impressive glass-roofed railway station is a skeleton of iron girders and the home of empty echoes. Way-bills still cling to the walls, denoting the hour of the Paris and other expresses; large sign-boards proudly announce the name of the station. But the steel railway lines are twisted and grass-grown.

Of the general appearance and atmosphere of the old French town, little need be said. It is all the same in this part of France. Everywhere the British soldiery interspersed with a few French troops and a certain number of civilians. The latter seem to increase, and prosperously dressed men and women of the bourgeois class are often seen; also those whose living is earned by supplying the troops. One afternoon there was considerable excitement. A big touring motor car containing four civilians, two men and two ladies, drove down the main street. Everybody turned to look—it was so unusual. The military life of the place centres round the various shows, excellent of their kind, and the officers' club, which consists of two large huts, warm and well supplied with food, filled to overflowing, morning, noon, and night. French parties are often to be seen tramping down the stately streets; there is a constant coming and going of troops; military bands play vigorously at times. Aeroplanes are always circling overhead.

One other feature should not be forgotten. At all hours of the day you are apt to meet walking in the streets a picturesque and distinguished figure. Here he comes, an old man with white hair and a white moustache, much be-ribboned and wearing the uniform of a General of France; on either side of him walks an adjutant. One presumes he is the French Commandant. With his smart figure, his fine handsome face, his dignified bearing, and proud manner of acknowledging a salute, he seems to typify the chivalrous army to which he belongs.

Village of the Future : By Jason

A FEW years ago a traveller found himself at Gubbio, the little hill-town in Umbria, at the time of the Festa dei Ceri. The day of the festival was, unhappily, very wet; but that did not prevent the peasants from flocking into the town to see the guildsmen carry the strange images about which learned antiquarians still dispute, to hear the bishop bless the ceremony; and to watch the delight and excitement with which the people of Gubbio remind themselves year after year of their ancient traditions. Next day the sun came out again, and the beautiful town in its beautiful setting of hills was looking at its best as the traveller waited at the station for the leisurely train. A few peasants grouped themselves round him, and he began to talk with them about the ceremony and about the glories of their countryside. "Yes," they agreed it was all very beautiful; but yet, they added with wistful and longing faces, what would they not give for a few factories with their promise of employment and wealth for the impoverished district? And the traveller, thinking of Oldham and Burnley and Sheffield, went away sad at heart, reflecting on the cruel fate which made Gubbio a pleasure and solace to the Englishman whose country was the home of the Industrial Revolution, and condemned the people of Gubbio to envy Lancashire her smoke and her disfigured skies.

The English village and English village life have occupied in the imagination of a good many people very much the same position as Italy has occupied in the imagination of the traveller. This is not surprising in itself. If the American who explores Europe finds a strange contentment in visiting on his return a few characteristic villages in the south of England, it is not merely because he sees before him the most beautiful villages in the world. The landscape speaks to him of stability, of peace, of a world that stands still in the midst of change, of a power that seems to defy all the raw and blatant strength of industrial cities. And for many people the village is primarily a place to be visited, and men and women dream about country life in the spirit of the age that adored Fragonard and Watteau.

When they hear of the flight from the country to the towns they recall the famous rhapsody in the *Georgics*:

* At securâ quies et nescia fallere vita
Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

For those to whom a village is not a pleasant feature of a motor-car expedition or an agreeable place for the week-end, village life presents rather a different aspect. It is a stern struggle. If the labourer wanted to quote a Latin poet he would recall the moving description of Lucretius:

† Jamque caput quassans grandis suspirat arator
Crebrius incassum manuum cecidisse labores.

or the warning in the *Georgics* that the *Pater ipse colendi* has sentenced the husbandman to a life of hard and incessant labour.

And his life, apart from his work, is bare and monotonous compared with the life of the town. There have been controversies enough over the relative attractions of town and country life, but it remains true that the modern villager feels as Horace's bailiff felt about the lack of amusement and incident in the village. In the town there are theatres,

music-halls, cinemas, clubs: the streets are lighted, men and women meet and talk and read the paper, and there is a sense of life and excitement in the atmosphere.

Turn to the village, and what do we see? There is hardly ever a club or institute. The public-house provides little accommodation, and none of the games and recreation that young men need. The place is dark; the cottages are small, and the opportunities for the meetings of friends are rare and difficult. It is common to see the young men collect round the station for the sake of the light and the occasional excitement of a train. In many villages one public-house is the resort of the farmers, the other of the older labourers, and the younger labourers have to find what opportunities they can outside.

Now, the villager needs all these things not less but more than the townsman. He spends long hours in solitary labour. Watch a man ploughing the livelong day. He is driving a straight line which is an art, and therefore an occupation to

the intelligence. He is watching his horses, of whom he is often very fond and careful. He is in the open air, keeping an eye on the changing signs of the sky. He has before him, it may be, a powerful and beautiful landscape. All this is true, but let the reader settle down day after day to dig a potato field, which is just as difficult and absorbing a task to a novice, in one of the most enchanting valleys of the world, and he will soon find that his

mind is roaming over a thousand fancies, memories of his travels, memories of books he has read, of fine passages that haunt the memory, of pictures or buildings or music, or plays; they are the stimulants that keep him from tedium, the friends of his solitary hours. For as soon as an operation becomes a routine operation a man does it largely by instinct, and his mind is set free from the task before him.

What a difference it makes to a man whether he has these resources of companionship or whether the thoughts that cross and recross his wearied mind are limited to the life of a few cottages. If you want to make a man's work uninteresting, make his leisure uninteresting. That would have seemed a paradox to our great-grandfathers who thought a man worked all the better if he had nothing to interest him when he was not working. But it is the truth. When every village has its cinema, agriculture will be infinitely more prosperous, for men will gladly give it their best energies.

Before the war it was commonly recognised that the improvement of village life—or perhaps it would be truer to speak of it as the restoration of village life—was urgently necessary. To-day that conviction is universal. Nobody is going to ask the soldier to return to a state of things in which social life can scarcely be said to exist. He has known the spell of comradeship; he has lived in a world which has learnt how to organise concerts and cinemas under the most difficult and distracting conditions; he has talked and lived with men drawn from all parts of the world with every kind of past and every variety of experience. Leisure has an infinitely greater significance in his eyes than ever before.

The restoration of village life must be treated as a serious and definite object of public policy. As it happens, we have at this moment a remarkable opportunity. We find ourselves in a position in which we can escape from the dilemma suggested by the pensive regrets of the Gubbio peasant. The revolution associated with the discovery of the uses of steam ruined our towns. The revolution that will be associated with the discovery of the uses of electricity will save our villages. Only, of course, we must have very clear ideas of what we want; we must think clearly, and act courageously. Roughly speaking, we may say of the Industrial



A Typical Midland Village

* Careless quiet and life ignorant of disappointment, wealthy in manifold riches, the peace of broad lands, caverns and living lakes, cool pleasancess and the lowing of oxen, and soft slumbers beneath the trees.

† And now the aged peasant, shaking his head, often laments that the labour of his hands has come to naught.

Revolution that it gave new power and range to industry, and that it only served human needs in so far as the improvement of industry increased the opportunities of freedom, and happiness, and wealth. In many respects it degraded human life, and made men and women less their own masters. With a new revolution in prospect, are we going to apply the standards of our forefathers, or are we



A Village on Exmoor

going to say that this new power must be regarded primarily as a means of improving and enriching human life? If we take the first standard, we shall let electricity go the way of steam. We shall trust its development and direction to the guidance of economic motive, just as our great-grandfathers threw their generation to the tender mercies of the steam engines and the railways, and left the whole art of social life to take care of itself. If we take the second standard, we shall ask of the new power that it shall serve not merely the big industry in the town, and the big house in town and country, but that it shall serve every village and every cottage, reducing labour, increasing comfort, enriching life.

Let anybody with his eye on the village as it is to-day think what it would mean if the country roads were lighted by electricity; if every cottage had electric light and electric heating; if every village had its village club and its village cinema lighted and worked by electricity. This might have seemed an ambitious programme before the war, but we have learnt a new perspective during the last three years; we have learnt it at home, and the soldiers have certainly learnt it in the trenches. And in this new atmosphere it is natural to ask ourselves not "What will this or that improvement cost," but what will it cost not to make this improvement? And if man has aimed himself with a new power, why should the town benefit and not the village?

What are the wants of a village? Decent houses, with gardens; a decent water supply; decent lighting in the roads and in the cottages; convenient and economical arrangements for heating; an efficient school, with arrangements for a travelling library and travelling pictures. The centre of village life of every kind for men and women should be an institute supplying the various needs of the village, managed by the village itself. This would include a club house where people can buy wholesome beer, with newspaper-rooms and rooms for games; recreation grounds; a hall where trade unionists and co-operators can transact their business; rooms for entertainments, lectures, classes, and dances; and a cinema. It is probable that a good many Y.M.C.A. huts would be available for these uses after the war. If we could see five years from to-day that every village was completely supplied on this scale, how we should have added to the happiness and health of our nation.

In working out such a programme, cheap electricity does more than half our work for us. It effects an enormous reduction in the labour, the discomfort, and the dirt of every cottage. Think what it means not to carry coal to the cottage; to obtain your hot water and your hot oven without trouble; to be rid of the lamp that has to be trimmed and tended; to have light and heat without delay or dust. Think what it means to have electricity to light your club, to work your cinema, to warm your concert-room. Under such circumstances, even Horace's bailiff might have reconsidered his objections to country life.

Let anybody, after making up his mind that the English village deserves to be a happy and comfortable place, turn to the report of the Coal-conservation Sub-Committee on electric power supply in Great Britain. This document was published by the Ministry of Reconstruction a short time ago, and can be bought for threepence. We learn from that report that there are infinite possibilities if we decide to organise the production and distribution of electricity on sensible lines. At present there are some 600 different authorities dealing with the supply of electricity in as many different districts. This arrangement is obviously un-

economical and obstructive. It is as inconvenient as it would be to control our railways on the principle of allowing each small district to be treated as a separate area for railway administration.

The committee recommend that a single authority should be set up—a Board of Electricity Commissioners—with full power to deal with the supply of electricity throughout the

country. Great Britain should be divided into some sixteen districts, in each of which there should be one authority dealing with all the generation and main distribution. Sites should be chosen suitable for electric generating purposes on important waterways as the future main centres of supply for each of the districts into which the country is to be divided. These sites should be large enough for the erection of plant suitable for the processes necessary for extracting by-products from the coal.

Certain important truths emerge from this report. What are the great advantages of the large power station over the system by which power is generated for their own use by individual manufacturers and railway companies, each with their separate plant? There is, first of all, the enormous economies in the use and transport of coal. Secondly, there is a great deal of coal that can be used for generating electricity, which it does not pay to transport any distance. Thirdly, there are many by-products to be extracted from the coal of great value for agriculture. Fourthly—and, in some respects, most important of all—the secret of economy in generating electricity is the use of plant to its maximum, and that is secured by supplying all the diverse needs of a community. One station is supplying electricity only for certain hours of the day when the factory is working. Another station is supplying electrical power to industry in the day, and electric light in the evenings. During the night and on Sundays it is pumping water; that is, it is always occupied. What an engineer aims at is obtaining a regular "load," keeping his plant in constant use. The committee estimate that, apart from the manufacturing and industrial advantages of a cheap and efficient electric supply, we should save a hundred millions a year by putting the generating and distribution of electricity on a proper basis.

Let us now apply these conclusions to the case of the village. It is obvious that the more various the demand for electricity, the cheaper it is to supply it. It is obvious again that agriculture and village industries will become important consumers. The saving of unnecessary transport will nowhere have a more marked effect than in the country. At the same time, though the increase of the quantity and variety of consumption cheapens the supply, it remains true that one form of customer will be more profitable than another. This, then, is the question which we have to put to ourselves. Are we going to leave it to the ordinary motives of commerce to choose what places and what persons shall have cheap electricity and what shall go without it? Or are we going to say that in the light of the infinite possibilities revealed in the report of the committee, electricity may now be treated as a necessary of life to be supplied for the community as a whole.

A great part of this programme depends on public action. The new standard of civilisation in respect of housing, water, light, electricity, must be established by law. But there is one part of this programme in which private people can play an important part. Every country, every parish, will be thinking, sooner or later, about its war memorial. What better memorial could be found than a village institute, with the role of honour inscribed in a conspicuous place, to commemorate the religion of comradeship manifested in the trenches? There are various organisations in touch with rural life that might combine to set up committees to raise funds. These committees might be organised for this purpose to-morrow in the several counties, and architects and artists might strive to make the humblest and simplest of these clubs a fit monument to the spirit of the war.

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Literary Hoaxes

LAST week the *Times* printed some atrociously silly verses signed "Rudyard Kipling." Next morning it had to apologise to Mr. Kipling and its readers. Somebody, anxious apparently to hit both the *Times* and Mr. Kipling with one stone, had hoaxed it. His ingenious plan is, I believe, a new one. But it has obvious limitations. Few papers would print such thorough rubbish without inquiry, and the sending of a proof would frustrate any such fraud. Moreover, where authors are alive it can only take a day or two for an imposture to be exposed. The forger who wants a run for his money must either invent non-existent authors or ascribe his forgeries to the dead.

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Such frauds have been known in many ages, in many departments of literature, and for many motives. Late Greeks perpetrated them for modern scholars to detect. A French nobleman (de Surville), a hundred years ago, invented a mediæval ancestress and wrote a large body of poetry which he ascribed to her. In Germany the prolonged discussion about the origins of printing has been sprinkled all over with forgeries by archivists and genealogists, the fellow-townsmen of Gutenberg and the would-be descendants of Fust. We in England had a thick crop between 1760 and 1860. First came Chatterton's production, while still at an age which should be unfamiliar with guile, of ancient manuscripts found in a muniment room at Bristol. Then came Macpherson's *Ossian*, and later two important series of Shakespeare forgeries. Payne Collier's entries in registers and marginal annotations in old books were the work of a sound scholar, who, presumably, found that the career of a Shakespearian specialist did not in the ordinary way produce enough for him in the way of excitement. He wanted to make a sensation and his mark by large discoveries; so he first manufactured the discoveries and then found them. The other forger, William Henry Ireland, was at once far less eminent as a scholar and far more enterprising as a forger. He was a bookseller's son. When seventeen he went to Stratford with his father. Meeting a man there who had done a little in the way of a Shakespeare forgery, and seeing that his poor old father was tremendously interested, he argued that supply ought to meet demand. He began at once faking leases, letters, contracts, and (charming touch) a love-letter to Anne Hathaway, with a lock of hair inside—Mary Fitton, at that time, not having been heard of. His father was delighted; the learned world was curious; so, with the assistance of an ancestor to whom Shakespeare had left his MSS., he next found a play "Vortigern," the first of a new historical series, covering those kings who are ignored in the plays we have. Sheridan actually produced this drama at Drury Lane. The house was crowded; but Ireland's powers of composition did not equal his gift for archaic handwriting and the simulation of aged ink and paper, and "Vortigern" went down as a roaring farce. At this stage the young man was nineteen, and he got no further. He lived until 1835, when he died in great poverty—an example to youth of the results of divagation from the narrow path in general and of literary forgery in particular. The example might be more salutary were it not for the equally indisputable facts, which an honest man must not suppress, that Payne Collier died at the age of ninety-four in receipt of a Civil List Pension and that *Ossian* Macpherson was buried in Westminster Abbey.

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These frauds were mostly done for selfish motives. There is, however, one kind of literary fraud which may be regarded as performing a valuable function. That is the imposture which is intended to take in, and expose, impostors. The world is full of persons who pretend to authority on subjects they know nothing about, and others who vitiate public taste by puffing rubbish which they consider "advanced." Any hoax which may make these people look fools the moralist may excuse, the serious student must welcome, and the humorist will thoroughly enjoy. I may illustrate what I mean by one or two examples, and may be pardoned for drawing on my personal experience. About eight years ago we were being flooded with new and strange philosophers, mostly from Germany, who were being acclaimed and advertised by many who did not understand and some who did not even read them. I therefore took the liberty of inventing

another. I gave in a contemporary an account of his philosophy which was partly composed of sentiments taken out of Mr. Bottomley's weekly organ and partly of an utterly nonsensical mixture of mathematical formulæ and physiological speculation. Nevertheless, the name of Wiertz was good enough, and I was deluged with letters both from supporters of the philosopher and from those who feared that his influence was dangerous. Shortly afterwards—though here the game was very easy—I butted into the Baconian controversy, then being conducted with great vigour by the late Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence. That amiable man, it will be remembered, did his best to popularise Bacon by a wholesale circulation of penny pamphlets. He called in the evidence of the editor of the *Taylor and Cutter* to show that the portrait in the first folio had two left sleeves, thus proving, in some mysterious way, that Shakespeare's arms were really haunches of bacon; and he clinched his case by finding that three successive lives in Shakespeare began with the letters "P," "I," and "G," the bearing of which on Lord Verulam's authorship is obvious. Sir Edwin used to quote freely from Elizabethan writers. Anxious to demonstrate that he had no sense of the value of evidence and that his methods were reckless, I invented a quite conclusive quotation from Greene, and sent it to a paper over the signature "P. O. R. Ker," in which anybody but this kind of enthusiast might have smelt a rat, not to say a pig. He tumbled straight in. He had an immense library, including, no doubt, all Greene's works. Here was an utterly crushing testimony. But did he trouble to verify the quotation? Not he. He wrote to the paper at once, saying that the fact that the Shakespearians had ignored Mr. Ker's quotation demonstrated their incorrigible prejudice. My subsequent letter of explanation was not printed, the editor wishing to spare Sir Edwin's feelings. Still, it would have made no difference. Bacon may be cured, but no one has ever cured a Baconian.

* * * * *

There has just been perpetrated in America a salutary hoax to the inventors of which we must take off our hats.

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For some years America, to a far greater extent than this country, has been flooded with poetic Schools, Futurists, Imagists, Vorticists, and so on, who have got an enormous amount of publicity and have been chattered about by almost all the critics. In 1916 (I take the story from the *Chicago Dial*) a volume was published called *Spectra*, the authors being Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish. The preface expounded the Spectrist theory. The theme of a poem, it said, "is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colourless white light of infinite existence falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues," and "the overtones, adumbrations or spectres which for the poet haunt all objects both of the seen and the unseen world . . . should touch with a tremulous vibrancy of ultimate fact the reader's sense of the immediate theme." Mr. Morgan used rhyme, Miss Knish free verse; the poems were headed "Op. 1," "Op. 2," etc., and it was allowed to leak out that Mr. Morgan was a painter who had been to Paris, and Miss Knish a Hungarian who had published poems in Russian:

The authors began to be deluged with adulatory letters from the most advanced poets of our very advanced day, of whom the men naturally inclined to address Miss Knish, and the women Mr. Morgan. Here at last, it appeared, was the real thing—pretence stripped away, technique reduced to lowest terms, passionate beauty impaled for a marvellous posterity—that ultimate method for which the poets from Homer to themselves had been so many voices crying in the wilderness. Certain poetry magazines were impressed and sought the privilege of giving the world more *Spectra*. "Others" devoted an entire issue to the Spectrists; they were successfully parodied in a college magazine; they acquired disciples—a Harvard undergraduate, for instance, forswore Imagism for Spectrism, and had his apostasy roundly rebuked by the high priestess of his earlier faith.

The authors, who kept dark, were continually being introduced by enthusiasts to their own works. Reviews were innumerable. The Conservatives wrote with alarm; the Radicals with exuberance; the cautious delegated their task. One distinguished editor passed on the work of criticism to Mr. Witter Bynner, and paid him handsomely for "his solemnly judicial appraisal of himself in the role of 'Emanuel Morgan,' originator of the Spectrist theory." The game might have gone on, and the movement might have spread from one end of the continent to the other. Only America came into the war, and "Miss Knish" took a captain's commission under her real name of Arthur D. Ficke. Perhaps, after this, critics will be a little readier to discover and say what they really think about the nonsense that gets itself published.

Books of the Week

Memoirs of William Hickey, 1775-1782. Edited by ALFRED SPENCER. (Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.)

Front Lines. By BOYD CABLE. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

A SECOND instalment of the *Memoirs of William Hickey* has now been published under the editorship of Mr. Alfred Spencer. They are as good a reading as the first volume, which appeared just before the war. William Hickey was a solicitor, with a taste for fast life. He came of a well-to-do London family, but, as he did not make a business success at home, was shipped to India. Not liking the country, he returned to London; and this volume opens in 1775 with preparations for a voyage to Jamaica, where his father was sending him to practise law. When in Jamaica he made many friends, for he was an amusing fellow who did not take life too seriously, travelled over the island, met all the local celebrities whom he describes, and finally decided there was no money in law in the West Indies. After a good time, excellently portrayed in these pages, he returned to London; but feared to face his father. Presently peace is restored between the two, and W. H. goes again to India, sets up as an Attorney in Calcutta, makes a pot of money, and comes home, partly on business, partly on pleasure, in charge of a petition to Parliament for the establishment of trial by jury in the East. Every line he writes has an interest; it is human and full of life, and much is of historical value.

It is amusing in the first chapter to find that in 1775 Government departments were making almost identically the same mistakes, but in reverse manner (i.e., in the export of food supplies instead of the imports) which they made in 1917! So little does the working of the departmental brain alter with the times. When in Madras, in 1778, Mr. Hickey stayed with Mr. Hall Plumer, who a little later took over a Government contract for erecting military works, and "according to public report, cleared sixty thousand pounds

thereby. Such was the advantage arising from Government contracts in those days"—an advantage, also according to public report, which has not entirely disappeared in these days. This Mr. Hall Plumer, if we mistake not, was a forbear of General Sir Herbert Plumer, for the general's father was also Mr. Hall Plumer. Throughout these fascinating memoirs we are constantly coming across names and incidents which link the latter half of the eighteenth century with the early part of the twentieth century. And human nature has not varied in the least. Hickey, if not the model of propriety, must have been a thoroughly good fellow at heart. He marries a woman with a past—a very variegated past—but is devoted to her, and resents with vigour the least discourtesy to her. We get glimpses in Calcutta of Warren Hastings, Philip Frances, and Mme. Talleyrand, and see the beginnings of the restaurant habit in London. Yet a third volume of these vivid memoirs, we are glad to say, is promised; it also will be assured a warm welcome.

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Front Lines, Boyd Cable's new book is as good as his other two, but there is a difference: he has paid more consideration to the inner meaning of the war, and has given the work a value for, say, distribution among pacifists, as well as retaining all the photographic accuracy of trench life that makes such stories as these acceptable both to the men who are doing the work and their friends at home who want to know how the work is done. As an instance, "Seeing Red," the story of an Australian who never quite realised why he was in France until he saw the Germans indulging in cold-blooded murder of their prisoners, is a very fine psychological study, and one that will appeal, with its ring of truth, to men in the front lines and to people at home. Almost as an aside the utter callousness of the German mind is shown, and reflection after reading will provoke the thought that there can be no compounding with people like these.

Out of the twenty-one stories that make the book, at least half contain subtle lessons like this; every phase of war activity is dealt with, from night raiding in big bombing aeroplanes to the task of the stretcher-bearers in the muddy rear of an attack. We see the war as the men who are fighting see it, and in that respect this work is the equal, if not better than anything its author has yet done.

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JOHN LANE · THE BODLEY HEAD · W.1

The Canadians : By Centurion

(April 22nd-26th, 1915)



"Take your hands off me or I'll trepan you." The M.O. raised his fist.

The following is an authentic story of a certain Canadian battalion at the second battle of Ypres.

It was a warm April day—so warm that it might have been mid-summer but for the anemones and the wild hyacinths which gleamed in the patches of woodland. The drab and grey monotones of the winter landscape of mud and low-lying mist had changed in a few days to a scheme of primary colours in which the blue of the skies, the green of the young grass, and the yellows of marsh-marigold and lesser celandine startled the eye with their sudden improvisations. It was one of those days when the spirit of spring takes on a visible incarnation and the mysterious force of life is felt in the air and in the blood. In the thrust of the tiny crumpled leaves on the trees, emerging from the buds like a butterfly from a chrysalis, one could almost see the secret impulse that animated them.

The red roofs of V—glowed in the afternoon sun. The front and back doors of every house stood open, and on the cobbled pavements the dogs lay with their heads between their extended paws, opening and closing a drowsy but watchful eye. Except for two company orderly-sergeants, who stood at a door smoking in intimate silence, the street was deserted. The estaminets were empty, although it still wanted four hours till closing time. The sergeants had discarded their belts, and presented the *négligé* air of men who are "resting" in billets.

"Some day!" remarked the taller of the two economically.

"Jake!" replied the other. "Guess you'll owe me a dollar to-night, Jack. The machine-gunners will knock spots out of them."

"I'll make it two to one, if you like, Bob," said the first speaker confidently.

"Done!" said the other. And they relapsed into silence.

They fidgeted occasionally, as from time to time loud shouts were borne upon their ears from the direction of a field outside the village. These appeared to come orchestrally from a crowd of men all shouting at once, though now and again a powerful voice was heard above the rest, and its nasal note repeated the same theme at intervals as in a fugue—"Take him-out-of-the-box!" . . . "Take-him-out-of-the-box!" The cry was repeated from time to time in notes which alternated between menace and entreaty.

The origin of these sounds was to be sought in a field hard by the village. In this field were a crowd of officers and men who had posted themselves on two sides of it in such a manner as to form, with their backs outward, an angle of ninety degrees. The men composing one side of this V-shaped formation were cheering lustily, while those on the other were ferociously silent. In the centre of the

V four grey-shirted men in khaki trousers were dashing madly round from one point to another, touching, as they went, four white bags on the ground at the corners of a square, and having apparently as their objective the bag nearest the apex of the V. An untutored mind might have mistaken their efforts for a variation of that unauthorised form of Army exercises known as "whipping to the gap." Far out in the field a breathless man was trying to pick up a ball, and seven other men, gloved as to the left hand, adjured him with many imprecations to "get on with it." A ninth man, his face covered by a steel-barred mask and his left hand hooded in an enormous leather glove, stood by the corner bag.

In the centre of the field was an officer, with the peak of his cap at the back of his head; his languid demeanour and the spare ball in his hand marked him as the umpire. Three of the runners had reached "home" at the corner, and the fourth was straining towards it, when there was a flash of white and the clean smack of a caught ball, which was no sooner caught than it was thrown to the masked keeper of the "home" base. The latter pirouetted on his feet as he caught it, and, stooping with a half-turn, quickly touched the shoulder of the runner, who at the same moment dived headlong for the bag as though seeking sanctuary. He lay prostrate, with the catcher upright beside him, while all eyes were turned from these two to the umpire. No imperial gesture deciding the lethal issue of life and death between two gladiators could have been more anxiously awaited. Without a word, the umpire jerked his thumb over his shoulder. The runner was "out."

At that the sullen silence of the crowd of spectators on one side gave place to delirious cheering, while the exultations of the supporters of the "in" side were transformed into howls of execration and dark threats against the umpire, who was freely accused of "graft" and other corrupt and illegal practices.

"Safe a mile," yelled a voice above the rest. "Use your eyes, umps! Wait till you come to me with a bullet in your liver! I'll show what 'out' means."

It was the regimental M.O. He shook his fist at the umpire as he uttered his maledictions.

"Go it, Dickie," urged a company commander at his elbow, encouragingly. "You haven't begun to warm up yet."

"Kill the umpire!" yelled the M.O., with lethal fury. "Kill him! Scalp him! Tar and feather him! Tickle his feet!"

"Dry up, Dickie," said a subaltern beside him. "He was out all right."

"That doesn't cut any ice," retorted the M.O. "Can't I have a yell to myself? The umpire's got a glass eye, and a cheap 'un at that. Give him Medicine and Duty!"

His soliloquy fell on deaf ears. The umpire, who had maintained a massive silence, suddenly looked up as another man took the place of the vanquished at the "home." As the new-comer grasped the bat, he was hailed with loud entreaties to "knock the ball out of Belgium," on the one hand; and, on the other, with sinister assurances that if he did his life would hardly be worth living. Meanwhile, the pitcher, some twenty yards in front of him, and the catcher, a yard or two behind him, seemed to be engaged in mysterious intercourse in a deaf-and-dumb alphabet of their own. The pitcher was juggling with the ball as though not quite certain what to do with it, while the catcher was patting his gloved and ungloved hands together as though inviting him to join in the ancient game of pat-a-cake. All this pantomime would have been very disconcerting to a nervous batter. It was meant to be. In baseball everybody does his best to put everybody else off his game. This is useful, for it teaches you self-confidence; also self-courage, for you will get no encouragement. The next moment the pitcher suddenly brought his hands together over his head, whirled them round in an ellipse, and hurled the ball in the direction of the batter.

A shell whined towards the field, and dropped with a roar and a great spurt of black earth and blacker smoke some half a mile away. The spectators ignored it. The captain who had been urging the M.O. to still more inflammatory efforts, happening to glance in that direction, noted curiously a figure in yellow baggy clothes and a red tarbush advancing across the field. The figure alternately ran and stumbled. He noted, too, that the gun-fire to the north-east had swelled to a loud continuous roar. A click recalled him to the game. The batsman had hit the ball to centre-field, and, dropping his stick, ran desperately towards the first base, about ninety yards to his right. The ball was fielded by the centre-field with incredible velocity and thrown to the baseman as the batter measured his length on the ground. Loud shouts of exultation arose from a group of Field Ambulance men under a row of poplars on one side of the field as a third machine-gunner entered on his innings. The new batsman fingered the "bat" nervously.

"Don't be afraid of it! It won't hurt you!" shouted the ambulance men, encouragingly. "It ain't septic."

"Who's bought you?" shouted a man with a megaphone darkly at the pitcher. And he proceeded to make a number of defamatory remarks, chosen with extreme care, upon the age of the player, his deportment, his choice of a career, and his private morals. If you are of a sensitive disposition you had better not play baseball; it is very bad for self-esteem. But it is uncommonly good for self-control.

At that moment a man, belted as on duty, thrust his way through the boisterous crowd, and, approaching the umpire, saluted and gave him a bit of paper. The umpire took the message and, having read it, suddenly turned his cap peak foremost. He raised his hand. "The game's called," he announced in a clear, slightly nasal voice. He turned, and, nodding towards the menacing roar in the north-east added, with a faint smile, "on account of the rain!"

Silence fell upon the crowd as he paused for a moment. Men turned one to another. Explosions of light suddenly appeared in the north-east, succeeded by three coloured stars one above the other, which scintillated brilliantly like gems for a minute, and then went out. Two company orderly-sergeants appeared on the edge of the crowd, wearing their belts; they were panting with exertion as though they had been running. A soldier from a Belgian working-party, with a shovel on his back, emerged in a patch of blue from the crowd of khaki, and, talking excitedly, pointed over his shoulder in the direction of the church. The crowd was like a field of oats suddenly set in motion by a breeze; each individual member of it seemed to be flickering to and fro, although the crowd as a whole remained stationary.

"The battalion will fall in at once," said the subaltern, suddenly, in a changed tone of voice. "Heavy marching order."

The breathless sergeants became articulate.

"'A' and 'B' Companies, stand to!" shouted the one.

"'C' and 'D' Companies! Back to billets, boys; kits on, and fall in," shouted the other.

"What is it?" said the captain to one of the orderly sergeants.

"The Germans have broken through on the left flank, sir."

"Our bet's off," said one man to another. "Tell you what, mate; I'll take you in three to one on the M.G.s next time." The odds were accepted.

They streamed back to billets, discussing the match as they went. The orderly sergeants were everywhere at once—in their flanks and in their rear—rounding up the argumentative laggards like sheep-dogs on a hillside. On

reaching the village, they fell in and awaited orders. They found the streets of V— choked with a stream of men, women, and children—on foot, on horseback, in carts, in perambulators, all with their faces turned towards the west, as though intent on some desperate pilgrimage. Incredibly old women and bed-ridden old men borne limply in wheelbarrows or carried in hand-carts, with their atrophied legs dangling helplessly over the sides, were being pushed or dragged through the crowd. The captain, glancing at these human derelicts, noticed curiously that one ancient paralytic reclined in a barrow with his hands ceaselessly twitching while his body and members remained rigid, like a poplar whose trunk and branches are still while the leaves at the extremities flutter ceaselessly. Young women, carrying babies at the breast and with children clutching at their skirts, their twinkling feet taking three steps to the mother's one, stumbled forward with the same set look upon their face. Some were bent double with the weight of large feather mattresses; others held bird-cages, clocks, cats, caskets, in a close embrace. Now and then there was a scream as some cripple fell and the crowd pressed on and over him. And from this surging crowd there arose a single cry as though it possessed but a single voice, swelling into a loud diapason—"Les Boches viennent."

There was a sound of wheels and a clatter of hoofs on the pavé behind, and the crowd turned in terror at the pursuit. They broke into a furrow, and through them galloped French gunners on horses with the traces cut, followed by other mounted men driving limbers without guns—and mercilessly lashing the "leaders," whose mouths were white with foam. And they also cried "*Les Boches viennent*," and passed on. They were followed by men on foot, wearing red fezzes; their livid bluish faces, their lips flecked with froth, their hands fumbling at their throats, their gasps for breath added to the terror of the crowd with which they mingled.

The captain eyed them with feelings in which anger and pity strove for mastery. "They've got the wind up, and no mistake," he said to a subaltern. "But what the hell's the matter with them? They haven't got a scratch."

"Their uniforms are as clean as ours," speculated the subaltern. "They can't have been buried. I've never seen that look on a man's face before."

"That pitcher weren't no good," said a man in the ranks. "They oughter have taken him out of the box long ago."

The men, who had been standing easy, now fell out, and fetched their rifles, packs, and ammunition. Water-bottles were filled, nominal rolls were checked, and for a few minutes the company quarter-master-sergeants were incredibly busy. The men squatted on the ground, wearing their equipment, with their packs lying on the "kicking-straps" beside them. They debated freely the respective merits of the two sides, the fielding, the pitching, the catching, and the prospects of a game that, as it happened, was never to be resumed.

"COMP'NY!" shouted each company commander.

The men scrambled to their feet and, putting out their cigarettes, put on their packs.

"COMP'NY! 'SHUN! . . . FORM FOURS! RIGHT! AT EASE. QUICK-K-K MARCH."

The short spring day was drawing to a close, the air grew cold, the shadows deepened. They marched along the Ypres road, thrusting their way through the refugees, and turning off to the left near the asylum they crossed the canal just north of the doomed city. Clouds of white and black and red dust rose above it, as shell after shell crashed down upon it, and died away in crayon upon the evening sky. In the west the sun was going down in a great conflagration. The air was still dry and clear, but to the north-east there was a faint greenish haze lying over the fields like a river-mist in the crepuscular light. In the fields, on either side of them, horses and cows lay dead on their backs in uncouth attitudes, with their legs sticking up towards the sky. A vast desolation brooded over the landscape. They were alone. Not a living man or beast was to be seen. Dead men in bleached uniforms lay about in contorted attitudes—their faces livid and on their lips little bubbles of foam. Except for the intermittent roar of the guns, the air was still as death. In this vast mortuary not a bird sang.

The road dipped into a hollow, and as the column descended the advanced guard began to cough, then the connecting files coughed, and these phthisical sounds were gradually taken up by the whole column. Night had fallen, and in the dark solitudes these hollow sounds were as loud and distinct as the hooting of owls in a wood.

"Silence in the ranks," said the captain, and then he began to cough. His eyes watered. He sniffed.

"This place stinks like a damned latrine," he said, irritably, as he blew his nose.

"It's like chloroform," said one subaltern.

Another wondered how long it was since he had tasted almonds.

As the column emerged from that sepulchral hollow and breasted the rise, they breathed more freely.

They neared the cross-roads at B—, and shells began to whistle over their heads. The night air was full of strange and sibilant voices. They crossed the canal, and at that moment a shell fell in the middle of the column. The men in the immediate vicinity stopped dead, while the men in the rear continued to march until, as they trod on the heels of the men in front of them, the whole column was pulled up like a horse that is suddenly thrown on its haunches. Confused voices were heard, and the groans of wounded men. The M.O. was down on his knees beside the prostrate forms, flashing an electric-torch upon them, while he masked its light with his Burberry. The shell had wiped out a machine-gun team. The M.G. officer lay dead where he had fallen. The wounded were picked up and placed on the wheeled transport, and the battalion resumed its march. No one knew whose turn would come next. But they continued to march steadily, each man's eyes fixed on the pack of the man in front of him.

At midnight they halted by the side of the road, due north of St. J—, and waited for dawn. They found some deserted gun-emplacements, and established their battalion headquarters therein. Having put out outposts and dug themselves in, the men snatched an hour or two of fitful and uneasy sleep under the stars.

The morning broke cold and clear, and with the first flush of dawn the men were on their feet, stamping to keep themselves warm. In front of them was a dark wood, and in the middle distance a farm and its outhouses. It was a small wood, and if you look for that wood to-day you will never find it, but its name will go down to history. From this moment the battalion was split up; "C" and "D" Companies were ordered to march off in the direction of the wood, where they were to join up with the Third Brigade. As they marched off by platoons in file they waved their hands in salutation to their comrades; it was the last the latter ever saw of them.

As the sun came out, the air grew warm; but not a lark climbed the heavens. Of the two companies that remained, one was ordered to move straight on its trenches in open order by platoons, the other was to advance by sections towards the farm. They raced forwards, and as they approached their objective the German guns got the range, and opened on them with shrapnel and high explosive. A dark grey mass of men was clustered round a farm about 900 yards away, on their left front, and, as they drew nearer, this mass opened on them with rifle-fire. Bullets licked the earth all around them, throwing up spurts of dust; but the shooting was poor, and they advanced steadily. The captain, who was signalling-officer and was in the rear, watched the waves of two other battalions advancing on the left to attack the ridge, and as the German machine-guns got to work on them he noticed that the first wave grew thinner and thinner. It struck him that it was extraordinarily like a cinema film; he was looking all the while at the same picture, and yet it was never quite the same. There was the wave, always there, but from moment to moment gaps appeared in it; flickers of flame came and went above it; little white clouds appeared from nowhere over it, hung about, and disappeared as though they had never been. But with each cloud another gap appeared in the line. Now and again it was wholly obscured by great patches of coal-black smoke like enormous ink-stains, and the earth shook. As the smoke cleared away, he was almost astonished to see that the men—some of them—were still upright, and still advancing, without haste and without rest.

"This is going to be some hell, to-day; eh, what, Dickie?" he said to the M.O., who was on his way to a farm to get it going as a regimental aid-post.

"That's so," said the M.O., cheerful at the prospect of having something more professionally exciting to do than look at men's tongues in billets. "I guess I'm going to do quite a lot in the general practitioner line to-day. Say, old man, if you come my way I'll patch you up beautifully. I've quite a good bedside manner."

The M.O. had a disconcerting habit of envisaging everybody else as a possible casualty. Which was rather premature when you came to think of it.

"Get along, Dickie, you old body-snatcher. I'd sooner die a natural death," retorted the other. "The Boche has slain his thousands, but you M.O.s your tens of thousands."

"I'll never be slain by the jawbone of an ass," retorted the M.O. pugnaciously.

"Now, Dickie," laughed the signalling-officer, good-naturedly, "you're getting riled. You're better at giving chaff than taking it. You just hike away to your consulting-room."

The M.O. "hiked." And for no apparent reason they shook heads.

They were busy after that. The captain ordered field-telephones to be laid out from the farm, which was to serve the double purpose of aid-post and battalion headquarters. They were laid out to the lines of unfinished trenches which had now been occupied by the waves of infantry. It was neither open warfare nor trench warfare, but a curious combination of the two—a contest of positions which were only half-entrenched—while the German infantry lunged about in clusters, like loafers at a street corner, apparently uncertain whether to advance or not. The truth was they were puzzled. They felt that by all the rules of the game the Canadians had no business to be there. The latter had one gun and no aeroplanes; they were being drenched with shrapnel and submerged with high explosive; their left was "in the air," and their allies had bolted the day before in a wild *saute qui peut* before a new and sinister weapon which the Boche knew to be his own peculiar and nasty secret. And yet here were these "verdammte" Canadians coming right up to them and making themselves extremely unpleasant with nothing better than two or three machine-guns and their rifles, though, to be sure, the rapid and accurate fire of those rifles was something to reckon with. The Boche, who had had things all his own way the day before, when he bayoneted inanimate men half-suffocated by his poisonous gas, did not seem to approve of this at all.

During the whole of that day a storm of iron beat upon the farm and the position in front of it. Shells ploughed up the trenches, burying men where they stood, and leaving not a trace behind. Some men were blown to dust, others were killed without a scratch; it seemed as if not the engines of war but some mysterious force of nature were blasting them out of existence. The survivors fired again and again at their fitful targets, until their rifle-barrels grew hot, their nostrils were filled with the reek of blood and burnt cordite, their ears stunned with concussion, their eyes half-blinded with showers of black dust, and their faces running with sweat. Shells formed huge craters round and about the farm, shaking it to its foundations and bespattering its walls with the filth of the midden-heap. The signalling-officer found himself wondering how long it would be before the battalion headquarters would be wiped out. As he sat there, with the C.O., receiving and transmitting messages, he felt as though he were dwelling in a haunted house. Soot fell in showers down the chimney on to the hearthstone, windows rattled, doors opened and shut, pictures fell from the walls, and plaster pattered on to the floor. Voices shrieked and whimpered overhead. And all the while he was conscious of waiting for something to happen—something was surely bound to happen. Would it be the next or the next but one? No! that was a "dud." Short! Over! . . . He got up and went out. There was a lull. Then the storm burst forth again. He began to count the shells falling in or near the farm and the trenches occupied by "A" and "B" Companies. After counting for fifteen minutes by his watch, he had reckoned ninety high-explosive shells.

Night brought little or no respite from shell-fire; but the enemy's machine-gun fire died down, and they were able to get stretcher-bearers and ration-parties with water up to the trenches. The M.O. worked all night in his overalls, dressing the wounded, injecting morphia and anti-tetanic serum, and evacuating them on empty limbers and supply waggons. When dawn broke, the signalling-officer was ordered to occupy a disused trench near a private road on the right, facing the wood. He had not been there many hours before it struck him that something was happening in that wood. Shells were raining on it at intervals, and in the pauses he heard the rifle-fire of "C" and "D" Companies, who were holding it. But each time the rifle-fire diminished in volume, and grew more and more fitful; dying down like a fire of twigs that crackle and consume. Meanwhile, he was busy collecting "details" and organising the supports. At intervals an order would come in to supply "two N.C.O.s and forty men" to some hard-pressed position, and he had to start reorganising all over again. Cooks, batmen, signallers—all were impounded. A military policeman passed on to him every straggler. Derelicts of every regiment in the divisions—Scottish, English, Canadian—came drifting in; and in that curious medley, drifting together like fallen leaves under a breeze after the storm has momentarily spent its fury, he saw only too clearly the evidence of what had happened the day before. There was no need to ask any questions. A morose Highlander, a company sergeant-major who had lost his battalion, volunteered the information that he was "fed up." He seemed dazed, and was argumentative in a dull, slow way like a drunken man.

"I thoct this was a war, d'ye ken, sorr?" he said, thrusting his face close to the captain. The latter noticed that his eyes were tired and blood-shot. "It iss not! It iss a bluidy massacre. And the Jair-mans call us mercenaries! As if there was siller in it! How many bawbees d'ye think I'll be taking as company sergeant-major, now, sorr?"

But the captain had suddenly put a field-telescope to his eye, and was gazing hard in the direction of the wood about a thousand yards away. "Here, sergeant-major; stop jawing, and look through this," he said, thrusting the telescope into the hands of the N.C.O.

The effect was magical. "A cop, sorr; a fair cop. It's a sicht I dinna expect to see every day. Eight hundred, do you think, sorr? Five rounds rapid will be enough to lay them out, I'm thinking."

What he had seen through the glass was a grey mass of men hanging irresolute about the corners of the wood. They had spiked helmets. The captain gave the word of command; the company sergeant-major repeated it. The improvised platoon, with their sights at 800, burst into a splutter of rifle-fire. The captain looked through his telescope. The grey mass had disappeared.

But the captain was uneasy. Something must have happened in that wood for the Germans to get through it. For over half an hour silence had brooded over it. Not an enemy gun played on it; not a sound of rifle-fire had come from it. . . . What had become of "C" and "D" Companies? He was still revolving that question when he saw a man without a cap running from the direction of the wood, taking such cover as the ground afforded. As he drew nearer, the captain saw that he had bright red hair.

"By God, it's G——!" he exclaimed. It was the lance-corporal who had had charge of "C" and "D" Companies' end of the telephone.

"I've managed to bury it, sir," said the fugitive, as he arrived, breathless and exhausted.

"Buried what?"

"The telephone. I'm the only one to get through. "C" and "D" Companies were cut off and enfiladed. Sixty per cent. casualties. All their ammunition exhausted. They were just snowed under. Could you lend me your water-bottle? Thank you, sir."

He took a long drink.

Overhead a Taube was circling like a hawk over its prey, flying as low as 200 feet, so low that they could see the observer looking over the side. He dropped a smoke-ball, and a few minutes later a "coal-box" landed just short of the trench, and threw up a spray of loamy dirt, which covered them from foot to head, and filled their eyes and nostrils, half-blinding them. At that moment a runner arrived with a message from battalion headquarters. They were to fall back. The German line, which had been concave before the enemy had taken the wood, was now convex, and was thrusting forward in a great bulge.

As they approached the farm, upon which "A" and "B" Companies were retiring, a shell landed on the roof. When the pillar of cloud cleared, flames were seen coming from it as from the heart of the volcano. The barns, filled with straw, were blazing fiercely.

In the farm-yard stood a figure in overalls, bareheaded, and with arms bare to the elbows. His overalls were splashed with blood, his face was black as a nigger-minstrel's with soot, out of which his white eye-balls glared with a fierce glow in their irises. He was shouting orders, directing

stretcher-bearers, and rushing in and out of the burning barn, carrying the limp bodies of wounded men in his arms. He was about to rush back, when the signalling-officer caught him by the arms. He tried to shake him off, but the other held him in an iron grip.

"Blast you, M——. Take your hands off me, or I'll trepan you." He raised his fist. "I've got men in there, I tell you."

"I know, Dickie," said the other softly. "I know. But look! You've done all you can, old man." As he pointed to the barn, the roof fell in with a crash, and tongues of fire and smoke burst from the doorway, scorching them where they stood.

The M.O. stood for a moment like one dazed. He shook his fist in the direction of the Germans. He was a master of language, but for once in his life words failed him. He uttered a choking sound, and turned away.

The next moment the farm-house itself caught fire. There was a noise like the popping of corks, and brass-caps flew freakishly in all directions, as though a swarm of bees had been disturbed. The S.A.A. had caught fire and was going off in a fusillade. The signalling-officer and his men rushed to and fro, pulling out the boxes of ammunition and throwing them into the mud.

They fell back, and dug in again. There they held on. As the day drew to its close, the sky became obscured with clouds, and before night rain began to fall. It fell in a steady drizzle, wetting them to the skin as they hung on without flares, without wire, without sand-bags, waiting every moment of the night for an attack which never came. Two days later they were relieved by reinforcements, and, retiring by sections, they marched back to billets by the light of the moon. Out of the two companies that remained only 170 men were left. Of the four machine-guns, they had saved but one. The machine-gun officer who had umpired at the match was dead. Of the eighteen men who had played the game of Machine-gunners *v.* Ambulance-men, only eight survived.

As they passed "Suicide Corner," the captain caught sight of a somnolent sepoy sitting against the bank on the side of the road, his face curiously grey in the moonlight.

"Lost his unit!" he said to himself. It was a common occurrence. He went up to him and, seeking to wake him, pulled him gently by the neck of his tunic. He fell forward stiffly against the captain. The back of the man's head was gone, and his face was merely a mask. He was dead.

They reached V—— at dawn. The men unslung their rifles and packs, and threw themselves down heavily without taking their boots off. And for the first time for five days they slept.

The stories by Centurion—a junior officer who has seen much of the war in France—which have been appearing at intervals in the columns of LAND & WATER since November, 1916, are to be published early this month in book form by Mr. Heinemann under the title of "Gentlemen-at-Arms." They are to be published in America by Messrs. Doubleday, Page. Several of the stories describe, for the first time in print, the fortunes of certain regiments at the battles of Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, Ypres, and the Somme.

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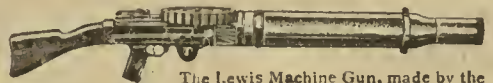
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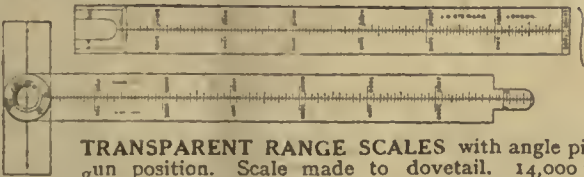
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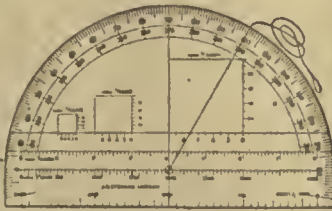


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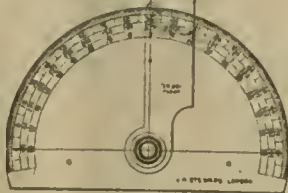
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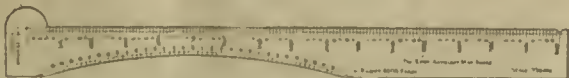


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A Soldier of France

By Louis Raemaekers

"There is nothing to shake the confidence which we should have in our soldiers. They fought one against five, without sleep for three or four days together. The Army is better than anything we could have expected. When I speak of the Army I speak of those who compose it, of whatever rank and whatever grade they may be. . . . So long as this Government is here, France will be defended to the death, and no force will be spared to attain success. We shall never yield. That is the word of command to our Government. . . . The people of France has accomplished its task, and those who have fallen have not fallen in vain, since they make French history great. It remains for the living to complete the magnificent work of the dead."—M. CLEMENCEAU, in the Chamber of Deputies, June 4th, 1918.

LAND & WATER

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The Outlook

AT midnight between Saturday and Sunday last, the enemy opened a preliminary bombardment of four hours' duration upon the twenty-two miles of front between Montdidier and Noyon. His action was exactly parallel to that which he has pursued in every one of the blows delivered upon the Western front in this year's campaign, each of which has opened with a bombardment of similar duration and character. Gas shells formed the greater part of the missiles, and the zone covered was very deep.

The first development of the battle followed the lines of the fighting of March 21st against our 3rd and 5th Armies, but on a smaller scale. It consisted in the occupation of the first covering lines and a determined stand by the defence upon the third main positions—a development which necessarily meant very much heavier losses in the attack than for the defence. At one point only did the assailants seize any portion of the main line. This was in a very important direction where presumably they had thrown the greater part of their weight. They came down the valley of the little river Matz, past Ressons, a movement representing an advance of five miles and, what was more important, a movement which begins the turning of the strong defensive position known as the Hills of Lassigny. The western half of the hills was, by Monday night, in the hands of the enemy; but the Matz Valley to the west, if it can be further penetrated, outflanks them altogether.

Though this last move has a direct territorial significance, being clearly an effort to reduce the French salient towards Noyon and to flatten out the Allied line, we must never lose sight of the main truth, that the enemy's whole object is neither to reach a particular point in space nor to achieve a particular conformation of his line, but to reduce the forces opposed to him in men and material while he yet has a superiority in numbers (that is, during the course of the present summer) to such a point that the struggle can no longer be continued. In this effort everything will turn upon the proportion between the losses which he suffers and those which he inflicts.

He has captured, first and last, by his own account, since he began his offensive, not far short of 2,000 pieces and well over 150,000 men, while he has accounted in permanent and temporary loss other than prisoners for some much larger number, which is, of course, unknown. But he has only achieved this by throwing in the equivalent by this time of nearer 300 than 200 divisions. He has actually used for shock close on three-quarters of his available units, has put in at least one-third of them twice, and a similar number three and even four times.

We know the length of the pause that was imposed on him by his losses in the first two actions—the second battle of the Somme and the battle of the Lys. Those losses compelled a halt for recruitment of a full month. But save for that indication, we have very meagre sources of information as to his total loss. It is to be feared that until the reaction began in the last battle of the Tardenois his losses were lighter than in either of the other two preceding struggles.

The Imperial War Cabinet reassembles this week. Apart from practical purposes, it is symbolical of the greater cohesion of the British Empire which the war has brought about. Not only are the self-governing Dominions adequately represented, but India again finds a place at the board. At this Imperial Cabinet questions of the first moment will be discussed. Australia and New Zealand have clearly defined ideas on the purification of the Pacific from the Teuton taint. South Africa will also have something to say on the same subject as it affects Africa and of the peril of allowing any Power a free hand which aims at building up a well-disciplined army recruited from the more war-like native tribes. Canada has questions of her own, and all are naturally interested to arrive at a first-hand knowledge of the policy under which the war is carried on. And then there are for consideration economic questions of the first importance, though it is difficult to see how at this stage the most of them can be conclusively decided. The great value of this Imperial Council is that it impresses on the constituent parts of the Empire that they have everything in common as regards principles and ideals, but that the ways are necessarily divergent, by which they are compelled through circumstance peculiar to each, to work them out. This in itself is an accomplishment, for it removes misunderstandings.

India's representation on this occasion is notable. Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State, has just returned from a tour through the Indian Empire, where he enjoyed the most exceptional opportunities of discussing native aims and ambitions with representative men of its multiple races, classes, creeds, and civilisations. He must have returned to Whitehall with a very clear view of the complex and intricate problems which confront British statesmanship in the East. Associated with Mr. Montagu is the Maharajah of Patiala, head of the leading Sikh State. The Sikh is not only a splendid soldier, but has been quick to acquire Western education, which, when ill-digested, has rendered him at times an easy prey to wily German-bribed agitators. The loyalty of the Sikh people has never been in question, and an intrigue that two or three years ago threatened dangerously was mainly suppressed through information they themselves willingly supplied to the authorities. The other Indian representative is Sir Satyendra Sinha, who filled the same high position last year. A barrister by profession, Lincoln's Inn, he was ten years Advocate-General of Bengal before being summoned to the Viceroy's Executive Council.

It is exactly a year ago to-day, though, of course, last year June 13th fell on a Wednesday, that London was first raided by a squadron of Gothas. They came over at eleven in the morning; crowds thronged the streets to watch the show; most of the bombs fell on the western outskirts of the City. No harm was done to the invading machines; the fringing of anti-aircraft guns was desultory, and afterwards considerable indignation was expressed at the fall of shrapnel in many districts. It was thought then by the majority that we ought to regard these raids in much the same light as thunderstorms. Not until three months later—in September—were the defences of London organised on their present lines. There has been a steady improvement in these defences since that date; though it is understood that under favourable conditions of weather and visibility, raids on even a bigger scale than hitherto must be expected, yet London now realises that the enemy cannot hit at us without being hit back; the fun is not to be all on his side. The public mind has passed through many phases since curiosity was the prevailing emotion, and the climax was probably reached by a London working woman, who the other day remarked that she rather liked an air-raid, as it took her mind off the war.

Looking back, the most extraordinary features about these raids was the objection raised by educated and responsible persons in many walks of life against our invasion of German cities on the same scale. These good people boggled over the word "reprisals"; they admitted we had the right of defence, but denied our right to defend ourselves by means of offence. That bad argument has gone the way of many other bad arguments. America has taken warning from this experience. Instead of talking of reprisals, her Secretary of State uses the more accurate phrase "reciprocal action." Mr. Lansing has suggested to the German Government that if it acts brutally to American prisoners of war "it will inevitably be understood to invite similar reciprocal action on the part of the United States." It is a pity that the British Government did not make the same suggestion in equally plain language months ago. No one doubts—not even the German—that the United States will act reciprocally, promptly, and effectively if compelled to.

Battle of the Matz: By Hilaire Belloc

ON Sunday morning, June 9th, at 4.30 a.m., the fourth attack of the great German offensive was launched upon a front of 22 miles between Montdidier and Noyon. The action was complementary to that which had broken the front between Soissons and Rheims, and was intended, so far as mere ground is concerned, to eliminate the salient of Noyon, but much more to continue the general task of destroying the Allied front and diminishing it to the point of decisive inferiority in numbers of men and material.

In the course of this first day the battle developed not as in the case of Armentieres and Soissons, by a clean break, but on the model of the first thrust of March 21st, in the shape of very stubborn resistance by the defenders and correspondingly exaggerated loss for the attack.

In order to understand the nature of the line and of the attempt to force it, we must study the ground and especially observe its main feature, which is the mass of wooded hills known as the Heights of Lassigny, the turning and consequent evacuation of which will be the immediate purpose of the enemy.

The line from Montdidier to Noyon is divided into two almost equal halves by the valley of a little river called the Matz. On the west or left of this stream there is a sector about 10 or 11 miles long running up from the neighbourhood of the village called Haut Matz to Mesnil St. George, opposite Montdidier. This sector runs through open country with no very pronounced heights on rolling fields or arable land and a very few small woods.

The other, or western, sector, from the Matz to the neighbourhood of Noyon, is slightly shorter—not quite 10 miles—and of a totally different character. It consists in a great body of high land rising to nearly 600 feet above the sea and 400 above the water levels, known, as I have said, as the Hills of Lassigny, from the little town now in German hands which lies to the north. These hills are everywhere wooded, especially upon their northern slopes looking towards the enemy, and they form a strong defensive position. Throughout much the greater part of their length they form one united ridge, which gets higher as one goes from east to west; but at their extreme western end, near the Matz Valley, they break off into an isolated lump covered with wood about 100 feet below the neighbouring summit of the Lassigny Hills, and separated from them by a sharply marked valley 150 feet in depth. At the mouth of this valley is the village of Gury. At the far or southern end of the lump, where it falls down on to the Matz, is the large village of Ressons. As is clear from the map, a successful thrust not only up to Ressons, but right round down the valley of the Matz would turn all the obstacle of the Lassigny Hills. It would give the enemy Bellinglise Plateau and Thiescourt Wood and possession of the chief natural obstacle between him and the Oise.

Position on Sunday

When night fell, upon Sunday, what had happened upon the line as a whole was this:

All the main positions of the first sector down to the neighbourhood of the Matz were held, which everywhere stood the shock. But in the centre, along the valley of the Matz itself, the enemy had got as far as Ressons, and had therefore begun to turn the heights of Lassigny. His direct attack upon those heights had led to nothing. He was held all round the southern base of them from Ville to Belval. He had got Gury and the isolated heights above it. The danger-

point, therefore, at this moment, was his thrust up the valley of the Matz and his appearance at Ressons.

It is worthy of remark that in this the fourth of the blows delivered by the Germans for a decision upon the Western front, the element of surprise, which he has certainly found himself capable of restoring to war, was hardly present.

There was a very strong contrast here between the attack of May 27th and that of June 9th. The attack of May 27th between Soissons and Rheims used the factor of surprise more completely than any other attack in the course of the whole war in the West. Seven divisions—four, at least, of which were fatigued—found themselves opposed to 25 at a moment's notice, and it is clear from the further development of the battle that such a blow upon this sector was not expected. But the Noyon-Montdidier front was, after the battle of the Tardenois, so obviously the front that would give the best results that even the prophets, who for some inscrutable reason still continue to prophesy, had remarked it.

It is clear that the enemy deliberately sacrificed the advantage of surprise to the greater advantage of the results that would be reaped by success upon this line.

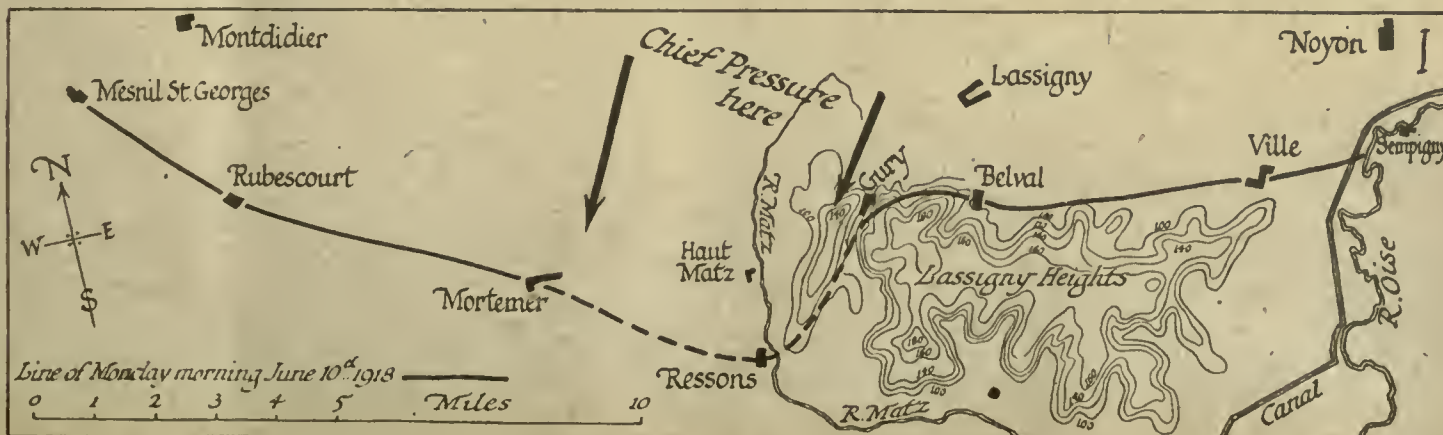
There is at the moment of writing—that is, upon the dispatches of Sunday night and Monday morning, when the battle had been in progress only 30 hours—no criterion at all of the two main points upon which a judgment of results would be formed, the extent of the pressure in the Matz Valley, and the comparative rate of losses of offence and defence along the whole 22 miles. We have not yet even an estimate of the numbers of the attacking force in the first shock (*see postscript on page 7*).

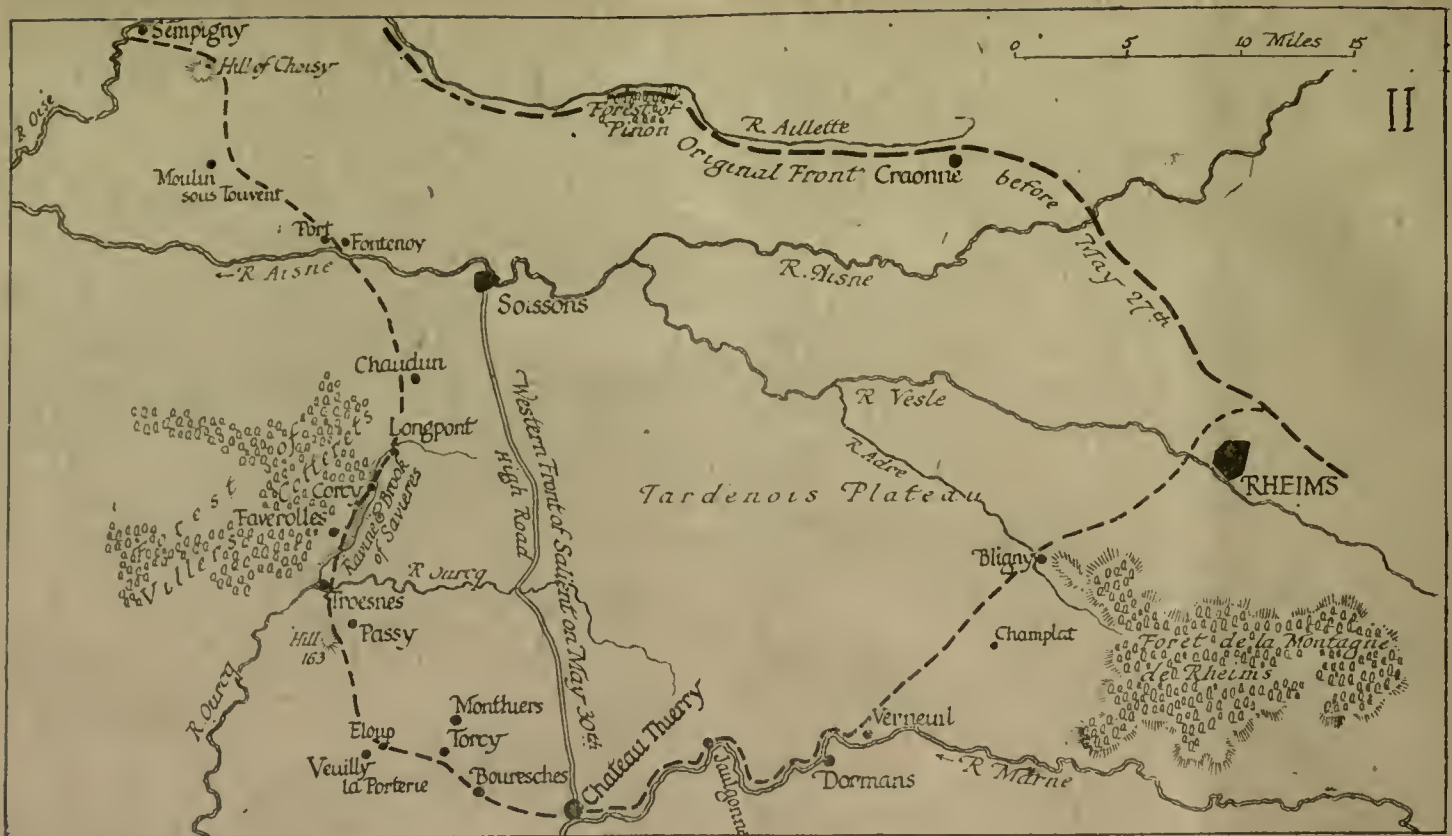
The Tardenois Battle

On the Tardenois battlefield the characteristic of the week has been the temporary stabilisation of the new front by the German success in the department of the Aisne: That is, the front running from Noyon to the west of Soissons, so round to the Marne at Chateau-Thierry, up that river beyond Dormans to near Verneuil and then up from Verneuil round Rheims: a perimeter of altogether about 90 miles without counting smaller sinuosities.

This stabilisation of the front means bringing up Allied forces in sufficient amount to counter enemy pressure. It does not mean that the Allied forces thus brought up are equivalent to the 50 German divisions within the great salient Soissons-Chateau-Thierry-Rheims. There would be no meaning in countering an offensive thrust by a weight equal to that thrust. What it means is that from the eighth day of the offensive onwards the advance was held. In other words there has taken place here exactly what took place on a larger scale after the stroke of March 22nd, between Arras and St. Quentin, and after the second attack on April 9th, between La Bassée and Armentieres.

As one might expect, this third great German effort has features closely comparable to the other two. For instance, the first great German thrust, running its course in about ten days, was held upon a triangle, the two corners of the base of which were strongly defended at Arras and between St. Quentin and Noyon, but one of these corners by vigorous effort was enlarged down to Noyon. In the same way the second thrust, which was on a smaller scale, produced a triangular salient of almost exactly the same shape, firmly held at the La Bassée corner, but enlarged at the Armentieres corner. This last has produced its triangle firmly held at the Rheims corner but enlarged at the Soissons corner. The plan and its development have in each case





been exactly the same. A broken front: A rapid advance through the gap straight ahead: The rushing up of Allied troops to stop the movement upon either side, thus producing the triangle: Violent efforts by the enemy to enlarge himself, which result in the pushing back of one of the corners at the base of the triangle. At the end of the affair stabilisation.

In each case there have been very vigorous efforts made after stabilisation upon the part of the enemy to drive back one side of the triangle, or both. In this last great business all the weight of the enemy has been put into trying to push back the Western side of the salient he has created: It is in this effort he has lost most men, and it is here that the reaction against him has been most violent and successful.

It is important for an understanding of the battle to appreciate that the enemy has not, especially in the last of these three efforts, a pre-determined plan. That was a point which we insisted upon last week. The more he came to see that his new tactical method gave him the power to break a front, the more he trusted to merely breaking the chosen sector, and then following such fortunes as very rapid advance through the breach might give him.

Thus it is perfectly clear that he intended, if possible, to force the obstacle of the Marne, and that only on the failure to do so did he put his full weight against the West. The idea that he went up as far as the Marne, and then deliberately used it like the Oise in a former case as a flank guard for an advance west, will not hold water. He made the most determined efforts on June 1st, June 2nd, and June 3rd, to cross the river, and was fairly beaten. What is true in regard to the whole great business from April 4th onwards, is that he has a general thesis before him of reducing the Allied Armies by repeated blows all along the line, but of a particular strategic conception following after each success in creating a rupture of the Allied line there is no trace. There is no reason from his point of view why he should draw up any such particular plans. The great achievement is to break an organised front. That done, the fortunes of the masses pouring through afterwards must necessarily be left to developments upon the field.

If we follow in detail all round the new salient the gradually increasing counter pressure of the Allies from Monday, June 3rd, to Saturday, June 8th, inclusive, we shall discover that upon Tuesday, June 4th, came the lull or check to the enemy's general advance, which was followed by either his being held in most places, or actually pushed back. Tuesday, June 4th, was the end of the first great phase. It was after this date, Tuesday, June 4th, that he had to make up his mind whether he would pursue his advantage by throwing in further forces beyond the fifty divisions already used, or limit himself to the lines he had already established and use his dispensable margin elsewhere. He has decided, as we have seen, for the second policy, and has launched a fourth blow between Montdidier and Noyon.

On Monday, June 3rd, his second attempt to cross the Marne had failed, as we shall see in a later description of it. It was the attempt of Jaulgonne, following upon the failure

of the previous day at Chateau-Thierry. But on that day he had taken the dominating hill just west of Chateau-Thierry, which was so conspicuous an object above the valley of the Marne, and which is known to the French soldiers as Hill 204. He had pushed on past Monthiers to the valley of the Clignon Stream, in which lie Torcy and Bouresches. He had thrown the French back to the heights on the South of the Valley, and had got right forward to Veully La Poterie, in his furthest extension westward. At the same time he had enlarged his corner at Soissons, got right up on to the hills which dominate the town from the West, taken Chaudun, and approached the Villers Cotterets Forest, which is the great obstacle against him in this neighbourhood. During all that Monday the French just held him at Faverolles and, on the extreme north near Noyon, recovered the wooded hill called Choisy, which overlooks the crossing of the Oise.

Taking it all in all, this Monday, June 3rd, was a rapid and successful extension of the German effort westward, but was also the end of the first phase in the battle. For on June 4th, Tuesday, the re-action began to tell. A lull was noticed in the German infantry efforts, and with Wednesday, the 5th, everything changed. The offensive was halted and the enemy was beginning his plans for the new attack on the other side of the Noyon corner. The delay was precisely that of last April. In that month he broke, on the 4th, against the reorganised defence. He struck before Lille on the 9th, the same dates as mark this smaller June battle.

There was on that day a very violent enemy effort to cross the Oise just south of Noyon, but the French recovery of the Choisy Hill 48 hours before, caused that effort to fail at some expense. The French re-acted and gained a certain amount of ground north of the Aisne, and the last enemy thrust into the edge of the Forest of Villers-Cotterets failed. The edges of the wood were occupied for a moment, but afterwards completely cleared.

The enemy further marked the end of the first phase by summing up, as has been his habit after each of these great efforts of his, the toll in prisoners and guns. He claimed 55,000 prisoners and 650 pieces.

On Thursday the 6th, the Allied re-action became more marked, or the enemy cessation more clear, whichever way one cares to put it. On the east of the salient, Bligny village, which the enemy had carried, was partly re-occupied by the British, and the enemy attempt against Champlat was completely broken, while the French on the other side of the salient, that is on the west, advanced their line nearly 1000 yards, in the neighbourhood of Veully La Poterie.

On Friday the 7th, the full weight of the re-action appeared. Bligny was entirely re-occupied; the French advanced right past Veully La Poterie; American forces to their right got up to Torcy, and, mixed with the French, as far as and even beyond Bouresches. Most important of all, the great dominating hill known as Hill 204 above Chateau-Thierry, was recovered by the French upon that day. On the 8th, Saturday, a further French advance from Veully La Poterie reached Eloup.

The position upon the evening of that day, Saturday,

June 8th, the 13th day of the battle, the fourth of the Allied re-action, and the eve of the new attack along the Matz, north of Paris, was, running from north on the Oise near Noyon southward to the Marne, near Chateau-Thierry and then up north to Rheims, as follows:—

An attempt to enlarge the corner near Noyon by crossing the Oise east of Sempigny had failed. The dominating hill of Choisy overlooking the Oise Valley had been recovered by the French. The line thence ran in front of Moulin-sous-Tousvent to the Aisne at Port, just west of Fontenoy. It crosses the high table-land to the corner of the forest of Villers Cotterets, of which it forbade the entrance, ran down along the ravine of the Savieres all along the edge of the forest past Longpont and Corcy, covering Faverolles and Troesnes where the Savieres joins the Ourcq. Thence it turned a

corner, recapturing the valley marked by the villages, Eloup, Torcy, Bouresches, coming to the Marne at the recently conquered Hill 204 above Chateau-Thierry.¹ It followed the Marne eastward for a distance of about 12 or 14 miles to Verneuil, going past the point of Jaulgonne where the second attempt to cross the river had failed five days before. At Verneuil the line went up east of the main road to Rheims, backward against the great forest and hill group known as the "Mountain of Rheims." It covered Champlat, against which the enemy's attack had broken with very heavy loss, and, on the valley of the little river Ardre, it covered the dominating isolated promontory of Bligny, from which one overlooks all the Ardre valley, and the village below. Thence it carried on round Rheims, quite close to the town on every side, but still covering the ruins of that place.

Nature of the Crisis

THERE is some danger of public opinion misapprehending the nature of the very grave crisis through which the Allied cause is now passing. I do not say that there is a danger of its gravity being under-estimated, but of its nature being misunderstood, with consequences that might lead either to an exaggeration of our danger, great as it is, or, what would be still more unwise, an underestimate of it. It is essential now, as always, to get as exact a view as possible, and to be as much as possible in touch with reality. In order to do that, the very first thing for us to appreciate is that the enemy's new tactics permit of surprise.

How long this will be the case we do not know. We also may develop the element of surprise in some new form. All that is for the future. But for the moment the enemy has undoubtedly brought into the field this new factor. It has been reluctantly admitted, but now it must be admitted. The other thing which goes to make up our present strain is, of course, his numerical superiority. On that, I think, public opinion is quite clear, though perhaps its extent is not fully grasped. Monsieur Clémenceau spoke the other day publicly of an excess of 50 divisions. That was speaking in round numbers. There are probably upon the West to-day an excess of 46. But one can never be quite certain, because units on both sides are in movement, and there may still be some reinforcement for the enemy from the East. Since the enemy has presumably 206 divisions in the West, we are speaking, roughly, of his superiority over the Allies for the moment in a proportion of 25 per cent., the Allies are fighting in the proportion of rather more than 7 against 10.

But that is, I think, generally clear to the public mind. What it must also appreciate is this vital element of surprise. He used it fully on May 27th, the fore event in his last attack of Sunday, but he always has it ready.

For the first years of entrenched warfare after the Western line had become a siege line in the late autumn of 1914, it was a commonplace that surprise was no longer possible. The concentration of great masses of men and material in amounts never before known, coupled with the wholly novel form of intelligence provided by aircraft, had eliminated this capital element of success. For years it reappeared upon neither side.

In the East the enemy succeeded in piercing the Russian line at Gorlitz three years ago, not by surprise, but through his immense preponderance in material. He was highly industrialised, and the Russian State was not industrialised at all; so that once the war was seen to require a vast mechanical output from modern factories the Central Empires could indefinitely out-weapon the Russians.

But in the West, where industrial conditions grew more equal, there could be no such result; each party attempting to break the line failed because it was never possible to conceal concentration for attack. Neither the early German effort on the Yser, and at Arras, and at Ypres, nor the succeeding French effort in the Artois, nor the twin blows at Loos and in Champagne of September, 1915, nor the tremendous attack on Verdun from February to July, 1916, nor the great Somme battle of the later summer, nor the spring offensives of 1917, French and English, nor the succeeding great British movement which bears the name of Passchendaele succeeded in making a true breach by which rapid advance could pour through the opponent's lines, and (even though no decision was attained) could yet capture at one blow very great numbers of prisoners and guns, and compel a very deep retirement.

The first occasion on which a Western line was really broken in this sense was at Caporetto last autumn. Then came, as we know, the highly successful experiment with the tanks in front of Cambrai, but without the weight behind it to follow up.

The enemy's new tactic of surprise—that is, of concentration unobserved or not fully observed, or, at any rate, of massing very rapidly upon a particular point where there was an insufficient counter-concentration against him—appeared fully last March, and we then had a true breach in the Western line, which was only restored between 30 and 40 miles back after an immense offensive salient had been produced with its front pointing at Amiens. The attempt to use the new tactic for the enlargement of this salient and for the breaking of one of its corners failed. But another use of it on the north succeeded on the Lys, and produced the smaller pocket or salient east and south of Ypres. For both those enemy successes special causes could perhaps be discovered, but it was beginning to be clear that the element of surprise was the main feature. Now, since May 27th, on the front between Soissons and Rheims, it is clear to every one.

We must bear that well in mind if we are to understand the position in the next few months. It is this new element of surprise that will have to be mastered and countered while the element of numbers is being slowly turned to our advantage by the increase of the American contingents.

Comparative Losses

There is, of course, another element, so far a very uncertain one, but ultimately determinant of the whole affair, which is the comparative rate of loss. I have already dealt with that as fully as the evidence admitted in the case of the first great offensive and in the case of the second battle—that of the Lys.

The third case, the battle of the Tardenois, is one upon which we have as yet hardly any evidence at all, but we must beware of estimating the difference between the losses of offence and defence at a proportion as high as we could estimate it in the former cases. It is clear first that the general attack succeeded almost at once and, secondly, that it was followed by so very rapid an advance as argued no immediate power of causing during that advance grave loss to the assailant. The numerous prisoners lost by the Allies are definitive losses, and meanwhile, in the first stages of the action the only places where there was apparently serious excess of loss to the offensive were the two corners which held near Soissons and round Rheims. In the latter stages of the action it has been otherwise. The arrival of reinforcement, especially in machine-guns and artillery, the necessity under which the enemy was to attack in the open in order to defend and extend his flanks, the hampering of his communications after so rapid an advance, his use of perhaps 50 divisions, 41 of which have been identified in the heat of the action—all these meant presumably, after the first four days, a higher and increasing rate of loss to the offensive as compared with the defensive. It is mere conjecture, but that is how the very slight evidence available shapes itself.

As to the comparative rates of loss in the fourth attack, which is developing as we write, there is as yet (Monday, June 10) no evidence at all.

Another error against which we must guard ourselves is the error of false historical parallel, and in this case particularly the false parallel of the Marne.

Great errors have been committed by public opinion

through the use of historical parallels during this war. Of the two extremes in the use of historical parallels it is far better to exaggerate their use than to neglect it. Since there is no methodical study of history in our Universities and no study at all outside the Universities, save on the part of private individuals, the tendency is to follow historical parallel far too blindly in very well-known cases and to neglect altogether the great mass of less known cases.

A good example of this was to be seen during the Austro-German advance through Poland three years ago. Because Napoleon had invaded Russia and had thereby destroyed himself, people were perpetually comparing one campaign with the other. There was nothing in common. The Austro-German advance was undertaken with full and constant industrial supply against a force which had exhausted its industrial supply and could produce no more. It was an advance in line between the Bukovina and the Baltic. Napoleon's advance was an advance in column. It was a slow advance by repeated salients reduced. Napoleon's advance depended upon such rapidity as the means of that time commanded. When Napoleon reached the end of his effort at Moscow he had about one-tenth of his forces remaining directly under his command. His lines of communication were single or double; enormously extended and in terms of time might be measured as from one month to two. The Austro-German advance went not one-third of the way. Its lines of communication were in terms of time two or three days. Its forces in hand at the end of its efforts quite two-thirds of that with which it began them. Its communications were absolutely secure and rapid, and, above all, it fought at the end of its effort with all available modern weapons while its enemy was denuded of these. Even so, the Austro-German effort failed. It came to a standstill, though politically, and much later, it broke up under the strain what had been the Russian State. But, at any rate, there was never any parallel between this business and the business of 1812. You might as well try to discover a parallel between the affair of the Dardanelles and the Siege of Troy.

False Parallel of the Marne

Now after the latest German victory, something of the same sort is apparent. Because the word "Marne" has come up again in the Press, one has acres of stuff written upon the supposed parallel between 1914 and 1918. Chateau-Thierry, where the enemy failed to cross on the night of June 1st, is on the Marne. Jaulgonne, where the Americans destroyed their attempt to cross again two days later, is on the Marne. The enemy exploitation of his success upon the 27th of May, north of the Aisne, reached the Marne. The word "Marne" therefore, is used much as the word "Russia" was used in the first case. It suggests a parallel. No parallel exists.

In the battle of the Marne in 1914 the enemy came on in superior numbers, but with an open flank, in the attempt to finish the war at once, and under an erroneous impression of our Allied concentration. He thought we were most of us in the East. He therefore left his Western flank open, and suffered a defeat. He had somewhat over 70 divisions, a number quite insufficient to hold a complete line to the sea, and it was on that very account that an open flank existed. He was marching without any thought of entrenchment for the moment. The Allies were retiring without any appreciable use of entrenchment either. The whole thing was manœuvre and manœuvre, with plenty of ground.

The great action of to-day is not manœuvre, but the breach of works. It is conducted by a force the total of which is over 200 divisions, and, even allowing for the shrinking of the establishment in a division, it is more than double what was at work in 1914. It presents no flank. It is but one of a series of violent and successful batterings-in of that defensive wall in the west which the Allies must attempt to maintain, until the balance of numbers is redressed by the appearance of sufficient American forces.

The two situations—1914 and 1918—are as different as the difference between fencing and wrestling. They are as different as the difference between the reduction of a fortress and a fight in the open field. They are as different as the difference between heading off a quarry, and meeting that quarry with a weapon.

What we have to consider in the present situation is plainly the chances of a numerical inferior struggling against the continued pressure of a numerical superior, who exercises that pressure with continued emphasis in point after point, and with the object of making it dominant within a given time. The Allies are numerically inferior. Clémenceau has said they are inferior by about 50 divisions, which is a round

number. Let us call it 46, which is pretty well exact. Their inferiority is due entirely and uniquely to the disappearance of the Russian State under political and financial influences, which it will be interesting to describe, years hence, but which are, for the purposes of this battle, mere past history.

American Units

As against the West the Central Empires were always numerically superior, and even vastly superior. The balancing power of Russia having disappeared, the West fights against enormous odds, and is, so long as those odds remain, on the defensive. The odds can be redressed, unless the enemy achieves his decision first, by the appearance of America in the field to a degree of force which shall redress the balance. As yet, even by the embrigading of American units, the new factor does not come near to redressing the balance. It will be a matter of from four to six months. Within that four or six months the Austrians and the Germans must win or lose.

The embrigading of the American units with French and British divisions was an exceedingly important and statesmanlike decision. What it means is this: That instead of the American divisions fighting under their own leaders and as a separate army, with all the advantage in prestige and honour attaching to such independent action, battalions, and even smaller units, such as machine-gun companies, etc., have been put under the command of French and British divisional generals and fed into the general Allied forces. This has been done on account of the sudden and terrible strain imposed upon our lesser numbers since the German attack of March 21st. It has been very wisely done. For if the Allies had had to wait until the American force had developed as a whole, the battle might, in the interval, have been lost.

Not only was the judgment wise, and the self-sacrifice in the highest degree patriotic and chivalrous, but the event has given it more than a sufficient excuse. The presence of American units thus scattered among the French and British forces has been of immediate weight. They have the advantage of zeal, of industry, of a very sincere desire to acquire these novel lessons of war, of rapid perfection, especially in technical things and of simple and direct will. I myself saw and heard in one of their principal artillery camps the effect of all these moral things, and could judge them from what their Allies and instructors said of them a month before the offensive began.

The work of these American units now mixed in with the Allied divisions promiscuously has appeared in many fields, but there are three points this week where they may be especially studied.

Those three points are Chateau-Thierry, where the enemy made his determined attempt to force the Marne obstacle on June 1st and June 2nd; Jaulgonne, where he made his second very determined but equally futile attempt on June 3rd; and the valley of the Clignon, where the Franco-American forces counter-attacked with conspicuous success on June 6th.

In the first case, it was largely by the help of the American machine-gun section that in the street fighting in that part of the town which lies south of the river the attempt to cross was held after the main stone bridge had been blown up and the pontoon bridges alone remained.

The old three-arched stone bridge of Chateau-Thierry had remained intact, though, of course, mined by the French engineers, while the Germans poured across after their successful occupation of the northern bank at 9 o'clock in the evening of Saturday, June 1st. They also threw pontoon bridges across the 150 yards of river. The idea that they meant to stop at the Marne "according to plan" and that they then turned westward (as, in fact, they did), also "according to plan," is nonsense. They made every possible preparation for forcing the Marne and going on southward. When their first thousand had got across the stone bridge, while other columns were pouring across the pontoon bridges and while a strong column was still in march across the stone bridge, the latter was blown up. But the numbers of Germans already across the river and pressing forward by the pontoons was so large that the Franco-American forces in the town to the south were very hard pressed. The situation was saved in great measure by the excellence of the newly trained American machine-gunners. These, with their French comrades, threw back the forces on the left bank of the river, shot down great numbers pouring back over the bridges, and checked the whole affair. They were instrumental in preventing the crossing of the Marne when that feat was apparently most possible, June 1st and June 2nd—that is, before the Allies had time to bring up sufficient stopping power,

and while there was yet a chance of the enemy's continuing his tide southward.

Jaulgonne was the second and almost equally conspicuous example of our advantage in the growing American aid, though that aid is, as yet, confined to comparatively small units. It was again the American machine-gunners who, according to the French dispatches, must principally be praised for the result.

Just as the main road and crossing is by Chateau-Thierry, so the second road and crossing are at Jaulgonne. There are even at Jaulgonne better geographical opportunities for crossing than at Chateau-Thierry. There is here a great bend of the river northward, nearly 3,000 yards deep by not much more than two and a half thousand across. The southern or defending side is flat, and dominated by abrupt and high hills upon the northern side, which aid the crossing.

The fire of the enemy from the north attempting the crossing can converge everywhere upon the flat floor below within the bend. This floor carries the main railway from Paris to the east, with the railway station in the middle of the plain on the edge of the southern rise.

The active force at the head of the body destined by the enemy to cross the river here was the 175th Regiment. I am inclined to believe that a crossing was scheduled to be made here at the same time as at Chateau-Thierry, although the attempt was made twenty-four hours afterwards on Monday, June 3rd. There could not have been time for a mere afterthought. Everything had been carefully prepared. The funny old suspension bridge at Jaulgonne (which many of my readers must have seen from the train on their way from Paris eastward) had, of course, been blown up. I have seen no account of this, but I take it for granted.

Meanwhile, the enemy had come down to the water's edge with apparatus long prepared for the crossing of the Marne: narrow bridges formed like extensible ladders, supported by small floats, and taking two men abreast. Their converging fire from the heights round the bend, coupled with the smallness of the numbers that could be gathered for the moment to oppose them, permitted the crossing of the river. No less than 22 of these light bridges were thrown across. About a battalion of the three battalions of the 175th of the German Line was poured into the horseshoe flat to form a bridge-head, behind which the mass of the army could follow, and the fortified front of this bridge-head was to be the station into which a company was put with half a dozen machine-guns, while the rest followed on. The French counter-attack was organised at once. There was nothing ready but cavalry, which attempted to rush the station, and was badly checked by the machine-guns. A small body of French infantry, which was trying to get round the station by the right, was temporarily held up by the enemy. But immediately afterwards a company of American machine-gunners arrived, both drew and mastered the fire of the Germans in the station, and gave the opportunity for the French infantry to work round by the right, and the bridge-head was



French Official

General Foch

the outskirts of Chateau-Thierry. At Veully, on the extreme left, and on Hill 204, overlooking Chateau-Thierry on the extreme right, the work was entirely French, and does not, for the moment, concern me. But the work in the centre, in front of Torcy, was largely American, and there was here an advance down the slopes and through the small woods of nearly a mile. The moment has an historical significance as great as those of the crossings of the Marne, but of another kind. For the first time in this great campaign, American infantry in considerable numbers have engaged in an offensive action, and have gone forward.

Postscript

Tuesday morning, June 11th.

The dispatches of Monday night show that the enemy has succeeded in turning the main part of the Lassigny Massif, and thus mastering the principal natural obstacle between himself and the Oise River above Compiègne. He has been fighting on a front of some 12 divisions or more, and has been renewing that front at the rate of 5 or 6 divisions a day. He has therefore put in over 20 divisions in the first forty-eight hours—perhaps even 24 or 25. But we must remember that the front involves a much smaller proportion of his total available force than did the main offensive of two months ago, and that if he puts in his full 50 available divisions for this action alone he has materials for a very prolonged effort, before the close of which he could recruit and send in again units already used.

Notice

THE Board of Trade having forbidden distribution of newspapers "on sale or return" on or after June 24th, LAND & WATER after the issue of June 20 will be obtainable to order only. We particularly request all our readers who have not already done so to place an order for regular delivery with their newsagents, or to fill in the subscription form which accompanies this issue.

destroyed. Of the thousand men or so who had already crossed, all but perhaps sixty or seventy disappeared. A few got away by swimming. Two boat-loads reached the northern shore without being sunk. One hundred surrendered near the station, and the attempt to establish a bridge-head south of the Marne failed.

This small action is exceedingly significant. It proves the long-prepared plan of crossing the Marne, the well-calculated moment, for it would be apparently impossible for the Allies to bring up their men in strength in time to prevent such a crossing: above all, the great value of the comparatively small American units thus rapidly embroiled with the French.

The third example I have taken is three days later, and consists in the advance, not of American machine-gunners this time, but of American infantry, supported by machine-guns, at Torcy on Thursday, June 6th. On that day the whole Allied line advanced from Veully La Poterie to

The Turkish Conspiracy—V

Secret History of the Potsdam Conference, July 5, 1914

Narrated by Mr. Morgenthau, late American Ambassador in Constantinople



The Bosphorus—Key to the Black Sea

This photograph is taken from the Asiatic side, and shows the narrowest part of the Bosphorus

THE following is Mr. Morgenthau's full narrative of the famous Potsdam Conference of July 5th, 1914, excerpts from which were cabled the other day to the "Times" and other London journals from New York. Berlin has frequently denied that this Conference took place, but the evidence Mr. Morgenthau produces establishes the truth of it for all time. It was at this Conference that the Kaiser and his advisers decided on a European War. They calculated it would be a short war, in that their plans and preparations to surprise Europe were complete. Until the battle of the Marne they felt certain of their success. This chapter of Mr. Morgenthau's narrative is an historical document. It convicts Germany of blood-guiltiness; it reveals Germany's ambitions before the war. Some of these, notably the demand for coaling-stations "everywhere," have only recently been made public. Never have Teuton ambitions been exposed more nakedly.

A few weeks after the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* had taken up permanent headquarters in the Bosphorus, Djavid Bey, Minister of Finance, happened to meet a distinguished Belgian jurist, then in Constantinople.

"I have terrible news for you," said the sympathetic Turkish statesman. "The Germans have captured Brussels."

The Belgian, a huge figure, more than six feet high, put his arm soothingly upon the shoulder of the diminutive Turk.

"I have even more terrible news for you," he said, pointing out to the stream where the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* lay anchored. "The Germans have captured Turkey."

But there was one quarter in which this transaction produced no appreciable gloom. This was the German Embassy. This great "success" fairly intoxicated the impressionable Wangenheim, and other happenings now aroused his *furor Teutonicus* to a fever heat. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* arrived at just about the time that the Germans captured Liège, Namur, and other Belgian towns. Then followed the German sweep into France and the apparently triumphant rush to Paris. In all these happenings Wangenheim, like the militant Prussian that he was, saw the fulfilment of a forty-years' dream. We were all still living in the summer Embassies along the Bosphorus. Germany had a sumptuous palace, with elaborate buildings and a beautiful park, the gift of the Sultan; but Wangenheim did not seem to enjoy his headquarters during these summer days.

Directly in front of his Embassy, on the street, within twenty feet of the rushing Bosphorus, stood a little guard house, and in front of this was a stone bench. This bench was properly a resting-place for the guard, but Wangenheim seemed to have a strong liking for it. I shall always keep

in my mind the figure of this German diplomat, in those exciting days before the Marne, sitting out on this little bench, now and then jumping up for a stroll back and forth in front of his house. Everybody passing from Constantinople to the northern suburbs had to pass this road. Even the Russian and French diplomats frequently went by, stiffly ignoring, of course, the triumphant ambassadorial figure on his stone bench. I sometimes think that Wangenheim sat there for the express purpose of puffing his cigar smoke in their direction. It all reminded me of the scene in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," where Tell sits in the mountain pass, with bow and arrow at his side, waiting for Gessler, to go by:

Here through this deep defile he needs must pass;
There leads no other road to Kussnacht.

Wangenheim would also buttonhole his friends, or those whom he regarded as his friends, and have his little jollifications over German victories. I noticed that he stationed himself there only when the German armies were winning; if news came of a reverse, Wangenheim was utterly invisible. This led me to remark that he reminded me of a toy weather-prophet, which is always outside the box when the weather is fine, but which retires within when storms are gathering. Wangenheim appreciated my little joke as keenly as the rest of the diplomatic set.

In those early days, however, the weather for the German Ambassador was distinctly favourable. The good fortune of the German armies so excited him that he was sometimes led into indiscretions, and his exuberance one day caused him to tell me certain facts which, I think, will always have great historical value. He disclosed precisely how and when Germany had precipitated this war. To-day his revelation of this secret looks like a most monstrous indiscretion, but we

must remember Wangenheim's state of mind at the time. The whole world then believed that Paris was doomed; Wangenheim kept saying that the war would be over in two or three months. The whole German enterprise was evidently progressing according to programme.

I have already mentioned that the German Ambassador left for Berlin soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and he now revealed the cause of his sudden disappearance. The Kaiser, he told me, had summoned him to Berlin for an imperial conference. *This meeting took place at Potsdam on July 5th. The Kaiser presided.* Nearly all the Ambassadors attended; Wangenheim came to represent Turkey and enlighten his associates on the situation in Constantinople. Moltke, then Chief of Staff, was there, representing the army, and Admiral von Tirpitz spoke for the navy. The great bankers, railroad directors, and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war preparations as the army itself, also attended.

Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn. Was he ready for war? All replied "Yes," except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. At that time few people had looked upon the Sarajevo tragedy as something that was likely to cause war. This conference took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused. It decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht, von Bethmann-Hollweg left for a rest, and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople.

In telling me about this conference, Wangenheim, of course, admitted that Germany had precipitated the war. I think that he was rather proud of the whole performance; proud that Germany had gone about the matter in so methodical and far-seeing a way; especially proud that he himself had been invited to participate in so momentous a gathering. The several blue, red, and yellow books which flooded Europe the few months following the outbreak, and the hundreds of documents which were issued by German propaganda attempting to establish Germany's innocence, never made any impression on me. For my conclusions as to the responsibility are not based on suspicions or belief or the study of circumstantial data. I do not have to reason or argue about the matter. *I know.*

The conspiracy that caused this greatest of human tragedies was hatched by the Kaiser and his imperial crew at this Potsdam Conference on July 5th, 1914.

One of the chief participants, flushed with his triumph at the apparent success of the plot, told me the details with his own mouth. Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting. Why waste any time discussing the matter, after that?

This Imperial Conference took place on July 5th; the Serbian ultimatum was sent on July 22nd. That is just about the two weeks' interval which the financiers had demanded to complete their plans. All the great Stock Exchanges of the world show that the German bankers profitably used this interval. Their records disclose that stocks were being sold in large quantities and that prices declined rapidly. At that time the markets were somewhat puzzled at this movement; Wangenheim's explanation clears up any doubts that may still remain. Germany was changing her securities into cash, for war purposes. If any one wishes to verify Wangenheim, I would suggest that he examine the quotations of the New York Stock Market for these two historic weeks. He will find that there were astonishing lumps in quotations, especially on the stocks that had an international market. Between July 5th and July 22nd, Union Pacific dropped from 155½ to 127½, Baltimore and Ohio from 91½ to 81, United States Steel from 61 to 50½, Canadian Pacific from 194 to 185½, and Northern Pacific from 111½ to 108.

Wangenheim not only gave me the details of this Potsdam conference, but he disclosed the same secret to the Marquis Garroni, the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople. Italy was at that time technically Germany's ally.

The Austrian Ambassador, the Marquis Pallavicini, also practically admitted that the Central Powers had precipitated the war. On August 18th, Francis Joseph's birthday, I made the usual ambassadorial visit of congratulation. Quite naturally, the conversation turned upon the Emperor, who had that day passed his 84th year. Pallavicini spoke about him with the utmost pride and veneration. He told me how

keen-minded and clear-headed the aged Emperor was; how he had the most complete understanding of international affairs, and gave everything his personal supervision. To illustrate the Austrian Kaiser's grasp of public events, Pallavicini instanced the present war. The previous May, Pallavicini had had an audience with Francis Joseph in Vienna. At that time, Pallavicini told me, the Emperor had said that a European war was unavoidable. The Central Powers would not accept the Treaty of Bucharest as a settlement of the Balkan question, and only a general war, the Emperor had told Pallavicini, could ever settle that problem. The Treaty of Bucharest, I may recall, was the settlement that ended the Second Balkan War. This divided the European dominions of the Balkan States, excepting Constantinople and a small piece of adjoining territory, among the Balkan nations, chiefly Serbia and Greece. That treaty strengthened Serbia greatly; so much did it increase Serbia's resources, indeed, that Austria feared that it had laid the beginning of a new European State that might grow sufficiently strong to resist her own plans of aggrandisement. Austria held a large Serbian population under her yoke in Bosnia and Herzegovina; these Serbians desired, above everything else, annexation to their own country.

The Pan-German plans in the East necessitated the destruction of Serbia, the State, which, so long as it stood intact, blocked the Germanic road to the East. It had been the Austro-German expectation that the Balkan War would destroy Serbia as a nation—that Turkey would simply annihilate King Peter's forces. This was precisely what the Germanic plans demanded, and for this reason Austria and Germany did nothing to prevent the Balkan wars. But the result was exactly the reverse; out of the conflict arose a stronger Serbia than ever, standing firm like a breakwater against the Germanic path. Most historians agree that the Treaty of Bucharest made inevitable this war. I have the Marquis Pallavicini's evidence that this was likewise the opinion of Francis Joseph himself. The audience at which the Emperor made this statement was held in May, more than a month before the assassination of the Grand Duke. Clearly, therefore, the war would have come irrespective of the calamity at Sarajevo. That merely served as the convenient pretext for the war upon which the Central Empires had already decided.

All through that eventful August and September Wangenheim continued his almost irresponsible behaviour—now blandly boastful, now depressed, always nervous and high-strung, ingratiating to an American like myself, spiteful and petty toward the representatives of the enemy Powers. He was always displaying his anxiety and impatience by sitting on the bench, that he might be within two or three minutes' quicker access to the wireless communications that were sent him from Berlin via the *Corcovado*. He would never miss an opportunity to spread the news of victories; several times he adopted the unusual course of coming to my house unannounced, to tell me of the latest developments and to read me extracts from messages he had just received. He was always apparently frank, even indiscreet.

I remember his distress the day that England declared war. He always professed a great admiration for England, and especially for America. "There are only three great countries," he would say over and over again, "Germany, England, and the United States. We three should get together; then we could rule the world." This enthusiasm for the British Empire suddenly cooled when that Power decided to defend her treaty pledges and declared war. Wangenheim had said that the conflict would be a short one; Sedan Day (September 2nd) would be celebrated in Paris. But on August 5th, I called at his Embassy, and found him more than usually agitated and serious. Baroness Wangenheim, a tall, handsome woman, was sitting in the room, reading her mother's memoirs of the war of 1870. Both regarded the news from England as almost a personal grievance; what impressed me most was Wangenheim's utter failure to understand England's motives. "It's mighty poor politics on her part!" he exclaimed over and over again. His attitude was precisely the same as that of Bethmann-Hollweg with the "scrap of paper."

I was out for a stroll on August 26th, and happened to meet the German Ambassador. He began to talk as usual about the German victories in France; the German armies, he said, would be in Paris within a week. The deciding factor in this war, he said, would be the Krupp artillery:

"And remember that this time we are making war. And we shall make it *rucksichtslos* (without any consideration). We shall not be hampered as we were in 1870. Then Queen Victoria, the Tsar, and Francis Joseph interfered and persuaded us to spare Paris. But there is no one to interfere now. We

shall move to Berlin all the Parisian art treasures that belong to the State, just as Napoleon took Italian art works to France."

It is quite evident that the battle of the Marne saved Paris from the fate of Louvain.

So confidently did Wangenheim expect an immediate victory that he began to discuss the terms of peace. Germany would demand of France, he said, after defeating her armies, that she completely demobilise and pay an indemnity. "France now," said Wangenheim, "can settle for £1,000,000,000; but if she persists in continuing the war, she will have to pay £4,000,000,000."

He told me that Germany would demand harbours and coaling stations "everywhere." At that time, judging from Wangenheim's statements, Germany was not looking so much for new territory as for great commercial advantages. She was determined to be the great merchant nation; and for this she must have free harbours, the Bagdad railroad, and extensive rights in South America and Africa. Wangenheim said that Germany did not desire any more territory in which the populations did not speak German; they had had all of that kind of trouble they wanted in Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, and other non-German countries. This statement certainly sounds interesting now, in view of recent happenings in Russia. He did not mention England in speaking of Germany's demand for coaling stations and harbours; he must have had England in mind, however, for what other nation could have given them to Germany "everywhere"?

If England attempted to starve Germany, said Wangenheim, Germany's response would be a simple one: she would starve France. At that time, we must remember, Germany expected to have Paris within a week; and she believed that this would ultimately give her control of the whole country. It was evidently the German plan, as understood by Wangenheim, to hold this nation as a pawn for England's behaviour, a kind of hostage on a gigantic scale, and, should England gain any military or naval advantage, Germany would attempt to counter-attack by torturing the whole French people. At that moment German soldiers were murdering innocent Belgians in return for the alleged misbehaviour of other Belgians, and evidently Germany had planned to apply this principle to whole nations as well as to individuals.

All through this and other talks, Wangenheim showed the greatest animosity to Russia.

"We've got our foot on Russia's corn," he said, "and we propose to keep it there."

By this he must have meant that Germany had sent the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to the Dardanelles and so controlled the situation in Constantinople. The old Byzantine capital, said Wangenheim, was the prize which a victorious Russia would demand, and her lack of an all-the-year-round port in warm waters was Russia's tender spot—her "corn." At this time Wangenheim boasted that Germany had 174 German gunners at the Dardanelles, that the strait could be closed in less than thirty minutes, and that Souchon, the German admiral, had informed him that the straits were impregnable. "We shall not close the Dardanelles, however," he said, "unless England attacks them." Even then, two months before Turkey had entered the war, Germany had prepared the fortifications for the naval attack that England ultimately made. "The Dardanelles are defended as effectively as Cuxhaven," said Wangenheim.

At that time England, although she had declared war on Germany, had played no conspicuous part in the military operations; her "contemptible little army" was making its heroic retreat from Mons. Wangenheim entirely discounted England as an enemy. *It was the German intention, he said, to place their big guns at Calais, and throw their shells across the English Channel to the English coast towns.* That Germany would not have Calais within the next ten days did not occur to him as a possibility. In this and other conversations at about the same time, Wangenheim laughed at the idea that England could create a large independent army. "The idea is preposterous," he said. "It takes

generations of militarism to produce anything like the German Army. We have been building it up for two hundred years. It takes thirty years of constant training to produce such generals as we have. Our army will always maintain its organisation. We have 500,000 recruits reaching military age every year, and we cannot possibly lose that number, so that our army will be kept intact."

A few weeks later civilisation was outraged by the German bombardment of English coast towns, such as Scarborough and Hartlepool. This was no sudden German inspiration; it was part of their carefully considered plans. Wangenheim told me, on September 6th, 1914, that Germany intended to bombard all English harbours, so as to stop the food supply.

It is also apparent that German ruthlessness against American sea trade was no sudden decision of von Tirpitz, for, on this same date, the German Ambassador to Constantinople told me that it would be very dangerous for the United States to send ships to England.



An Imperial Palace on the Bosphorus

Photograph taken from the *Scorpion*, the American guardship at Constantinople

In those August and September days Germany had no intention of precipitating Turkey immediately into the war. As I had a deep interest in the welfare of the Turkish people and in maintaining peace, I telegraphed Washington asking if I might use my influence to keep Turkey neutral. I received a reply that I might do this, provided that I made my representations unofficially and purely upon humanitarian

grounds. As the English and the French Ambassadors were exerting all their effort to keep Turkey neutral, I knew that my intervention in the same interest would not displease the British Government. Germany, however, might regard any interference on my part as an unneutral act, and I asked Wangenheim if there could be any objection from that source. His reply somewhat surprised me, though I saw through it soon afterward.

"Not at all," he said. "Germany desires, above all, that Turkey shall remain neutral."

Undoubtedly Turkey's policy at that moment fitted in with German plans. Wangenheim was every day increasing his ascendancy over the Turkish Cabinet, and Turkey was then pursuing the course that best served the German aims. Her policy was keeping the Entente on tenterhooks; it never knew from day to day where Turkey stood, whether she would remain neutral or join Germany.

I am speaking of the period just before the Marne, when Germany expected to defeat France and Russia with the aid of her ally, Austria, and thus obtain a victory that would have enabled her to dictate the future of Europe. Should Turkey at that time be actually engaged in military operations, she could do no more toward bringing about this victory than she was doing now, by keeping idle and useless considerable Russian and English forces. But should Germany win this easy victory with Turkey's aid, she might find her new ally an embarrassment. Turkey could demand compensation—probably the return of Egypt, perhaps the recession of Balkan territories. Such readjustments would have interfered with the Kaiser's plans, and he wanted Turkey as an active ally only in case he did not win his speedily anticipated triumph.

Wangenheim was playing a waiting game, making Turkey a potential German ally, strengthening her army and navy, and preparing to use her, whenever the moment arrived for using her, to the best advantage. If Germany could not win the war without Turkey's aid, Germany was prepared to take her in as an ally; if she could win without Turkey, then she would not have to pay the Turk for his co-operation. Meanwhile, the sensible course was to keep her prepared in case the Turkish forces became essential to German success.

Next week we shall publish Mr. Morgenthau's account of the arrival of the "Goeben" and "Breslau" at the Golden Horn, and of the events that immediately ensued. His daughter and son-in-law actually witnessed the fight between these ships and H.M.S. "Gloucester."

“Suddenly—!” : By Lewis R. Freeman, R.N.V.R.

IF there is one word which recurs oftener than another in the present-day sailor's tale of what has befallen him, it is “suddenly!”

Naval life in the North Sea would be comic in the swiftness of its transitions—if it was not so tragic. Perhaps, indeed, it is the sombre background against which they stand out which makes the flashes of comedy seem the more comic, like an incident in connection with the torpedoing of a cruiser I was told of a few days ago.

“It was not so long after Christmas,” said the one of the half-dozen surviving officers who told me the story, “and there were a few of the festal decorations stuck up here and there, mostly wreaths of holly and mistletoe sent from home. Eight or ten of us were sitting in the ward-room after dinner, having a bit of a sing-song to the music of the staff-surgeon's mandolin and the engineer-commander's guitar. The “mouldie” hit us full and fair amidships, and exploded with a thud that made itself felt in the ward-room with a sort of convulsive jerk.

“Everything loose flew off on a tangent, among them being a curtain-pole and a wreath of holly. The curtain went into a heap on the deck, but the wreath—by the freakiest of coincidences—made a fair ringer of the P.M.O.'s curly pate. He was a chap with a hair-trigger sense of humour and a nose for scenting the ridiculous that was almost sublime. Clapping the prickly garland on his brow at an even more rakish angle than it had landed at, he threw down his mandolin, draped the fallen curtain over his shoulders like a Roman toga, and seized the poker of the empty tile stove. Recovering, with a quick grab, the mandolin from beneath the divan, where it had rolled, he tucked it under his chin like a violin, and began sawing violently across its protesting strings with the poker as a bow. Swaying undulantly from the waist like a virtuoso, he began shouting at the top of his voice: ‘Nero fiddling while Rome is burning! Christians take cover! Thumbs down! Thumbs down!’ We were hard hit, and the most of us realised it was only a matter of minutes before she went down; but I don't think there was a man of us that wasn't laughing as he made for the door. I could laugh yet at the mere thinking of it if it wasn't for the fact that—that the P.M.O. was not in any of the boats that were picked up by the destroyers a couple of hours later. The last I remember of him was seeing him brush off the holly wreath and make after us for the door, the ‘toga’ slipping down about his heels, and the mandolin and poker grasped in either hand. He headed for'ard—he always thought to look after a chap with a twisted knee he had been treating in the sick bay—and no one ever recalled seeing him on the upper deck. The “mouldie” shored us right open, and it wasn't ten minutes between the time poor — was playing Nero, and when—for the ship, for him and for a couple of hundred others—it was ‘Thumbs down!’ in dead earnest.”

Swift Transition

There was another instance of a swift transition which I recall, in which the tragedy was unilluminated with even a flash of comic relief. One evening during a fortnight which I spent upon a certain famous battleship a young captain from the destroyer flotilla came aboard to dine with a former shipmate. Tall, slender, dark, and with that magnetic winsomeness so characteristic of a certain type of Celt, he impressed me as one of the most attractive and thoroughly likable personalities I had ever met. He told me—with all modesty, but yet with singular effectiveness—destroyer yarns in which he or some of his friends had figured, and ended by extending me a hearty invitation to “come out for a jaunt” on his “little pet” some day.

Almost immediately after dinner he asked for a boat to return to his flotilla anchorage, saying that there was a probability that he would be getting away on some kind of a stunt before morning. They held him over for two or three songs, which he sang to his own accompaniment. “Nirvana” and “Aileen Alanah.” I remember especially the latter, vibrant with that haunting appeal which only an Irishman can put into it. He renewed his invitation for me to “join him for a jaunt some day” the last thing before he disappeared down the wriggling Jacob's ladder to the bobbing picket-boat.

It was about noon the next day that the officer of the day lounged into an easy chair by the fire and remarked—in the usual casual ward-room manner—that a signal had been

picked up saying that a destroyer was pounding to pieces on the rocks somewhere “outside,” and that some mine-sweeping sloops, sent to its assistance, were just passing through the booms. There was no particular discussion of an event which, if not quite an everyday happening, was still frequent enough not to arouse more than passing comment. “Hope all hands were saved,” and “Can't afford to lose destroyers nowadays” (comments which I had heard on half a dozen similar occasions), were all that I recall being made on this one. The more imminent interest of luncheon put an end to further speculation. That evening there was word that the destroyer was a total loss, and that only one man—found half-frozen in a niche of a cliff—had been saved.

Back on my own ship a fortnight later, an interval of three or four days, with nothing specially to do, brought to my mind the invitation I had received from the young Irish lieutenant-commander to pay him a visit on his destroyer, and I started making inquiries as to how I could get in touch with him. “You'll save time and trouble by taking a boat, going over to the destroyer anchorage, and looking your man up in person,” some one suggested. “What did you say his name was?”

“K—,” I answered; “he commands the ‘X—.’”
 “You won't find either of them, then,” was the quiet reply. “K— was lost when his destroyer piled up on the rocks—Skerries, I believe—about the first of the month. Going out in the night, and probably caught in a bad tide-rip, and lost bearings in a snow storm. Only man saved half-crazy; can't shed any light at all on what happened. Rotten place, that neck of the Pentlands, where the tides play ‘Ring-a-ring of roses.’ Destroyer men call it the ‘Hell Hole.’ Beach paved as thick with wreckage—some of it dating back to the time of the Vikings—as the other place by the same name is with ‘good intentions.’ Knew K— well. Shipmates with him on the old ‘A—.’ One of the best. Ever hear him sing ‘Nirvana?’”

“He sang it the night I met him at dinner on the ‘—,’” I answered, “and, from what you have told me, I should judge it must have been the last time he had a chance to sing it before the snowstorm, the tide-rip, and the Pentland Skerries conspired to advance him one more rung up the ladder toward the peace of his own Nirvana.”

A Destroyer Yarn

Then there was the story the Cockney lad on the after searchlight platform told me one night when the ship was wallowing in a mid-winter gale somewhere off the coast of Norway. The darkness was inky, Stygian, giving a queer suggestion of “palpability” that almost impelled one to lift one's hand and try to brush it aside like a curtain that had brushed one's face. Ahead and astern the other battleships of the division were blotted to blankness in the night, but abeam to starboard, a tremulous dusky greyness in the enshrouding capacity indicated where a screening destroyer, labouring in the lock-step of the mighty seas, was wrestling like a game but weary terrier with a bone in its teeth. The very consciousness of that eyeball-searing shaft of searchlight, on tap at the turn of a lever, seemed to make the blackness all the blacker.

Sheltering from the wind in the lee of the searchlight, my companion showed me how—by closing the eyes for several seconds and then opening them suddenly, with the hollowed hands shading them like looking through binoculars—the never-so-faint glow that sometimes hovered above the destroyer's funnels could be fixed.

“That there woggly shiver,” he said, leaning close, and indicating with outstretched hand the fluttering halo dancing on the curtain of the night, “is when they's feedin' 'er with more oil, an' the light has a streak o' smoke to play agin. An' that blinkin' shadow jumpin' up 'gainst the light ev'ry li'l while—d'yu twig wot that ritely is? No. That's the top o' a big sea loomin' up higher'n 'er funnels. W'en you 'gins to see that semi-clipse like, take it from me it's jolly well time they eased 'er down. If they keeps drivin' 'er at much more'n half-speed into 'ead seas—seas like them wot's gittin' up now—ten to one somethin' goin' to carry 'way, and even money somethin' worse may pay for it.”

“Like what, for instance?” I queried, taking up the slack in the hood of my “lammy” coat, and buttoning down a yawning sleeve that was scooping an uncomfortable amount of brine-laden wind.

“Like wot 'appen'd to the blinkin' ol' Owl w'en I was a-

stokin' 'board 'er,' he replied, beginning to follow my lead in the matter of snugging down against the weather.

"We wus far from cushy ev'n cork-screwin' long wi' the wind an' seas on our quart'r, for she was do'in a doubl' back-shun shuffle fit to shake yer teeth loose. She wus yawin' like a hook'd porpus; but, still, she wus we'therin' it, which wus mor'n she wus up to w'en they 'gan puttin' 'er inter it. Jest wot they did it fer I nev'r ritely know'd, but sud'nly the 'elch wus shov'd 'ard ov'r, an' roun' she spun, rite roun' without slackin' a rev'lushun o' the enguns wot wus drivin' 'er at mor'n twenty knots.

"It must'a bin like divin' thru' a long green tunn'l fer them wot wus 'bove decks; only mos' o' 'em nev'r cum out at tother end. The bridge, boats, forrard gun, torpedo toobs, two o' the funnels—all went inter the drink. The one funnel wot held was knocked almost flat on the deck. One minnit she wus a middlin' modern destroyer tearin' 'long in the night; the next she wus a 'elpless 'ulk rollin' drunk in the trof o' the sea, without steam, steerin'-gear, boats, an' armaments, an' only 'arf 'er 'orficers.

"I tells you this, sir; like as I'd seed it all. Fact is, I've nev'r clapp'd eye on the ol' Owl—not on all or any part o' 'er from just afore that big sea bashed ov'r 'er to this day. I fergot to tell you, sir, that she wus one o' the old coal burners. I wus balancin' wi' a shovel o' coal I had jest scooped up an' watchin' my chances fer to cluck it inter the furnis, w'en I felt 'er 'gin to rise like w'en she clim'ed a 'eavy sea. Then there wus a 'orrible smash, an' she stops clim'in', an' starts to shudder all ov'r like a frit'en'd pup. Then there wus a bangin' on the deck an' the roar o' water comin' down, an' rite arter that a sort o' hiss'n' explosion. I wus already keelin' sideways, an' it wus that an' the rush o' steam that slammed me 'gainst the sta'bo'rd bunkers. Goin' down in a heap in a knee-deep wash o' coal an' hot water, an' the rush o' sizzlin' steam—them wus the las' things wot I 'ave rekerlekshun uv. I got me site back two weeks arter in a hospital ashore, but me kumplexshun'll nev'r be the syne agin.

"Wot 'appened wus this, sir. Not sat'sfied wi' pourin' down the funnels, or w'ere the funnels 'ad bin, the water tried a short-cut thru the ventilayters. That wot kum down the funnels blew up inter steam long as there wus any fires left, an' arter that it wus boilin' water. Only the water kumin' down the ventilayters kep' us frum bein' cook'd alive. Two or three stokers wus drowned or banged up so they croaked, an' none o' us'll ev'r be prize-winners at a beauty show ag'in.

"As fer 'ow the ol' Owl liv'd out the nite, I only knows wot's bin tol' me. They rigg'd some kinder pully 'aul steerin' gear, an' in the boiler o' the funnel wot didn't carry way they kep' coaxin' a dribblin' 'ead o' steam. They wus nev'r abl' to keep 'er 'ead to the seas fer long, tho', and fer the mos' part the nite wus jest one long waller in the trof. Nothin' but the fact that she was b'ilt so as to roll to 'er beam ends 'thout capsizin' made 'er ride it out till daylite."

In a Submarine

To no kind of craft do things happen more "suddenly" than to those which navigate beneath the sea. As I heard one of their officers put it recently: "There is not much variety in submarine life, but when it does come it is very 'various.'" A story told me a few days ago by an engineer's mate—he had b'een given his commission for his part in that particular day's events—is fairly illustrative of the chain lighting action aboard a submarine when things do begin to move.

"It was about eleven o'clock of the night following a rather strenuous day," he said. "We had 'strafed' and brought down a Zepp. that afternoon—the first, I believe, to be bagged by a submarine—and were headed for our base with seven of its crew (all we had a chance to pick up) as prisoners. We were running on the surface at full speed—not half-anxious, as you may fancy, to get back with the news of our good luck—when a Hun destroyer (probably one of a number which had responded too late to the Zepp's 'S.O.S.') suddenly loomed up on our starboard bow and opened fire with all her guns at less than a cable's length.

"I was on watch 'midships with my motors, but so close wus the destroyer that the 'bang-bangin'' of its guns sounded almost overhead. There were the heavy reports of what were probably 'four-point-ones,' and, filling the intervals between these, the 'rat-a-tat' of what must have been some kind of quick-firers of small calibre.

"You don't fight back on a submarine in a case of this kind. There is just one thing to do—*dive*—and you do it as if your life depended upon it (as it usually does, as a matter of fact). The officer of the watch set the 'rattle' going at

the instant the destroyer's searchlights and guns flashed together, and ducked below, closing the hatch after him.

"When you dive in the ordinary course of things there are a number of orders given. 'Flood all externals!' directs the turning of water into the tanks; 'Hard to dive!' sends the hydroplanes to the proper angle for a quick descent; and 'See the comps are venting!' is a caution to watch that the air is escaping freely before the inrush of the water. Likewise, there are similar orders directing the shutting off of the Diesel engines (by which she runs on the surface), and switching on to the electric motors which drive her under water. The rattle gives all of these orders at once, and its use also indicates that their speediest execution is a matter of life and death. In the danger-zone, a man, asleep or awake, is seldom much beyond arm's reach of the one thing he has to do when he hears the 'z-r-r-r' of the danger signal. From running quietly on the surface to submerging beyond danger of ramming or shell fire is hardly more than a matter of seconds, if no one fails in his task, which—with men picked for the work—practically never happens.

"I was on watch with the Diesel engines in the after part* of the ship, amusing myself (as these engines require practically no attention unless speed is to be reduced or increased) by watching the Hun prisoners—all sitting along in a row on the 'board' or platform by which you get round to oil the machinery—gouging out the contents of sardine tins with their teeth and fingers. They were as hungry as wolves, and not much better mannered.

"My hand went to the emergency levers at the sound of the firing, so that when the rattle was sprung, a fraction of a second later, I only had to throw them over to shut off my engines. At the same instant the Banshee-like crescendo of the accelerating motors told that the underwater power had been thrown on, while the hiss of escaping air showed that the 'comps' were venting properly as the water flooded into the 'externals.' Then the deck pitched forward at a dizzy angle and down we plunged.

"Two or three of the Huns spoke a few words of English, and as the firing started outside one of them turned round to me with a grimace. They set up a wild jabbering, and it was beginning to dawn on me that they might be getting ready to make trouble by starting a counter-offensive, when down goes her nose, and the whole line of them topples over like a row of nine-pins and piles up in an angle of the deck. Before even one of them had gained his feet, we had swooped down to the bottom and come to rest.

"As a dive the thing couldn't have been done better if we had been 'stunting' at our leisure, but for all that, and the fact that we were safe from further punishment so far as the destroyer was concerned, I was more than afraid that we had only escaped danger to meet a worse one. From the jar of the impact of the stuff that lit our bows I thought it was a hundred to one we were holed forward. In fact, I was expecting to see the bulkhead give way under the rush of water all the time we were plunging to the bottom. As soon as she was on an even keel, the Captain rushed forward to see how the little thin wall of steel (which we felt sure was all that separated us from drowning like rats in a trap), was holding. As there was no indications of its being under any great strain, we started to open it. To our great surprise, and still greater relief, it swung back easily and revealed everything quite as usual.

"Two men, who were seated on a spare torpedo, bowed above a copy of the last picture paper we had received before sailing, rose in a sort of perfunctory way and stood at attention as the Captain entered. Officers and men are too close together on a submarine to go in much for the 'externals' of discipline.

"So you've not been taking any water," said the Captain, his eyes roving over the bulging but unpunctured plates.

"Nary a drop, sir," one of them answered.

"But wasn't it hereabouts that we were hit?"

"One of them scratched his head for a bit, before saying that he did seem to have some recollection of a 'kind o' bangin' up 'bove.' Then he added, 'But we wus standin' by to fire our mouldie, sir, an' there want no time for harkin' for strange noises.'

"All right," said the skipper with a grin, 'carry on!' He started to go and then, turning, asked as an afterthought what was the news that had interested them so much.

"Taint much in the way o' news, sir," said one of them, holding out his paper with a grin; "but ain't that a rippin' picter o' Vi'let Lorraine as Emma in 'The Bing Boys'?"

* * *

These stories are all fairly typical of the way in which the British naval officer and man meet the grim and sudden emergencies which confront them in the regular routine of their day's work. If I were asked to select the two most typical, I should unhesitatingly pick the first and the last.

Clémenceau: By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

MY last meeting with M. Clémenceau a few months ago—to be exact, on March 15th—took place in the library of the French Embassy, overlooking the green lawns of Hyde Park.

The appointment was for 10 o'clock. When I arrived, a few minutes too soon, I was told that the French Prime Minister had gone out an hour before to take his morning stroll in the park. But a moment later and the heavy panelled door of the room opened suddenly, and in walked the Grand Old Man of France.

I had not seen him since the beginning of the war—not, in fact, since our conversation at the Senate in that delightful ante-chamber which is used as a sort of club-room by the Senators and their friends. That was about five years ago. He appeared to me, then, rather weary, though still as vivacious as ever in speech and manners, but distinctly older. His eyes were as fiery as of yore, burning like pieces of live coal under his bushy eyebrows. But his complexion was yellow; and I remarked to a friend, after M. Clémenceau had discussed the policy of the French Government towards England with us, in his animated way: "I am afraid 'the Tiger' will not last long." I can still see him as he left us to join another group of politicians, the shadow of the man I remembered a few years previously at the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

And after that long space of time, he stands again beside me: a small, square, compact figure, slightly bent, as frequently happens with Frenchmen who spare but little time for athletics, and spend most of their lives reading or writing at their desks.

He comes towards me with a strong yet delicately shaped hand cordially outstretched. His grasp is full of decision—the vigour, one might say, of a man of forty. Then, after a few words of greeting, M. Clémenceau explains to me in little jerky sentences, followed now and then by a well-balanced period—which reminds one that Clémenceau is not only an energetic polemicist, but also a great parliamentary orator—why he refused to be the principal guest at a luncheon which the Foreign Press Association in London had the intention of giving in his honour.

"I do not want to make speeches," he remarks. "I speak as little as possible—only, in fact, when it is absolutely necessary. I am for deeds, not for words (*j'agis*)."

While listening to him I scrutinise, as closely as politeness permits, the face of this marvellous old man. It has a rosy tinge, as if young and healthy blood was circulating under the skin. Maybe this slight flush is due to the walk in the open air—the hour of "footing it," as we say in France—indispensable to the active and ever green Senator. The thick moustache is white, but mixed with many dark hairs, "pepper and salt," like what is left of the hair on his head. As for his eyes,

they are brighter than ever. They sparkle with life, and now and then a little flame bursts forth and vanishes in a twinkling. They are really wonderful—those eyes of Clémenceau. There are times when they laugh with you: but more often they laugh at you. They are in turn malicious, ironical, devilish, furious—doors which open on the ardent soul that would have consumed long ago a body more frail. When suddenly they dart at you a long penetrating glance which enters like a well-pointed shaft, you feel as if a feline of the most powerful tribe was ready to jump on you. Then suddenly the storm passes over as rapidly, as it came. The luminous eyes have relaxed their grip, and again they are smiling benevolently.

The voice of Clémenceau is harmonious, alternately very deep and a trifle shrill, when the words become biting. Except when a gesture underlines a sentence that is especially important, the hands are quite motionless, though never for very long. Occasionally, now, he is a little short of breath, but this rare halting in his speech is the only sign that Clémenceau's body is no longer as ready as his spirit. Taken altogether, the French Premier might be a well-preserved man between 50 and 60, and he is actually over 77!

Clémenceau, in spite of his constant advocacy of the republican régime and of democratic institutions, is nothing if not an aristocrat. He comes from an old family of Vendée, and he belongs to the class of landed gentry which in France unites the nobility to the *haute bourgeoisie*. If it were possible to establish an analogy, one might say that his social position approximated to that of the younger son of an English county family, well connected, but not rich, and obliged to earn his living. He had the choice of a professional career, and, like his father, he chose to be a doctor of medicine, which, in France, has been a highly honorable calling ever since the days of Louis XIV., ranking with the law and the Church. Thus through his stormy life, M. Clémenceau has

naturally preserved the charming manners which linked the men of his time to the *ancien régime*. Indeed, aspiring statesmen of the present generation have found it unwise to treat the Grand Old Man of French politics with the vulgar familiarity so dear to the rank and file of the Socialist Party, who think that democracy has nothing to do with politeness.

Now the tide of events has turned, and at the most difficult time of the glorious history of France, those demagogues who are largely responsible for the calamity which has fallen on their country have had to own their impotence to save themselves and the nation they have misled for so many years. They have been obliged to call to the rescue a typical gentleman of France, who embodies all the qualities, and a few of the defects, of his race. M. Clémenceau is today the good tyrant who, in spite of the empty declarations of pseudo-equalitarians, incarnates that ideal statesman which is secretly cherished by the majority of French citizens. Notwith-



M. Clémenceau
In the French Trenches

French Official

standing our boasted love of unrestricted liberty, our heredity is that of a military nation willing to obey a strong but kind master. We are nevertheless born individualists, and by instinct members of every Opposition.

The French character is, in fact, a mass of contradictions. We dislike change and reform, for, though we always abuse the past, we are the most traditionalist people in the world. Though we spend the best of our wit in writing lampoons and comic songs at the expense of our Government, in our hearts we respect authority. A few gendarmes can keep the peace in large areas of our territory simply through the traditional veneration we have for any representative of the State. Among things we love are hierarchy, decorations, imposing titles, gold stripes and silver embroideries, huge and useless swords, picturesque uniforms—in a word, the pomp of official functions. For the same reason, we willingly sacrifice our lives for glory and for the *panache* which symbolises the virtue of patriotism. We will permit ourselves to be ordered about by anybody in office as long as we trust him, and if we understand that the welfare of the community depends on our doing what we are told to do. But we must be allowed to grumble as much as we like while faithfully accomplishing our duty.

It is not for nothing that the finest soldiers in the armies of Napoleon were called by the Emperor: his *grogards*—grumblers. All the time they were fighting like heroes for their God the Emperor, who was for them the living image of "*la Patrie*," they grumbled, and the devotion of the people of France to Clémenceau is of the same nature. The little Prime Minister is also a *grogard*—a grumbler—who has spent his life grumbling at everybody and at everything, but who has never ceased to worship his country, and who has always been ready to fight and to give his life for the principles he has defended during half a century.

I have already had the opportunity of describing in

LAND & WATER the principal phases of M. Clémenceau's political life. I need not, therefore, repeat the memorable story of this master polemicist who has never sacrificed his convictions in order to obtain the political rewards which it would have been so easy to get for the asking. His unique position to-day is largely due to the fact that he only comes into power in periods of crisis.

M. Clémenceau does not represent a party, nor even a combination of parties. He is simply the man who, like all good Frenchmen, only wants one thing—to win the war. The nation has entrusted him with that superhuman task, and stands behind him as one compact block. To-day he is practically the absolute ruler of France, the elect of the people, and already he has been an autocrat for eight months. A few may grumble, but all obey, for that grand old man is identified with the will of France to remain united till victory is achieved.

His success has been phenomenal. In spite of recurrent Socialist manœuvres, M. Clémenceau has maintained and strengthened his position in a Parliament which fears him because it knows that behind "the Tiger" there is France, military as well as civilian France. The *poilu* worships him; the peasant trusts him, for the present and for the future; the Syndicalist munition-maker fears him. Slowly, but surely, he is clearing the atmosphere behind the lines of all the German poison gas. Boloism is being ruthlessly destroyed; Malvy and Caillaux will not have very long to wait now for their trial. France knows that it is to Clémenceau, and to him alone, that we owe this vital cure of the body politic.

That explains why a few days ago when in a dark and critical hour the French Prime Minister uttered words of warning to rouse the indomitable spirit of the Motherland, however mutilated by the enemy, the whole nation responded instantly to that appeal from the greatest living Frenchman.

Sphagnum : By Eden Phillpotts

NOW that winter's scythe has lifted and the sun has climbed again, the heart beat of Dartmoor quickens, and her pulses throb to the vernal thrill. Where was withered grass all matted by rain and snow, now spear a million blades; the black heather is warming with a russet tinge that means growth; the whortleberry wires are thickening fast and will soon break into red leaves and red flower-bells. The velvet buds of the greater gorse flash their familiar gold again, and in fen and rill, twinkle the marsh violets—first of moor flowers to return. Above them the sweet gale's catkins swell and shine, like agate beads in the pale sunlight; while the eagle fern has long passed through its winter splendours of auburn and purple.

But the glory of the sphagnum has taken wing from many a cradle of the Dartmoor rivers; and where the stray sunbeam, wandering down a misty hill, would light of old the bog mosses into jewels, that marked a spring or rillet's starting-place, and set rainbow bright splashes of colour on the monochrome of the waste, there lies instead a scar. Formerly the sphagnum, now ruby red or amber, now apple-green or lemon, or warm with the whiteness of old ivory, made wonderful patterns among these granite boulders, and wove magic passages of light into the sombre texture of the heath; but now patches of stripped stone or gravel mark the robbed beds, and the water that nourished their restraining masses falls nakedly in threads over the face of denuded rock, or lies and stares upward from black cups and pools.

Honourable scars are these, and no wild green thing is better serving England than the sphagna. Their value in the economy of the moors is exceeding great; but even that subserves a lesser purpose than humanity's present call upon it.

The peculiar cell structure of the genus sphagnum renders this moss as springy and absorbent as sponge, and its habit of growing from the crown of each filament and dying at an equal rate at the base, produces the peat moss, or swamp, that holds up great waters and creates the reservoirs of stream and river. Thus sphagnum has lived and died for centuries, and created a large portion of the existing peat integument of the moors. Its more intimate purpose for luxury need only be recorded: the grower of epiphytal orchids will know it well enough, and who in the good days past but received his flower roots and bulbs from Holland and Belgium safely packed in this sweet and safe medium?

But the paramount value to-day lies nearer man's heart. Already hundreds of tons of bog mosses have been forwarded

to the military hospitals, and the cry is still for more. Enthusiastic and energetic searchers are yet needed to go afield to the lonely centres of the wilderness and collect the unlimited supply of this natural dressing that awaits them. For beyond its perfect absorbent properties, the moss is held to be actually antiseptic and healing; it contains iodine, and is of a texture so soft and friendly that no artificial material surpasses it. Too much cannot be gathered.

The prophylactic and preservative quality of peat may be observed, for in the deep peat tyes will often appear timber of trees that grew where now no trees are and fell here, to be embalmed for centuries in the pure vegetable earth before it reappeared. One has seen limbs of birch from vanished thickets that probably flourished in Tudor times exposed by the peat cutter, with their silver bark as bright as when the tree fell.

His Majesty has already thanked the Dartmoor moss collectors, and the authorities have recorded their existing and unceasing needs. They urge the necessity for systematic collecting and, as the spring returns and the central moors grow more accessible, hope to count upon increasing supplies. Therefore, let the fisherman, who is wont to penetrate the streams to their last pools, substitute a sack for his creel this year and leave his rod at home; and may the holiday folk, amid their pleasures, permit no week to pass that does not help the hospital requirement. If one brave man's wound heals the quicker for your labour on the heights, then is the day's work rewarded and the day's beauty blessed.

In an East Coast Town

Watch through the town; for the night wind brings us
Gun-fire, solemn through drifted spume
Flickering white on the low horizon,
Great guns tolling the bell of doom.

Watch; for their souls in the storm pass over;
Steal to your window, lovers, and look—
Flash by flash, to preserve your body,
Bodies that shatter in fire and smoke.

Grey waves jostle them, speechless, limbless;
Torn mists harry them as they ride.
Day leaps up like the resurrection,
Spreading their blood on the angry tide.

SHERARD VINES.

A		A		U					
			T		H				
				O		R			
	I		Z				E		
				P					
	A								Y
		M	E						
		N							T

B		A	D	U	L				
	V	L	T		H				I
		L		O	I	R	Z		
	I		Z	Z		I	E	E	
				P				M	
	A					L			Y
		M	E		O				
	R	N	O						T

C	S	A	D	U	L	R	R	Y	
	V	L	T	O	H	O	F	T	
	R	L	Z	O	I	R	Z	E	
	I	N	Z	Z	P	I	E	E	
	I	P	E	P	G	O	M	C	
	A	P	Y	T	U	L	A	Y	
	I	M	E	B	O	O	M	N	
	R	N	O	T	T	E	S	T	

on his keyboard, he would have to be an expert to decipher it, and even he could do it only after a good deal of work.

Another ingenious cipher is called the "Chess Board." First, a sheet of paper is ruled into squares exactly like a chess board—that is, a square divided into eighths each way. This arrangement gives, of course, sixty-four small squares. Then, by agreement between the people who intend to use this cipher, sixteen of these squares are agreed upon and are cut out of the sheet with a knife. Suppose the pattern on diagram at foot of preceding page is chosen, and the squares in white are cut out. Another sheet of paper is ruled into a chess board, of exactly the same size as the first. The perforated sheet is now laid on top of the second sheet, so that the squares on the one exactly cover the squares on the other. Now, with a pen or pencil, the plain text of the secret message is printed on the under sheet by writing through the perforations of the upper sheet, only one letter being written in each square. This, of course, permits the writing of sixteen letters of the message. Suppose the complete message is to be:

"Authorize payment ten million dollars to buy copper for shipment to Germany."

Then the lower sheet, after we have written through the perforations, will look like Diagram A, at the head of the page. The perforated sheet is now turned to the right through one-fourth of a complete revolution, so that the top of it is at the right side of the lower sheet and so that the two chess boards again "match up." This operation exposes, through the perforations, a new set of sixteen open squares on the lower sheet. The writing of the message is continued, and the lower sheet now looks like B. Again the perforated sheet is turned to the right, and sixteen more letters are written. Once more, and the whole four squares are utilised, looking like C. These letters are now put upright, like on the accompanying diagram, and are read from left to right and

S	A	D	U	L	R	R	Y
A	L	T	O	H	O	F	T
R	L	N	O	I	R	N	E
I	M	Z	N	P	I	E	E
I	P	E	P	G	O	W	C
A	P	Y	T	U	L	A	Y
I	M	E	B	O	O	M	N
R	N	O	T	T	E	S	T

from the first line down, like ordinary reading matter. They are then grouped into fives for telegraphic transmission, and an X added at the end to make an even five-group there. Thus the message, as transmitted, reads:
SADUL RRYAL
TOHOF TRLNO
IRNEI MZNPI
EEIPE PGOMC
APYTU LAYIM

EBOOM NRNOT TESTX

When this message is received, it can, of course, be quickly deciphered by printing it out on a chess board and placing over it a sheet perforated according to the pre-arranged pattern.

This survey of codes and ciphers does not more than scratch the surface of the subject, and suggest the almost infinite variations that are possible—in ciphers especially. It simply gives a groundwork for an understanding of the German secret messages to be described.

Among the most interesting of these secret messages is the series of wireless telegrams by means of which the German money was paid to Bolo Pasha for the purchase of the Paris *Journal*—one of the principal episodes in the treasonable intrigue for which Bolo was recently executed by a French firing squad. These messages were in English, and meant exactly what they said, except for the proper names and the

figures, which were code. To decode them it was necessary only to make the following substitutions:

- William Foxley = Foreign Office
- Charles Gledhill = Count Bernstorff
- Fred Hooven = Guaranty Trust Company (New York)
- \$500 = \$500,000

and to all other figures add three ciphers to arrive at the real amount. For example, one of these messages read: "Paid Charles Gledhill five hundred dollars through Fred Hooven." This meant: "Paid Count Bernstorff five hundred thousand dollars through Guaranty Trust Company."

The story of these messages is briefly this: Marie Paul Bolo started life as a barber, became an adventurer, and, in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, received the title of Pasha for a financial service which he rendered him. Returning to France as Bolo Pasha, he married two wealthy women and lived in grand style on their money. He became an intimate of Charles Humbert, who was a member of the French Senate. In the meantime, the Khedive had been deposed by the British on account of his pro-Turkish (and hence pro-German) activities after the great war began. Abbas Hilmi joined the colony of ex-rulers in Switzerland, and there became a part of the German system of intrigue. He received money from the Germans, and, after he had deducted his share (which sometimes amounted to half the total), he paid over the rest to Bolo, to be used by Bolo, and also, it is alleged, by Humbert, and the ex-Premier Caillaux, in an effort to restore Caillaux to power, and then to further the propaganda for an early and inconclusive peace with Germany.

Either this method of supplying the French traitor with funds became too dangerous, or the Germans preferred to keep their gold and wished to use their credit in the United States to get American gold for this purpose. In any event, Bolo Pasha appeared in New York early in March, 1916. Strangely enough, this French subject bore letters of introduction to several Germans. The most important was addressed to Adolf Pavenstedt, who was senior partner in G. Amsinck & Company and for many years a chief paymaster of the German Spy System in this country. Through Pavenstedt, Bolo met Hugo Schmidt, a director of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, a Government institution, who had been sent to this country soon after the war broke out to provide complete co-operation between the older representatives of the Deutsche Bank here and the management in Berlin.

Through Pavenstedt as messenger, Bolo also got in touch with Bernstorff, and arranged the final details of the plan by which Bolo was to receive 10 million francs from the German Government. He was to use this money to buy the Paris *Journal*. As the *Journal* is one of the most powerful dailies in France, with over a million and a half readers, the sinister possibilities of this scheme are readily seen.

Bernstorff committed the financial details to Hugo Schmidt. He, in turn, "wirelessly" Berlin for suitable credits in American banking houses. These were arranged with the Guaranty Trust Company and the National Park Bank—for many years American correspondents of the Deutsche Bank. These credits were then credited to G. Amsinck and Company, of which Pavenstedt had long been senior partner. He, in turn, placed them, with the New York branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, to the account of Bolo Pasha. As the exchange rate at the time ran in favour of American dollars and against French francs, the 10 million francs (normally about 2 million dollars—£400,000) which Bolo got, required only \$1,683,500 of American money (say, £336,700)—which is just the sum of the amounts named in the wireless messages. The *Journal* was actually bought by Bolo, but before he could do much damage with it he was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed.

(To be continued.)

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Walter de la Mare

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, indisputably the most cunning artist among the younger poets, has still to receive his due measure of recognition. This probably does not trouble him. He betrays no desire to be thought or to be a "great poet" in the customary sense. He is of the dreamers, and one of the quietest and most secluded of them; a man who cares only for what seems to him beautiful, in nature and in man, who goes where he can find it, and who produces its effect and its praise in small poems as nearly perfect as he can make them. They percolate unobtrusively into the world, and there are not very many of them.

In sixteen years Mr. de la Mare published three small books of verse. To that sparse production has now been added a new volume, *Motley* (Constable, 3s. 6d. net). There is no new and unexpected development in it: Mr. de la Mare does not suddenly break into a long blank verse narrative, a ballad of vigorous action, or a robust proclamation of faith. The subjects are akin to the old ones, the forms are growths from the old stem: the poet still sings quietly of things he has heard, and felt, and seen: the only change is that he has matured, that, a careful artist from the first, he now observes and writes more surely than ever. The things he feels and sees and hears are mostly perceived in quiet places, by moonlight or starlight, at dusk or in the dark: thin ghosts, old memories, birds, insects, and secrets of the heart that steal slyly out in silence. "When," he wrote in an earlier poem:

When the dusk is falling,
Silence broods so deep,
It seems that every wind that breathes
Blows from the fields of sleep.

It is his characteristic atmosphere. When one has read any of his books one feels that his spirit haunts three places: a lonely garden, an old deserted house, and a wood at night. In the garden the flowers are untroubled by wind, except by an occasional "s-sh" that comes and passes, and leaves the stillness intenser and a little uncanny; there is a sleeping fountain, a mouldering statue or two, and ages ago children have been there. The house stands among trees; its rooms are barred with moonlight and black shadows; insects tick in its mouldering timbers, mice nibble, and the stairs creak; and if a voice comes there it is bodiless and plaintive. But the wood, though quiet also, is fresh and alive, an English wood at night, with oaks and beeches stretching their branches to the stars, dew wet upon grass and berry and thorn, a bird singing, and a hidden stream bubbling in the dark. There is nothing recondite about these scenes, and it might have been thought that poets had "done" the empty house and the deserted garden to death. But Mr. de la Mare has not chosen them because they are picturesque; he is drawn to them by their kinship to something in himself; it is in them that he is most truly himself. And for his woods, though he has never elaborated a "description" of one, but contents himself with almost parsimonious small touches, I know no other place in literature where just those night woods are to be found in all their sweetness. They are here in *Motley* once more—the garden also, and the empty house:

"Secrets," sighs the night wind,
Vacancy is all I find;
Every keyhole I have made
Wail a summons, faint and sad,
No voice ever answers me,
Only vacancy?
"Once, once . . ." the cricket shrills,
And far and near the quiet fills
With its tiny voice, and then
Hush falls again.

Yet his repetitions are only superficial; for he is writing sincerely, not manufacturing, and that may mean a hundred new things with the old physical materials.

This book is not to be recommended as an introduction to Mr. de la Mare's work. There is nothing in it which makes so abrupt an assault—if one may use that adjective and that noun of anything by so quiet an artist—as many poems in *Peacock Pie* and *The Listeners*. Even the cursory reader will get delight from many things in those two earlier books. The cursory reader from this will get none; and the inexperienced reader may be baffled by his unfamiliarity with

Mr. de la Mare's atmosphere and idiom, may be checked because he has not learnt the rudiments elsewhere of a method of expression here brought to an extreme pitch of refinement. All readers who do not know him may emphatically be advised to approach him through the two earlier books. But those who do know him will discover and treasure in *Motley* the fine flower of his genius: a world of spirit now explored and known, a world of sense delimited, defined, and described with unflinching accuracy, a language scrupulously purged and beautifully suited to its purpose, a precision of rhythmical effect grown almost perfect. He has, as one has indicated, his limitations; his instrument has view strings, and he never sings very loudly. But he has "loved," as the dying Keats said of himself, "the principle of beauty in all things," and his love has spoken in a music as melodious, as poignant, and as individual as Chopin's. Beyond the inculcation of that love he has no doctrines; the professor who wants to write a chapter about his "message" will have his work cut out. He has an infinite sensitiveness but remarkably few general ideas; the most that one might do would be to argue plausibly that he believes in, and evidently lives by, things in which he does not know that he believes. But that one dominant love, source of all nourishment and all consolation, is evident always, and its main aspects are shown in the two poems with which the book ends—"The Scribe" and "Farewell." I will quote them, instead of vulgarising them by paraphrase. Here is the first:

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made:
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of the grass,
The speck of stone
Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs—and hastes on!
Though I should sit
By some tarn in thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,
Flit would its ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh;
Leviathan told,
And the honey-fly:
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.

The second is its complement; it is as simple in statement, as unaffected, and as successful:

When I lie where shades of darkness
Shall no more assail mine eyes,
Nor the rain make lamentation
When the wind sighs;
How will fare the world whose wonder
Was the very proof of me?
Memory fades, must the remembered
Perishing be?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,
May these loved and loving faces
Please other men!
May the rusting harvest hedgerow
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,
And us happy children gather
Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight.
Thou hast paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

Mr. de la Mare has been called a poet's poet. Perhaps he is. If so—or, for that matter, if not—poets can learn many things from him. One is that it is better not to pretend. Another is that a great deal can be done with very few adjectives.

A Realist: By Charles Marriott



By Eric Kennington.

A Bantam

realism, of which somebody wittily said that it is no more like life than a slice of beef is like a cow.

On the other hand there is the realism which, while it does not worry much about the look of things, is frankly and intensely interested in their character and purpose. This is the realism of the pre-Raphaelites and of Mr. Eric Kennington. As a rule a realist of this kind neither disclaims nor pretends to any judgment of the ultimate meaning of things; he simply forgets all about it in his delight in things for their own sakes; and it would be extremely difficult to tell from Mr. Kennington's pictures, now on view at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, what he thinks about war. What you can tell is that he is enormously interested in his fellow creatures, and in everything they use and wear, down to the last button on the last gaiter. The great value of Mr. Kennington's work, from the point of view of interpretation, is that it interprets the war in detail. Nobody else has taken such pains to show exactly what the men and their weapons and equipment are like. Not what they look like, for that is begging the question, because the same people and things will look different in different circumstances, and for getting the look of a person or thing in the circumstances of the moment there is nothing to beat the camera. Art being before everything a practical matter, it is worth while examining this question pretty closely. If you compare Mr. Kennington's drawings and paintings with photographs, you will see that the great difference is that he shows you what the thing is like all the time. There is a popular notion, due to a misunderstanding of Impressionism, that this is bad art, but the popular notion is wrong. The artistic merit of realism is to be explanatory. Anybody who has had to make both drawings and photographs for scientific purposes—say to illustrate a book about birds—knows that, contrary to expectation, photo-

IN a sense, and a good sense, Mr. Eric Kennington is the most realistic of the artists officially employed upon the war; but the word "realistic" has come to mean so many different—and incompatible—things that it has to be used with some caution. As a rule, what is meant by a realistic writer or painter is a man who affects a tiresome fidelity to the look of things and disclaims any interest in their purpose, but at the same time leaves you to suppose that he knows all about it. Most of us are heartily sick of that sort of realism, the "slice of life"

graphically is an imperfect means of showing the permanent facts of structure, though it is unrivalled for representing appearances. In order to show how the thing goes you have to make a drawing. The ironical truth is that photography knocks the stuffing out of what is generally called "realism," but leaves the merits of pre-Raphaelitism absolutely untouched.

Again, if you compare the work of Mr. Kennington with that of Meissonier, you will notice another great difference. Meissonier shows you all the details of uniform and equipment, but he does not really show you how they are made and put on. The defect of Meissonier is not that he finished his work too minutely, but that he finished it unintelligently. He shows you the speck of light on the buckle, but he does not show you how the buckle fastens. To put it in a practical way, a person who had to make a working as distinct from a museum model of uniform and equipment, from a picture by Meissonier, would very soon lose his temper; he would find that exactly the information he wanted was missing; whereas with a picture by Mr. Kennington he would find no difficulty at all. He would be able to see exactly how everything buckled or buttoned up. Whereas Meissonier was interested mainly in showing how "like" he could make everything, Mr. Kennington is interested in the things themselves, and how they go—which is interpretation. It implies, as Rossetti said, "fundamental brain-work."

Not that the merits of Mr. Kennington's work are limited to still-life. Some of his portrait studies are almost disconcerting in their reality. Coming upon them suddenly you feel inclined to say: "I beg your pardon, I don't know your name, but ——" This is particularly true of the hospital studies; to look at them is almost an intrusion, not on account of the circumstances, but because of the individual reality of the men. That is a consequence of Mr. Kennington's intense interest in character. He shows you what the man is like all the time, and not only since he put on khaki. From the point of view of interpretation this is extremely valuable. It brings home the richness and variety of our wonderful army. It is an army not of machine-made soldiers, but of men whose characters have been formed in a hundred different occupations; in the mine and the foundry, on the railway, at the forge, in the office, the workshop, and the studio. The courage, patience and responsibility that you see in their faces, have risen to the occasion, but they were not created by it. You can follow Mr. Kennington's men

off the stage of the war, and see them about their tasks again, confirmed in their characters, though with a new sense of comradeship as a result of their great experience.

Probably no other artist has given such a solid texture to his impressions of the personnel and equipment of the war. You feel that each of Mr. Kennington's men answers to a name, and that every belt and water bottle represents so much human skill and labour, so that you are reminded of the effort at home. Thinking in thousands, we are apt to forget all this, and it is well to have a detailed statement to fill out the summaries of other artists. Not that Mr. Kennington is incapable of a general statement; his landscape studies show him to have a good sense of design, and a grasp of conditions as distinct from facts. But it is for his treatment of the facts that we are most grateful to him. He shows that they can be dealt with in a realistic manner without descending to imitation, and that if you get character, you get something decorative in itself. Best of all, he proves the vitality of a peculiarly native movement in painting.



By Eric Kennington.

General Sir Pertab Singh, G.C.S.I., etc., etc.

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An Ambassador of Letters : By James Milne

WE owe much to Mr. George Haven Putnam, the famous publisher, for the good friendship which exists between England and America—a friendship now being consecrated in the fires of Armageddon. He is here, as he has come here almost every summer for the past half-century; but this time he is with us under special circumstances. No plain American citizen did more than Mr. Putnam to carry America into her place in the war. Therefore the Allies owe him gratitude, though he would be the last man in the world to think of that. What he thinks of is how best to inform us about the fixed moral resolve of America to see the war through, and about her rising military power. She is late in the field—later by two years—than he would have had her; but she is going to fight the thing out even if, varying General Grant's famous saying, that should take many summers.

Such is the message with which Mr. Putnam is charged, and, for its largeness, it should be proclaimed first; but he carries it easily because, in London Town, he is on familiar ground. His sweet, gentle, scholarly, purposeful personality has been a real link between our Commonwealth and his Republic, alike in life and in letters. He has been outside the brilliant group of literary men—Russell Lowell, John Hay, and the others, who have been the official spokesmen and orators of America in London. But he has gone on longer than any of them, and at seventy-four he is still hale and well, and very much "not out." His three score and ten and more years find him at work when most Londoners are only shaving, and this habit of catching the day on the hop always enables him to spare an hour for a talk with a friend.

"My father," he will tell you in a voice given him for good conversation, "was the first American publisher to invade England. He came over in 1837—the year Queen Victoria ascended the throne—and in 1841 he definitely established his publishing house in London. He constantly did what he could to strengthen the relations between the two countries, and he had a considered scheme for a league of the whole English-speaking peoples. I found myself, at my father's death in 1872, an inheritor of his desire and of his dream, and my personal relationship with England began as early as it could—that is, with my birth here."

Mr. Putnam still wonders, and humorously asks you to wonder, whether he is really an American citizen or a British subject. "You see," he puts the problem, "a child born in England of American parents—and it is the same, of course, with a child born in America of English parents—has the right, on reaching twenty-one, to become a national of one country or of the other. When my twenty-first birthday befell I was busy helping to fight the Confederate General Johnston in North Carolina, and so I forgot all about this matter of my own. In a sense, therefore, I can claim both America and England as my country—shall I say that they are twin mothers? Certainly I hope that as a shuttle between them

—not a shuttlecock blown by the wind hither and thither—I have done something to weave the ever-growing web of sympathy and kinship which unites the two nations."

As a good publisher, he has enriched the golden chain of common literature which has spanned the Atlantic, unhurt, in the wintriest of weather. As a publicist he has served that literature well by being chief hammerman in the making of the vessel called Anglo-American copyright. As a preacher on the true relationship of England and America, he has been tireless and eloquent, and always a master of the case. "We can realise to-day that George III., with his German theories of government, was attempting to apply to America, as he

was applying it to Great Britain, a system Prussian in its purpose and methods. Nay, in his fight with the American colonists he even utilised the service of Prussian soldiers. Thus the American colonists were fighting not only for their own rights, but for the first principles of liberalism and representative government against autocracy." That matter, so put by Mr. Putnam, is his illustration of the procession of English history and American history along roads where now they naturally, inevitably, forcefully, meet, to challenge the Kaiser's dominion of the world. "I have not," he will add, with flash of eye and sweep of hand, "many years left me on this earth; but if I could fancy the triumph, for an hour, of the cause which the Hohenzollern Kaiser represents, I should wish to go straight underground."

Mr. Putnam may be said to have begun life as a Federal soldier in the American Civil War. He had a taste of Libby Prison, as part of his military education, and did not like the place. When

it went down, with the fall of the Confederacy, he had attained to the rank of major. This rank he again holds actively in the American Army which is pouring over the ocean to save civilisation, for his friend, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, appointed him to the forces that he organised. Major Putnam, the man of war, has always, however, been a strenuous man of peace, an unwearying labourer in that vineyard. "What," he demands, "is the present war being waged for but for peace? It is being waged by the Allies so that the royal and other cankers which beget war shall be destroyed for evermore, so that peace may reign in the world for evermore. The Kaiser, like Herod of old, wants to destroy the child of liberty, but he shall not."

You may gather that colour, movement, and the swift, sure phrase are all in the order of Mr. Putnam's talk and speech-making. His description of the well-meaning pacifists as "short-haired women and long-haired men" is likely to abide with them on both sides of the Atlantic. While he addresses you quietly, but always alertly, across his own writing-desk, he drops a phrase which, as events have proven, exactly renders the position of America in the war, from the moment it broke out—she was on "the skirmish line." Her ideals were at stake—Liberty, Freedom, the right of all men born equal before God to be their own rulers.



Major George Haven Putnam

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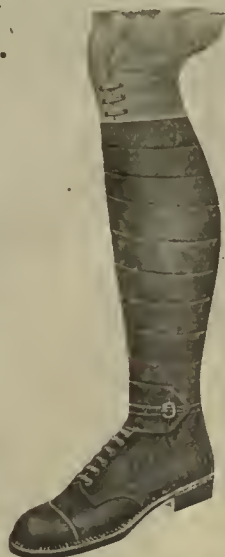
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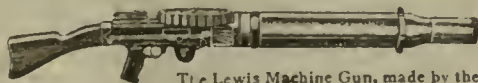
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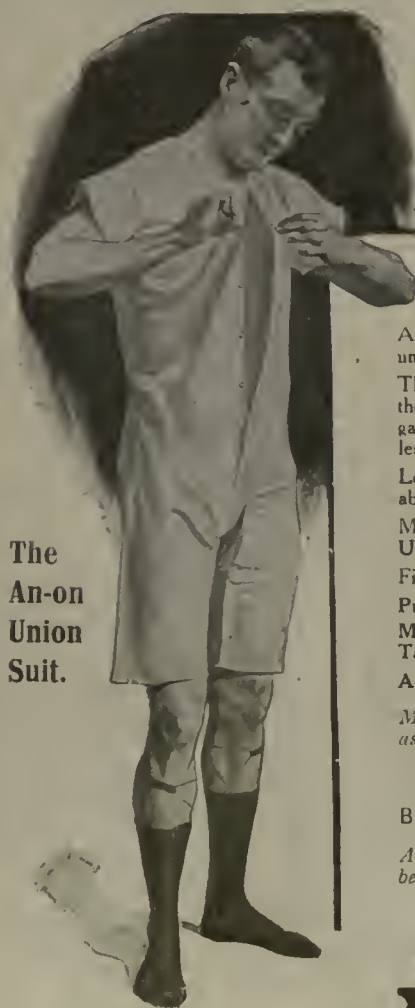
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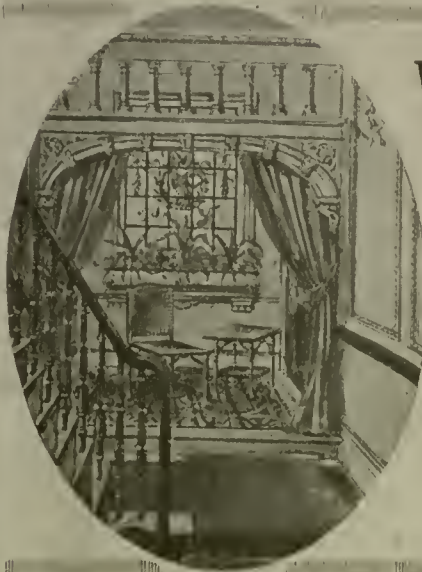
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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXXI. No. 2928. [56TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1918

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
PRICE ONE SHILLING



Louis Raemaekers.

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Poilu: "How do you like it?"

Sammy: "Ask the Boche!"

By Louis Raemaekers

On June 12 the Americans made a successful attack on Belleau Wood in which they distinguished themselves greatly, repulsing a very strong German attack in the wood after it had been captured.

LAND & WATER

5 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1918.

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The Outlook

THE last phase of the great enemy offensive—the fifth of the blows delivered upon the Western front—was launched against the Italian lines at 7.30 a.m. last Saturday, after a preliminary bombardment which lasted as a maximum for four hours, and upon some sectors was maintained for not more than an hour and a half. This preparation was of exactly the same kind as those with which the German offensives in France had already been familiar; it is conducted mainly with gas shells and directed far behind the lines upon towns and road-crossings hitherto immune from enemy fire. The total number of divisions used by the enemy was not less than sixty.

The main effort of the enemy was made, as necessity demanded, against the northern or mountain sectors, where an advance would lead him to the Italian communications and produce a great result. The pressure was particularly heavy on the Asiago Plateau, where it was met by Italian, French, and British troops with success, and thrown back during the whole of the first two days. Nothing of consequence was done to the west of this position. To the east of it there were powerful attacks on both sides of the Brenta Valley, but the Italian troops completely repulsed them and recovered nearly all lost ground on the few points where a very shallow retirement had been necessary. Upon the Piave itself the enemy crossed in three places.

It need hardly be pointed out that the extreme importance of this action is upon the political side. There are many things to emphasise this. Our Italian allies suffered a severe reverse during the great offensive against them last autumn. They are also numerically the weakest of the Western group. They find munitionment more difficult, from the lack of coal, etc., than the other nations defending civilisation. Their resistance has the more moral effect.

Again, the enemy now attacking them is far less heartily in the war than is the German Empire, which is for the moment his master. The Austro-Hungarian forces are made up of extraordinarily different races, the majority of which have no attachment to the German cause, though most of them have perhaps some attachment to the monarchy which governs them. Further, the Austro-Hungarian territory has suffered more severely from the prolonged strain of the war than has any other of the belligerent countries, save portions of the Russian Empire, which do not now concern us. All these things combined mean that serious disappointment, coupled with heavy losses in the present attack, would have a most powerful result upon opinion.

If Austro-Hungary collapses, the German Empire would be in a far worse case than are the Western Allies since the defection of Russia. But for the folly of Austro-Hungary in supporting Prussianised Germany, the war could not have been successfully attempted by Germany, and would not even have been possible. With the disappearance (even if it were only in the shape of a half-hearted effort) of Austro-Hungary, the German Empire would be doomed.

The past week has been marked by several important utterances on both sides. For the Allies, Mr. Asquith and the American Secretary of State have spoken very much to the point. The luncheon to the former Prime Minister at the Aldwych Club, last week, had a double significance; it was not only a tribute to a leading statesman, but it was an expression of opinion by business men and men of the world on recent methods of discrediting political opponents.

Mr. Asquith was right in laying emphasis on the present critical state of affairs. Since the battle of Marne, it is the gravest crisis through which the Allies have passed, and until Rupprecht of Bavaria's Reserves are used up and we have seen the end of the Austrian offensive, it is unwise to take a too bright view of the future. On the other hand, there is no occasion for pessimism. Time, Right, and the United States are on our side, and if the enemy be held for a few more weeks, the situation will be vastly different. But, whatever happens, to use Mr. Asquith's words, "it is not going in the faintest degree to weaken our allegiance to the great purposes for which we have been fighting or our determination in foul as much as in fair weather to press on to the final accomplishment."

"True Prussianism and the idea of an enduring and just peace among the nations can never be brought into harmony. They are the very antipodes of human thought." These are Mr. Lansing's words, and were it necessary to comment on them, all that need be said is to suggest, that alongside of them should be read the contemptible words of brag which the Kaiser periodically addresses to his family and his ministers. Tens of thousands may fall on his right hand and tens of thousands on his left hand. We offer no apologies for reproducing the following passage from Mr. Lansing's speech. It is, of course, a familiar truth, but it is well people in this country should understand that the same truth is recognised and accepted in America:

It is hardly open to be debated, in the light of subsequent events, that the philosophical and political ideals taught for years from university platforms, from pulpits, and through the printed word, to young and old in Germany, excited in the German people an insolent pride of blood, and infused into their national being an all-absorbing ambition to prove themselves super-men, chosen by natural superiority, by Divine mandate, to be the rulers of the earth. Not only in Germany, but among those of German descent in other lands, has this pernicious belief spread, linking the Germans everywhere to the Fatherland, in the hope that they would be considered worthy to share the future glory of the masters of the world.

The "insolent pride of blood," to which the American Secretary of State alluded, was curiously enough illustrated in the identical London papers which reported his speech by a delivery, a few days previously, of the German War Minister, General von Stein in the Reichstag. General von Stein talked of "our incomparable Army" and of "the Entente beginning to recognise and admit their heavy defeat." He sneered at "the saving help of America" in the same way that the Kaiser sneered at General French's "contemptible little Army," thereby bestowing on the British soldier a proud title. Who to-day would not be one of the "Old Contemptibles"? Perhaps in time to come, to be one of America's "Saving Helps" will have the same high honour.

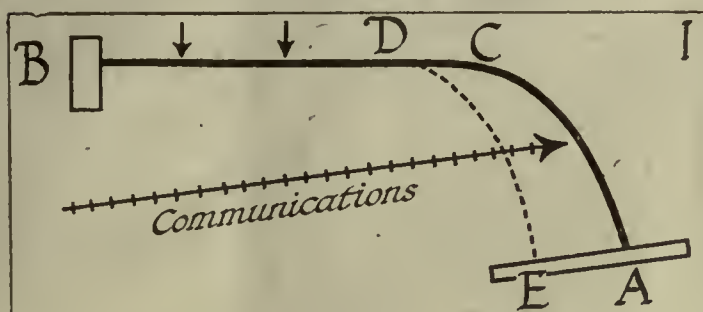
General von Stein spoke nothing but the truth when he said: "The enemy is not yet prepared for peace. It is still the day of the sword, but the sword has kept sharp." More than that, von Stein! The sword continues to be sharpened; the sparks still fly from the grindstone; and before there is peace, Germany must taste the sharpness of that sword, must test the temper of its steel in a very different way from that contemplated by the boastful German War Minister.

Readers of LAND & WATER are very familiar by this time with the stories by Centurion which have appeared on these pages at intervals during the past two years. They are all based upon fact, and in process of time many of these plain tales from the battlefield will be accepted as historical evidence for the actual incidents and sequences of events of the famous actions which they describe. The book is dedicated to the West Country Regiments, for the writer is himself a Wiltshire man, who like the rest of the children of Wessex, believes Wessex to be God's country and Thomas Hardy its prophet. Centurion's volume bears the title *Gentlemen at Arms* (Heinemann, 6s.). It is to be published to-day, though last Tuesday, the anniversary of Waterloo, would perhaps have been a more appropriate date, considering the feat of arms which it commemorates.

The Offensive against Italy: By H. Belloc

THE present Austrian offensive upon the Italian front is following a course of which the plan was, so to speak, inevitable. Ever since the Italians entered the war, seized defensive positions in the north-east of their country, and occupied the slopes of the Alps all along the north up to the Swiss frontier, the object of the enemy in any main offensive was necessarily an effort to come down from the north and cut the Italian communications. This alone could give him a complete decision. It is true that his great victory at Caporetto was due to a direct frontal attack against the main defensive position; but though he broke the front, took an enormous number of prisoners and guns, and compelled the Italians to a rapid and terribly expensive retirement, he did not obtain a decision because he was only driving his opponent back along communications which were still intact.

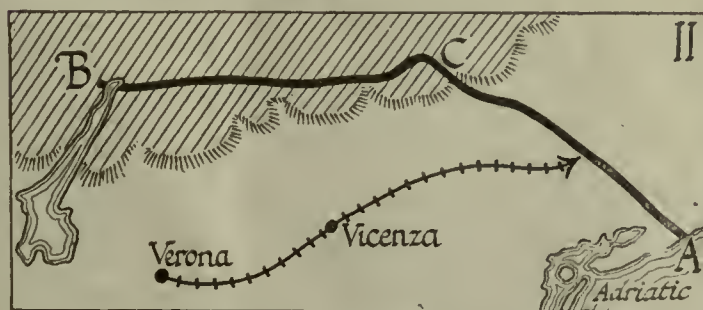
The position may be familiar to most of my readers, but I will explain it once more in a simple diagram.



Supposing the front you have to hold is of the shape shown in the diagram, like part of a hook, or the letter "J," with secured flanks at B and at A. Suppose your main line of communications run like the barred arrow on that diagram—that is, parallel with a part of your front B-C. Then it is obvious that the success of your enemy against you between A and C, compelling you to retire, for instance, to D-E, though it may involve the loss of prisoners and of guns, does not merely through his advance affect the vitals of your army, for, as you fall back, you still have your communications intact behind you by which to receive supplies, to evacuate wounded, etc. But if your enemy can bring pressure between B and D, then, even without badly damaging you, if it only presses you back a little way, and immediately your communications are in danger, everything lying beyond the point where he cuts the communications will be destroyed, and the nearer to B he effects his cut, the more thorough his victory will be. If he can cut the communications right back close to B, he will scoop in the whole army and achieve a complete decision.

Now, the Italian front has been from the beginning obviously of this kind. There was always a peril from the north—a peril which was greater in proportion as the attack from the north came from more and more westward.

This unstable state of affairs was imposed by nature herself. It is the great curve of the Central and Eastern Alpine chain, the direction of the rivers flowing down from that chain to the sea, and the consequent sites of great towns, all lying in a row underneath the Alps, these in their turn determining the main roads and the railways which have produced the situation just described.



If you compare the actual map between Lake Garda and the mouth of the Piave—that is, along the lines held by the Italians at the present moment—you will see that it exactly corresponds to this scheme. The secured flanks at B and A are Lake Garda and the high mountain region west of it and the Adriatic Sea. The main line of communications is the

railway, linking up Verona and Vicenza, and leading up to the front on the Piave River. It is clear that an attack from the north—that is, from the mountains between B and C—even if it does not break the front, but only succeeds in pressing it back up to the line of communications, would give the enemy a complete decision, the more complete as his successful effort lay more to the west—that is, nearer B.

It was a stroke of this kind from the north, to cut the communications, which was planned in 1916 and failed. Of necessity, exactly the same plan has had to be repeated this time. The enemy has had to make his main effort from the north—that is, against the left flank presented by the Allied line and covering the dangerously parallel line of communications. He has been compelled, as we shall see in a moment, to strike at one particular sector of this northern front in special force, to wit, both sides of the Brenta Valley, because only there can he mass in sufficient strength. The only difference between this offensive and that of two years ago is that his much greater numerical superiority to-day, both in guns and in men, has allowed him to attack all along the line, instead of confining himself to the left flank alone. But the left flank still remains the touch-stone of the whole affair. Either he will get down to the communications on the plain, and so obtain his decision, or he will fail to interrupt them, in which case he will suffer serious strategic defeat.

The numerical preponderance of the enemy here, as elsewhere in the West, must always be kept in mind: and, upon a later page, where I discuss the general character of the whole enemy movement from the Adriatic to the North Sea, I give the causes and the extent of that preponderance more in detail. Here, in a preliminary study of the present action, it is sufficient to point out that the Austro-Hungarian armies, with certain German contingents, can and have put into line no less than 60 divisions between the Adriatic and Lake Garda. Their superiority in artillery is unfortunately beyond question. It is due to two factors: the very great captures of pieces made since the first great offensive of last autumn and the enormous amount of material provided by the betrayal of the Allies in Russia. We shall discuss later how far this preponderance of men is modified by a loss in military spirit and value; but the preponderance in artillery, especially in heavy artillery work very far behind the line of shock and contact, is, unfortunately, a mechanical thing which is susceptible of calculation, and a superiority here is not only undeniable, but little affected by the moral of the attacking troops.

Before describing in detail the accounts of the actions so far as it can be followed at the time of writing (Monday afternoon, June 17th), it will be necessary to go briefly over the line from the Swiss frontier to the Adriatic, showing what advantages the enemy have, maybe, and where they lie.

There are three main sectors in this line. Reading from left to right—that is, from West to East—you have, first, the sector between the Swiss frontier and Lake Garda. Second, the sector between Lake Garda and the Piave River at the point where the latter emerges from the foot hills of the Alps on to the plain.

The third sector is that of the Piave River itself, running from the south eastwardly across the plain, until it falls into the Adriatic, 30 or 40 miles down stream.

Of these three sectors, the first need not concern us greatly. It is very high mountain land, most of the crests are in the hands of the defence, there is only one gate, the Tonale Pass, and the lack of communications makes it very difficult for the enemy to concentrate upon this sector in any great force.

The second sector—that between Lake Garda and the River Piave—is the critical one, as we have seen. It runs from the lake to the valley of the Astico, over country where an attack is difficult on account of narrowness of the issues by which the enemy can debouch. If this portion were weakly or badly held, an enemy success here would be more fruitful than anywhere to the eastward, for it would get down to Verona and find itself right behind the whole Italian army and astraddle of the main railway which feeds it; but not only is this point capable of defence, it is also one where the hill country goes on far to the south, so that the difficult fighting would have to be prolonged, however successful it were.

All these conditions are modified, when you come to the next portion of this sector, lying between the Astico Valley and the Brenta, which is known as the "Plateau of Asiago," from the now ruined small town in its centre. It is of curious

formation, limestone, and therefore difficult to supply with water, and coming out from the fall of the Alps in a sort of shelf, depressed in the middle, and rising at the rim. From beyond that rim the ground falls very steeply from a sort of wall on to the Plain of Vicenza. Across this crucial piece of ground the Allied line runs midway. It nowhere reaches the northern heights which bound the plateau and dominate it, but it everywhere covers the rim to the south, beyond which is the sharp fall on to the plain, which bears the main communications of the armies. Upon this Plateau of Asiago, British, French, and Italian divisions are placed, and there has the main shock been taken. The enemy has several advantages here. He has the great international line of railway down the Trentino Valley to supply him and to help his concentrations, and he has, branching out from it at Trent and running down the Val Sugana, an excellent road and railway following the Upper Brenta Valley and giving him a first-class lateral communication by which to feed his front. He has built numerous roads from this railway up to that front. He overlooks the defensive line across the plateau from the heights to the north of it. Finally, if he succeeds in bending back the Allied line here, let alone in breaking it, he reaches the plain almost immediately. The main railway itself is not 20 miles away, and the plain is nowhere more than 7. In other words, there is hardly any room for manœuvre.

Beyond the Brenta Valley he could also use troops and guns concentrated by the aid of the railway and everywhere exercise pressure to get down to the plain, to which he is everywhere close; but the further east he goes, the less the effect of his advance would be.

Lastly, we have the Piave itself, running through the plain from the foot hills to the Adriatic. This part of the front is the weakest for defence; but, at the same time, it is that part upon which an enemy advance has least effect.

The Piave is no formidable obstacle. For much the greater part of the year it is only a broad bed of shingle, carrying a few trickles of water, and bounded by high levees or banks upon either side to preserve the plain against floods.

After heavy rain in the hills and during the first big melt of the snows, it rises by many feet, and becomes very swift and deep, an almost impossible obstacle for the moment; but it usually goes down in a few hours, and is of hardly any permanent military value, at any rate, above the point of St. Dona; below that point the last few miles to the sea run through marshy country, which can be well defended. A crossing there is also of little service to the attack because there is no good road by which to advance—only more marshes, cut up by canals, and a big shallow lagoon barring the way.

The Piave torrent bed is crossed in three places by the railway, at St. Dona itself, just above the marshy ground, at Fogara, about half-way to the hills, and at Nervesa, just where it emerges from the hills. The bridges have, of course, long ago been destroyed; but the railways on the enemy

side—that is, on the eastern bank of the river—and the road system in his hands only lead to the old crossing places, so that they are the obvious points upon which he can concentrate and bring pressure; and it is there that he had already by last Sunday established at least three bridge-heads.

Such being the general nature of the ground, we will now turn to the fortunes of the battle so far as the dispatches to hand inform us upon them.

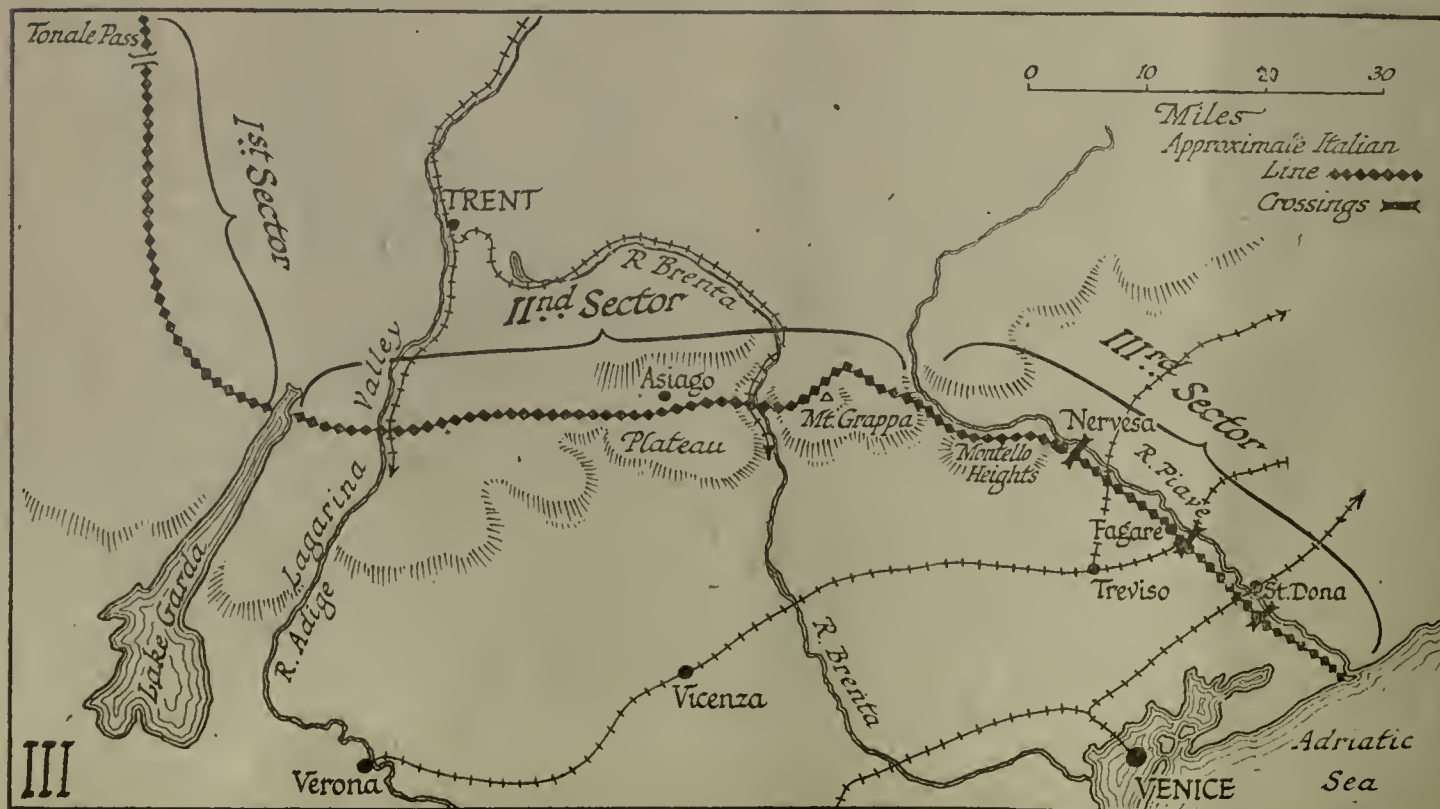
The offensive opened at 3 a.m. on Saturday last, June 15th. It had been preceded by a minor action, dwindling down during the previous thirty-six hours against the Tonale Pass far to the west of Lake Garda. It is not easy to understand the reason for this feint—if feint it was. Perhaps future developments will make us understand it better. There was no chance of getting through under such conditions of quite partial and local attack. At any rate, the attack was delivered, and, as a matter of course, without result; the main offensive followed, as we have said, by the opening of intense bombardment at 3 a.m. on Saturday.

The bombardment lasted four hours, and just after 7 a.m. the infantry was launched along the whole line, from above the mouth of the Piave to the neighbourhood of Lake Garda itself.

At this point we shall do well to notice the complete centralisation of the enemy forces in the West. What he cannot command is homogeneity of troops. He has that more or less in the German Empire; he takes advantage of its lack among the various nations of the Allies; but he cannot obtain it in the extraordinary different types of recruitment which produce the Austro-Hungarian forces. What he has got is clearly a unity of central command. For this preparation of his last offensive is almost ridiculously exact in its copy of the efforts made in France since March 21st. The preliminary bombardment, its exact duration, the nature of the shell used, the searching of back areas—twenty other details are precisely the same with the Austro-Hungarians in Italy as they have been with the German armies in France.

Now, this kind of similarity is not produced by mere copying; it is only possible when you have direct orders and a staff working to a plan. It means that the whole direction of the Austrian armies in this Italian offensive is German. What they cannot command, as I have said, is the united human material. And this battle really turns more upon the military value of the Austro-Hungarian units than upon anything else. They come from many different races; they are variously affected towards the cause of the Imperial Crown; they have suffered different kinds of strain; even their best units are but isolated groups in such a mass of disparate forces; and it is all this which weighs against the fact that they are superior in numbers and far superior in guns to the defending force.

After the bombardment, then, had proceeded four hours the infantry was launched at about half-past seven in the morning upon every available point of the line.



Let us be clear as to what this phrase "every available point" means.

In the open plain against the Piave, north of the marshes at least—that is, at and north of St. Dona—attack is possible anywhere, though a special concentration was, of course, to be found at the three points where the roads and railways lead to the three crossings of the river, and here the enemy established a bridge-head on the first day at each of the points. It is not clear in what state the river was, whether it was deeper than usual through a freshet or through the melting of the snows, or whether it was in its usual summer condition of a mere gravel-bed with insignificant streams of water trickling through it.

The enemy dispatch talks of it as being "swollen"; but this probably only means that it has enough water to make fording somewhat difficult. It is very unlikely that it was deep enough for the use of pontoons, except possibly at the southernmost crossing, for when it is deep enough for pontoons in its central reaches the Piave is such a torrent that they could hardly be thrown across.

On this sector, then—that of the Piave proper—crossings were made and bridge-heads were established on the Saturday and Sunday. The enemy claim here about 10,000 prisoners. But by the last dispatches—those of Monday morning—these bridge-heads were closely contained by the Italian reaction, and do not seem to have enlarged at all.

In the sector next west—between the Piave and Lake Garda, which we have seen to be far the most critical one—the position at the end of the second day was satisfactory. The main enemy effort was made on the Asiago Plateau, for reasons which have already been given. It fell with great weight upon the forces holding the extreme west of this district, which were British, effected the advance of about a mile, but was then thoroughly beaten back. It entirely

failed to reach the rim of the plateau, which overlooks the plain, or to debouch from the gaps in it upon the West. The enemy here suffered a very decided check. He suffered a similar check in his efforts east of both sides of the Brenta. He advanced, but could not keep what he had overrun, and was beaten back by the Italians. Further to the east again, between the immediate neighbourhood of the Brenta and Montello, he achieved nothing. The eastern ends of Montello, just on the Piave, he carried, probably, as part of his successful crossing at Nervesa. By the Monday noon, he seems to have reached the summit: an important success, because it gives him his *only* point of observation over the plain.

With this very insufficient result, our news stops. We have yet to learn whether it is a definite check for the enemy or no. Since the whole plan is German, and its conduct obviously designed by officers from the Prussian staff, the test of its failure or success will simply be its continuance. If the battle is broken off, as was the battle of the Matz (a little too late) the other day, it will be a confession of failure. If it is continued, no matter what we may be told about heavy enemy losses in the West, we may take it as evidence that those who are directing the enemy feel themselves to be succeeding.

So much has been written throughout the Press of the political effect of an enemy failure here that I will not add to it, especially as we do not yet know what the chances of the battle are.

But it must be carefully borne in mind that the attempt is being made by a Power which is thoroughly tired of the war, and which has now nothing to gain from the continuance of the war. It is being made by a Power which would not be specially punished as a result of unsuccessful war, and it is being made by a Power which is suffering from the most grievous internal instability.

True Value of Numerical Superiority

WE cannot understand this critical phase of the war unless we begin upon the very largest lines and go down to details afterwards. To go the other way about, to make maps showing how far the enemy is from this or that point, is to put the cart before the horse, and to stop at those very simple insufficiencies is to be ridiculously failing in judgment.

The Central Empires and their dependents had for the European field alone (counting Salonika as eastern and eliminating Syria, Persia, and Mesopotamia) more than eight and less than nine million men drawing rations, in uniform, and on the military strength. Of these, roughly three-fifths or a little more were organised in fighting units and of these again more than one-half, but not two-thirds, were the infantry which was, of course, the force chiefly subject to attrition.

That is the first foundational point to seize and remember. Those who neglect it or ignore it marvel at the enemy's present superiority, fail to understand, and fall into the error of thinking it due to some hidden power of surprise.

I repeat: More than *eight* million all told, nearly *five* under arms in the field, not far short of *three* in infantry alone. That was the state of affairs from the moment when the whole machine had come to full working.

With the exception of a great falling off in quality and possibly some falling off in numbers among the Austro-Hungarians, it is the state of things to-day. The Turkish forces were badly hit by lack of organisation, insufficient industrial power, etc., but that was felt in Asia, not in Europe. The Turkish Divisions in Europe upon the fighting fronts, though few, have been kept up to strength. The Bulgarian divisions have suffered little. Of this *eight—five* and *three—million*, the German Army counts for five-eighths in each category.

Against so formidable a mass were arrayed the Russians, the French, the British and the Italians. These four main Allies were sufficient to "contain" (as the phrase goes) the Central Empires between them. The Allies never had any formidable superiority even in mere numbers, against the Central Empires. How the idea got about that they had I do not know. They had a superiority, but no formidable superiority; and that superiority, such as it was, depended entirely upon the huge recruiting field of Russia.

Between the late autumn of 1916 and the early summer of 1917 the Russian part of this combination went to pieces. The enemy may legitimately claim that this result was the fruit of his heavy blows in 1915; but it may also be urged

that this fruit would not have been garnered but for political propaganda and the action of the detestable international gang that captured the Russian Capital and still holds it.

These discussions are, however, of no value to a present judgment of the war. The Russian forces as a fact disappeared. The process might be compared to the breakdown of a massive wall under bombardment. The final collapse came suddenly, and almost up to the moment of that final collapse the wall was standing up and visible to every one and apparently still intact.

With the disappearance of the Russian forces went the necessary elimination of the Rumanian Army, just at the moment when it had learnt modern war, and was beginning to re-act very usefully in our favour. The whole field was left open for a duel in the west. Into that duel the Central Empires could now bring their united and preponderant strength. Take them all in line from the Adriatic to the North Sea it was a struggle opening between two forces which stood as about 21 to 16.

The first evidence of the change was Caporetto in the late autumn of 1917. It was explained in many ways. The Germans, of course, made the most of the fact that it occurred just after German divisions had joined the Austrian forces; but the underlying cause even of that first surprise and bad defeat was new power which the Russian collapse had given the enemy to concentrate against the west.

Here let me point out that numerical preponderance does not only mean the power to bring up, say, ten men against seven: It means much more than that. It means the power to withdraw divisions and give them special training. It means the power to give long periods of rest. It means the power to resume the initiative—that is, the vast advantage of striking where you will and compelling your opponent to conform his plan to yours.

It should further be pointed out that a great numerical superiority enables you to play for exhaustion with a margin in hand. You can risk heavy losses without fear for the immediate future. Your numerically inferior opponent by his superior skill in the art of war may compel you to heavier losses than he himself suffers, and yet you may be the gainer in the long run because there is a certain minimum beyond which he cannot hold and you may fairly hope that he will reach that breaking point before you will.

If 100 men are fighting 70, the 70 can, perhaps, make the 100 lose 25 men where they lose only 20. But at the end of the process they are worse off than at the beginning. They stand only 50 against 75: and the process goes on. More-

over, there is a line to be held which cannot be held after forces have fallen below a certain level.

In the interval between the autumn of 1917 and the spring of 1918, the enemy, and in particular the German Army, utilised their new superiority in numbers in all sorts of ways, but principally by way of training. They withdrew great numbers from the line—which the Allies could not do; they rested them; they exercised them in a new tactic of mobility and surprise. When all was ready they launched that great offensive in the West which, as they then firmly believed and still believe more doubtfully, should end the campaign in their favour before next autumn.

Apart from the elements in their favour which I have just mentioned they had, in the largest sense, the advantage over the west of interior lines. They could change from a main attack against Italy to a main attack in Flanders in less than half the time and with much less than half the strain imposed by such a change upon their opponents. They had not only this general advantage of interior lines upon the whole west, they had a special advantage of interior lines between Lorraine and the North Sea. The enemy determined not to pursue, for the moment, the Italian adventure, which could be only indirectly decisive, but to strike upon the West, that is against his principal and most formidable foes. He was moved to act rapidly, at great expense, and early by two considerations.

The first (which seemed to him the least important) was the gradual growth of the American forces. He knew that these would be insignificant throughout the spring. He did not believe that during the greater part of the summer they would be greater in proportion than the British Expeditionary Force had been to the French before the Marne. He was morally certain that they could not redress the balance in numbers in the course of 1918. But he did know that if his decision was not reached in 1918 the American armies would change the whole situation six months later—other things, such as the political situation in the belligerent countries, being equal.

The second thing which pressed him was the tremendous strain upon his population as a whole, civilian and military combined. The civilian strain is to be measured not only by the scale of rationing, severe as that is, nor even by the imperfect organisation of Austrian and Hungarian supply, which is, perhaps, a worse feature for them, but principally by the fact that the burden had been borne so long. Even the allied belligerent countries which are more happily circumstanced know what the cumulative effect of a long strain can be. Habit palliates it, but upon a balance the weariness and the disgust count more than the habit. And even upon habit you cannot count where a real privation of necessities is concerned. That is something we have never had and which the Central Empires have had for a long time.

The enemy struck therefore in the West; he struck early; he struck with everything organised above all for *rapidity*, and he struck once for all. In other words, he budgeted to lose up to his full maximum of men, saying to himself that by this means there was a chance of victory and by any other policy nothing but a certitude of defeat.

Now what was that maximum of men and how would he use it? I confine myself to the French front alone. The enemy could there use nearly three million of men of whom more than a million and a half, but less than a million and three-quarters were available as infantry for the active part of the battle.

It was upon the infantry that the great losses would fall. It was the numbers of the infantry and their losses which, therefore, would determine everything. If every man hit or caught counted as a permanent loss one might safely say that the enemy would budget for a casualty list far below half his force. To exceed that would be destruction. He could not budget for infantry casualty lists of a million in his infantry. He might doubtfully budget for 700,000.

But not every man hit or caught is a permanent loss. The only purely permanent losses are the men caught and the men who, being hit, are either killed or so mutilated as not to be of any service again. The remainder (with the exception of a small proportion who are lost by sickness) return sooner or later and in various capacities to the ranks. There is here a problem on which infinite discussion has arisen, to wit, how to estimate the exact proportion of strength really recoverable. You may have hospital returns on paper as high as 80 per cent. of the wounded, while the number you get back to full active service of the same sort which they performed before they were into hospital may be nearer 50 per cent. than 60 per cent. You have men who can go back to very useful work necessary to the army—transport, etc.—but not to the firing line. You have a large proportion who come back so irregularly and so slowly that it is almost impossible to make an average rate

of their return. But in round figures you can say that of the wounded alone, apart from prisoners and dead, 60 per cent., or rather more come back in an average of about four months, and a large proportion of these, the light cases, come back in the first few weeks.

Seeing that the problem is, therefore, not a static but a dynamic one, and that while loss goes on recruitment is also going on, we know that the enemy could budget for very much more than a casualty list of 700,000 on the French front alone during the fighting of 1918. For each particular stroke he would have to budget carefully, of course. If he wasted all available material without success in the very first blows he might find himself defeated before his recruitment could recover him.

Thus it was said with justice in these columns that his first two great battles between March 21st and April 19th were not calculated to cost much more than 600,000 casualties and probably cost less: Perhaps half a million. But take the fighting from beginning to end, take the fighting of the whole of this season, and he might stand a casualty list of far more than a million and yet get his decision before he had reached the point of exhaustion and of danger. Some have put the number at a million and a half. Class 1920 alone represents at least 450,000 men.

Special Training of Reserves

Now the enemy had a further calculation in his favour. The power which great numerical superiority had bestowed on him to give special training to great bodies of troops resting out of the fighting, coupled with very diligent staff work, for which he must be given full credit, had given him, as he believed, and rightly believed, a new tactical instrument. He thought he could break a line, something which (in the West) neither he nor the French nor the British nor the Italians had yet succeeded in doing. At Caporetto he did this for the first time in the West. On March 22nd he did it for the first time in France.

Having found that he could break a line, in other words, having found that the quasi-permanent field defences developed by the present war were, even when backed by ample material (which the Russians never had), capable of rupture, his main plan was simply to shatter piece-meal that defensive line in the West and after each breach to take the first possible advantage of the gap, pouring men through with the utmost mobility, and trying, if he could, to sever the line thoroughly once and for all: that is, to prevent its re-forming far to the rear and to get around the flank of one of the two broken sections.

This expected result he has not gained. But there is another way, a slower one of reaching a decision, which is the exhaustion of his foes. He is fighting roughly ten to seven. With every advance he takes prisoners in great numbers and these though slightly wounded or even unwounded are permanent losses to the side from which they come. He menaces point after point of importance on the allied communications. He postpones the power of building up again permanent field works against him; he exercises heavy political pressure by the ruin of territory occupied; by the bombardment of distant civilian centres as he goes forward.

That is the German calculation. That is the very simple plan underlying the whole of this fighting. Each individual blow has its objective, of course—that of March 21st and March 22nd to get between the French and the British and effect a complete rupture of the line; that of April 9th to cut off the Ypres salient and reach the sea; that of May 27th to pass round the forest obstacles and compel a general retirement upon Paris; that of June 9th to supplement the blow of May 27th by coming round on the other side of the salient, with Compiègne as its particular objective, and presently the turning of the forest belt as its general goal.

But dominating all is the conception of a rapid attrition of the Allied forces in the course of the present war: An attrition gained with immense loss to his own side but, as he hopes, mortal to his foe.

Notice

THE Board of Trade having forbidden distribution of newspapers "on sale or return" on or after June 24th, LAND & WATER after the present issue will be obtainable to order only. We particularly request all our readers who have not already done so to place an order for regular delivery with their newsagents, or to fill in the subscription form which accompanies this issue.

Germany's Lost Illusions: By Arthur Pollen

An astute French statesman remarked, when war broke out, that the folly of Germany could be measured by the fact that, by combining Russia and Great Britain against her, she had set out to attack the "two great intangibles." Russia seemed to be protected by the vastness of her territory and the simplicity of her political organisation; Great Britain by her ocean girdle. The epithet has long since been proved untrue of our northern ally. But it is still true of Great Britain; and for the reason that it is true of us, it is true also of the ally that joined us when Russia was on the eve of collapsing—America.

Now, when the military force of Germany, relieved of pressure on the Eastern front, can concentrate its entire weight against us in the West, it is wholesome to bear in mind the truth that still remains in Monsieur Cambon's aphorism. It recalls to our recollection the fact that primarily and ultimately, the war, like its great predecessor a century ago, is for us a sea war; and that though our military contribution has been upon a colossal scale, the essential truth remains that, in winning or losing in a war with Great Britain, it is in what happens at sea, and not what happens on land, that the issue will be found. And that truth is incalculably more obvious when America is allied to us in the West with her resources in men only just beginning to appear in the field of war, and with Japan allied to us in the East, whose man-power has not yet been touched at all.

It is this fundamental truth that made the situation a year ago so intensely grave. For we were within measurable distance of being beaten at sea by the submarine. And it is because the submarine is becoming week by week a lesser danger, and because week by week the shipping of the Alliance is increasing much faster than it can be destroyed, that we shall do well to remember that, whatever our anxiety in watching, the titanic struggle, while it must be decisive for Germany if Germany fails, will be far from being decisive for the Alliance if Germany were to succeed.

There is all the more reason why we should bear this truth in mind, because the clearer headed Germans can see it for themselves. There has recently become accessible to us the full text of three very significant statements. The first is von Kühlmann's speech to the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, delivered on the occasion of his reporting and defining the German peace with Rumania. Next, there is Herr Dernburg's article in the *Neue Freie Presse* dealing with the American threat of the after-war boycott on raw materials. Lastly, there is Erzberger's defence against those who attacked him and his advocacy of the "No Annexation" resolutions passed a year ago in the Reichstag.

Von Kühlmann's speech is, naturally enough, a rhapsody over Germany's colossal apparent triumph in Russia, the Ukraine, and Rumania—a triumph the economic results of which are to be realised by a ruthless exploitation of the conquered peoples, carried out in perfect agreement with Austro-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria. Though the prospect is dazzling, he adds that the Germans would make a very big mistake if they contented themselves with extending their economic base on the European continent, and were satisfied if they simply put themselves into a position to compete "numerically" with such units as the United States of America.

These are not the aim and conclusion of our development, The Rhine flows into the North Sea, and the mighty Elbe, the artery of Central Germany, points us in the same direc-

tion. All these efforts . . . will in the long run be a spur and incentive to German trade to gravitate towards the first element of all great and really free trade, the free seas. To prepare this trade, to serve and strengthen its cause is the ultimate and highest aim of all the work and all the efforts, which have been brought before your mental vision to-day. When victory and peace shall have been won in this greatest of all wars, thanks to the valour and tenacity of the German people, and the genius of their leaders, and German merchant ships, built of German steel shall again sail the free seas under the black, white, and red stripes, then, . . . the German merchant will prove to the world that, in these years of sacrifice, he has only become more capable, more ready for peaceful competition with every nation, and not unworthy of the proud motto: *Nulli Secundus*.

So that, unless his country can, when war is over, get back to pre-war conditions at sea, then all Germany's war efforts must have been wasted.

Herr Dernburg is far more specific. Except for Germany's apparent monopoly of potash, he has to admit that neither Germany nor any of the neutrals subservient to her, produces any of the raw materials of which the rest of the world has need. Whereas the British Empire, the United States, and the South American republics that



Harbour of Sevastopol, the Portsmouth of the Black Sea

have declared war against Germany, practically monopolise the raw materials, without which German industry is helpless. Peace, therefore, when it comes, he says, must include the fair rationing of these raw materials between all the nations. He notes that [the Non-ferrous Metal Act, and wholesale purchasing of wool clips and crops have already made State monopolies of many of these essentials to German industry. The treaty of peace, then, must not merely guarantee a freedom for the Germans to trade on an equality with others in all these countries, it must provide compulsory powers of allocation to Germany of her share of these highly desirable products! And it dawns on the puzzled Dernburg that this means a "League of Nations for the universal world provision of a humanity suffering from an impoverishment of raw materials." Perhaps we shall not all agree upon the definition of "humanity." The Allies will be able to look after themselves and their friends, and the German claims to be included in "humanity" will certainly require strict proofs. Dernburg evades this point, and proceeds:

"A thing of this kind (i.e., this economic League of Nations) cannot be obtained in the event of a peace won purely by force. It requires peace by understanding for which we are now, as always, ready, but which can only be concluded when our opponents have arrived at a similar position of reason. Our goodwill has not advanced us much in this direction. To-day the task which we must pursue with all our might is to bring about this condition of reason by force of circumstances."

The German mind is surely a strange thing. Dernburg realises as clearly as any man can that a peace obtained by force—such, for instance, as a German victory in France—will not bring them what Germany wants, i.e., a League of Nations, based on equality of economic supply. He also realises that this can only come by a peace by "understanding." "Let us, then," he says, "go forward with all our might—i.e., by force of circumstances—to bring about not a peace won by victory, but a condition when they, like us (the Germans) will attain to that sweet reasonableness which makes some other kind of peace possible."

Erzberger has to deal with his critics with one hand tied behind his back. He cannot say, for instance, that Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria are beaten already, nor can he reiterate

what he hints, viz., that the warning he uttered in October, 1916, as to the result of unrestricted U-boat warfare, has proved him to be right and his critics wrong. It has made an irreconcilable opponent of America without disposing of the other irreconcilable, England. Germany is left, then, still needing a peace by understanding, but is further off than ever from any possibility of getting it. The people are being fooled by being told that the military successes are decisive victories, and their war passion excited by the prospects of annexations and indemnities. But the truth, he says, is that the bulk of Germany wants only German rights, and that annexations, in the interest of scientific frontiers, have no meaning in these days of long-range guns and aeroplanes; and that all this talk only postpones the only finish of the war that can help his country.

Now it seems to me quite a remarkable thing that three men, so different in origin, experience, and environment, should show agreement on an issue so fundamental as this. They all see as clearly as possible that the thing Germany must have—or perish—is exactly the thing which cannot be obtained by force of arms on land. If Germany is to turn her conquests in the East into permanent realities profitable to herself, she must first come to a working agreement with all the rest of the world. Without wool, cotton, rubber, hides, vegetable oils, and a host of other products, she cannot regain that industrial vitality without which the exploitation of the Russian and Rumanian conquests will be impossible. Without a free sea, no internal industry can bring national wealth. Now, these two indispensable things—raw materials and free sea commerce—do not follow automatically from the only kind of victory dangled before the German vision.

If Germany could conquer the armies of Italy, France, England, and America on land, and beat all our fleets, too, then the countries of the outer world would have to come to the same kind of "peace by understanding" with Germany to which Russia, the Ukraine, and Rumania—not to mention Poland and Finland—have already been driven. But there is no prospect of sea victory on this or any other scale. Max Cohen, indeed, will have it still that the U-boat will win; but he speaks to a formula in which no one trusts. It is significant that Erzberger, while speaking respectfully of the efficiency and the gallantry of the submarine personnel, is under no illusions as to any chances of submarine victory. Dernburg is silent on the subject altogether, and Kühlmann, while talking glibly of the freedom of the seas, suggests no means by which the rest of the world is to be free of the peaceful use of the seas, if Germany is to remain free to renew her piratical sabotage whenever she thinks fit.

The growth of German opinion on these subjects will be well worth watching. It is something, at any rate, to have a Secretary of State admitting that it is peace on sea and not peace on land that Germany needs, and one of the foremost of her political thinkers asseverating that peace on sea is not a thing that can be the fruit of land victory.

Rizzo's Achievement

On the night of June 8-9th, Commander Luigi Rizzo, of the Royal Italian Navy, was cruising off the Dalmatian coast in a motor boat in company with another of the same craft under the command of Midshipman Aonzo. At 3.15 on Sunday morning, he perceived a column of smoke in the distance, and was soon able to distinguish two dreadnoughts escorted by a squadron of ten destroyers. He determined to go for them at once, and ordered Aonzo to attack "as he thought best." He managed to slip between the destroyers and get within between 400 and 600 feet of the leading ship, and was soon under fire from the destroyers, which then perceived him. But, unaffected by this, he let his two torpedoes go from their dropping gear, and both took effect. Aonzo, in the meantime, got in one hit on the second battleship. All this was astonishing enough, but the miracle is that, having got inside the destroyer line and torpedoed both ships, these tiny motor boats were then able to pass out again untouched. Beyond a couple of torpedoes and depth charges each, they carried no weapons. It was with one of these latter, the first having failed to explode, that Rizzo stood off the only destroyer that tried to ram him—the light, one imagines, was too bad for effective gunnery. The second depth-charge was nicely timed and lifted the destroyer, so that she "rolled like a drunken man." She was doubtless out of action, if not destroyed; but Rizzo, now defenceless, did not wait to see, and slipped through the gap, and both motor boats escaped. This reads more like the ground work of a magazine story than an event in real life, and but for the Austrian admission that the *Szent Istvan* had been sunk, with the loss of several officers and eighty men, one would be tempted to wonder if it could possibly be true.

It is confidently stated that another Austrian battleship has been lost already, and Aonzo is positive that a hit was made on *Szent Istvan's* consort. It looks, then, as if there were now no Austrian battle fleet to cause concern. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the change this makes in the Mediterranean. We saw a month ago that, if the old Russian battle fleet could be annexed and put under the command of the *Goeben*, a junction between such a fleet and the Austrian would create a very serious situation in the Middle Sea. On Friday came the news that two of the ex-Russian battleships had already been surrendered—not to the Turks, to their great chagrin, but to the Germans. But Rizzo's feat has transformed the situation, and though the enemy may yet try a diversion, the graver possibilities need trouble us no longer.

U-Boats in American Waters

The submarine attack in American waters that began a fortnight ago has not been continued at its first intensity, no doubt because prompt measures were taken to deal with it. But it has not ceased altogether, and obviously it can be renewed, quite possibly with greater effect. The Navy Department has, to my personal knowledge, been ready for such a campaign for a twelve-month past, and something much more serious than the raid on the coastwise shipping, that has actually taken place, was expected. The fact that even this was postponed, until American forces were in the field, seems to indicate that German policy was prompted by a hope to end the war, before the American war spirit was reinforced by national action on so large a scale, that going back on the President's professions would become impossible. There may have been a forlorn sort of hope that if American resentment were not aroused, a return to real peace conditions might be easier. Now, Germany is undeceived, and realised, what those who knew America said from the first, viz., that once in, she was in till the end, and the end as she defined it. It is, therefore, a clear possibility of the situation that a concentrated submarine attack may now develop, not only against American trade, but against American transports and the coast towns. Indeed, it is a necessity of the military situation that a concentration against the transports should be made before it is too late. For, obviously, the Channel and North Sea barrages, now openly proclaimed—not to mention the other elements of the offensive now being developed, largely with American help!—are not things that can be made effective on the instant, but are measures of slow growth. When they are matured, it will not be easy for many submarines to get through, and a high proportion of those that try will never be heard of again. To get any success worth having, the U-boats will have to take chances of a very severe order. With diminishing numbers and a moral strained by a rapidly growing percentage of loss, to suppose that they will now embark upon tactics of a more daring and hazardous kind than ever, may look like anticipating the least probable of things. But we must remember that all alternatives may appear desperate. The German papers are apparently instructed to deny, first of all, that the submarines that have been operating in American waters are of the cruiser type, in the sense of differing materially from those hitherto in use; next, that there is a distinct cruiser type at all. The so-called cruiser, is, we are told, simply a 2,000-ton submarine built to secure a larger radius of action; but the denial ceases to be convincing when the inspired statement goes on to say that the high surface speed is 15 knots only; for at Newport in 1916, the officers of U 53 made it one of their principal boasts that their craft could do over 20 knots in smooth water. And, for that matter, many a merchantman has been brought down by submarines capable of 16 and 17 knots in the open sea. Whether the larger submarines will ever be employed in baby-killing on the American sea board is another question. We do not know what correspondence, if any, still continues between the Germans in the United States and the Fatherland. But one imagines that they would like to be consulted before the All Highest exhibits this form of German *Kultur* in the land of their adoption. Every traveller to the United States testifies gratefully and with enthusiasm to the lavish hospitality and kindness that Americans of every social grade extend to their friends—no matter how slight their claim to such self-sacrifice. But it is not every visitor who knows that this gracious quality is not unaccompanied by a compensating capacity to be extraordinarily disagreeable to those whom they dislike. The German emigrants would probably prefer not to have American talent in this respect put to too searching a test. And it is likely, therefore, that they have begged that the U-boats campaign, if kept going at all, should be maintained as a strictly maritime affair.

The Turkish Conspiracy—VI

Arrival of "Goeben" and "Breslau" at the Golden Horn

Narrated by Mr. Morgenthau, late American Ambassador in Constantinople

ON August 10th, I went out on a little launch to meet the *Sicilia*, a small Italian ship which had just arrived from Venice. I was especially interested in this vessel because she was bringing to Constantinople my daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wertheim, and their three little daughters.

The greeting proved even more interesting than I had expected. I found the passengers considerably excited, for they had witnessed, the day before, a naval engagement in the Ionian Sea.

"We were lunching yesterday afternoon on deck," my daughter told me, "when I saw two strange-looking vessels just above the horizon. I ran for the glasses, and made out two large battleships: the first one with two queer exotic-looking towers, and the other one quite an ordinary looking battleship. We watched, and saw another ship coming up behind them and going very fast. She came nearer and nearer, and then we heard guns booming. Pillars of water sprang up in the air; there were many little puffs of white smoke; it took me some time to realise what it was all about, and then it burst upon me that we were actually witnessing an engagement. The ships continually shifted their position, but went on and on. The two big ones turned and rushed furiously for the little one; then apparently changed their minds and turned back. Then the little one turned around, and calmly steamed in our direction. At first I was somewhat alarmed at this, but nothing happened. She circled around us with her tars excited and grinning, and somewhat grimy.

They signalled to our captain many questions, and then turned and finally disappeared. The captain told us that the two big ships were Germans which had been caught in the Mediterranean, and which were trying to escape from the British fleet. He says that the British ships are chasing them all over the Mediterranean, and that the German ships are trying to get into Constantinople. Have you seen anything of them? Where do you suppose the British fleet is?"

A few hours afterward I happened to meet Wangenheim. When I told him what Mrs. Wertheim had seen, he displayed an agitated interest. Immediately after lunch he called with Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador, and asked for an interview with my daughter. The two Ambassadors solemnly planted themselves in chairs before Mrs. Wertheim, and subjected her to a most minute, though very polite, cross-examination.

"I never felt so important in my life," she afterwards told me.

I doubt if any two ships have exercised a greater influence upon history than these two German cruisers. These are Mr. Morgenthau's own words, they are none too strong in the light of subsequent events. The flight of the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" to the Golden Horn was yet another glaring instance of Germany's utter disregard of international rights and treaties. This fact has probably never been fully realised, but this chapter of Mr. Morgenthau's narrative establishes the truth of it. The whole episode is German all over.

behaving as though a great weight had been taken off their minds. And certainly they had good reason for their elation. My daughter had been the means of giving them the news which they had desired to hear above everything else—that the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* had escaped the British fleet, and were then steaming rapidly to the Dardanelles.

The next day official business called me to the German Embassy. But Wangenheim's animated manner soon disclosed that he had no interest in routine matters. Never had I seen him so nervous and so excited. He could not rest in his chair more than a few minutes at a time; he was constantly jumping up, rushing to the window, and looking anxiously out toward the Bosphorus, where his private wireless station, the *Corcovado*, lay about three-quarters of a mile away. Wangenheim's face was flushed; his eyes were shining, he would stride up and down the room, speaking now of a recent German victory, now giving me a little forecast of Germany's plans—and then stalk to the window again for another look at the *Corcovado*.

"Something is seriously distracting you," I said, rising. "I will go and come again some other time."

"No, no!" the Ambassador almost shouted. "I want you

to stay right where you are. This will be a great day for Germany! If you will only remain for a few minutes you will hear a great piece of news—something that has the utmost bearing upon Turkey's relation to the war."

Then he rushed out on the portico, and leaned over the balustrade. At the same moment I saw a little launch put out from the *Corcovado* toward the Ambassador's dock. Wangenheim hurried down, seized an envelope from one of the sailors, and a moment afterward burst into the room.

"We've got them!" he shouted to me.

"Got what?" I asked.

"The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* have passed through the Dardanelles!"

He was waving the wireless message with all the enthusiasm of a college boy whose football team has won a victory.

Then, momentarily checking his enthusiasm, he came up to me, solemnly, humorously shook his forefinger, lifted his eyebrows, and said: "Of course, you understand that we have sold those ships to Turkey!"



Admiral Souchon and Naval Officers

All the men except at the extreme right and left are Germans. Their uniforms—but nothing else—are Turkish

"But Admiral Souchon," he added, with another wink, "will enter the Sultan's service!"

Wangenheim had more than patriotic reasons for this exultation; the arrival of these ships was the greatest day in his diplomatic career. It was really the first diplomatic victory which Germany had won. For years the Chancellorship of the Empire had been Wangenheim's laudable ambition, and he behaved now like a man who saw his prize within his grasp. The voyage of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* was his personal triumph; he had arranged with the Turkish Cabinet for their passage through the Dardanelles, and he had directed their movements by wireless in the Mediterranean. By safely getting the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* into Constantinople, Wangenheim had finally clinched Turkey as Germany's ally. All his intrigues and plottings for three years had finally succeeded.

I doubt if any two ships have exercised a greater influence upon history than these two German cruisers. Not all of us at that time fully realised their importance, but subsequent developments have fully justified Wangenheim's exuberant satisfaction. The *Goeben* was a powerful battle cruiser of recent construction; the *Breslau* was not so large a ship, but she, like the *Goeben*, had the excessive speed that made her extremely serviceable in those waters. These ships had spent the few months preceding the war cruising in the Mediterranean, and when the declaration finally came they were taking supplies at Messina. I have always regarded it as more than a coincidence that these two vessels, both of them having a greater speed than any French or English ships in the Mediterranean, should have been lying not far from Turkey when war broke out. The selection of the *Goeben* was particularly fortunate, as she had twice before visited Constantinople, and her officers and men knew the Dardanelles perfectly. The behaviour of these crews, when the news of war was received, indicated the spirit with which the German Navy began hostilities; the men broke out into song and shouting, lifted their admirals upon their shoulders, and held a real German jollification. It is said that Admiral Souchon preserved, as a touching souvenir of this occasion, his white uniform bearing the finger-prints of his grimy sailors!

For all their joy at the prospect of battle, the situation of these ships was a precarious one. They formed no match for the large British and French naval forces which were roaming through the Mediterranean. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* were far from their native bases; with the coaling problem such an acute one, and with England in possession of all important stations, where could they flee for safety? Several Italian destroyers were circling around the German ships at Messina, enforcing neutrality and occasionally reminding them that they could remain in port only twenty-four hours. England had ships stationed at the Gulf of Otranto, the head of the Adriatic, to cut them off

in case they sought to escape into the Austrian port of Pola. The British Navy also stood guard at Gibraltar and Suez, the only other exits that apparently offered the possibility of escape. There was only one other place in which the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* might find a safe and friendly reception. That was Constantinople.

Apparently the British Navy dismissed Constantinople as an impossibility: At that time—early in August—international law had not entirely disappeared as the guiding conduct of nations. Turkey was then a neutral

country, and, despite the many evidences of German penetration, she seemed likely to maintain her neutrality. The Treaty of Paris, signed in 1856, provided that warships should not use the Dardanelles except on the special permission of the Sultan, which permission could be granted only in times of peace. In practice, the Government had seldom given this permission except

for ceremonial occasions. In the existing conditions, it would have amounted virtually to an unfriendly act for the Sultan to have removed the ban against war vessels in the Dardanelles; and to permit the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to remain in Turkish waters for more than twenty-four hours would have practically been a declaration of war. Depending, as usual, upon the sanctity of international regulations, the British Navy had shut off every point through which these German ships could have escaped to safety—except the entrance to the Dardanelles.

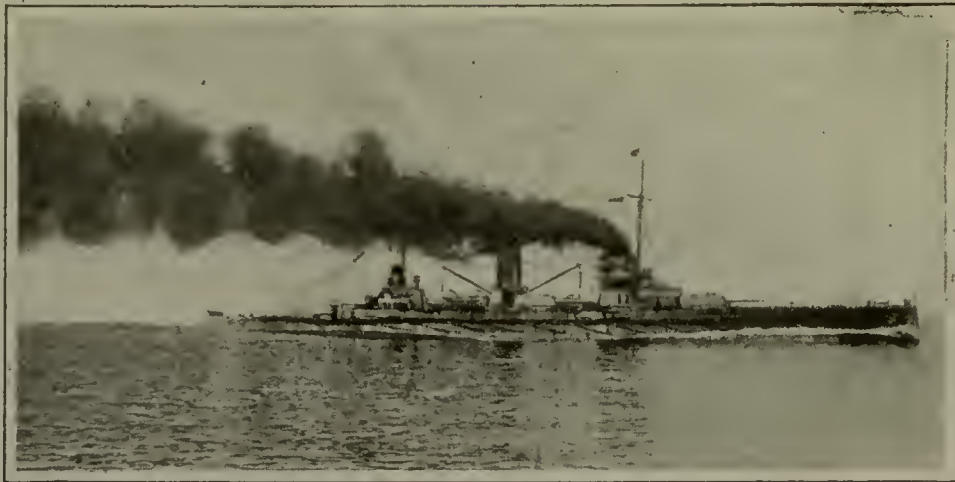
Had England rushed a powerful squadron to this vital spot, how different the history of the last three years would have been.

"His Majesty expects the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to succeed in breaking through!" Such was the wireless that reached these vessels at Messina at five o'clock in the evening of August 4th. The twenty-four hours' stay permitted by the Italian Government had nearly expired. Outside, in the Strait of Otranto, lay the

force of British battle cruisers, sending false radio messages to the Germans instructing them to rush for Pola.

With bands playing and flags flying, the officers and crews having had their spirits fired by speeches and champagne, the two vessels started at full-speed ahead toward the awaiting British fleet.

The little *Gloucester*, a scout boat, kept in touch, wiring constantly to the main squadron. Suddenly, when off Cape Spartivento, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* let off into the atmosphere all the discordant vibrations which their wireless could command, jamming the air with such a hullabaloo that the *Gloucester* was unable to send any intelligible messages. Then the German cruisers turned south and made for the Ægean Sea. The plucky little *Gloucester* kept close on their heels, and, as my daughter had related, had even once audaciously offered battle. A few hours behind the British squadron pursued, but uselessly, for the German ships, though far less powerful in battle, were much speedier.



"Goeben" in the Sea of Marmora



"Breslau" (left) at the Golden Horn

Even then the British admiral probably thought that he had spoiled the German plans. The German ships might get first to the Dardanelles; but at that point stood international law across the path and barring the entrance!

Meanwhile, Wangenheim had accomplished his great diplomatic triumph. From the *Corcovado* wireless station in the Bosphorus he was sending the most agreeable news to Admiral Souchon. He was telling him to hoist the Turkish flag when he reached the Strait, for Admiral Souchon's cruisers had suddenly become parts of the Turkish Navy, and, therefore, the usual international prohibitions did not apply! These cruisers were no longer the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*; like an Oriental magician, Wangenheim had suddenly changed them into the *Sultan Selim* and the *Medilli*. The fact was that the German Ambassador had with his usual cleverness taken advantage of the existing situation to manufacture a "sale."

As I have already told, Turkey had two dreadnoughts under construction in England when the war broke out. These ships were not exclusively governmental enterprises; they represented a great popular movement of the Turkish people. They were to be the agencies through which Turkey was to attack Greece and win back the islands of the Ægean, and in a burst of patriotism the Turkish people had raised the money to build them by popular subscription. Agents had gone from house to house, painfully collecting these small subscriptions; there had been entertainments and fairs; in their eagerness for the cause, Turkish women had sold their hair for the benefit of the common fund. These two vessels thus represented a spectacular outburst of patriotism that was unusual in Turkey; so unusual, indeed, that many detected signs that the government had stimulated it. At the very moment when the war began, Turkey had made her last payment to the English shipyards, and the Turkish crews had arrived in England prepared to take the finished vessels home. Then the British Government stepped in and commandeered them for the British Navy.

There is not the slightest question that England had not only a legal, but a moral right to do this; there is also no question that her action was a perfectly proper one, and that, had she been dealing with almost any other nation, it would not have aroused any resentment. But the Turkish people cared nothing for distinctions of this sort; all they saw was that they had two ships in England, which they had almost starved themselves to purchase, and that England had now stepped in and taken them. Even without external pressure they would have resented the act; but external pressure was exerted in plenty:

The transaction gave Wangenheim the greatest opportunity. Violent attacks upon England, all stimulated by him, began to fill the Turkish Press. Wangenheim was constantly discoursing to the Turkish leaders on English perfidy. He now suggested that Germany, Turkey's good friend, was prepared to make compensation for England's "unlawful" seizure. He suggested that Turkey go through the form of "purchasing" the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, then wandering around the Mediterranean perhaps in anticipation of this very contingency—and incorporate them in the Turkish Navy in place of the appropriated ships in England. The very day that these vessels passed through the Dardanelles, the *Ihdam*, a Turkish newspaper published in Constantinople, had a triumphant account of this "sale," with big headlines calling it a "great success for the Imperial Government."

Thus Wangenheim's manoeuvre accomplished two purposes; it placed Germany before the populace as Turkey's friend, and it also provided a subterfuge for getting the ships through the Dardanelles, and enabling them to remain in Turkish waters. All this beguiled the more ignorant part of the Turkish people, and gave the cabinet a plausible ground for meeting the objection of Entente diplomats, but it did

not deceive any intelligent person. The *Goeben* and *Breslau* might change their names, and the German sailors might adorn themselves with Turkish fezzes, but we all knew from the beginning that this sale was a sham. Those who understood the financial condition of Turkey could only be amused at the idea that she could purchase these modern vessels. Wangenheim, in his talks with me, never made any secret of the fact that the ships still remained German property.

"I never expected to have such big cheques to sign," he remarked one day, referring to his expenditures on the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. "The Germans say they belong to the Turks," Talaat remarked with his characteristic laugh; "at any rate, it's very comforting for us to have them here. After the war, if the Germans win, they will forget all about it and leave the ships to us. If the Germans lose, they won't be able to take them away from us!"

The German Government made no real pretension that the sale had been bona fide; at least, when the Greek Minister at Berlin protested against the transaction as unfriendly to Greece—naïvely forgetting the American ships which Greece had recently purchased—the German officials soothed him by admitting, sotto voce, that the ownership still resided in Germany. Yet when the Entente Ambassadors constantly protested against the presence of the German vessels, the Turkish officials blandly kept up the pretence that they were integral parts of the Turkish Navy!

The German officers and crews greatly enjoyed this farcical pretence that the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* were Turkish ships. One day the *Goeben* sailed up the Bosphorus, halted in front of the Russian Embassy, and dropped anchor. Then the officers and men lined the deck in full view of the enemy Ambassador. All solemnly removed their Turkish fezzes and put on German caps. The band played "Deutschland über Alles," the "Watch on the Rhine," and other German songs, the German sailors singing loudly to the accompaniment. When they had spent an hour or two serenading the Russian Ambassador, the officers and crews removed their German caps and again put on their Turkish fezzes. The *Goeben* then picked up her anchor and started south to her station, leaving in the ears of the Russian diplomat the gradually dying strains of German war songs as the cruiser disappeared down stream.

I have often speculated on what would have happened if the English battle cruisers, which pursued the *Breslau* and *Goeben* up to the mouth of the Dardanelles; had not been too gentlemanly to violate international law. Suppose that they had entered the Strait, attacked the German cruisers in the *Marmora*, and sunk them. They could have done this, and, knowing all that we know now, such an action would have been justified. Not improbably the destruction would have kept Turkey out of the war. There were men in the Turkish Cabinet who perceived this, even then.

The story was told in Constantinople—though I do not vouch for it—that the cabinet meeting at which this decision had been made was not altogether harmonious. The Grand Vizier and Djemal, it was said, objected to the fictitious "sale," and demanded that it should be made a real one. When the discussion had reached its height, Enver, who was playing Germany's game, announced that he had already completed the transaction.

In the silence that followed his statement this young Napoleon pulled out his pistol and laid it on the table.

"If any one here wishes to question this purchase," he said quietly and icily, "I am ready to meet him."

Mr. Morgenthau in the succeeding chapter, to be printed in next week's LAND & WATER, tells exactly how the German Admiral took the law into his own hands and committed the act of hostility which finally plunged Turkey into the war.



The Golden Horn, Harbour of Constantinople

The big building at the water edge in the centre is the Turkish Admiralty

America at War: By Crawford Vaughan

The Hon. Crawford Vaughan was formerly Prime Minister of South Australia, and is still a Member of its Legislative Assembly. In the following article are given his experiences in the United States, where he spent a considerable time early in the year lecturing and visiting various camps and industrial centres.

ADMIRATION, deep profound admiration, moves me when I think of America at war. For three months I have journeyed up and down this vast republic, and have felt the pulse of that mighty national force which is America. I have addressed audiences from San Diego in Southern California to Fore River on the Atlantic; from Sioux Falls, South Dakota in the north, to Tulsa, Oklahoma in the south. I have spoken in labour temples, in shipyards, in factories, in legislative halls, in chambers of commerce, in churches, before white men and dark men, to gatherings of women and of children. But whether it be in the far west, or along the Mississippi, in the democratic south or republican New England, there is but one America—true to the ideals of Washington and the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. "The world must be made safe for democracy"—that slogan was the call to arms, which rallied to the colours all those cosmopolitan elements that go to make up this wonderful people.

The resolution embodied in the phrase is not born of the hour; it is the heritage of the past. For four years Lincoln fought against the south because the nation could not live half slave and half free. Had the slave-owning south been content to keep slavery within its legally defined borders, that struggle might perhaps have been avoided by subsequent settlement. But slavery proved that it could not be so confined. It had to expand or perish.

Autocracy, like slavery, has proved that it cannot be confined within any territorial limits. Kaiserism must expand or die. It sought to expand, and thereby menaced the freedom of the democracies of the world. President Wilson's whole policy has been framed on the assumption that if Germany wanted autocracy she had a right to so govern herself. But the Kaiser's battle-cry has always been "Germany over all." She, herself declares that the world cannot live half democratic and half autocratic. The issue is, then, quite clear. Either democracy or autocracy must perish from the earth.

I have been a privileged visitor to many of the military cantonments which have sprung up all over the States, and have spoken to the men. The thermometer was twenty below zero when I motored across from Boston to Camp Devens. The big Y.M.C.A. auditorium quickly filled with the younger sons of the Republic who seemed anxious to hear the message from Australia. These clean-limbed Americans think the world of the Anzacs. The Australians come nearer, perhaps, to them than any others.

These soldiers like to be told that Australia, which has linked her destiny with that of America is the only country which has adopted the principles of the American Constitution, and that our flag, with its six stars, representing our six States, floats side by side with "Old Glory," with its forty-eight stars, representing the forty-eight States of the Union, and will so float to the end.

In the cantonments everything is provided to give needful comfort without pampering men who are in training. "Dry" canteens on land and on sea are the stern decrees of beerless Washington. Already military training has stiffened the backbone of the way-back sons of the soil; the slouching mountaineer of Kentucky and of Tennessee has acquired a brisk step and upright carriage, the loose-jointed cowboy of Wyoming has rubbed shoulders with the pampered youth from Long Island, and each is better for the experience. The psychological, political, and economical effect of this commingling of the east and the west, the north and the south, with all the interchange of ideas that it involves, together with the impressions of other lands which fighting abroad must leave behind, will be far-reaching.

Though the negro regiments are kept aloof from the white men, there is no lack of good fellowship between all soldiers—white and black—and perhaps the feeling of the southern Jim Crows was well expressed by one of them who proudly declared that he was "gwine over thar to fight fer de angry Saxon race, yes, sar."

Industry has been mobilised in America on a war footing. Luxuries are being inexorably displaced by war necessities.

Breadless days and meatless days involve no great privation, it is true; but the spirit which has released much-needed food to the Allies is in keeping with the spirit that sends America's noblest sons "over there."

America's output of rifles is now approximately sufficient to equip three army divisions every week. Machine-guns and ordnance are being turned out in ever-increasing quantity. Enormous quantities of munitions and clothing are now being manufactured, and food-product has been greatly stimulated by the organisation of labour for the farms.

It is impossible to tell in a word or two the inspiring story of the co-operation of American women in war activities. A few girls are now to be found behind the plough, thousands are in munitions plants, and an increasing number are to be found on the tramways, working elevators, etc. Although no comparison can yet be made between women's sphere of labour in Great Britain and in the United States of America, there is no doubt that American women will take up their cross as heroically as have their British and French sisters.

Labour's Co-operation

In my talks throughout twenty-four States of the American Union, I enjoyed the co-operation and personal help of Mr. Samuel Gompers and the American Federation of Labour. Never in any conflict was the nation so united, so implacably resolved to stand steadfast in the faith. Business men everywhere have cast business interests aside, and are working day and night for a dollar a year in the innumerable agencies that have been created out of war conditions.

Workers are sternly setting their faces against any attempt to strike. Mr. Gompers stands behind President Wilson and, next to the President, is the most potent figure in American public life to-day. It is fortunate not for America only, but for the world, that the forces of labour in America should at this hour be in the hands of this sturdy broad-shouldered American. Mr. Gompers has been at the labour helm in this country for twenty-eight years, and has won the implicit confidence, almost the veneration of the American Labour world. He is too big in his idealism to allow class interests to dominate national interests, and too clear in vision not to see that the triumph of Prussian militarism means the downfall of democracy the world over. Picture him with his lion-like head set on massive shoulders and sturdy body, with face stern in moments of decision, but genial and full of light and humour when the cares of the hour are cast aside; a figure, although only five and a half feet in height, full of a dignity which emphasises the weight of the opinion which he expresses. Gompers is an old man in years, but not in outlook. I take my hat off not only to Samuel Gompers, but to the loyal Labour men of America who have stood so splendidly by him.

Through the murk and smoke of conflict the future of President Wilson looms powerful and imposing, not simply because of Mr. Wilson's undeniable gifts of statesmanship, but because the President of the United States, during the term of his office, enjoys all the powers of a king and of a prime minister combined. The White House has always been a centre of political cyclones, and even in times of war politics cannot always be excluded. Criticism fierce and often partisan, but more often quite honest and patriotic, is at times directed against the administration, as is the case in every Allied country. The result of this probing into war activities has in the main been beneficial. No one man or set of men can possibly control a vast organism like that of the United States during war, and not blunder occasionally. We live too close to our own times to measure with exactitude the greatness or deficiencies of the men into whose keeping is placed the tremendous responsibility of piloting our civilisation safely through the fiercest storm mankind has ever known. Theirs is the fiery trial. Not as weary Titans staggering under the too vast orb of their fate must the issue be faced, but as the impassioned champions of freedom carrying the flaming sword to victory. Certainly nothing better, nothing more in tune with the aspirations of democracy has been said than by President Wilson at Baltimore:

Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.

Upon America's interpretation of that message into immediate and efficient action the fate of the world depends.

At Death-Grips with the Wolf: By L. P. Jacks

ALL political problems, whether domestic or foreign, become in the last resort what I will call, for want of a better name, *human* problems. This is not a distinction without a difference, and none but benighted politicians would treat it as such. It stands for the greatest difference conceivable; it marks the dividing line between wisdom and folly, success and failure, in public affairs. Some of the most disastrous mistakes ever made by nations or governments have arisen from the neglect of it.

The astonishing mistakes which Germany has been making during the last four years—I shall speak later of her crimes—may be traced to the incapacity of the German mind for translating international politics into human terms. Nor is she the only sinner, though she is unquestionably the worst. Our own troubles in Ireland are due to our not having perceived that the Irish question is primarily a human one. We have treated it as primarily political, which is only its secondary aspect. At root, and in essence, it is not a question of Ireland and England, but of Irishmen and Englishmen. What a difference would have been made if that had been understood from the first!

In like manner, we shall never understand the war, its causes, its meaning, its issues, until we look at these things from the human point of view. We shall never reach the governing factors by poring over maps, by studying statistics of empire, by comparing political systems, by talking of tendencies, principles, or even ideals. I am not saying that these things are unimportant. They are immensely important. But they are not fundamental. Behind them all lie the facts of temperament, of human character, out of which the ideals, the systems, the tendencies take their rise. The people who tell us that the war is "a conflict of ideas" think they are taking us to the fountain-head. But assuredly they are mistaken. The ideas themselves have to be accounted for. How is it that the Germans have one "idea" and we another? The answer can only be given in human terms—in language, that is, which shows wherein the Germans differ *as men* from ourselves. Primarily the conflict is between types of character; only in a secondary sense is it a conflict between "ideas." All turns on the types of character that are involved. It is not merely a question of British, French, American, or German notions of the way the world ought to be governed. It is far more a question of Britons, Frenchmen, Americans, Germans.

A friend of mine, who is a student of history, makes a point of collecting all the contemporary German portraits he can lay his hands on. He has them pasted in a book, handsomely bound, on the cover of which he has printed these words: "The Wolf, or the War interpreted at a Glance." Inside is a vast collection of faces: authentic photographs of the Kaiser, his ministers, his generals, Hindenburg, Lüdendorf, von Kühlmann, von Tirpitz, and the rest—all the representatives of the military party. In another group are the various professors and divines who have declared their militarist proclivities. In another are their opponents. And, lastly, there are hundreds of prisoners of war, reproductions of photographs from the illustrated papers, to which my friend, as an expert in physiognomy, attaches a high value.

The type which he professes to have found, more or less strongly marked in the great majority of these faces, is that of the wolf. To make this apparent, he has executed a well-drawn wolf's head on those pages where the type stands out clearest. In the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and many of the generals no one could overlook the resemblance. A few of them, like the Crown Prince, appear to be men of a low order of intelligence, and one would hardly say of these that they make convincing wolves. But the great majority have the marks of exceptional intellectual power, and it is precisely in them that the lupine traits are most pronounced and unmistakable.

Very remarkable, too, is the increasing dominance of the



A typical wolf face

General von Freytag, Author of "Deductions from the World-war."

type with the rise in rank. Among the common soldiers the wolf-face is absent fully as often as it is present. Among the junior officers one misses it only here and there. The generals reproduce it almost without exception; while in the Kaiser, of course, it comes out *pur sang*. On the whole, the collection does justice to the alternative title my friend has inscribed on the cover—"the War interpreted at a Glance." You close the book with the feeling that the question has been reduced to its ultimate terms. "Mankind," you say, "is in arms against this wolf." Nor is this mere impressionism. We may use these words with the assurance that we are anticipating the verdict of history. These German militarists have justified their faces. They have won for themselves a reputation in *cruelty* by which they will be remembered hereafter, even though everything else should be forgotten. They have made *cruelty* the keyword to the human meaning of the war; the word that explains better than any other single word that could be chosen what it is that binds the allied nations into a unitary force, what

they are fighting to establish, and what they are fighting to overthrow.

Ever since the outbreak of war evidence has been rapidly accumulating that the instinct for cruelty is an outstanding characteristic, if not of the German people, assuredly of the German State—and I for one do not see how it can belong to either unless it is the common property of both. There was a time when we hesitated to believe this; and even now, when evidence leaves no alternative to the belief, the mind revolts at the necessity which imposes upon it a conclusion so dishonourable to man. For a long time we tried to persuade ourselves that the thing known as *Schrecklichkeit* (frightfulness) was the temporary expedient of a desperately wicked Government fighting with its back to the wall against the judgment of mankind. We can think so no longer, even if we have thought so before.

We now know, by force of cumulative evidence, that we have here to do with an instinct deeply embedded in German character and sufficiently powerful, in spite of whatever resistance it may encounter here and there, to stamp the mark of cruelty on the world-policy of the German State. Let the reader cast his eye through the collection of sayings by German statesmen, philosophers and divines issued by the American Committee on Public Information in the volume *Conquest and Culture*: or let him turn to von Freytag Loringhoven's book, *Deductions from the World War* (Constable and Co., 3s. 6d. net). If his experience resembles that of the present writer, he will find that the whole mass of this abominable literature resolves itself quite simply into the picture of a *cruel face*, in which the ferocity and cunning of a wolf are rendered revolting by combination with the high intelligence of a man. Such unquestionably is the German State as it is here exhibited by those who belong to it.

The war has provided hundreds of test cases which are quite unintelligible except as the outcome of a native instinct for cruelty. Some of them, like the killing of Nurse Cavell, are small things when set down before the general background of horrors—small, but infinitely significant as betraying the spirit of these people. Others reveal cruelty on an immense and incredible scale. Foremost among these is the appalling story of the treatment accorded to prisoners of war—in which the civilian population appear to have taken an equal hand with the military authorities. This is not the place to recite the evidence; it is abundantly accessible to all who can steel themselves to read it; and hereafter when the full story is told—for as yet we have but a fragment—the world will have before it a record of cruelty practised on a scale which, had it been predicted of any nation before the war, would have caused the prophet to be counted insane.

Let no one say that these are the inevitable incidents of war. They are no such thing. Far from being inevitable, they would be impossible even in this, the bitterest of all wars, were it not for the psychological fact that one of the belligerents has inclinations towards cruelty which are to be

found in no other civilised nation. "Whoever cannot prevail himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the *Lusitania*," says Pastor Baumgarten, "whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty to unnumbered innocent victims and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power—*him we judge to be no true German*." What words could declare more plainly that a cruel instinct is native to the German mind? They reveal in a flash the foul ethos out of which the German dream of world-dominion has arisen. We see once more the cruel face suddenly disengage itself from the futile mass of words and theories which are offered as the explanation of the war.

The "true German" as he is here depicted by Baumgarten is none other than the human-wolf, the genius of the German military State, the common source alike of her political philosophy, of the systematic tortures inflicted on defenceless prisoners of war, and of a thousand other barbarities on the greater or the lesser scale. It is true that unless there were some Germans who are ashamed of these things Pastor Baumgarten would not have found it necessary to address such an appeal to his audience. Let us take what comfort we can from the thought. The words were uttered three years ago, and events have since proved that the comfort to be thus extracted from them is by no means great!

Such are the conclusions which await us when we translate the meaning of the war from its political into its human equivalent. As in the narrower fields of family and social relationships, so in the wide and immensely confusing regions of world-politics we come at last to the decisive factor of personal characteristics. Whatever principle may be announced as final for the government of mankind—democracy or autocracy, State organisation or individual freedom—behind them all lies the ultimate question of *the kind of people* by whom, and for whom, the principles are to be applied. Had the choice to be made, a bad system administered by good men would always be preferable to a good system administered by the evil-minded. And wherever human interests are at stake, the worst form of the evil mind is the cruel mind. Hence we frame the question wrongly when we ask what would happen if the world were ruled by German methods. We should ask rather how the world would fare if it were ruled by Germans. According as we frame the question in the one way or the other the answer will come out with an immense difference. As to German methods in general we do well to keep an open mind; but always with the reservation that under no circumstances whatsoever will we suffer them to be applied to us by the German as we have come to know him during the last four years.

What the German may be within his own borders is not in question; let him be what he claims to be. It is as an international person that we have to do with him; and here his character stands out clearly defined. He is essentially cruel; he has the qualities which derive from cruelty—cunning, treachery, fraud; untrustworthy to the last degree; a bad neighbour; a dangerous partner in the work of civilisation. This is the mark he wears on his forehead—stamped there by his own act, and frankly reproduced in many a portrait he has drawn of himself. So long as the mark remains he stands condemned as an international person, and neither his valour, his skill, his prudence, his knowledge, nor any other good quality that may be assigned him, will induce mankind to submit to his ascendancy. But for this he would have had a fair chance of realising his dream of world-dominion. As it is, he has none.

Along with the virtues which have brought him to the front he has retained, and apparently cultivated, the one vice which effectively puts him out of court as a claimant to the leadership of civilisation; and this it is which leaves him faced with the hopeless alternative of subduing by force a world firmly resolved never to accept him. Even if he were to repent tomorrow—and who can say he will not?—confidence would be slow in returning. We should fear reversion to the original type. And rightly so; for the cruelty he has shown is neither temporary nor

superficial. It is too firmly embedded in the German State to be got rid of in a day.

The Germans know this. Von Freytag Loringhoven's book, to which I have already referred, betrays the knowledge on every page. He sees that Germany has gone too far to retreat; her pact with cruelty is irrevocable; her methods cannot be changed. She must abide by the issue; she must see the thing through to the end, and, having finished this war to her satisfaction, must arm to the teeth for the next. And doubtless, from his own point of view, Loringhoven is right. But his vision is not untroubled; nor is that of his countrymen. There is a column, published daily in the *Times*, under the heading "Through German Eyes." Reading between the lines of this record it is not hard to guess what many of these German eyes are looking at. They are looking at Nemesis, which they pretend not to see. Macbeth did the like.

When Germany launched her great offensive against mankind she did so with clear alternatives in view: World-dominion or Downfall. One of the secrets of the extraordinary vigour with which she has maintained the contest lies in the fact that she has kept *both* alternatives steadily before her mind. She has seen clearly that Downfall would be the certain consequence of failure to achieve her aim, the aim itself being of such a nature as to bring upon her the lasting hatred of the world. This is the alternative which evil has always to face. It provokes forces which are vowed to its destruction. At this point Germany has never suffered herself to be under a moment's illusion. She has reasoned in terms of defeat as well as of victory, has realised what each would involve, and has conducted the war with the desperate energy of a mind which knows that everything is at stake. She has schooled herself in contemplating downfall as well as in dreaming of world-dominion.

By taking the initiative on these terms Germany has imposed them upon ourselves. For us also Downfall is the only alternative to victory. This has seldom been stated with the plainness it demands. Even the few thinkers and writers among the Allies who have had the courage—and it has required no little courage—to open the eyes of the public to what defeat would involve have generally stopped short at exhibiting only one side of the picture. They have told us what it is that would be defeated—to wit, democracy, and all that democracy involves. But the need is far greater that we should fully realise *what it is that would be victorious*. Cruelty would have won; cruelty would have become a dominant power, a principle in the government of mankind; not the cruelty which is a mere bestial instinct, powerless before the higher intelligence of man—though it would not have lost its bestial character—but cruelty reinforced by human reason and the resources of science, cruelty in full command of the very means that were intended to break its power. Never mind, for the moment, what would be defeated. *Think what would be victorious*: read the new world situation in the positive terms of the victory of the wolf and not alone in the negative terms of the shepherd's defeat. Who can doubt that this would be a "downfall" such as mankind has never seen?

It would be no false reading of history to say that the essential task on which mankind has been engaged since the very dawn of civilisation has been this same battle with the wolf. Cruelty has always been seeking to dominate the world, and would have dominated it long ago but for the fight put up against it by brave men—under the leadership, as some people think, of that Good Shepherd who has

left on record what he thought of the runaways. In one shape or another, now as a world-power threatening human liberty, now as some inhuman social creed, cruelty has never failed to provide the warrior and the reformer with their characteristic tasks. How often have they broken his jaws and plucked the prey out of his teeth! Surely they do Christianity a wrong who say that it has failed! These are among its mightiest acts, its most splendid achievements, but for which the world would long since have sunk back into the savagery from which it emerged.



The Allies: Typical Faces

French Official

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Mr. Wells and World Peace

MR. H. G. WELLS'S book *In the Fourth Year* (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net) is described in the sub-title as "Anticipations of a World Peace." It is, in fact, a tract showing the necessity and the nature of what we now commonly call "a League of Nations." Other more or less relevant subjects are discussed, including the institution of monarchy and the nature of democracy; but this is the centre of the book.

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Mr. Wells argues, unanswerably, that the progress of destructive invention and of means of communication has made another war a thing not to be tolerably contemplated. The only thing for it, therefore, is for the States to come together, and to delegate some of their authority to a central co-operative organisation which will have as its object the preservation of the peace. Legal power will have to coincide with actual power; the great countries of the world must, if the scheme is to work, rule the roost; any voting arrangement must be framed in the light of this truth. The delegates Mr. Wells wants to be chosen by popular election. And the functions of the League, over and above its main function of the pacific settlement of disputes and the outlawry of breakers of peace, will include limitation of national armaments (the size of which, as he argues, are at present mostly decided not by our own free will, but by the actions of foreigners), the trusteeship of backward territories, and the fair distribution of tropical raw materials. One cannot go far into details, but I may say that his argument in favour of an international control of tropical Africa, which will avoid the highly undesirable international administration of its several parts, puts the case for that proposal more convincingly than I have ever seen it put.

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Mr. Wells is naturally clear that Prussia, which stands, not only in practice but in theory, as the negation of all our beliefs, must be beaten. A League of Allied Nations may be (it is a much-disputed point) formed even during the war; but it must break down if Germany wins, and a genuine draw, if that were conceivable, would leave it as a mere alliance—possibly not stable—against the German danger of the future. Again, though to this point Mr. Wells does not sufficiently address himself, the realisation of the Allies' programme of "national self-determination" is an essential preliminary, unless (1) the League is to be regarded by every subject people in Europe as an instrument for maintaining an inequitable *status quo*, or (2) it is to be given powers of "domestic" interference which few would be willing to concede, and which involve possibilities of endless trouble. And again, as Mr. Wells very persuasively points out, it is essential that before we get to the Peace Congress the Allies shall have so thoroughly harmonised their war aims, territorial and other, that no German intrigue will be able to split them. This is common sense; but it wants saying very loudly. All these conditions satisfied, a League of Nations is practicable; once the habit of international co-operation is established, it will grow; and the suspicions and fears, which are the lever by which the bloodthirsty and the rapacious move for their own ends large masses of men who desire neither to kill anybody nor themselves to stand for years in wet trenches amid clouds of poison, will insensibly diminish.

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The book is brief, hot, impulsive; Mr. Wells is concerned chiefly and rightly with driving home the large elementary considerations which make a League of Nations imperative in such a way that the ordinary reader, who is timid about new political considerations and shirks technical detail, will be at once arrested and convinced. It is natural, therefore, that he should sometimes unintentionally convey an impression that some of the difficulties he deals with are still untackled, whereas in fact a great deal of useful donkey-work has been done upon them. He might pertinently have referred the reader to what are perhaps the three most interesting schemes which have been produced: those of Lord Bryce's Committee, of Mr. L. S. Woolf, and of the American League to Enforce Peace. A cool revision, too,

might have led him to rectify some loose or obscure sentences. It is, to give an instance, on the face of it not easy to reconcile his statement that "we are fighting to bring about a revolution in Germany; we want Germany to become a democratically controlled State, such as is the United States to-day, with open methods and pacific intentions," with his other statement that (internally) "if Germans, for instance, like to wallow in absolutism after the war, they can do so"; though other remarks seem to visualise the possibility of democracy for international purposes only, which may be verbally treated as a possibility, but will not bear contemplation. A more serious defect of the book is Mr. Wells's impatience with those from whom he differs: not on the main issue, but on others. In this book of all places he has seen fit to introduce a violent attack upon the motives of those who are opposed to Proportional Representation—an attack which is all the worse in that he endeavours to injure the sensible opponents of P.R. by lampooning its foolish opponents. This is not the time or place to controvert him; but has it ever occurred to him that P.R., with its big constituencies, may actually assist the great political caucuses to swamp candidates without machinery or large funds for organisation and advertisement? One could wish that Mr. Wells were a little less free with his invective against men who honestly differ from him, and a little freer with his recognition of assistance and assent. It is impossible that we should all agree with Mr. Wells about everything.

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One does not wish, however, to dwell on the relatively unimportant defects of this brilliant and valuable piece of pamphleteering; one would not bother about them at all did one not feel that a man of Mr. Wells's powers of reason and imagination could avoid them if he tried, and would, if he did avoid them, be even more effective than he is. Whatever qualifications have to be made and whatever *lacunæ* have to be filled up, Mr. Wells's statement on the main issue is more calculated to convert the indifferent or the vaguely hostile reader than anything which has yet been published. A few passages on the possibilities of future wars—should civilisation shirk the job of putting them out of the question—suggest that Mr. Wells the novelist might make in a future book his most valuable contribution to the service of mankind. "There is not," he says,

—a capital city in Europe that twenty years from now will not be liable to a bombing raid done by hundreds or even thousands of aeroplanes upon, or even before, a declaration of war; and there is not a line of sea communication that will not be as promptly interrupted by the hostile submarine. . . . All the European empires are becoming vulnerable at every point.

There may be many who will not face this prospect, simply because (it is the usual reason for not facing a fact) they do not like it. There may be some who still toy with the fantastic idea that the aeroplane and the submarine can be "ruled out" and that we shall be able to go on having wars in the dear old way, killing a limited number of men in certain strictly defined modes, but always stopping short of imperilling the fabric of civilisation. But the facts exist and stare at us. If we do not get rid of war, war will get rid of us. In the absence of a world organisation after this war which will enforce the legal settlement of disputes and threaten the would-be law-breaker with overwhelming force, we shall all of us, compelled to clutch at every chance of national self-preservation, spend our days and nights preparing for war, feverishly racing each other in perfecting and multiplication of existing means of destruction and the devisal of new ones. The necessities of daily life provided, all our surplus energies and surplus brains, all our imagination and all our money, will be devoted to that end. And what the clash would be like when it came most of us must find it impossible to conceive. Mr. Wells, however, never so conspicuously a man of genius as when he is predicting mechanical developments and their inevitable reactions upon life, could visualise it; and must be doing so now. If, even in the midst of the present carnage, he could write a novel, keeping his imagination strictly within the bounds of probability, describing the *next* war, he would do indirectly more for the cause he is maintaining than he could do by a hundred more immediately relevant but more abstract books.

An English Prophet and Seer

MR. BLATCHFORD has a position in the propaganda work done on behalf of this country which is quite different from that of any other man. He owes it to three things, which are not found combined in any other man. The first is that he was for years—and still is—a very important exponent of popular demands, and these in the concrete and uncompromising form which they have taken in industrial countries and which is called Collectivism. There are other men who have risen to a similar eminence in the exposition of these demands, but there is not one who has commanded the same wide publicity. With the book *Merry England* as a foundation between twenty and thirty years ago, circulating I know not how many hundred thousand copies, and with the position of *The Clarion* through so many years of active Socialist preaching, Mr. Blatchford took—and rightly took—a place which no one else could claim in the movement.

Next, Mr. Blatchford foresaw and insisted upon the probability of war between Great Britain and Germany. He foresaw it, and insisted upon it at a time when comparatively few men did so, and hardly any of those who did so, did so intelligently. As a matter of fact, the war between the two countries has come in a very different form from what was expected by anyone. It came by a side-wind, as it were, through the determination ultimately come to by the British Cabinet to enter what was already a Continental struggle. It is now—and, indeed, has long been—a war of the whole world, and not a duel between Germany and England at all. None the less, the incidents of a struggle between the two countries are as much present as though they two alone were engaged, and it is just as much a question of life and death for England as it would be if she were single-handed on the one side and the Prussianised German Empire single-handed on the other.

Mr. Blatchford insisted upon the danger at a time when it seemed fantastic to most men. He did more than insist; he actually prophesied, and he prophesied rightly. This combination of popular exposition and politics with so singular a sense for foreign affairs, and this combination of public patriotism with what has been thought an international social theory is sufficiently remarkable. But one must add to it the third point, which makes it unique, and that is Mr. Blatchford's power of expression, or, as critics call it, "style."

It was remarked by all those who happen to recognise the wide difference between strong and weak writing, from the first moment Mr. Blatchford struck the public ear, that he possessed in a supreme degree the two virtues of style which are to have something to say and to be able to say it. The object of prose-writing is to express oneself, and if it be true that few have something to say, it is also true that of those only a very small number can say it in the clearest, most conclusive, and most economical way. Mr. Blatchford's writing has been alive with this power of exposition for something like a generation. He is in the tradition of Cobbett.

Now, in connection with his book* upon the German

spirit and the nature of the war which lies before us, this gift is of the utmost value. But we have to make a rather difficult intellectual thesis which, as we do not enjoy Mr. Blatchford's terseness of expression, we are afraid, may be put forward a little confusedly.

The thesis is this: *That which is most difficult effectively to emphasise is the thing most widely but nominally known.*

It may be difficult to convince people of some novel truth hitherto unfamiliar to them, but to make them alive to truths the names or labels of which are familiar to them, to "rub in the obvious," is far more difficult still. We know not why this is, but it is so in all human controversy. It is partly that things well known come to fatigue the mind so that it grows callous to them; partly, perhaps, it has a more subtle cause: the difficulty of throwing into relief

that which is part and parcel of ordinary diction or even experience. But, at any rate, the difficulty is there. When, some years ago, efforts were made to interest Free Trade audiences in the North of England with the economic theory of Protection and the arguments in its favour, it was found easy enough. The idea was new, or, at any rate, fresh to the minds receiving it; curiosity was awakened; the logical train of argument was interesting to follow. But go before the same audience and insist upon the consequences of an ill-distribution of wealth, and you will get nothing like the same interest, unless you have very exceptional powers indeed. The ill-distribution of wealth stares them in the face; it is a thing taken for granted; it comes into almost every experience of realities which these people have, and it is very difficult indeed—for most people impossible—to take a thing thus known and present it with the force of a novel thing.

Now, in keeping alive before the public the nature of the present struggle, of the consequences of defeat, of the necessity for victory,

there is a difficulty precisely of this kind, and it is a difficulty appalling in its magnitude, and still more appalling in its practical consequences, in this late stage of the war as we approach the end of its fourth year. It is no good merely recapitulating to your audience the known facts that the Prussian murders the innocent, robs and defiles, cheats, boasts, lies, and whenever he can destroys. They know all that. They have been singularly used to it. They are taking it for granted. If anything, there is a danger of reaction against such repetition.

What is perhaps worse, there is certainly a tendency to accept each new break-down in civilisation as normal. That, by the way, is what has always happened in history when a civilisation went to pieces. Does anyone remember now the horror that ran through all the West in April, 1915, when the Prussians first used poison gas? Turn to a file of old newspapers of that date, and then read the account of any action to-day wherein gas always plays a part.

Now, Mr. Blatchford has succeeded where almost every one else would have failed in putting into a strong light, and therefore making live again, all those emotions which we ought to keep at the highest pitch of keenness as an incentive to that victory without which Europe will perish. That is the note throughout this book, and it is much the most remarkable. We do not know what steps the authorities are taking in supporting the book. There are tons of official propagandist literature no part of which could compare for popular effect with these pages.



Mr. Robert Blatchford

* "General von Sneak." By Robert Blatchford. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

The Motor Class : By Enid Bagnold

THE lecturer wore a tail coat and was covered with blotches of chalk from head to foot. "He had blue, pale eyes fitted into two hollows in his head, and he held a very small pipe upside down between his teeth, so that I used to wonder why everything that was in it did not fall down upon the floor.

He loved chalk, and held three pieces of different colours in each hand, as well as a yard measure, and often another piece was in his lips beside the stem of the pipe. Though he was quite small he made a great deal of noise, and even whistled as he drew upon the blackboard, shrill for the upstrokes, deep and low for the downstrokes, and for a circle he could scoop his tongue round in his mouth and make a circular noise.

Perhaps he never got enough exercise, for he seemed to try to get what he could within the limits of the classroom, jumping upon the sill of the window like a cat if there was a window to be opened, or if the gas was to be turned on he sprang about among the pipes and bare bones of the motor-chassis that stood in the centre of the room, and reached for the chains that hung from the tap.

He was our little god, and taught us how an engine works.

Before the class started we all sat in a half-moon about the chassis, and being on the whole dull-looking women, got up in raincoats as though we meant to be armed for a perpetual rainy day, we made dull confidences to each other, and spoke about April as though she were a month of ill-fame, and nothing much could be expected of her.

Some of us listened to a lady with a pretty powdered nose, and a small, strained mouth full of gold teeth. She had a tale to tell.

"I found her asleep, on the floor. Snoring! With crumbs from an old newspaper beside her! It ought to be stopped!"

"Disgusting!"

"... and a black cat sitting in the basin. Actually in the basin when I wanted to wash my hands! I had to lift her out."

She was speaking of our cloakroom in which hung twelve times as many oily overalls as there were pegs to hold them, and of the cloakroom's charwoman who could find no softer place to lay her head than under the shadow of the overalls.

"That's where democracy leads you," said the lady, speaking either of the black cat or of the charwoman, "straight to dirt."

But the lecturer came in at a gallop, and her thin voice fell to a thinner whisper. The door shut after him at a touch of his flying foot, he took the naked chassis at a bound, struck the blackboard a broadside with his yard measure, and the lady jumped and let all her silver luggage slide out of her lap.

As he had eyes in the back of his head he roared at her: "Don't leave the silver about! Somebody'll take it. Somebody always does take it. Seen the convictions?"

He referred to the left hand wall of the cloakroom, where the space over the basin, the home of the black cat, was filled in with the newspaper accounts of convictions for thefts.

"... she was the daughter" the worst of them ran, "of a retired doctor, and her father led her from the court in tears."

The lecturer made passes in the air, with his right hand full of chalks, and the carburettor began to blossom like a hot-house plant upon the blackboard.

"Thieves," he shouted, so close to the board that he blew chalk up his nose, "in a garage,"—he paused, a feed-pipe flew from one corner of the board to another, "abound!" he finished, looking at us threateningly over one shoulder.

"Begins by taking screws. Goes on to spanners. Goes on to spare parts. Thin end of the wedge. Man... adaptable creature. Spare parts to tyres. (There's your complete thief!) After tyres they'll take anything. You leave that silver about... there's no knowing... might take it yourself!"

He swung away from the blackboard and showed us the finished drawing, crossed and checked in red and blue.

We gazed, delighted, dropping the contemplation of each other's minds, brooches, fringes, silk or cotton stockings, and leaned towards him, waiting for his first question, as a dog leaves a dry bone to quiver at a live rat.

But one amongst us has leaned too far, and she is seized by his blue eyes, fired at with his yard measure, shot dumb by the violence of his question, and, sitting in that glare

of publicity, would give her soul to answer and cannot. But could not I?

Ah, if he would but ask me I might crown myself with glory, speaking slowly, once sure of his permission, adding tags of knowledge to my sentence, that I may show him, and show them all, *how* I have understood him!

Fame, if he will only shift those blue, attentive eyes from the dumb face of the girl who doesn't know. And I lean forward, alive with knowledge, my right hand lifting and falling in my lap, as though it would shoot in a mute exclamation above my head.

Has there been a gap of years?

What of that other class, those other classes? The room filled with little girls in white viyella shirts, each with a wrist watch, and a gold chain around her neck, the hot sunshine at the window washing the pale canary paler till he burns with a white light...

It is the same room, and the lecturer's face softens, and under the lecturer's chin is a large, soft bow with tiny spots upon it, and a fold of lawn over the edge of the collar. It is the science mistress, at work upon her board with a duster,

The science mistress who *will not* move her eyes, but keeps them fixed in a long, intolerable question upon the empty face of such a dunce, while in that classroom there is another little girl, fat, pig-tailed, leaning so far upon her desk that her body seems almost sawn asunder, whose tongue is mute because she hasn't yet received the look that can set it going, but whose two eyes, popping out of her face, implore ardently, "Ask me! O ask me, for I know!"

How many times, little girl, you swore to yourself that if you couldn't get the better of them by subtler means you would learn to keep your knowledge for your own savouring, and never again use it for be-dazzlement? And when you had given yourself away a hundred times, and were in despair, haven't you thought, "One day I shall grow up, and change, and mystery and dignity will clothe me, and I shall become impenetrable."

O little girl, you thought you could change your spots... Who is this then, sitting in my wooden chair, clothed in my grown-up, complicated clothes, leaning forward in the same attitude, thrusting her head a foot out among the thirty grown-up girls, her eyes bright with a piece of knowledge which she is inwardly phrasing and rephrasing until it shall astonish and dazzle by its aptness, if only... if only she is asked!

Who is this, who, knowing to the uttermost corner how the carburettor works, has discovered a phrase of such bewildering and inverted complexity—and, given the lightest signal from the lecturer, flings it straight, a very tumbling waterspout of knowledge, causing thirty grown-up girls to gape and withhold their admiration in doubt for a second, while she herself awaits the beautiful applause?

"Our friend here..." she hears, and the colour is mounting in her face, and she is sitting far, far back among her line of heads, "... thinks she is very smart."

It is the little girl again, hot-faced and ashamed, who knows the very tone and colour of that reproof, she, who, though formed and polished up, and laden with the jewels of her sophistication, has blushed with the same puppyish excitement because she has caught the tail end of the solution to that puzzle which is puckering the brow of the girl on the other side of the chassis.

Are we not ageless? Are we not *all* here?

The lecturer has drawn the piston so fast upon the blackboard that it seems to leap in the cylinder, propelled by miraculous gas from his flying hand. Were I famous, had I achieved success, I should have been listening; but disgruntled, rebellious, I gaze round the class instead, sitting, well-hidden, between my neighbours. I see that we are all here.

There is the head girl in her decent coat and skirt, modest, worldly attentions bestowed upon her collar, the charming efficiency of the school blouse lost in a flutter of lace and a bright brooch. She has impersonal and yet watchful eyes, she is not clever but she is sure; she makes no friends because she is accustomed to the isolation of sovereignty; if she smiles it is hurriedly, remorsefully, as though she had little time for it. Only by her steady justice and detachment can she escape our universal dislike.

There, beyond, are two pretty girls who look about them. They are the pretty girls who knew no awkward age, who, even at school appeared to keep their eyes fixed on something beyond it, who never quite shared our belief that all happiness

is over at eighteen. They have different methods, but at heart they are the same pretty colour. One is clever, one feigns to be a know-nothing; one has a dark and secret, blue eye, the other a light and limpid blue eye; one is a sphinx, the other plays a gentle, feminine buffoonery.

There, in the green raincoat, is the girl who backs up the mistresses, pours the chill milk of her human kindness upon honest gossip, defends the small too publicly for their comfort, draws lines in her notebook with a ruler.

That thin girl with the big eyes is a hero worshipper. She will carry with her bits of ribbon of the beloved, belts, old stockings, and stale chocolates. She is so ready to be martyred that she is martyred every time; she eats little and grows thin, because she is always in love, and always under the necessity of proving it.

But there are gaps in the class. There are women whom I cannot fix, who carry in their eyes no past and no future, in whom the link with their youth is for ever broken.

Life is the only school they can remember, and if that other school appears for a moment upon the plate of their memory, that active, orderly and simple life of wooden desks, green playing fields, and bells which ring off every hour, it is a memory of something mythically young, a kindergarten in infancy.

Perhaps they are the married women, unrecognisable... The lecturer's voice taps sharply on my ears, the hour has struck, the class breaks up and all the grown-up girls sigh as they gather their books together, "Isn't he wonderful! Isn't he wasted here! He ought to be running a Department. He ought to be Minister of Aeronautics!"

For one of the vanities of women demands that she should shift everything from its place and call it creation, and, seeing a creature good at its work, she would like to put it at some other work and so gain glory from her passion for reconstruction.

A Drop of Leaf: By Etienne

A GLEAM of light flickered up momentarily to the east and caught the tired eyes of a young lieutenant on his fore-bridge of a light cruiser.

He leant his back against the binnacle of the compass and rubbing the eyepieces of his binoculars to remove the dew, he focussed them on the horizon. He knew that somewhere on his beam lay a squadron and that at dawn a signal was expected from the flagship of that squadron.

The hour was 3.40 a.m. and the day was at that stage of its career, which is sometimes called "the false dawn."

The sea was perfectly calm, and of a leaden grey hue; such of the sky as could be distinguished was grey, the ships were grey, and to the young lieutenant, who had been standing by the compass since midnight, life seemed grey.

He was waiting for the signal, with an anxious intensity born of nine months' arduous patrol and convoy work.

As he stared through his glasses, a startling change took place in the eastern sky. At first a dull, red glow appeared, as from a big fire below the rim of the sea.

From this centre of light, which grew more luminous every second, purple and gold fingers stretched themselves tentatively across the sky, reaching towards the zenith. It was the birth of dawn. The young lieutenant was not without a sense of the beautiful, but he had seen the inauguration of so many days in the North Sea that his attention was chiefly concentrated upon four dark silhouettes which appeared for the first time on the horizon. It was the other squadron, and the leading ship was the flagship.

* * *

At the first sign of dawn, a signalman in the flagship had announced the fact to the Flag Lieutenant who was snatching an hour or two's sleep on the chart-house settee. Sitting up, he fumbled in his pocket for a signal written out the night before, and countersigned by the Admiral.

"Take that to the *Belfast*, and report when through," he said, handing the crumpled paper to the waiting yeoman.

A couple of minutes later he was asleep again, and had to be awakened a second time to receive the information that the *Belfast* had received and understood "your 1545".

At 3.45 a.m. on the lower bridge of the *Belfast*, three signalmen had collided, due to their simultaneous attempts to reach the signalling shutter of a searchlight and reply to the calling-up signal of the flagship.

The young lieutenant on the after-bridge was just able to shout "Flagship calling us" when the metallic rattle of the shutter and the hiss of the arc light below informed him that his information was entirely superfluous.

In thirty seconds the signal had been received, in another ten the young lieutenant was shouting down a pipe, "Captain, sir! Captain, sir! Captain, sir!"

"Yes?"

"Officer of the watch speaking, sir. From the Flag; Proceed in execution of previous orders."

"Ah—well, alter course; have you got the new course?"

"Yes, sir, it's N.70° W. and the navigator is down for a call at 4 a.m."

"Very good, what sort of a day is it?"

"Fine morning, sir. Extreme visibility, B.C. and the glass is steady."

"Very good. Call me again when we're steady on the new course."

"Very good, sir," answered the young lieutenant, and closing the mouth of the speaking tube, he took his stand at the compass.

"Pretty chatty, the owner is this morning, ain't 'e?" remarked the helmsman to the petty officer quartermaster. Though they were on the lower bridge, the whole of the fore-going conversation had been audible to them, as a branch to the captain's fore-bridge voice-pipe led to the steering compass.

"You watch the ship's 'ead, young feller!" replied the quartermaster, who objected on general principles to familiarity with young ordinary seamen.

The helmsman accepted the rebuke and silently gazed into the magnifying prism on the compass bowl. This docility touched the heart of the quartermaster, he determined to unbend.

"Wotcher going to do wiv yer drop of leaf, my son?"

The helmsman was about to reply when a voice from above shouted: "Port 25!"

The young lieutenant was altering course and the *Belfast* was proceeding in execution of previous orders.

As the helm went over, the bow slowly swung round with increasing speed, her long low stern appeared to side-slip in the water and as she "transferred" she left a sheet of glassy water on the inside of the turn.

The edge of this sheet of water lapped and folded in towards her swinging quarter with a curious sucking sound. As she was turning at speed, she heeled inwards two or three degrees, and this, combined with the distinctive rattle of the steering engine, caused more than one of the occupants of cabin bunks, and serried rows of hammocks on the mess-decks, to wake and think for a moment as to the meaning of the turn.

In a man-of-war at sea, most of her inhabitants sleep very lightly, and a swift turn, especially during the daylight hours, makes every one pause for a moment and wait expectantly for the bump or what a Hun officer of my acquaintance once described as the "characteristic jar of a torpedo on steel plating."

At night a turn probably wakes up half the ship's company. Things—unpleasant things—can happen so very quickly on a dark night when one's home is travelling at 25 knots without lights—it is always wise to be prepared.

On the occasion I have in mind, those of the *Belfast's* company who were awakened by the turn, rolled over again with a happy smile on their lips. They knew what it meant. They knew that the rest of the squadron were steaming south and that they alone had turned to the westward for the purpose of making an East Coast port, wherein the ship would refit and from which they would proceed on leave.

As the young lieutenant steadied the *Belfast* on her new course and reported to the Captain, eight bells struck; half a dozen hooded figures in lammy coats turned over to the morning watch look-outs and tramped below, negotiating the steep ladders to the upper deck with amazing swiftness in their heavy sea boots and masses of warm clothing.

A few minutes later the navigator came up and, as is the habit of navigators, fondled the compass and took a bearing of the sun.

To a navigator his standard compass is as a good wife, a pearl beyond price, for on the accuracy of his compass

depends the safety of the ship and his professional reputation. In the North Sea where opportunities for sunsights are often infrequent much navigation must be done by dead reckoning. Three instruments are used for this, the compass, the log, and the lead, but the greatest of the three, and the most essential, is the compass.

Watch any navigator when he first appears on the fore-bridge. He goes immediately to the compass, and looks at it. He will revolve the azimuth mirror, and if the glass over the compass bowl is dirty, he will remove the azimuth, and with his pocket handkerchief he will carefully wipe the glass clean, then look round the horizon to see if there is anything which will give him a chance of taking a bearing. As he leaves the bridge he nearly always launches a parting shot at the officer of the watch, to the effect that careful steering is particularly necessary for the next few hours. Two or three hours later he will come up and repeat the performance, including the advice.

In the *Belfast* the navigator often kept the morning watch at sea, and it was to him that the young lieutenant turned over the safety of the ship, the Poldhu Wireless "Press message," the watchkeeper's electric kettle, a chipped enamel mug and a tin of cocoa.

A few minutes later, the young lieutenant was standing on the quarter deck, looking with satisfaction at half a dozen wisps of smoke far astern and below the horizon, which marked the presence of the squadron which they had left for several weeks.

As he turned to go down the narrow hatch that led to the cabin flat, a seagull rose lazily from a pit prop upon which it had been sitting and flew to another baulk of timber. The young lieutenant paused on the top step of the ladder, and a hard look came into his eyes as he saw that over an area of several hundred yards square the sea was thickly covered with pit props of Norwegian pine. Upon the largest of these timbers a dark mass of what appeared to be clothing sprawled inconspicuously, a cluster of birds hovered round it.

"Seems to have been some dirty work at the old cross roads," murmured the young lieutenant, addressing no one in particular, unless it was the sea-gull. The gull, disturbed from its second resting-place by the wash of the ship, rose and flew over to the dark mass.

"Brutes!" muttered the young man as he thumped down the ladder.

Four hours later, a sentry knocked at his cabin door and, shouting through the curtain, said: "We're inside the bar, sir! and going up the river, the first lootenant's compliments, an' will yer look out for the wires aft?"

A hasty toilet—sea boots, trousers, sweater, and monkey jacket were pulled on, and he went on deck.

The *Belfast* was slowly gliding up the very muddy waters of an exceedingly narrow river, but one of the wombs of British sea-power, for all its small size. Gigantic cranes stood on both banks. The latter were covered with an endless succession of building slips, sheds and workshops.

The continued roar of thousands of pneumatic riveters filled the air; whistles blew, and long, lean, ugly pipes puffed jets of white exhaust steam into the smoke-laden atmosphere. High over all towered the enormous chimneys with the thick smoke of North Country coal streaming from their lips.

In the shadow of the chimneys, under the pall of the smoke, stood row upon row of small houses, hideously similar. These stretched in serried rows up the slopes of the valley. The highest row was shrouded in smoke and mist.

On the quarter-deck lay coils of wire with which the *Belfast* was to be warped into dock.

Close astern of her, like faithful hounds, splashed the *Rambler* and the *Buster*, two paddle tugs, captained by shabby, but knowledgeable gentlemen, in seedy overcoats and bowler hats. At 9 a.m. the struggle began. Four tugs, two ahead and two astern, laboured to turn a ship, four hundred and fifty feet long, in a river three hundred and seventy feet broad. This apparent impossibility was achieved by gradually working her nose into the dock.

The real interest to a detached observer began when shipping tried to pass up or down stream, and many quaint oaths in English and in Scandinavian tongues were bandied to and fro.

At noon the dock gates were shut with a thud, and they began pumping out and shoring up.

The Paymaster had a busy time paying the hands, and acting as an interpreter between sailors, who wanted tickets to unheard-of corners of the British Isles, and two very worried railway officials.

The Commander informed the watchkeepers that one of them would have to travel to London with the 10.21 p.m. as two hundred of the sailors were going by that, and he thought an officer should be available on the journey.

The lot falling on the young lieutenant, the rest of the Wardroom wished him joy and went their several ways.

At 10 p.m. the young lieutenant arrived at the station, and was somewhat surprised to hear a brass band playing in the central hall. It turned out to be the ship's amateur band, which was the centre of an admiring crowd of some fifteen hundred people. As luck would have it, the band saw him and raised a loud cheer, and the crowd, suspecting hidden heroism somewhere, joined in heartily.

The young lieutenant, blushing furiously, fled to his sleeper, devoutly praying the band would miss their train. It was not so ordained. At 2 a.m. he was awakened by an agitated attendant. He looked through the window and saw they were at Bedford.

Above the jangle of empty milk-cans rose the distant strains of a band.

"What is it?" said the lieutenant.

"Please, sir! it's them sailors of yours, they're a-playing of the "Rosary" on their hinstuments, and they're a-playing of it houtside the foremost sleeper, and General Sir William Somme is hout on the platform in 'is pink sleeping suit, cursin' somefink 'orrid."

"My good fellow! I don't care if the whole Army Council are on the platform in purple pyjamas. Those sailors are on leave, and, as far as I know, there is no law preventing them playing the "Rosary" or any other blinking tune. They probably think he likes it . . . I'll have some tea at 7.30 a.m. Good-bye-e!"

"But, sir! Sir William . . ."

"I said good-bye-e once," said the young lieutenant, with a touch of irritation in his voice.

The attendant withdrew.

The last mournful chords of "Where my caravan has rested" mingled with the guard's whistle and lulled the officer to sleep.

When he left his sleeper at 8 a.m. next morning, not one of his unruly flock was to be seen.

Breakfast and a Turkish bath followed, and at 11.45 the young lieutenant shaped a certain course, which led to the "Sign of Capricornus."

* * *

It is permitted to follow him to the door of this very remarkable place, which excites the wildest curiosity on the part of many mothers and sisters, but the descriptive pen may go no further. "Members only" is a rule rigidly enforced.

Nor would it be fair to follow his movements during the subsequent ten days.

Sufficient to say that his passion for navigation led him to explore many reaches and backwaters of the Thames, and that he was not alone.

* * *

Three weeks had elapsed since that first morning when the *Belfast* had parted company.

Once again it was early in the day—about 6 a.m.—once again the young lieutenant was on watch, but this time he searched the horizon for signs of the squadron, with somewhat different feelings.

At 6.30 a.m. light tapering masts showed up, followed by funnels and hulls as the range decreased.

Accurately the *Belfast* adjusted her course and speed to wheel into line behind the rear ship.

As she did so, the flagship ran up a couple of hoists of flags.

"The old man welcoming us back and hoping we have had a pleasant leave," jested the lieutenant to the sub.

"I do not think!" replied the latter.

A signalman jumped up the ladder: "Signal, sir."

"Read it," said the lieutenant.

"Flag to *Belfast*—make less smoke—prepare for ranging exercise," announced the signalman.

"War is Hell! sub," laughed the young lieutenant.

The sub sang in a low voice as much as he could remember of *Let the great, big world keep turning*; it reminded him of a girl he had met at a dance in town and temporarily caused him to forget the imminence of the ranging exercise.

The Miracle of Saint Anthony (Methuen & Co., 3s. 6d. net) is a delightful little play by M. Maurice Maeterlinck, describing the inconveniences that might ensue if a kindly old saint returned to earth and restored to life the dead, in the form of an elderly lady in a middle-class family, who had departed from the world leaving behind her quite a nice little bit of money, and whose will had been read. As can be easily understood, the feelings of the family were decidedly mixed. While prepared to shed a decent tear, it had quickly adapted itself to the sad occasion, and poor St. Anthony was treated not as a blessed saint, but as an impertinent intruder. The play is a delightful piece of delicate satire, and it has been excellently translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Sinaia Palace : By G. C. Williamson

BUCHAREST is one of the hottest cities in Europe, and incidentally, one must add, one of the most expensive in which to reside. In consequence, its more wealthy residents leave their homes and palaces as soon as the hot weather approaches and hasten to the mountains, where nestled amongst the peaks of the Carpathians is the lovely valley of Sinaia.

Sinaia has grown into its present fashionable position during the past fifty years. Previously it was simply a lovely village in a deep valley, surrounded by pine forests, hemmed in by huge mountains, well watered and well pastured, and possessing as its solitary attraction a monastery founded on an ancient site by the Spartan Michael Cantacuzene in 1695. Visitors occasionally discovered its charm, rejoiced in the beauty of its scenery, lodged with the hospitable monks in their convent, and either rested by its streams, drank its medicinal waters, or pursued the wild game on its mountains.

In 1866, however, Prince Carol, visiting for the first time the country over which he was to rule as king, came to Sinaia, and was charmed with its beauty. In 1871 he and Princess Elizabeth (afterwards so well known as Carmen Sylva) spent the whole summer in the place, lodging at the monastery, and then decided to erect close to the village, on a wonderful spot in the forest, a summer residence to be attached to the Crown. Hence arose the Château Pelesch, which, unhappily, has lately been in the occupation of the German Imperial Staff.

It was under much happier auspices that I had the honour and privilege of being many times the guests of their Majesties and of seeing the beauties of their summer home. King Carol was a great lover of pictures, and he had as a young man a chance of acquiring *en bloc* the entire collection of a Spanish nobleman. He was told that a few of the pictures in it were only copies; but he knew that some were masterpieces of the highest value, and very wisely he secured the entire lot, and when he was called to the throne of Rumania, enriched the palaces of Bucharest and Sinaia with his treasures.

I had the pleasure of being escorted round the gallery by the King himself, and of advising him respecting some of the pictures, and in return for this advice the King presented me with copies of his privately issued illustrated catalogue. The house stands alone in the midst of pine trees, at the foot of a giant mountain. It is unique in style, and built under difficulties, for all the material, save the native stone, had to be brought into the valley from a distance. It is like a fairy residence which bursts

upon the view as one suddenly leaves the forest, and it is surrounded by green terraces and flower gardens, with numerous fountains of entrancing beauty.

Its interior decoration owes much to the hands of Carmen Sylva. Her wonderful sense of colour is very marked; the frescoes on the walls are from her designs, the chapel decoration largely her own work, and her own boudoir, with its darkened niche in which I had the privilege of hearing that gifted Queen awaken the tones of a fine organ in a fugue of her own composition, is entirely arranged to her own scheme of design. The stained glass windows throughout the palace depict the legends and folk lore of her adopted country.

The dark oak panelling, the rich enamel ornaments, the great white polar bear skins which cover the floors, the rich harmony of the furniture, glass, and hangings, all bespeak her skill, and the effect of the interior is that strange mingling of savage, poetic, dreamy melody which is so marked a characteristic of the poetry which gave to the Queen her best-known name. The little theatre in the palace is also her creation, and perfect in every detail. The decoration of the plumage of peacocks which appears in so many rooms is her idea, but the long gallery in which one waits before dinner, the library, with its splendid volumes, and the pictures which crowd the walls of passages and apartments alike are due to the tastes of the conqueror of Plevna,

whose gun-metal crown, with its few rare stones, was so modest in its simplicity.

At the time of my visit the Crown Princess was at the zenith of her exceptional beauty and, surrounded, as she was, by a group of her children second to those of no reigning family in loveliness, presented a sight of personal fascination.

The children were the Princesses Elizabeth and Mignon and Prince Carl (who is now heir to the throne). King Carol was profoundly in love with his pictures, and discoursed of them in French with glowing enthusiasm and scholarly discretion. Alone of all sovereigns, he owns many works by El Greco, the strange Creto-Spaniard, in his private gallery, and he is almost alone also in appreciating this wayward genius at his full value.

The precursor of Velasquez, the teacher of all modern art, the man from whom Sargent learned more than from any other painter, and the first profound student of colour values, El Greco stands out supreme as one of the greatest painters in the world, and to see him at his best stand before his portrait of Covarrubia at Sinaia.

What now is the condition of Sinaia, one hesitates to think. Where now are the famous pictures?



Sinaia : Palace (right) Monastery (left).

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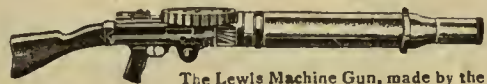
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Scheidemann preparing Peace Samples for Troelstra

The Allies have Declined with Thanks

By Louis Raemaekers

LAND & WATER

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The Outlook

A DISPATCH sent from Italian Headquarters by General Diaz last Sunday evening announced the termination of the Austrian offensive and the retirement of the enemy over the bridges of the Piave. The same dispatch says that the retirement has been conducted in disorder. It is not yet known how far the enemy's determination to abandon the battle has led to loss in men and material. It is generally believed that no heavy guns have been brought across by him save possibly over the considerable number of bridges thrown across at St. Dona in the lower parts of the river. On the other hand, he had 70,000 men to transfer to the eastern bank, and the bridges which he built and floated from one side to the other were in part destroyed some days ago by the flood of the 18th and 19th of the month. There is every indication that the determination to retire was taken after the failure of the last thrust west of St. Dona last Friday, and after the Italians had crossed the mouth of the Piave the same day and threatened the enemy's rear. In that case the enemy had about thirty-six hours in which to prepare his retirement.

The first question asked by all who have followed the recent offensive and its failure in Italy is the effect its reverse may have upon the domestic conditions of Austria-Hungary. The dual monarchy consists essentially of five parts, three of which are composed of subject nations and races, two of which consist of dominant States of German-speaking Austria, and Magyar-speaking Hungary. One may say, roughly, that of rather over 50 million people there are 10 million in each of the last two, and 30 million of the remainder of which the greater part are Slavs. The latter are separated greatly by distance, and in parts by the varieties of dialect and language, while all are in various degrees attached to the dynasty, save some groups in Bohemia and Croatia and the greater part of the Poles.

If only this political divergency were at work, the difficulty the Hapsburg dynasty would have to face through a military reverse would not be so great; but fortunately there is also an economic strain in the country more severe than that suffered by any other present belligerent, and it is this which is the really grave feature in the present situation. It means that if the present offensive, with its great losses, is definitely abandoned, another can hardly be undertaken, the immediate future will show us whether the check of the Austrians in Italy will lead to any considerable developments on this count.

All that we are told of the internal or domestic enemy conditions through neutral sources should, as a rule, be taken with a large dose of salt; but there are known facts in this case. For instance, the demonstrations in Vienna, the diminution of the rations and the Hungarian strikes. Those things *are*, and the whole state of society in Austria-Hungary, so far as the town population, at least, is concerned, is highly unstable.

The supper given in the Royal Gallery of the Palace of Westminster last week to the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and other representatives attending the Imperial War Conference emphasises again the serious handicap imposed on overseas statesmen when they attend the Imperial Councils of the mother country. For public utterances they are entirely dependent on chance hospitality. They are given no platform from which they may speak freely and frankly, and without the restraint that the conditions of the moment impose. We wrote strongly on this subject a year ago, and we repeat most emphatically that every Dominion Prime Minister or his representative who attends an Imperial Cabinet should *ipso facto* be given a seat on the cross-benches of the House of Lords. He would then be at liberty to speak to the Empire with absolute frankness; it may be on occasion he would feel it his duty to censure the Government on detail, but he could do so without any base insinuation that he had been slighted or snubbed. The objection to this proposal is that it would give Dominion politicians an opportunity to interfere in domestic politics. There is no real ground for this. These men are accustomed to the codes and etiquettes of free Parliaments, and seeing that their very position testifies they are possessed of strong characters, we are convinced they would not offend in this respect. In any case, as they are now placed, their position is humiliating should they desire to address the nation in the public manner they are accustomed to speak in their own territory. This handicap should not be permitted to continue.

"Ireland remains as Irish as ever," was the phrase used the other day by a distinguished Dublin publicist to sum up the situation. And after Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords last week, he might have added "And England remains as English as ever." A more lugubrious confession of failure has never been publicly made in the Palace of Westminster. As we said here two or three weeks ago, the one deadly sin in Government's policy towards Ireland would be hesitation—vacillation. This has been committed, and events do not forgive. As Lord Londonderry said, Ireland has been cajoled at one moment and dragooned at another. It is of no avail to throw the blame on either the Nationalists or the priesthood. The fault is the Government's, and it is the more glaring, remembering the fanfare of trumpets which greeted the present Prime Minister when he was deputed to Ireland after the Easter Rebellion. What is going to happen now? Things are not going to stand still. The position to-day is serious enough; it will quickly get worse unless a firm policy be adopted.

German propaganda is an old story nowadays, but never have its workings been more nakedly exposed than by Mr. Morgenthau in his chapter on the Turkish Conspiracy. He has related how *Goeben* and *Breslau* passed through the Dardanelles in defiance of international treaties, and he now tells how the Turks were prepared for the closing of the Dardanelles by the high-handed action of a German General on his own responsibility. A more cynical contempt of the rights of neutral nations has never been exposed, and we have no difficulty in realising the manner in which Germany would have acted over the blockade had her position and Great Britain's been reversed. Mr. Morgenthau's disclosures increase in interest; they are the strongest indictment that has yet been launched against the unscrupulous methods of the German Foreign Office—methods which obviously won the complete approval of the Kaiser.

The British farmer has done so well since a demand was made upon his services for increased production that every one who knows anything about the facts must be resentful at the odious manner in which he has been maligned as though a slacker and shirker. The new call upon the agricultural classes was only made by the Government with reluctance, and because they were convinced of its necessity. It has been freely responded to at no small risk to tillage and stock in certain districts. Shepherds, horsekeepers, and cowmen are not trained in a day, and the farmer is often at his wits' end to find efficient substitutes. It is too frequently overlooked that the Yeomanry which performed splendid service at Gallipoli, and in Egypt, Palestine, and elsewhere, is mainly recruited from the farming class, which has done its duty bravely and well, both on the battlefield and the harvest-field. We should like to see the labours of the tenant farmer officially recognised. He who doubles the production of his acres is surely worthy of public honour. In this issue the effect of the report of Lord Selborne's Committee on the future of farming is discussed.

The Italian Victory: By H. Belloc

MY task this week is a difficult one. The last news that has come in at the moment of writing is a dispatch of only just over twenty words from General Diaz to the effect that the Austrians are recrossing the Piave in disorder. Beyond that we know nothing, and very little useful commentary can be made upon a statement at once so important and so simple, until the detailed results of the Italian pursuit shall be given us.

All we can do in the meanwhile is to present the position as clearly as may be, and show what its possibilities are; after which a recapitulation of the battle may also be of some service.

The enemy in forcing the Piave a week ago achieved roughly three things upon this front.

In the North he seized the eastern end of the Montello, an isolated hill giving excellent observation, and threatening, if it could be taken in its entirety, to outflank the whole of the Piave line from the north or left. At the other extremity he occupied rapidly and successfully a considerable bridge-head beyond the point of St. Dona, the lowest point at which an offensive crossing can be made with any hope of deploying largely upon the further side. And this establishment of a large bridgehead threatened, if it were extended, to turn the Piave line by the right or southern flank. Meanwhile he had crossed at numerous points in between, but in lesser force, and with the object of holding the Italians there, rather than of advancing. The plan was clearly one of envelopment by the two wings. The Piave, which for much the greater part of the year is no great obstacle north of a point about six miles from St. Dona, and which even when it is in flood is an obstacle only occasionally (because it rises and falls so rapidly), behaved in a fashion peculiarly embarrassing to the offensive. It had risen sufficiently to help the first crossing; for, paradoxical though it sounds, a certain small rise of the river helps troops to cross in the higher reaches, allowing pontoon bridges to be thrown across, whereas when the water is at its lowest, there is a mixture of fordable places, and numerous narrow arms a little too deep to be fordable, which make a very complicated task. The enemy's first crossings, then, a week ago, were made under conditions perhaps as good as any that could have been chosen by him, and it is probable that he picked his moment in connection with the then state of the river. The bridges once firmly established, and more permanent ones constructed by the engineers behind the cover of the bridge-heads consolidated on the further bank, would, if the river should fall again, give every advantage for the continuation of the programme. But the river rose unexpectedly upon the third day of the operations. Many existing bridges, and apparently all those under construction were swept away. It was only in the deeper part, above St. Dona, that a number of large pontoon bridges—no less than five—completely stood the strain. Elsewhere, in varying degrees, the new work was damaged or destroyed. The bridge on the extreme north supplying the Montello and crossing at Nervesa was maintained, but for many miles below everything went. General Maurice has pointed out in the *Daily Chronicle* the important element in this affair, which is the presence of cut logs in the higher part of the torrent bed up in the mountains, which, coming down on the swollen current, would act as battering rams against the piles of the new bridges and the pontoons. He remarks with justice that though the operations of the woodsmen would naturally be suspended during hostilities, a great deal of the cut timber would still be left lying above flood level, and would be caught when the river rose, and whirled down.

This rise in the Piave very gravely hampered the supply of the Austrian troops who had managed to cross. It starved the considerable force which had seized the eastern end of the Montello and all the various detachments down the middle of the stream. Nothing was left tolerably supplied except the bridge-head to the west of St. Dona, on the lower reaches, where, the flood was less violent and the permanent depth of water gave security to the pontoon bridges. It was therefore here, west of St. Dona, that the chief Austrian effort could be made, and apparently as many as five divisions were ready to take part in it, a considerable portion of which had by the end of the week crossed to the right or eastern bank. It is estimated that by that time—Thursday and Friday—some 70,000 Austro-Hungarians were beyond the stream. Much the greater part of them concentrated on the

Montello, and at the opposite end of the line, west of St. Dona; the remainder strung out in narrow batches between the two.

At this point there enters an element of far more importance even than the behaviour of the river, with its sudden and unexpected flood, and that element was the skilful handling of the Italian reserves, coupled with the excellent fighting qualities which they displayed. At the two chief points—the Montello and the St. Dona bridge-head—the Italian pressure began to be heavy by Wednesday, and decisive throughout Thursday and Friday; while the smaller Austrian forces in the middle were thoroughly pressed back to the very banks of the stream. At the close of these operations two things were already clear. First, that the enemy would not succeed in reaching the summit of the Montello, and would therefore fail to obtain either that observation over the plain, or that position upon the flank of the Italian line, both of which were his objects in attempting to capture the hill. Second, that his only chance of further advance was in the south—west of St. Dona. Here he made very vigorous efforts, but the Italian rapidity was too much for him. He could not supply at anything like the rate which was demanded by the increasing pressure against him, and before Saturday he had lost his battle.

Meanwhile, on Friday there had taken place an operation the effect of which was probably very great, though no dispatch has yet given us the co-ordination between it and the Austrian retreat. I refer to the passage of a mixed Italian force of soldiers and sailors across the canalised mouth of the two rivers, Sile and Piave, at Cavazuccherina. The Piave in its natural state runs from St. Dona south-eastwardly into the sea at Cortelazzo. But it had another branch, called the Old Piave, running into the marshy lagoons north of Venice. Just where this touches the brackish water the little river Sile comes in, at the point called Capo Sile. From this point a canal has been dug along the edge of the lagoon with high banks, which carries the water of the Sile and of the Old Piave down to Cortelazzo, at the mouth of the Piave proper.

Now, this canal is the chief obstacle of the neighbourhood. Through it passes the great bulk of the water coming down the Piave bed, and a body which can force this obstacle will certainly be able sooner or later, unless there is special concentration against it, to force the easier obstacle of the Piave proper a little further east, between Grisoleria and Revedolo.

A study of the curious ground in this neighbourhood at once shows the importance of such a move. South of the



line formed by the River Sile and the canal you have absolutely impossible ground formed by the shallows and mud flats of the lagoon. North of it, between Capo Sile and Fossalta there is ground difficult indeed for it is cut up by innumerable ditches and willow banks with very narrow raised paths hardly to be called roads; but still an advance is possible to the enemy, and here it was that his advance has been made. He held all the northern half of this district, which is bounded by the Sile, the Piave, the Old Piave, and the Fossetta Canal. He even managed to cross the latter obstacle, and had nearly reached Lesson, which he was in the act of assaulting, when his opponent seized the crossing at Cavazuccherina, far away on his left. Eastward of

Cavazuccherina there is hard land. Any movement there can be supported from the sea, and the St. Dona bridge-head might be turned. It will, I say, probably appear, when we have the full accounts after the war, that the passage of the water here, with the threat it contained of advancing towards Grisolera, was the movement which finally decided the enemy to abandon his bridge-head west of St. Dona, and with the loss of that there was no reason for attempting to hold the difficult central bridge-heads up stream.

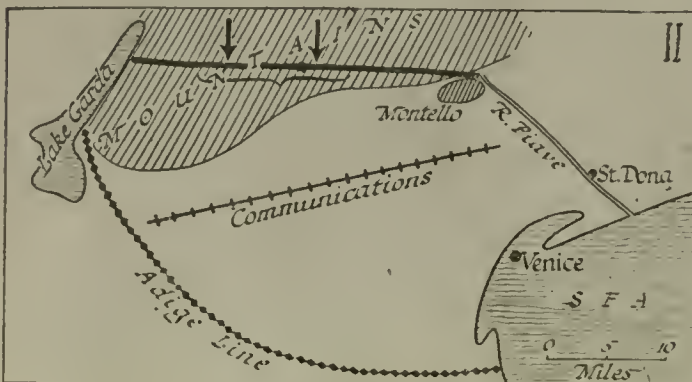
The point of interest then became (and is at the moment of writing), the measure of success which the enemy would have in withdrawing his troops across the river. Save in the St. Dona bridge-head, the distance to be traversed was insignificant. The Austrians were quite close to the stream. It is probable also that not much heavy material had yet been got over. But though the distance of retirement was very short and the impediments accompanying it probably few, with insufficient bridges, the bringing over of 70,000 men, which is something like a man to a yard, counting all the bends of the stream, would be a formidable task; and what we are now waiting for is news of how far that task has been accomplished. But it began (probably) on Saturday, and was not (apparently) observed till after mid-day on Sunday. The losses of the Austrians had already been exceedingly heavy before their offensive movement failed. It has continually appeared in the latter stages of this war that a successful offensive in its first stages is far less expensive to the attacker than to the attacked, and this is due to the change in the value of artillery. But the second phase, when the offensive begins to be continued, when it still struggles to go forward, and when it has abandoned this hope, and begins to consolidate itself, is the one in which losses begin to tell. Now, in the case of the present Austrian offensive this second stage was greatly prolonged in comparison with the first. The crossings of the river and the first apparently successful shock against the Italian line was a matter of thirty-six hours only, and much the greater part of the work was done in the first twelve; but after that there came seven days of continuous fighting without any appreciable advance save the four or five thousand yards west of St. Dona. Everywhere else the offensive was checked, and yet attempted to extend itself even after the position was hopeless.

In the particular case of the Montello the offensive steadily declined in power during all that week, until it had turned from a true offensive into a precarious defensive.

The same thing was going on all down the river to the neighbourhood of Fossalta. Even there, in the St. Dona salient, the Italian pressure increased so rapidly that the enemy began to lose ground, and his final attempt last Friday to enlarge himself by a full massed attack against Losson was cruelly battered. Under such circumstances, the rate of casualties must necessarily have been very high indeed. How high exactly we do not know, but we shall be able to estimate it better when the Italians have occupied this belt, which the Austrians are abandoning, and can judge the waste of their enemy by observation upon the ground itself.

Since there is nothing more to be said of the movement until further reports come in, which will show us how far the Austrians have been successful in withdrawing to the further bank, let us turn to a general, though brief, recapitulation of the battle.

To understand the battle as a whole, it is best to put it in the simplest possible form, and for that purpose I will here append a sketch in which nothing is mentioned but the absolutely essential points, and these only in diagrammatic form.



You have on this diagram the Allied front in the two sectors attacked, which may be called respectively the River Sector and the Mountain Sector. You have that front mainly though not entirely supplied by communications running as

does the barred line in the diagram. The enemy masses against this line from Lake Garda to the sea almost the whole of his offensive forces. There was nothing left in the Eastern marches of Europe, in what was once the Russian Empire, but a small number of troops of low value, and in the Balkan mountains little more than a police force. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, therefore, can put 71 divisions into line against the Italians and the Allied contingents who are with them. Of these 71 divisions he engages no less than 41 for the first main shock and its immediate reserves of men, keeping back 30 to put into the battle as it develops later. This force is supported by seven and a half thousand pieces: It will be appreciated that such a concentration either of men or of guns against the Italians had not been possible, and is only now possible as the result of the collapse of Russia.

The enemy's plan is obvious. He will come down from the mountains, pressing back the Allies on their extreme left where the arrows are in the diagram, and so get down to the communications of the Italian Army, if he can press the line back to the neighbourhood of these communications, a matter of about 20 miles, still better if he can break the line and reach the communications directly, he has trapped the whole Italian force between Lake Garda and the sea. But in order to do this he must hold the Italians everywhere. Therefore, while he makes his main attack in the mountains and as far to the left as possible (because the further to the left he makes it, the greater the result should he reach the communications) while he masses no less than 29 divisions in the mountains, he also fights vigorously to cross the Piave with the remaining 12 divisions, thus compelling the Italians to concentrate heavily in defence of that line, lest it should break after losing its defensive obstacle, the river. In connection with this crossing of the Piave, he proposes to seize the isolated hill at the point where the river front joins the mountain front, a hill called the Montello. To possess this hill would give him observation over the whole plain, and prevent Italian observation over his rear and communications which, hitherto from the Montello, the Italians have possessed. But we must clearly bear in mind that all this fighting from the Montello southwards along the Piave, is a secondary part of his original plan. He is there only compelling the Italians to mass troops; in other words, holding them by a threat, while he delivers his main blow in the mountains.

It is a perfectly simple and even obvious conception.

While it was yet dark, at three o'clock in the morning of Saturday, June 15th, he began his bombardment all along the line from Lake Garda to the sea. And at half-past seven he threw in his infantry. The critical point was the Asiago Plateau corresponding to the sector upon which I have put the arrows. This sector was thus defended: On the extreme left the Italians; next to them the British, then the French, and then the Italians again. The enemy's chief weight was against the British, and especially against the British left, where there was a point of junction with the Italians, and where the easiest approach to the plains from the mountains lies down a fairly open valley carrying both a road and a railway. Four divisions struck the blow: All, I believe, Austrian and German speaking. The 2nd, the 16th, the 52nd, and the 38th, reading from left to right—that is, from west to east. The first two succeeded in pushing back the British line next to the Italians by about a thousand yards on a mile and a half of front. That was a dense formation. We have no details yet, but it looks like a density of more than seven—and perhaps more than eight—men to the yard. The Italians gave great help on the left, which the British Commander acknowledges in special terms; the other two divisions on the British right were checked absolutely; the counter-attack was undertaken on the same day; and early on the Sunday morning the whole position was restored. Further east the French had held the attack against them, and still further east in the mountains the Italians, after suffering a retirement almost to the very edge of the hills at the Col Moschin, returned and recovered the whole position.

Meanwhile on the first day of the battle the Piave was crossed at several points. The eastern end of the Montello was seized by the enemy, and the nearest practical point to the sea, the last point before the marshes began, the bank opposite St. Dona was also seized, but so far everything turned upon what would happen in the mountains.

By the third day of the battle—Monday, and quite early in the day—it was apparent that the effort in the mountains had failed. We shall probably find, when we know the facts, that the cause of the failure was the very heavy loss the enemy sustained. At any rate, from that day, Monday, the whole battle changes in plan, and the enemy determines to give up his original effort to reach the communications.

which would have given him a complete decision, and to concentrate his energies upon the Piave line alone.

It is essential to understand this if we are to understand the battle at all. It is really two battles, with a change of plan in the middle corresponding with Monday. There is a first battle, the main operation of which is an attempted descent from the mountains on to the communications, with the crossings of the Piave as a secondary feature. This first battle ends on Monday. There is a second battle from Monday onwards, in which the crossings of the Piave become the main feature and the mountain sector merely holds fast.

In thus attempting to do something new on the Piave, the enemy was taking second best. Even if he compelled an Italian retirement he could get no decision because the retirement would take place along untouched communications behind it, and it was too late to hope for a breach in the line. However, to compel such a continuous retirement would have sufficiently grave consequences. It would uncover Venice and therefore lose Italy vast masses of material and all naval power in the Adriatic—apart from the political effect. It would probably compel a retirement right to the Adige, and that certainly at great expense, and perhaps at some peril.

These consequences, however, would not be what the consequences of the first plan would have been. They would not involve the complete destruction of the opponent.

The new battle was also second best because the Austrians on the outside of a bend could not concentrate as rapidly against any point as could the Italians on the inside of the bend, and this difference was aggravated by the fact that so considerably a portion of the enemy's forces were in the mountains, and could only get down with difficulty to the plain, as there are few roads leading thus down south-eastward.

To compel the Italians to retire from the Piave, it was necessary to turn their line along that river either by the left extremity or by the right, or by both. If the whole of the Montello, which is some eight miles long, could be seized it would put the enemy right on the left flank of the Italians, and give the enemy excellent observation of all their movements. If at the other extremity of the line he could make a really large bridge-head opposite St. Dona, with the advantage of the main road and of the main railway behind him to feed him, it would enable him to turn the Italian line by its right. He tried both points, and at the same time held the Italians all along the river between him by hard fighting at each of the crossings he had obtained.

This second battle, which may be called the Battle for

outflanking the Piave line, had two phases: The first, in which the chief effort was being made to turn the Italians by their left—that is, by the Montello—the second in which more and more weight was put into the effort by St. Dona—that is, by the Italian right.

The effort against the Montello was made very largely with Hungarian troops, and it suffered particularly from the sudden rising of the river, which took place upon the afternoon of Tuesday and all during Wednesday, and the effect of which we have already described. The Italian concentration was very rapid also, and the enemy, though the battle fluctuated on the hill, gradually lost ground. Already by Wednesday the enemy was beginning to put his trust more in the alternative effort near St. Dona, and had here five pontoon bridges; the fury of the rising current was less so far down the river, and also its increase in height was less. His bridges were therefore secure. By the evening of Thursday he had crossed the next obstacle after the Piave in this region, the Fossetta Canal, and by Thursday he was in a position to prepare for a considerable attack in this region in the direction of Losson. He may have had as many as five divisions—or, at any rate, he had units from five divisions—on the west bank here. All Thursday there was furious fighting on the central part of the river and on the Montello, where the enemy was gradually losing hold, and it seemed as though the tide had turned all along the line. But there was one more effort to be made, and that was, of course, in front of St. Dona. In spite of the rapidly increasing concentration here, the enemy launched upon Friday his main assault. It suffered a very heavy and expensive check in front of Losson; but, as we have seen, this was not the only cause of anxiety for him. He might have attempted a still further westward extension by putting more men across the river, for he still had perhaps 20 unused divisions when the news came of the threat to his extreme left near the mouth of the Piave, which was being developed by the forces which had forced the water obstacle at Cavazuccherina, and which could be easily supported from the sea. It was clearly on the next day (Saturday) that the decision to give up this attempt to turn the Piave line was made by the enemy command. Consequently the apologetic dispatch written to prepare Austrian opinion for the collapse appeared fairly early upon the Sunday morning, and in the early (afternoon) of the same day the Italians announced that the enemy was already in full retreat across the river, adding that this retreat was being carried out in some disorder, and was being pursued.

At this point our information ends. The second great Austrian offensive in Italy has failed.

The Pacifist

PACIFIST is an ugly and very vulgar word; made up on an ignorant echo of Latin. But it has obtained currency and must be used. It designates at this particular moment, not a man who prefers peace to war in general—as sane men mostly do—but a man who desires to-day the particular peace which can be immediately obtained by consenting to negotiate with an undefeated Prussia, ruling directly and indirectly, over 200 million souls, and at the height of her power; yet dreading a prolongation of the war, because famine, disaffection among Allies, and American recruitment all menace in the near future.

A Pacifist is he who would, at such a moment, parley. To-morrow the word may seem something more. That is what it means to-day.

Public men have recently given to a certain enemy manœuvre on the political side the excellent title of "A Peace Offensive." To that title there has been raised an objection, by which the Pacifist may be examined. The objection has not been raised publicly by those who stand for weightier and more respected of their kind. Nor by those who are sincere men and carry weight. It has been raised by parliamentarians. But we owe it to their betters for whom they say they speak, and also to ourselves to explain what a peace offensive means, why it should be regarded seriously, and why the overwhelming mass of the nation will have none of it.

The objection taken to the phrase lies in its implication. When we say that the enemy is preparing or will deliver a peace offensive we mean that his proposals for peace (he has made them several times already in the course of the war) are as much directed towards our defeat as are the operations of his armies. We mean that the proposals he has already put forward certainly and the proposals we expect he will put

forward probably, have for their object a state of European society in which the civilised West, notably Great Britain, would sink to a position of inferiority, and would for the future (did we yield to those proposals) find itself suffering from all the consequences of a military defeat. That is, the older Western nations would find their national vitality lowered and threatening to fall lower still. They would find their possessions oversea either cut down or so menaced in the immediate future that one could limit their loss. They would ultimately find themselves impoverished to the advantage of the victors. Worst of all, the tradition for which they stand—a tradition of chivalry in war and of respect for European conventions, public and private—would be supplanted in the future life of Europe by the threat of Prussian war with all its abominations, and the oppression of Europe by a dominating Central Power of lower culture than the rest.

The thesis of those who do not believe that such results would follow upon accepting the enemy's proposals, past or future, and who are ready to make terms with Prussia, is made up of four very different elements which, if you will examine them you will discover to have very little to do one with the other; but which combined produce the pacifist mood.

The first undoubtedly is a conviction that (as they would put it) "No complete military victory against Germany can be achieved." Mr. Philip Snowden said that in so many words in the House of Commons the other day. True, Mr. Philip Snowden's opinion upon a military situation is not worth having; but he speaks for a certain body of men more reputable than himself, and there does undoubtedly run through that body—which, though small, carries weight in this fourth year of the war, after all its fatigues and dis-

appointments—an error which they would formulate in such terms.

It would be as well to remark, before going further, that this formula is only one other example of the unconscious self-deception from which a particular type of mind often suffers. The plain English is not that "the enemy cannot be defeated," but rather "The enemy has beaten us and we may as well accept the situation." I know these gentlemen would be horrified to have such plain speaking put into their mouths, but that is the long and short of it.

If we had broken up Austria-Hungary, if we had thereby reduced Prussia and her German armies to a position of grave numerical inferiority; and if, in spite of that, after dreadful losses we had reached no decision, then the conception of a stale-mate through the robust defence of our opponent, would have some sense in it. As things are it is nonsense. As things are the enemy has detached from *our* alliance opponents more than half its potential numerical strength by the collapse of Russia. It is the enemy who has advanced; the enemy who has recently taken vast numbers of prisoners and guns; the enemy who menaces at least one of our capitals; the enemy who has the initiative; the enemy who can attack.

To represent such a situation as a sort of negative one is to deceive oneself grossly with pleasant words in the place of unpleasant facts. One might add that such self-deceptions on the part of one's fellow citizens are very humiliating for us who have to bear them and who know they are repeated abroad. When the lighter weight is getting pounded in a boxing match and needs all his stamina to hold out, it is not a pretty thing to hear his relations calling out that if the pounder will only stop, the poundee will magnanimously spare him. The enormous and immediate business of the time is to stand up to the pounding until the tide turns. If a man is prepared to accept defeat he ought to say so openly, and not to camouflage his moral breakdown with false phrases.

But anyhow, that is the formula used, "No military victory is possible"; and this underlying conception that the whole forces of Central Europe (erroneously described as "the Germans") under the leadership of Prussia are too much for us, is the first element in the minds of those whom we would convince of their error.

Now whether they are right or no it is absolutely impossible for the human intelligence to determine. The mass of men have by this time appreciated the justice of the position we have taken up in this journal, that victory was the gift of the gods, and that prophecy and certitude upon it was (upon either side) essentially unmilitary.

Historical Parallels

But as against the crude idea that, while battle is still joined, victory is impossible, one may bring forward a certain historical argument which is of great weight. In every long and arduous struggle whatsoever there has always arisen during its later stages a feeling of this sort, and it has always become most acute just before a decision was reached. You find it in the Great American Civil war; you find it in the Second Punic War; you find it in the struggle against Napoleon; you find it in Revolutionary France in 1894. You find it always and everywhere in proportion to the length and difficulty of the work to be done. If you could have heard private conversations in Germany and Austria before Caporetto you would undoubtedly have found any amount of it. One may say, in passing, that if or when the Allies achieve anything like Caporetto, or the Second Battle of the Somme, or even the surprise which the enemy effected against us between Soissons and Rheims three weeks ago, then this false mood would be dissipated as rapidly on our side as it has unfortunately been dissipated among the enemy by their recent successes.

The historical termination of great duels which were fought for something vital, not for mere dynastic points, has invariably been a true decision upon one side or the other. And so it must be in the nature of things. But if people are fighting upon a matter of life and death, nothing short of a decision can put a permanent end to hostilities—and the old traditions and the old civilisation of Europe are undoubtedly fighting here for their lives. To put it simply: England would not be England, nor France France, nor Italy survive at all if the enemy emerged from this war undefeated.

The second element in this frame of mind is a sort of muddle-headed idea that all fighting is much of a muchness and all fighters equally in the wrong; to which is sometimes added the still more extraordinary conception that fighting is itself wrong in some way; in other words, that aggression, tyranny, injustice, treachery, and violence of every kind should be cheerfully accepted, and that if a man proposes to

kill you you should say that you see no great harm in it, and that he is free to go ahead.

Neglecting this rabid nonsense, one can understand though one cannot sympathise with that error which regards this war specifically as a great misunderstanding and its evils as being of a sort natural to all wars. It comes mainly from a considerable though insular acquaintance with modern North Germany and an extreme ignorance of other countries.

It does not always proceed from this source. Sometimes it comes from a complete ignorance of all foreign nations, including modern Germany. But you will usually find that those who postulate the war as a great misunderstanding, and who can so easily put themselves in our opponent's shoes, are people who have lived in sympathy with one half of modern German thought and who are, therefore, able to keep in touch with German apologists. They admired those things in which modern Germany was rising, such as her chemical industry, her expansion in the manufacture of iron and steel, her growth in export. They were indifferent to those things in which modern Germany was rapidly declining, such as manners, morals, the power of building and writing, and also one may add, sanity. The great mass of stuff which Germany produced in which she proclaimed lunatic theories of super-man and what-not and saw her own dull people as stage heroes conquering the world, they knew to exist indeed, but forgave as a pardonable excess—though they disapproved of it. But the German apologist who has become so vociferous since things went wrong with the German plan of immediate success in 1914; the German who points out that after all he also is fighting for life (which is quite true); that he was morally subject to aggression (which is quite false); that isolated acts of war in the past can be made to look parallel to his systematic, ordered, and constant negation of human morals to-day—that German apologist the pacifist understands, likes, and agrees with. The error present in this second element of the disease we are studying is an error in proportion.

Napoleon and his armies went into Spain. They brought with them the revolutionary ideas, equal law, a high material civilisation, a quite as strong, though less spiritual, conception of beauty as that which the Spaniards enjoyed. They also brought the crusade for what they called liberty and democracy and so forth. But they violated the conscience of the Spanish people. They proposed to force upon them a foreign rule. The Spanish people, by their unequalled courage and tenacity, broke the back of that invasion and secured immunity.

Now an apologist for this great and wrong effort of Napoleon's could, if he liked, insist upon the one side of it at the expense of the other. He could point to the poverty and to the decline of Spain; to the growing ignorance, in letters at least, of its population, to the corresponding advantages of what was virtually a French annexation. He could go further and say that Napoleon was "forced" to the invasion by the general international situation, etc. But if he let that weigh in the balance against the overwhelming and outstanding truth that the invasion was the application of force without right against a clear national will, he would have his sense of proportion so distorted that his judgment would be worthless.

So it is, but in a much higher degree, with the British apologist for Prussia. Of course, a case can be made out for Prussia. You can make out a case for anyone. If you doubt that go and hear any good lawyer at any criminal trial. But any sane sense of proportion discovers that Prussia in the mass has had the same lack of morals, the same methods, and the same insolence during all her vast and maleficent expansion of the last two hundred years. The important and typical thing is not the German apology: That was an after-thought. The important and typical thing is the Prussian boast and the deliberate Prussian forcing of war upon Europe. If a man denies that Prussia felt absolutely certain of victory in the summer of 1914, desired war and deliberately made war in order to achieve that victory; if he denies that Western civilisation was peaceful and ill-prepared for such a challenge; then he is like a man denying the fact that Great Britain is a maritime and commercial State, or the fact that the French are violent in religious controversy, or that the Arabs are Mohammedans, or any other moral fact notorious and undisputed. He has, through lack of the sense of proportion, lost his grip on reality.

The third element in the hotch-potch is a conviction that if the war were to cease to-day, with things just as they are, it would certainly never be renewed after so awful a lesson, and that therefore if some stable arrangement could be come to on paper now the national currents of the future would again be much what they were before. This third element I propose to consider next week.

Further Progress: By Arthur Pollen

THE issue of a patent for a new Board of Admiralty affords two interesting pieces of information. Rear-Admiral Halsey has been relieved and goes to a command in the Grand Fleet, after more than eighteen months of excellent service at the Admiralty, and has been succeeded as Third Sea Lord by Captain Bartolomé, an officer of outstanding ability, recognised in the Service as an acknowledged authority, not only on material but on methods of using it, a far more important matter. Sir Robert Horne becomes Third Civil Lord. The change of personnel has been accompanied by a significant redistribution of duties.

When the Admiralty was reformed a year ago, the duties discharged in old days by the Third Sea Lord were divided; the care of material being entrusted to a civilian. Captain Bartolomé is now to re-combine the duties of both offices. The Controllership is thus once more in naval hands. But this does not mean that we have gone back to where we were before Mr. Churchill made Lord Southborough Additional Civil Lord in 1912. The reorganisation effected by Sir Eric Geddes when he was Controller, and the allocation of the new Civil Lord, selected for his wide experience of law and business, to the administrative, legal, and financial duties of the Department, have now made it possible for a naval officer to be responsible for warlike material, because he is no longer overwhelmed by non-military duties, and is free to concentrate on the technical aspect of his work. The Controller will, in short, become the naval chief of that part of the administration responsible for the maintenance and supply, just as the First Sea Lord is chiefly responsible for all the elements of command.

It is a development that grows out of the continually widening application of the Staff principle, which has been going forward in the last twelve months. Since I resumed writing in this journal on my return from America, I have touched several times upon different aspects of this development and of its very extraordinary results on the war at sea. But I find from my correspondence that very wide misapprehension still exists on this subject. It may, therefore, be as well to summarise the actual changes that have been made and then attempt a restatement of their significance.

Mr. Balfour, it will be remembered, left the Admiralty at the end of 1916, immediately after Sir John Jellicoe, Sir Cecil Burney and Rear-Admiral Halsey had joined the Board. Sir Henry Oliver was then the Chief of the Staff. It was understood that, in view of the extreme gravity of the submarine menace, Admiral Duff and others were to constitute an unofficial staff to assist the First Sea Lord in this matter. But the April Navy List did not show that any such division had, in fact, been created. When this list was issued, then, there were four naval members of the Board—omitting the Director of Air Service—and five divisions of the Staff, Operations, Intelligence, Mobilisation, Trade, and Signals, presided over by naval officers. Of these, Operations and Mobilisation were alone concerned with the conduct of the war. The reforms of May, 1917, made the First Sea Lord Chief of the Staff, and the former Chief was added to the Board as his deputy, while Admiral Duff was included also as an assistant chief. The other Sea Lords remained as before, and an anti-submarine division was added to the War Staff. This raised the war divisions to three. Shortly after Sir Edward Carson's retirement, the Second Sea Lord became deputy First Sea Lord, and three new divisions were added to the Staff, one for Plans, one for directing Mercantile Movements, and the third for the Training and Direction of Staff Duties. Following on the creation of a new organisation, came in January the changes in personnel the completion of the reform required.

Of the naval officers who were either on the Board or Chiefs of Divisions in April, 1917, all the Sea Lords have retired, and all except one of the Chiefs of Division. Instead of four naval officers on the Board there are now seven, and instead of a naval staff consisting of five divisions with a chief, it consists of ten divisions, the Chief being the First Sea Lord. A year ago the First Sea Lord and the Chief of the Staff ran the war. To-day its conduct is distributed over four members of the Board and the heads of at least six divisions. It is, then, an entirely new organisation, run by entirely new men. Further, it includes an element that does not figure in the Navy List. Admiral Sims and some of his officers are in daily collaboration with the Board, and others are actually working in certain divisions of the Staff, so that the new Higher Command is not only rejuvenated and reformed—it has become international.

This consummation is one devoutly wished by many of us a year ago, and no sane person can now dispute that it is from first to last in consonance with right reason. Nor can it be disputed that it has been followed by results of an extremely gratifying and encouraging kind. The defeat of the submarine seems to be going forward with progressive efficiency. The attacks on the Flemish ports are far from being the only new departures in the narrow seas; and there are many indications of greater activity in the North Sea, and of a changed policy in the Mediterranean. All the world, allied, neutral and enemy, has borne witness to the fact that in the fourth year of the war the British Navy is being guided with an inventive initiative and a spirit of offence that certainly were not conspicuous in its earlier periods.

Change of Atmosphere

This new policy has followed on the creation of a new organisation, and its conduct by a new personnel, not because individual men in the new organisation are more brilliant or more inventive or more warlike than those they have displaced, but because an entire change has been made in the spirit and atmosphere in which the work is done. A year ago, after two and a half years of hostilities which had begun with all the winning cards in our hand, our game at sea was a losing one. We had let the German Fleet escape in the only opportunity we had for destroying it and, as a direct consequence, the German submarines seemed to be in a fair way to destroy our sea communications. It was an astounding result. It was still more astonishing when it was remembered that in material strength we had from the outbreak of war been overwhelmingly superior, and had for the whole period disposed of resources, for building ships and making armament and munitions, that exceeded those of the enemy by many hundred per cent. Clearly, our forces and our resources had been grossly misused. The blame fell where alone it could fall, namely on Whitehall. Our naval strategy, unlike our strategy on land, had not been shaped in collaboration with the best war brains of our Allies. We had learned nothing from our friends and seemingly nothing from our foes. At no time had the Admiralty been directed by our own best naval brains, and the few really able men who from time to time served there, had been powerless because of the character of the Admiralty's organisation. It was one framed on principles entirely unadapted either to preparing for war or for conducting it. We had begun and we went on without the elements that either elucidate the principles of right policy or secure their application. The four officers, who were in turn First Sea Lord, had been taken from the same group. This group dominated naval policy for ten years before war, and showed that they had not anticipated the main problems of modern fighting.

They did not know how to base sea government on the knowledge and brain power of the Service they commanded. Our sea strategy, therefore, had none of the marks of the allied land strategy. It was not international, it was not democratic, it certainly was not successful. The autocratic principle fails because the work to be done is far beyond the capacity of one or two or three men, however brilliant and able they may be. Before the simplest war decision can be made, a whole situation may have to be analysed, the principles that apply to it elucidated, plans made for their application, and material specified and personnel selected. All these operations can only be the work of many men. And, unless these co-operate without reference to seniority, no useful work can be done. If executive authority is employed to establish the fact that an official chief is right because he is official, then all work becomes barren and useless. It is almost a synopsis of staff organisation that reason supersedes rank, and hence the safety of the naval state is found only in a republic of brains. The significance of the changes still in progress is that it is towards such a constitution that we are tending. There is still much to be done. But much has been done already.

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The Turkish Conspiracy—VII

How Germany forced Turkey into the War

Narrated by Mr. Morgenthau, late American Ambassador in Constantinople

MR. MORGENTHAU is able to furnish a classic example of German propaganda. It was due to this that Turkey was forced into the War, the Dardanelles being closed on the sole responsibility of the German General in command of the fortifications, without the sanction of the Turkish Cabinet.

The duel that now took place between Germany and the Entente for Turkey's favour was a most unequal one. Germany had won the victory when she smuggled the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* into the Sea of Marmora. The English, French, and Russian Ambassadors well understood this, and they knew that they could not make Turkey an active ally of the Entente; they probably had no desire to do so; however, they did hope that they could keep her neutral. To this end they now directed all their efforts. "You have had enough of war," they would tell Talaat and Enver. "You have fought three wars in the last four years; you will ruin your country absolutely if you get involved in this one." On condition that Turkey should remain neutral, they offered to guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. So greatly did the Entente Ambassadors desire to keep Turkey out of the war that they did not press to the limit their case against the *Breslau* and the *Goeben*. It is true that they repeatedly protested against the continued presence of these ships, but every time the Turkish officials maintained that they were Turkish vessels.

"If that is so," Sir Louis Mallet would urge, and his argument was unassailable, "why don't you remove the German officers and crew?" That was the intention, the Grand Vizier would answer; the Turkish crews that had been sent to man the ships built in England, he would say, were returning to Turkey, and would be put on board the *Goeben*

and the *Breslau* as soon as they reached Constantinople. But days and weeks went by; these crews came home; and still Germany manned and officered the cruisers. These backings and fillings naturally did not deceive the British and French Foreign Offices. The presence of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* was a standing *casus belli*; but the Entente Ambassadors did not demand their passports, for such an act would have precipitated the very crisis which they were seeking to delay, and, if possible, to avoid—Turkey's entrance as Germany's ally. Unhappily, the Entente's promise to guarantee Turkey's integrity did not win Turkey to their side.

"They promised that we should not be dismembered after the Balkan wars," Talaat would tell me, "and see what happened to European Turkey then."

Wangenheim constantly harped upon this fact. "You can't trust anything they say," he would tell Talaat and Enver. "Didn't they all go back on you a year ago?" And then, with great cleverness, he would play upon the only emotion which really actuates the Turk. The descendants of Osman hardly resemble any people I have ever known. They do not hate, they do not love; they have no lasting animosities or affections. They only fear. And, naturally, they attribute to others the motives which regulate their own conduct. "How stupid you are," Wangenheim would tell Talaat and Enver, discussing the English attitude. "Don't you see why the English want you to keep out? It is because they fear you. Don't you see that, with the help of Germany, you have again become a great military Power? No wonder England doesn't want to fight you!" He dinned this so continually in the ears that they finally believed it, for this argument not only completely explained the attitude of the Entente, but it flattered Turkish pride.

Whatever may have been the attitude of Enver and Talaat, I think that England and France were more popular with all classes in Turkey than was Germany. The Sultan was opposed to war; the heir apparent, Youssouff Izzadin, was openly pro-Ally; the Grand Vizier, Said Halim, favoured England rather than Germany; Djemal, the third member of the ruling Triumvirate, had the reputation of being a Francophile—he had recently returned from Paris, where the reception he had received had greatly flattered him; a majority of the Cabinet had no enthusiasm for Germany; and public opinion, so far as public opinion existed in Turkey, regarded England, not Germany, as Turkey's historic friend. Wangenheim, therefore, had much opposition to overcome and the methods which he took to break it down form a classic illustration of German propaganda.

He started a lavish publicity campaign against England, France, and Russia. I have described Turkish feelings at losing their ships in England. Wangenheim's agents now

filled columns of purchased space in the Press with bitter attacks on England for taking over these vessels. The whole Turkish Press rapidly passed under the control of Germany. Wangenheim purchased the *Ihdam*, one of the largest Turkish newspapers, which immediately began to sing the praises of Germany and to abuse the Entente. The *Osmanischer Lloyd*, published in French and German, became an organ of the German Embassy. Although the Turkish



Docks of Constantinople

Constitution guaranteed a free Press, a censorship was established in the interest of the Central Powers. All Turkish editors were ordered to write in Germany's favour, and they obeyed instructions. The *Jeune Turc*, a pro-Entente newspaper, printed in French, was suppressed. The Turkish papers exaggerated German victories and completely manufactured others; they were constantly printing the news of Entente defeats, most of them wholly imaginary. In the evening Wangenheim and Pallavicini would show me official telegrams giving the details of military operations; but when, in the morning, I would look in the newspapers, I would find that this news had been twisted in Germany's favour.

A certain Baron Oppenheim travelled all over Turkey, manufacturing public opinion against England and France. Ostensibly he was an archaeologist, while in reality he opened offices everywhere, from which issued streams of slanders against the Entente. Huge maps were pasted on walls, showing all the territory which Turkey had lost in the course of a century. Russia was portrayed as the nation chiefly responsible for these "robberies," and attention was drawn to the fact that England had now become Russia's ally. Pictures were published showing the grasping Powers of the Entente as rapacious animals, snatching away at poor Turkey. Enver was advertised as the "hero" who had recovered Adrianople; Germany was pictured as Turkey's friend; the Kaiser suddenly became "Hadji Wilhelm," the great protector of Islam; stories were even printed that he had become a convert to Mohammedanism. The Turkish populace was informed that the Moslems of India and of Egypt were about to revolt and throw off their English "tyrants." The Turkish man-in-the-street was taught to

say *Gott Strafe England*, and all the time the motive power of this infamous campaign was German money.

But Germany was doing more than poisoning the Turkish mind; she was appropriating Turkey's military resources. I have already described how, in January, 1914, the Kaiser had taken over the Turkish Army and rehabilitated it in preparation for the European war. He now proceeded to do the same thing with the Turkish Navy. In August Wangenheim boasted to me that "we now control both the Turkish Army and Navy." At the time the *Goeben* and *Breslau* arrived, an English mission, headed by Admiral Limpus, was hard at work restoring the Turkish Navy. Soon afterwards Limpus and his associates were unceremoniously dismissed; not the most ordinary courtesies were shown them. The English naval officers quietly and unobtrusively left Constantinople for England—all except the Admiral himself, who had to remain longer because of his daughter's illness. Night after night whole carloads of Germans landed at Constantinople from Berlin; there were finally 3,800 men, most of them sent to man the Turkish Navy and to manufacture ammunition. They filled the cafés every night, and they paraded the streets of Constantinople in the small hours of the morning, howling and singing German patriotic songs. Many of them were skilled mechanics, who immediately got to work repairing the destroyers and other ships and putting them in shape for war. The British firms of Armstrong and Vickers had a splendid dock in Constantinople, which the Germans appropriated. All day and night we could hear this work going on, and we could hardly sleep because of the hubbub of riveting and hammering. Wangenheim now found another opportunity for instilling more poison into the minds of Enver, Talaat, and Djemal. The German workers, he declared, had found that the Turkish ships were in a desperate state of disrepair, and for this he naturally blamed the English naval mission. He said that England had deliberately let the Turkish Navy go to decay; this was all part of England's plot to ruin Turkey! "Look!" he would exclaim, "see what we Germans have done for the Turkish Army, and see what the English have done for your ships!" As a matter of fact, all this was untrue: Admiral Limpus had worked hard and conscientiously to improve the Navy and had accomplished excellent results.

All this time the Germans were strengthening the fortifications at the Dardanelles. As September lengthened into October, the Sublime Porte practically ceased to be the headquarters of the Ottoman Empire. I really think that the most powerful seat of authority at that time was a German merchant ship, the *General*. It was moored in the Golden Horn, near the Galata Bridge, and a permanent stairway had been built, leading to its deck. I knew well one of the most frequent visitors to this ship; he used to come to the Embassy and entertain me with stories of what was going on.

The *General* was practically a German club or hotel. The officers of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* and other German officers who had been sent to command the Turkish ships ate and slept on board. Admiral Souchon, who had brought the German cruisers to Constantinople, presided over these gatherings. Souchon was a man of French Huguenot extraction; he was a short, dapper, clean-cut sailor, very

energetic and alert. To the German passion for command and thoroughness he added much of the Gallic geniality and buoyancy. Naturally he gave much liveliness to the evening parties on the *General*, and the beer and champagne which were liberally dispensed on these occasions loosened the tongues of his fellow officers. Their conversation showed that they entertained no illusions as to who really controlled the Turkish Navy. Night after night their impatience for action grew; they kept declaring that if Turkey did not presently attack the Russians, they would force her to do so. They would relate how they had sent German ships into the

Black Sea, in the hope of provoking the Russian fleet to some action that would make war inevitable. Toward the end of October my friend told me that hostilities could not much longer be avoided; the Turkish fleet had been fitted for action, everything was ready, and the impetuosity of these hot-headed German officers could not much longer be restrained.

On September 27th, Sir Louis Mallet, the British Ambassador, entered my office in

a considerably distressed state of mind. The Khedive of Egypt had just left and I began to talk to Sir Louis about Egyptian matters.

"Let's discuss that some other time," he said. "I have something far more important to tell you. They have closed the Dardanelles."

By "they" he meant, of course, not the Turkish Government, the only power which had the legal right to take this drastic step, but the actual ruling powers in Turkey, the Germans. Sir Louis had good reason for bringing me this piece of news, for this was an outrage against the United

States as well as against the Allies. He asked me to go with him and make a joint protest. I suggested, however, that it would be better for us to act separately, and immediately I started for the House of the Grand Vizier.

When I arrived a Cabinet conference was in session, and, as I sat in the ante-room, I could hear several voices in excited discussion. I could distinctly distinguish Talaat, Enver, Djavid, and other familiar mem-

bers of the government. It was quite plain, from the tone of the proceedings, that these nominal rulers of Turkey were almost as worked up over the closing as were Sir Louis Mallet and myself.

The Grand Vizier came out in answer to my request. He presented a pitiable sight. His face was blanched and he was trembling from head to foot. When I asked him whether the news was true he stammered out that it was.

"You know this means war," I said, and I protested as strongly as I could in the name of the United States.

All the time that we were talking I could hear the loud tones of Talaat and his associates in the interior apartment. The Grand Vizier excused himself and went back into the room. He then sent out Djavid, the Minister of Finance, to discuss the matter with me.

"It's all a surprise to us," were Djavid's first words—this statement being a complete admission that the Cabinet had had nothing to do with it. I repeated that the United States would not submit to closing the Dardanelles; that Turkey was at peace; that she had no legal right to shut the Straits to mercantile ships except in case of war. I said that an American ship, laden with supplies and stores for the American



"Scorpion": American Embassy Guardship



Shipping at the Golden Horn

Embassy, was outside waiting to come in. Djavid suggested that I have this vessel unload her cargo at Smyrna and that the Turkish Government would pay the cost of transporting it overland to Constantinople. This proposal, of course, was a ridiculous evasion of the issue and I brushed it aside.

Djavid then said that the Cabinet proposed to investigate the matter; in fact they were discussing the situation at that moment. He told me how it had happened. A Turkish torpedo boat had passed through the Dardanelles and attempted to enter the Ægean. The British warships stationed outside hailed the ship, examined it and found that there were German sailors on board. The English Admiral at once ordered the vessel to go back; this, under the circumstances, he had a right to do. Weber Pasha, the German General who was then in charge of the fortifications, did not consult the Turks; he immediately gave orders to close the Straits. Wangenheim had already boasted to me, as I have said, that the Dardanelles could be closed in thirty minutes and the Germans now made good his words. Down went the mines and the nets; the lights in the lighthouses were extinguished; signals were put up, notifying all ships that there was "no thoroughfare" and the deed, the most high-handed which the Germans had yet committed, was done. And here I found these Turkish statesmen, who alone had authority over this indispensable strip of water, trembling and stammering with fear, running hither and yon like a lot of frightened rabbits, appalled at the enormity of the German act, yet apparently powerless to take any decisive

action. I certainly had a graphic picture of the extremities to which Teutonic bullying had reduced the proud descendants of Osman. And at the same moment before my mind rose the figure of the Sultan, whose signature was essential to close legally these waters, quietly dozing at his palace, entirely oblivious of the whole transaction.

Though Djavid informed me that the Cabinet might decide to re-open the Dardanelles, it never did so. This great passage way has remained closed from September 27th, 1914, to the present time. I saw, of course, precisely what this action signified. That month of September had been a disillusioning one for the Germans. The French had beaten back the invasion and driven the German armies to entrenchments along the Aisne. The Russians were sweeping triumphantly through Galicia; they had captured Lemberg, and it seemed not improbable that they would soon cross the Carpathians into Austria-Hungary. In those days, Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador, was a discouraged, lamentable figure; he confided to me his fears for the future. The German programme of a short, decisive war had clearly failed; it was now quite evident that Germany could only win, said Pallavicini, after a protracted struggle.

I have described how Wangenheim, while preparing the Turkish forces for any eventualities, was simply holding Turkey in hand, intending actively to use her only in case Germany failed to crush France and Russia in the first campaign. The time had now come to transform Turkey from a passive into an active ally, and the closing of the Dardanelles was the first step in this direction. Few people realise, even to-day, what an overwhelming influence this act had upon future military operations. I may almost say that the effect was decisive. The map discloses that enormous Russia has just four ways of reaching the seas. One is by way of the Baltic, and this the German Fleet had already closed. Another is Archangel, on the Arctic Ocean,

a port that is frozen over several months in the year, and which connects with the heart of Russia only by a long, single-track railroad. Another is the Pacific port of Vladivostok, also ice-bound for three months, and reaching Russia only by the thin line of the Siberian Railway, 5,000 miles long. The fourth passage was that of the Dardanelle; in fact, this was the only practicable one. This was the narrow gate through which the surplus products of 175,000,000 people reached Europe, and nine-tenths of all Russian exports and imports had gone this way for years. By suddenly closing it, Germany destroyed Russia both as an economic and a military Power. By shutting off the exports of Russian grain, she deprived Russia of the financial power essential to successful warfare. What was perhaps even more fatal,

she prevented England and France from getting munitions to the Russian battle-front in sufficient quantity to stem the German onslaught. As soon as the Dardanelles was closed, Russia had to fall back on Archangel and Vladivostok for such supplies as she could get from these ports. The cause of the military collapse of Russia in 1915 is now well known; the soldiers simply had no ammunition with which to fight. In the last few months Germany has attempted desperately to drive a "wedge" between the English and French armies—an enterprise which, up to the present writing, has failed. When Germany, however, closed the Dardanelles in late September, 1914, she drove such a "wedge" between Russia and her allies.

In the days following this bottling up of Russia, the Bosphorus began to look like a

harbour suddenly stricken with the plague. Hundreds of ships, from Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, loaded with grain, lumber, and other products, arrived, only to discover that they could go no further. There were not docks enough to berth them, and they had to swing out into the stream, drop anchor, and await developments with what patience they could.

The waters were a cluster of masts and smoke-stacks; the crowded vessels became so dense that a motor boat had difficulty in picking its way through the tangled forest. The Turks held out hopes that they might re-open the waterway, and for this reason these vessels, constantly increasing in number, waited patiently for a month or so. Then one by one they turned around, pointed their noses toward the Black Sea, and lugubriously started for their home ports. In a few weeks the Bosphorus and adjoining waters had become a desolate waste. What for years had been one of the most animated shipping points in the world had its waters now ruffled only by an occasional launch or a tiny Turkish caique or sailing vessel. For an accurate idea of what this meant, from a military standpoint, we need only call to mind the Russian battlefront in the next year. There the peasants were fighting German artillery with their unprotected bodies, having no rifles and no heavy guns, while mountains of useless ammunition were piling up in their distant Arctic and Pacific ports, with no railroads to send them to the field of action.

How the capitulations came to be abrogated is told by Mr. Morgenthau next week.

Owing to unavoidable delay at the last moment, the publication of "Gentlemen at Arms," the collection of Centurion's stories in LAND & WATER, will not be published by Mr. Heinemann until Tuesday, July 9th.



Talaat Pasha

The Kaiser: Mad or Bad? By Charles Mercier

IT is often said, especially by persons who are not qualified to express an opinion, that the Kaiser is mad, or must be mad; and still more often that he is a degenerate. The term a "degenerate" has never been defined. It is a quasi-scientific term of abuse, employed to fling at anyone of whose conduct or character we disapprove, and in this sense it is no doubt correctly applied to the Kaiser; but, putting abuse on one side, and speaking with strict scientific accuracy, *is the Kaiser mad?*

This question has occupied my mind at intervals since long before the war, for undoubtedly there have been incidents in his career that, as they have been reported, have raised a strong suspicion of madness—a strong suspicion, but no more, and a suspicion, even a strong suspicion is of little value. My desire has been to form such an opinion as I should form of a patient brought to my consulting-room for the purpose, and subjected to a searching examination such as I am accustomed to make; an opinion of a strictly scientific character, founded upon indisputable facts, and formed with bias or prejudice one way or the other. Such an opinion could not fail to be both interesting and valuable; but such an opinion I have been unable to form, for the necessary data were not to be had.

Whether a person is mad may be very easy or very difficult to determine. It does not always need a personal interview for its determination. Such a letter as now lies before me—a letter without formal beginning or ending, bringing vague but horrible accusations against a multitude of persons, named and unnamed, of persecuting the writer by means of lightning flashes and red flashes transmitted through walls and ceilings, accompanied by voices, dreams, and nightmares, and lasting for a quarter of a century without intermission—such a letter is of itself conclusive of the madness of the writer; but there are cases in which repeated personal interviews and a minute personal history leave one still in doubt whether the dividing line between sanity and madness has been crossed, or whether, if it has, the sojourn on the wrong side has been sufficiently prolonged to warrant certification. This being so, I am always entertained when I hear people who have never seen a madman in their lives, assert positively of some other person whom also they have never seen, and who, like the Kaiser, may be near the border line, that "of course" he is mad, or must be mad.

A common but erroneous opinion, which it has taken me more than a quarter of a century to dissipate from the minds of my fellow experts, is that madness consists in disorder of mind. There could scarcely be a greater mistake. Madness consists, not in what a man thinks or believes, but in what he does; not in his opinions, whether deluded or not, but in his action. Conduct is the test; and that conduct alone is mad that exhibits disorder in the process of adapting oneself to one's circumstances.

Consequently, in forming an opinion whether a man is sane or mad, it is necessary to take into account not only what he does, but also the circumstances in which he does it. To take a very simple case: suppose a man in good health sits still all day and all night, taking no food, and bawling at the top of his voice; if he were in ordinary circumstances—that is to say, in his own house, surrounded by his family and his comforts—we might conclude that he is mad, or must be mad, to behave in such a way; but suppose he has fallen into a pit in a lonely place and broken his legs, we must revise our judgment on a consideration of his circumstances.

So it is with the Kaiser. In forming an opinion of his sanity or madness, we must take into consideration not what he thinks or believes, which we can only conjecture, but what he does, as to which we have more or less trustworthy information; and in estimating his conduct, we must never lose sight of the circumstances in which he acts, and never fail to take account of these circumstances. *The dominating circumstance of the Kaiser's life is that he is the German Emperor.*

He is the Emperor of a people whom we may, if we please, stigmatise as degenerate, and who are at any rate very different from ourselves. This dominating circumstance is constantly ignored, and the German Emperor is judged as if he were the monarch of some people like ourselves. If the English King-Emperor were to act as the German Emperor acts; if he were to change his dress a dozen times a day; if he were for ever boasting and bragging and calling God to witness what a splendid creature he is; if he were for ever rattling his sabre and blustering about mailed fists and

shining armour; if he were to order his soldiers to give no quarter, and so forth, we might well question his sanity; for the aim of a king must be to inspire the respect, the loyalty, and the devotion of his subjects; and if a king of England were to behave thus, he would inspire only dislike, disgust, and contempt. But the Kaiser is not King of England. He is German Emperor, and the Germans like his conduct. It suits them. The more he brags and postures and prances before them, the more they admire him, and the more loyal and devoted they become. There is no evidence of madness, then, in this.

Abuse of Hospitality

In this country, or in any other country on the face of the earth except Germany, a man who should abuse the hospitality of a generous host by introducing spies into the house of that host, and plotting against him while enjoying his hospitality, would be execrated and despised as the vilest of scoundrels. An Ojibbeway or a Pathan would be driven from his tribe for such conduct. The lowest savages respect the binding obligation of hospitality; and to eat a man's salt or to break bread with him is a sacred treaty of peace. But the Germans do not take this view, and the Kaiser is the German Emperor.

The Germans see in such conduct nothing to condemn, but much to admire. They look upon it as evidence of superior astuteness. They laugh at the confiding simplicity of the hosts. They admire the conduct of the German Ambassador to "those idiotic Yankees," and they worship their Emperor for his perfidy towards Edward VII. If, therefore, we regard the conduct of the Kaiser in relation to the dominating circumstance that he is Emperor at the head of the German people, we find no want of adaptation to this circumstance. On the contrary, the adaptation is complete and perfect, and therefore the question of his madness does not arise. If the King of England, the President of the French Republic, or the President of the United States were to act so—I apologise to them for the supposition—they might well be considered mad, and it would be charitable so to consider them, for such conduct would be so alien to the opinions and sentiments of the peoples that they govern as scarcely to be explainable on any other ground; but there is nothing in it alien to the opinions or sentiments of the Germans. It is what they are taught and trained to do. It is what each one of them who finds himself in a foreign country does in his own humble way to the best of his ability. The Kaiser shows no madness in this.

No. So far there is no evidence of madness. It is true that other incidents are reported, such as that of his capering in crown and sceptre on the sands of Ostend, and causing photographs of himself in this unseemly exercise to be distributed to his troops, that are more strongly suggestive of madness; but in the first place, the incident, though reported on fairly good authority, is not beyond doubt; and in the second, it may be that even if it is true, it would excite nothing but admiration among the Germans. It is difficult to imagine any act of their Kaiser that the Germans would not approve and admire.

But if we seek the effi city of the Kaiser, not to the madman, but to the criminal, we are on much firmer ground. More nonsense has been written about criminals than, perhaps, on any other subject; but though the doctrines of Lombroso, Garofalo, and the rest of the Italian school, and even those of Féré and the French school of criminologists are now abandoned, there remains a residuum of truth in the doctrine of the existence of "instinctive" criminals. There are, undoubtedly, persons who are born without a rudiment of the moral sense, and who grow up without its ever becoming developed in them. Such persons I have called "moral imbeciles," and under this title they have been provided for, at my instance, in the Mental Defectives Act.

A study of these "instinctive criminals," or "moral imbeciles," shows that between their moral and intellectual peculiarities and those of the Kaiser there is a very close similarity. The moral imbecile or instinctive criminal is distinguished from other men in the first place by his want of the moral sense, or his moral insensibility. To him, right and wrong are empty words, or, if they have any meaning, right is that which is profitable to him, wrong is that which is unprofitable to him. I have sketched his character in my book on *Insanity*, and in other places, and when I re-peruse these descriptions I am struck with their applicability to the Kaiser.

The moral imbecile lies, forges, swindles, and robs without any compunction, without any consideration for his victims, and, what is specially characteristic of him, without any shame when his misdeeds are discovered and brought home to him. So far from feeling shame, he is apt to glory in them if they are successful, as that typical German and idol of the Germans—Bismarck—glorified in his falsification of the Ems telegram, and as the Kaiser glories in having "lacked his way" through Belgium. But though the moral imbecile does not recognise the inculcations of morality as binding on himself, or as to be observed by himself to his own inconvenience, he is extremely sensitive to their infraction, and, indeed, to their enforcement also by other people, if that infraction or enforcement is at all inconvenient to himself. The moral imbecile in private life will steal and swindle and forge without a scruple; but not only is he quick to resent and to prosecute depredations on himself, but also when he himself is prosecuted for his misdeeds, he looks upon the punishment as grossly unjust persecution.

The Kaiser's attitude is strikingly similar. His devastation of Belgium, his murder of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, and of multitudes of other men and women, and even of children, his bombardment of open towns, his sinking of the *Lusitania* and of neutral ships, and all the innumerable crimes committed in his name and by his orders are in his

eyes quite right, and proper, and justifiable, and in conformity with moral law as he understands it; but the reprisal bombardment of German towns is a scandalous and abominable infraction of the laws of war. Other well-recognised traits of the instinctive criminal are the sentimentality that alternates with cruelty, colossal egotism, naïve and clamorous vanity, and a craving for notoriety, which displays itself in a passion for the limelight and for histrionic display.

Moreover, the instinctive criminal is very often intensely religious. He pays with scrupulous punctuality his tithes of mint and cummin and anise. When about to commit a murder, he will go to mass and pray for a blessing on his enterprise; and when he has conducted a successful burglary, he will make a thank-offering to the God who has assisted him and held him scatheless. All these traits of character are enumerated by Mr. Havelock Ellis and other criminologists, and though they exaggerate in many things, in these I can corroborate them from my own experience of moral imbeciles.

All these traits are notoriously and conspicuously present in the character of the Kaiser, and my provisional diagnosis is that, whether he is or is not mad, as to which the evidence is quite inconclusive, there is no doubt whatever that his mental and moral make-up is that of the instinctive criminal or moral imbecile.

Flying Sailors: By Herman Whitaker

"THE dickens!" said the American commander as I stepped off the train; "who would have expected to see *you* down here?" You see we had crossed on the same transport from New York to Liverpool five months ago, and "down here" was a United States Dirigible Station on the south coast of France.

While we were motoring out to the station I took stock of his sartorial aspect, which had changed somewhat since we parted. A sailor on horse-back has from time immemorial been something of a joke. A sailor on skates—roller or ice—wide trousers flapping like raven wings in rhythm with his stroke, is hardly less funny. In fact it is hard to fit him in to any background but that of the sea. His clothes and nautical roll clash with all other schemes. But in the brown service uniform, the commander looked natty. But for his blue and gold shoulder straps, it were hard to tell him from an officer of the line.

Like the "Heavier than Airs" I have already written of in *LAND AND WATER*, the war had dumped this lot of sailors in queer quarters. Beyond the dead flat mile of the flying field a river swept on to wash the skirts of a quaint, peaked French town. Here and there low stone farmsteads splashed the dull green of the prospect with blobs of white. An impressionist painter would have used half a tube on each. As in all South France landscapes, fat-bellied windmills waved grey wooden arms in the distance. From the dead centre of all of which the great canvas hangar, that housed the dirigibles, raised its hundred feet of height and ran like an overgrown haystack three hundred yards along the field.

When we arrived the men were at dinner in one of the long low huts that now form their home in this foreign land, and one glance at the table confirmed an impression I had gained while cruising with the American destroyer fleet in English waters—taking it by and large, the American officer does not "eat" nearly as well as his men. Outside, the day was cold and cheerless. A damp wind blew over the bleak countryside. One could scarcely imagine a duller place, but the men had been made happy this morning by the receipt of baseball and boxing sets, a football, box of quoits, and were now looking forward to a piano and Victrola that were said to be en route.

"When they arrive we'll be able to dance and sing in the evenings," one lad said with cheery optimism. "Then we'll feel all right."

"Sure!" another added. "And after they put us on the American Y.M.C.A. amusement circuit, we'll be happy as a lark." And they will—that is, as happy as it is possible for them to be away from Dakota or Iowa, Kansas, Alabama, California, or other States they happen to hail from.

Of the dozen officers I presently met at lunch, ten had trained together at the dirigible school at Akron, Ohio, in the United States. Most of them had come out of civilian life in the last six months. I believe the Commander and his chief officer were the only blue-water navy men. But what the others lacked in previous service, they made

up in enthusiasm. They had plunged head over heels in their work; were so permeated that it escaped from every pore. Their conversation bristled with technical terms; was dark with flying lore.

"Sondage," "angles of inclination," "ascensional forces," "stabilisers" and "elevators," "fins," and other full-mouthed phrases that quite confounded my layman's ignorance, dropped casually from their mouths. I wished to learn, however—and did; among other things, that a dirigible is operated on practically the same principles as a submarine; which might be expected, for the mediums they navigate differ only in density. Both are fitted with narrow vertical and lateral planes, the "fins" and "equalisers" which are really lateral rudders. Raised, they catch the wind and send the ship up. Depressed, they force her down. The ship swings, of course, like any sea vessel in the direction the vertical rudder happens to turn.

I learned, also, that dirigibles are safer to operate than sea-planes, which fall if the motors fail. But a dirigible can float for hours or days while its mechanics are making engine adjustments or minor repairs. Also they can remain poised above a certain spot to make observations or deliver attack. Greatest advantage of all—they can stay out for thirty or forty hours at a time and cruise seven or eight hundred miles. Indeed, the Commander was quite willing to fly his ship home to the United States at the end of the war. Because of these manifest advantages, your "Lighter than Airs" are inclined to look down on their brethren, the "Heavies," as members of a primitive craft which represents the stone age in flying. Those present seemed to be in doubt, however, as to their position in relation to the submarine till the Commander summed up a heated argument by saying: "Those submarine chaps have to know a lot more than we."

"Sondage" and "angles of inclination," those mysterious terms, explained themselves when the chief officer, who was showing me over the station, sent up some toy balloons to determine wind velocity. If they rise only a thousand feet while travelling the same distance horizontally, the wind is stronger, of course, than if they had risen twice the height. Worked by a scale through triangulation, the "angle of inclination" which gives the wind velocity is thus easily determined.

"Come on!" The Commander's call from the door of his office cut off the officer's explanation. "We are going to bring her out."

"Her," was the dirigible, now due to depart on patrol. The crew of a hundred and fifty required to handle her were already at their places in the hangar. With its long rows of latticed steel piers rising in a graceful arch overhead, its vast interior spaces softly illumined by golden light that suffused through the canvas above, the hangar looked like a great cathedral, and in its centre, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between floor and roof, the great ship floated light as thistle-down under the arch.

Your true sailor is always neat as a good housewife, and the ship's crew were giving the last loving touches to her

brass and paint. Every bit of brass and copper shone like gold. The painted car gleamed like a grand piano. With glue and sandpaper the gunner's mate in charge was touching up a slight abrasion in a propeller blade, for while revolving at two thousand a minute the slightest roughness will cause vibration and fracture, if not complete wreckage of the motor. An object falling on to a propeller as small and soft as a chestnut will pierce a blade like a high-power bullet, and break it off through the terrific vibration before one can shut off the engine. Accordingly, before each flight, each nut, bolt and wire is subjected to microscopic examination.

On the bows a Lewis gun was mounted on a swivel that permitted almost perpendicular depression; and, peeping underneath, I saw in racks on each side the four bombs, carried for the benefit of U-boats. To-day, she was carrying practice bombs made of concrete which she would presently drop on a target. The sandbags and mooring ropes having been cast off, the crew marched her out and around on a wide circle into the centre of the flying field. "Let her rise!" At the Commander's order they let her up a few feet. "Lower!" They pulled her down again.

She floated in perfect balance with just enough buoyancy to carry her up to cruising height. A pull at a lever would release water ballast to rise higher in emergency; but usually a dirigible rises and lowers by the power of her engines driving the sharp "elevator" planes into the wind.

"Port engine!" "Starboard engine!" They both went off with a puff of black smoke, and when satisfied with their even purring, the Commander gave the word "Let go!"

Simultaneously, the dozen ropes that held her slipped through the rings of the permanent stays. Then, slowly, but with rapidly increasing speed, the big ship rose and moved off on a wide circle that presently brought her heading straight down the centre of the field.

In the meantime we had all moved back away from the target, a whitewashed oblong that represented the deck of a submarine. At her height, seven hundred feet, it could not have looked any larger than a turtle's back. A bomb, too, has the initial speed of the ship when released, and describes a flat curve in falling; or may be deflected by a side wind.

The Commander said, afterward, that he released the bombs two hundred feet before he reached the mark. While they fell they looked astonishingly large. A dead rifle shot could easily hit and explode one in mid-air. The first just tumbled, turning over and over, then as the wooden feathers caught the wind, it righted and shot down for the centre of the target.

The ship had passed on, was fully a hundred yards ahead before the bomb struck. She would have been well out of range of the concussion blast of a real bomb. Now she described another wide circle, and repeated it three times dropping always a bomb. All but the last hit the target. A side wind carried it a couple of inches to one side, but in real warfare it would still have blown up a submarine. While the French had the station, they sank two U-boats with well-placed bombs. Since then our lads have added a third; and their brethren, the "Heavier than Airs" have also scored. One pilot actually hit a fourth, and had the hard luck to have the bomb turn out a "dud." No doubt greatly frightened, the U-boat dived to a great depth and remained below till darkness permitted escape—than which, one could hardly imagine anything harder to bear. That poor pilot has not got over it yet.

Each time she came down the field, the ship's great bulk clove the air with a sough like that of a rising wind, and on the last round she was going at a pace that put her in a few minutes low down on the horizon. But just before she went out of sight, there appeared a second distant speck that enlarged as she diminished.

"It's the *Vidette* from B——!"

The chief officer's face could not have lit up more brightly had it been his best girl instead of the second ship of the four that were to make up the station's complement. He added as she dipped her nose to alight: "If that is little D—— at the wheel you are in luck. He's the boy that can give you real stories."

He could and did—as we sat with him at a later luncheon. A small, dark-eyed Frenchman, he spoke English so perfectly that his narrative lost nothing of its spirit that would have been inevitable in a translation.

"*Oui!*" he confirmed the officer's assertion. "We sank two submarines at this station. With another we fought an artillery duel. *Oui!* The little *Vidette* out there fought a U-boat with only her little pop gun and put him to flight. We had sighted him steaming along the surface, and had

he kept his course, we could easily have come down the wind and bombed him as we passed. But he was wise, that U-boat—wise as a woman who is wise without knowing it. Instead of waiting for us, he headed up into wind which blew so strongly that, with our engines doing their best, we could make only eight knots. That was his speed, and while we hung astern, striving to overtake him, he fired fifteen shells at us. Some burst so close that the

little *Vidette* still bears their marks. But, luckily, they were not incendiary shells. We answered and hit her, too, with our three-pound pop gun. But our shells glanced from her back like peas off a bald man's pate.

"It would have been suicide to persist, so we struck a wide tack across the wind to outsail and come back at him down the wind. But when we came about he was gone, that cunning U-boat had submerged and fled from our little *Vidette*. But such is your Boche—a coward always unless the odds are his."

I took another look at that little Frenchman. He had spoken so quietly, as though hanging on to the tail of a submarine, a mark for its gunners, were a mere incident in the day's work. He could not have been five feet tall. He weighed probably in the neighbourhood of ten stone. But the spirit that lit up his dark Latin eyes was big as Mont Blanc. The soul of him could not be set down in tons.

"Is war ever safe? We do not always escape. Out there"—he flung his thumb over his shoulder indicating the flying field—"we watched a great ship fly off on a far mission. A ship reported her along the Mediterranean; a gallant sight, too, she must have made between the sunlit sky and deep, blue sea. Then"—his shoulders rose to the roots of his hair—"she vanished. Perhaps a submarine got her with an incendiary shell. A flash of flame, the splash of her charred body in the water, it would be over! Or she may have been just brought down. Perhaps her crew will be heard of, some day, in an interior German prison."

Just as he had said, a dirigible offers a large target—just how large I did not realise, until our big ship came sliding back out of the sunset's gold. The huge bulk of her, shining ethereal, looked as large as the hangar. While she was still a fly speck on the horizon, the lone sentry on top of the hangar had sounded the bugle blast that brought the men like swarming bees into the flying field. As she slowed and dipped down with engines cut off, the quarter mile of trail rope thudded on the ground. It was seized by a hundred hands and quickly bent to a "dead man" anchor. The guys were then slipped through the stay rings; then, on a wide circle, she was marched around and into the hangar.

"What a target!" I thought, but these flying sailors of ours showed no mental disturbance over the fact. Daily they go forth on the patrols keeping the German mine layers out of the French ship channels—and they make the best of a rather cheerless existence while doing it.



A Handley-Page in Pursuit

Official photo

A Charter for Agriculture: By Sir H. Matthews

A NUMBER of documents have, during the past ten years or so, been accorded the title of "charter"; among others, the Small Holdings Act was so acclaimed by an enthusiastic section of the political Press; so was that quaint production, *The Report of the Land Inquiry Committee*, issued in 1913. The reports of several official committees have been welcomed with paeans of praise, by one party or another, according to the measure of support they gave to their respective nostrums for solving agrarian questions. At last we have something which embodies the essence of most of these earlier documents, presented by a body of really first-class agriculturists, who have taken a broad and statesmanlike view of all the more important problems that have cumulatively rendered the industry so difficult and unprofitable.

This is a report presented by a sub-committee of the Reconstruction Committee, appointed by Mr. Asquith in August, 1916, to consider and report upon the best methods of increasing home-grown food supplies in the interest of national security. The Committee was originally composed as follows: Lord Selborne (chairman), Sir Charles Bathurst, M.P., Mr. C. M. Douglas (Scotland), Sir Ailwyn Fellows, Mr. W. Fitzherbert-Brockholes, Sir Daniel Hall, Mr. W. A. Haviland, Mr. C. Bryner Jones (Wales), Mr. R. E. Prothero, M.P., Mr. G. G. Rea, Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Hon. E. G. Strutt, and Sir Matthew Wallace (Scotland), with Mr. H. L. French, of the Board of Agriculture, and Mr. A. Goddard (Secretary of the Surveyors' Institution) as joint secretaries. In November, 1916, Mr. Asquith added Sir Horace Plunkett and the Bishop of Ross to represent Ireland, while Sir Charles Bathurst, Mr. Prothero, and Mr. Roberts, M.P., resigned in February, 1917, on taking ministerial office. These three members all signed the Interim Report, presented in February, 1917, which confined its recommendations to the questions of a minimum wage for farm labourers, the guarantee of minimum prices for wheat and oats, the conferring of powers on the Board of Agriculture to enforce the proper cultivation of land, and the encouragement of the production of beet sugar in the United Kingdom. The first three were embodied in the Corn Production Act of 1917, while the production of sugar beet has been taken up departmentally.

There is one outstanding feature in the composition of this Committee which distinguishes it from almost every other official inquiry; that is, the entire absence of the politician and the almost complete absence of political inflection. The natural result is that we find a series of recommendations, some of which cut right across the lines hitherto marked out by the party wire-pullers, but all part of a comprehensive policy, each factor having been considered on its merits, and nothing advocated of a chimerical nature or outside practical politics. Moreover, as a general rule when a recommendation is made, it is emphatic: there is little of that hesitating, qualified, and fearsome putting forward of a suggestion, and then whittling it away by modifications inserted with a view to bringing into line recalcitrant members of the committee. That is the advantage of having a body of men who know their subject, and who can differentiate between theoretical and practical. The fact that there were three Members of the House of Commons in the original Committee does not in the least conflict with the foregoing view, for both Mr. Prothero and Mr. Roberts have frequently risen above the trammels of party, while Sir Charles Bathurst occupies his seat with a definite understanding that he has a perfectly free hand in all agricultural questions.

Both the Interim and Final Reports are signed by all the members except by Sir Matthew Wallace, who presents a minority report to each of them, and the burden of whose song is always the need of "security of tenure." This subject will be dealt with at a later stage.

The volume opens with an all too brief historical preface by Mr. Goddard, which forms an excellent introduction to the report that follows. The Committee emphasise the fact that, in accordance with their terms of reference, they approached their work "exclusively in the national interest," and not from the standpoint of the landowner or the tenant. "It cannot be too often reaffirmed," say the Committee in their conclusions, "that the recommendations we have made have never been asked for by landowners or farmers, and that they have been made exclusively in the national interest, and not in that of any individuals or class of individuals. We have believed that elementary considerations of national insurance demand that this country should become self-supporting in the matter of food-stuffs in the event of any

future emergency, and we have shown how this can be done." Another paragraph says:

Since Part I. of our Report was sent in, Parliament has passed the Corn Production Act . . . But that Act has been passed as a war measure, and is, therefore, a temporary Act. We must renew our assurance with all the earnestness at our command that, unless after the war the principles of that Act are (with the necessary adjustment of details to the values and conditions of the time) embodied in a permanent statute, there can be no hope of the people of the United Kingdom becoming emancipated from dependence on supplies of foodstuffs brought from overseas, or of the increase of our rural population. And, again, we must emphasise the fact that Parts I. and II. of our Report are not separate policies. They are strictly interdependent and mutually essential parts of one policy . . . Without the armour provided by Part I., the measures of reconstruction recommended in Part II., are foredoomed to impotence.

These are pregnant words, and must be borne in mind in dealing with any and every portion of the report. They are a warning to those who take short or narrow views, and they are altogether too much for the mere politician, who looks at every question through glasses tinted with his party colours, and negatives all these that do not fall in with his preconceived opinions.

The summary of recommendations fill four pages of the blue-book, one page dealing with Part I., which materialised in the Corn Production Act. Turning to those in Part II., the first proposal is for a reorganisation of the Boards of Agriculture for England and Scotland, and the setting up of Advisory Committees to each Department on the lines of the Board in Ireland. The next is that National Agricultural Councils for England and Scotland should be set up, while the existing Council for Wales should be made statutory; and that delegates from the four Councils (Ireland already has one) should meet annually. The appointment of a special Minister for Scotland, directly responsible to Parliament is recommended. Other proposals are:

INSTRUCTION AND RESEARCH.—Responsibility for agricultural education should be removed from the County Councils and centralised in the Board of Agriculture; the cost being borne by public funds. For England and Wales and Scotland improved ruralized curriculum for elementary and secondary schools should be laid down, and better prospects provided for teachers in rural districts. Demonstration and illustration farms should be established, a limited number of large demonstration farms being run on business lines. Research work should be developed. Livestock schemes should be extended, and livestock officers become the servants of the Board of Agriculture. The expenditure on agricultural education should be largely increased. Better opportunities for the agricultural education of women should be given. Students likely to become landowners or land agents should be given greater opportunity of studying rural economy at public schools and universities.

AGRICULTURAL CREDIT.—The procedure in respect of loans should be cheapened and simplified. Short term credit through co-operative trading societies and farmers' central trading boards should be provided. Deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank should be made available for use by central trading boards.

SMALL HOLDINGS: OWNERSHIP AND TENANCY.—Greater facilities for purchase should be given to small-holders desirous of owning their land; County Councils should be urged to prepare schemes at once for the provision of small-holdings for ex-sailors and soldiers, both as tenants and owners; and the Treasury should remove the financial restrictions at present placed upon them. The principle of purchase contained in Mr. Jesse Collings's Purchase of Land Bill should be adopted.

TITLE REDEMPTION.—Legislation should be passed to stimulate title redemption, particularly with a view to making land available for small-holdings or for village reconstruction without payment of cash.

AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS ACTS.—High farming, beyond the recognised requirements of good farming, should, subject to proper safeguards, be recognised as a subject for compensation. That the principle of the Evesham custom should be adopted.

RECLAMATION AND DRAINAGE.—Special authorities to be set up in each of the three Kingdoms.

DEER FORESTS.—Land suitable for agriculture and forestry should be so utilised, and a special survey should be made. A national policy of afforestation and intermingling plantations and small holdings should be adopted.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A special sub-committee of the Reconstruction Committee should be set up to inquire into the whole question of imperial weights and measures.

A uniform standard of weight should be laid down on which alone sales and purchases of agricultural produce, other than liquids and market-garden produce, should be legal.

ELIMINATION OF PESTS AND WEEDS.—Prohibition of sale of impure seeds: County committees to have powers to deal with weeds and pests.

TRANSPORT.—A special sub-committee of the Reconstruction Committee should be set up to inquire into the whole question of transport improvement and facilities. Farmers should be induced to act in co-operation. A scheme should be prepared to enable discarded Army motors to be used in the organisation of transport services, and for other farm purposes. Government should enforce the law as to undue preference by railway companies.

Referring to some of the criticisms levelled at any attempt to foster agriculture or to develop food production at home, the Committee say: "Stripped of all phrases the contention is that in the interests of British manufacturers and of the British mercantile marine, agriculture must be kept in a continuously depressed condition. . . . We cannot be both a great manufacturing and a great agricultural nation. Therefore . . . it is to our manufacturing interests that we must devote our minds, and not worry our heads about agriculture. Moreover, what will happen to our mercantile marine if we cease to be dependent on overseas supplies of corn or meat? The greatest possible number of wheat cargoes are essential for the prosperity of our mercantile marine. Any substantial increase of the home production of food will be a deadly blow to our shipping. . . . All this fuss about agriculture is made because of the submarine menace, when, if we cannot overtake and subdue it, we need not trouble ourselves to outline an agricultural or any other policy, we shall take our orders from Berlin."

Probably no member of the Committee ever heard these precise forms of words strung together; but they, like the writer, must have heard expressions, which mean the same thing, hundreds of times, from many different kinds of people. It is probably the first time that such views have ever been condensed into cold type; but it is time they were brought into prominence, for it points to what has blocked every proposal seriously put forward for the amelioration of agricultural depression, and that is the veiled hostility of certain large shipowners inside and outside the House of Commons. It is a terribly short-sighted view for them to take. A flourishing agriculture and an increased home-production of food might mean a change of cargoes in certain instances, but it would certainly not mean fewer cargoes. It would, by the natural increase of wealth which must follow increased production, create an enhanced demand for numberless commodities which we cannot produce here, and for an immense number of cargoes of the raw material for British agriculture, e.g., fertilisers and feeding stuffs for stock, to mention only two.

With regard to the submarine menace, the Committee fortified their own conclusions by obtaining the opinion of the Admiralty. Having drawn attention to the terms of reference given by Mr. Asquith, they asked for any observations the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty were able to make in the light of their experience. The following is a paraphrase of the reply received, which the Lords Commissioners passed as accurate:

The submarine attack on the oversea food supply of the United Kingdom has thrown a great additional strain upon the Navy in the present war. The Navy has so far been able to keep this submarine attack in check, but no means have yet been discovered to render sea-borne traffic immune from attack. Consequently any effective steps to make this country less dependent upon the importation of the necessities of life in the present war would result in a great reduction of anxiety.

The certain development of the submarine may render such vessels still more formidable as weapons of attack against sea-borne commerce in a future war, and no justification exists for assuming that anything approaching entire immunity can be obtained. Therefore, the experience of the present war leads to the conclusion that any measures which resulted in rendering the United Kingdom less dependent on the importation of foodstuffs during the period of a future war, and so in reducing the volume of sea-borne traffic, would greatly relieve the strain upon the Navy and add immensely to the national security.

This statement by the Admiralty refers, like the question, to the submarine menace only; but if for "submarine menace" we substitute some such words as "hostile navies," there is a striking similarity to the views put forward by the Admiralty before the Royal Commission of Food Supplies in 1905. At that date the submarine was little more than a mechanical toy; certainly not the chief danger we had to face, but if one studies the evidence given before that Commission, and the conclusions drawn from it, one becomes impressed with the fact that conditions have not been much

changed by this new feature of naval warfare. Admiral Sir John Hopkins, who had himself been in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, said, on February 12th, 1904, that our ships could only come through that sea with the very greatest danger. He agreed, with other naval witnesses, to precisely similar views to those contained in the quotation from the Admiralty to-day. Yet successive Governments have done nothing since that time, either to ensure our food supply or to encourage increased production at home.

There is one important fact to be remembered in connection with the question of indemnifying shipowners against loss, and that is that payment is only made when loss occurs, and consequently only when the food is *not* delivered: any expenditure which the Government or the community may incur by encouraging increased home production is only paid when the food has materialised. That means security. Nothing else will attain it.

Mr. Asquith instructed this Committee to consider the question "in the interest of national security." The whole tenour of their report is evidence that this was the only consideration they kept in view. The policy they recommend will give us security. It remains for the country to see that that policy is adopted in its entirety.

The Auxiliary Cruiser

By N. M. F. Corbett

["H.M. auxiliary cruiser — has been lost at sea with all hands. It is presumed that she struck a mine during the gale on the night of the 12th instant. The relatives have been informed.—ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL."]

THE day closed in a wrath of cloud. The gale—
Like a fierce beast that shuns the light of day,
Skulking within the jungle till his prey
Steals forth at dusk to water at the well,—
Now leapt upon her, howling, Steep and swift,
The black sea boiled about her sky-flung bows,
And in the shrouds, the winds in mad carouse
Screamed: and in the sky's pall was no rift.

And it was cold. Oh, bitter cold it was.
The wind-whipped spray-drops froze before they fell
And tinkled on the iron decks like hail;
And every rope and block was cased in glass.
And ever wild and wilder grew the night.
Great seas lunged at her, bellowing in wrath;
Contemptuous, to sweep her from their path.
And not, in all that waste, one friendly light.

Alone, spray-blinded, through the clamorous murk,
By skill and courage besting the hungry sea,
Mocking the tempest's fury, staggered she.
The storm is foiled: now for the Devil's work.
The swinging bows crash down into the trough,
And with a sudden flame the sea is riven,
And a dull roar outroars the tempest even.
Her engine's pulse is stilled. It is enough.

Oh, have you ever seen a foundered horse—
His great heart broken by a task too great
For his endurance, but unbroken yet
His spirit—striving to complete his course.
Falling at last, eyes glazed and nostrils wide,
And have not ached with pity. Pity now
A brave ship shattered by a coward blow
That once had spurned the waters in her pride.

And can you picture—you who dwell secure
In sheltered houses, warm and filled with light,—
The loneliness and terror of that fight
In shrieking darkness? Feel with them, the sure
Foundation of their very world destroyed,
The sluggish lifting of the lifeless hull,
Wallowing ever deeper till, with a dull
Half-sob she plunges and the seas are void.

Yet—Oh, be sure, they did not pass alone
Into the darkness all uncomfited
For round them hovered England's mighty Dead
To greet them: and a pale poop lantern shone
Lighting them homeward, and a voice rang clear—
As when he cheered his own devoted band—
"Heaven's as near by sea as by the land,"
Sir Humphrey Gilbert hailed them, "Be of cheer."

Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

High Spirits

THERE is now no need to explain who Mr. Stephen Leacock is: his *Frenzied Fiction* (John Lane, 6s. net), is his ninth book, and the other eight are in every house where (unlike one of Mr. Leacock's recent reviewers) they enjoy "uncontrollable laughter." Mr. Leacock has been boomed in several continents, and it is only natural that a reaction should set in. If it does, it will be unfair to him, for his work, uneven as it is, has not fallen off at all. He is as amusing now as he ever was: and, as a topical humourist should, he keeps well up with the latest events, physical and moral. He may not "stay by" one; but there is always sufficient sense under his nonsense to enable one to read him at least twice.

The world has never lacked people who have made it their business to attack shams, hypocrisies, pretence, and cant. Some of them have been solemn missionaries, themselves a proper subject for humour, and others have been morose and bitter satirists who have taken a savage pleasure in exposure. Mr. Leacock is also principally concerned with what we comprehensively term Humbug, and he also takes a pleasure in exposing it. But his pleasure is a healthy, not a perverse, pleasure. His method of attack is not to flay humanity with knives, or pierce it with poisoned arrows, but to pull its leg. There is nothing in him of the satirist who likes giving pain, or of the austere moralist who thinks a little hypocrisy a sin which earns the lowest hell. On the whole he finds humbug a rather harmless thing that adds to the variety of existence, and he is aware (as any man who is honest with himself must be) that he is a bit of a humbug himself. Though he is always on the right side, nobody could suspect him of writing in order to improve his fellows; but he is at once so shrewd and so charitable that he is far more likely to do so than many of those crusaders who approach us showing their teeth and inviting counter-attack. His unconscious tendency is to exhort us to be natural; and the man who does not find in his pages unnatural actions and words of which he himself has been guilty has never watched his own conduct.

But to hunt further for what the authors of *The King's English* would not allow me to call the True Inwardness of Mr. Leacock would be to join that solemn company of theorists at whom he is always laughing. He is about as easy to define as the end of the war. It is enough to say that he pulls legs; and that, being an educated and cultivated man, he pulls legs with which humourists of his boisterous type are usually unfamiliar. Amongst the humbugs treated in the new book are not merely the humbugs of prohibition, of the fisherman, the Return to Nature, and the strong primitive man, but the humbugs of modern education, of modern fiction, and of foreign politics. To identify and burlesque the nonsense in these last you have to know something about them; and that is where Mr. Leacock, who is a man of letters and a professor of economics, as well as a funny man, gets his pull. On the whole, as a citizen, he is, no doubt, in favour of every sensible reform in educational curricula that is proposed; but his skit, "The New Education," absurdly as it exaggerates, does point out real dangers. We may substitute "Civics" for "Classics" as a subject of study, but superficial and pedantic teachers and stupid students will not be abolished by any such charge, and his conversation with a girl undergraduate on vacation is not mere folly.

"I've elected Social Endeavour."

"Ah," I said, "that's since my day, what is it?"

"Oh, it's awfully interesting. It's the study of conditions."

"What kind of conditions?" I asked.

"All conditions. Perhaps I can't explain it properly. But I have the prospectus of it indoors if you'd like to see it. We take up Society."

"And what do you do with it?"

"Analyse it," she said.

"But it must mean reading a tremendous lot of books."

"No," she answered. "We don't use books in this course. It's all laboratory work."

"Now I am mystified," I said. "What do you mean by laboratory work?"

"Well," answered the girl student with a thoughtful look upon her face, "you see, we are supposed to break Society up into its elements."

"In six weeks?"

"Some of the girls do it in six weeks. Some put in a whole semester and take twelve weeks at it."

"So as to break it up pretty thoroughly?" I said.

"Yes," she assented. "But most of the girls think six weeks is enough."

"They ought to pulverise it pretty completely. But how do you go at it?"

"Well," the girl said, "it's all done with laboratory work. We take, for instance, department stores. I think that is the first thing we do, we take up the store."

"And what do you do with it?"

"We study it as a Social Germ."

"Ah," I said, "as a Social Germ."

This sketch is good all through; so is the one which shows a circle in a club listening to a cryptic authority on Foreign Affairs and pretending to understand: a very hard poke at the journalists who make up for a deficiency of real knowledge by jaunty use of a few foreign words and the ordinary man who would rather do anything than admit that he does not understand what is being said to him:

"I doubt very much," he said, "whether Downing Street realises the enormous power which the Quai d'Orsay has over the Yildiz Kiosk."

"So do I," I said, "what is it?" But he hardly noticed the interruption.

"You've got to remember," he went on, "that, from the point of view of the Yildiz, the Wilhelmstrasse is just a thing of yesterday."

"Quite so," I said.

"Of course," he added, "the Ballplatz is quite different."

"Altogether different," I admitted.

"And mind you," he said, "the Ballplatz itself can be largely moved from the Quirinal and the Vatican."

"Why, of course it can," I agreed, with as much relief in my tone as I could put into it. After all, what simpler way of moving the Ballplatz than that?

The lunacy of the last sentence is the American touch; an Englishman of the Leacock kind would have shrunk from it; he would have preferred to keep his raillery more uniform and more delicate; he would have feared to spoil the illusion by extravagance. But Mr. Leacock's spirits are uproarious and he will allow sheer nonsense to break into quite a close parody. He does not hesitate to call a Russian spy M. Poulispantzoff.

The description of life in a "dry" Canadian city is very good; so is the interview with a primitive cave man, fortunately procured after a surfeit of magazine stories in which the heroes feel the cave man surging within them and use violence towards the heroines. Needless to say, the cave man, when found, is a nervous creature, very much under the thumb of his wife, afraid to smoke when she is about, and unreasonably proud of his unprepossessing child. Another good one is the séance. 'All the spirits who are tapped say that they are happy, quite happy; that everything is bright and beautiful where they are, and that they want everybody to know how happy they are. Even Napoleon. The conversation with him opens charmingly:

"Hello!" I called. "*Est-ce que c'est l'Empereur Napoleon a qui j'ai l'honneur de parler?*"

"How's that?" said Napo'eon.

"*Je demande si je suis en communication avec l'Empereur Napo'eon—*"

"Oh," said Napo'eon, "that's all right; speak Eng'lish."

"What!" I said in surprise. "You know English? I always thought you couldn't speak a word of it." He was silent for a minute. Then he said:

"I picked it up over here. It's all right. Go right ahead."

But the best thing in the book is the interview with a pair of novelists, husband and wife. The wife is a sociological novelist; she specialises in the laundry and pickle industries, and will talk. The husband, however, refuses to talk about anything but his pigs, bees, bulls, horses, dogs, and crops. All he can say when pressed about his methods of work is contained in this passage:

"My methods of work?" he answered, as we turned up the path again. "Well, I hardly know that I have any."

"What is your plan or method," we asked, getting out our notebook, "of laying the beginning of a new novel?"

"My usual plan," said the novelist, "is to come out here and sit in the sty till I get my characters."

"Does it take long?" we questioned.

"Not very. I generally find that a quiet half-hour spent among the hogs will give me, at least, my leading character."

But how seldom are they so candid.

Birds as they Live: By Francis Stopford

MAN is so much occupied with his own great war that he is apt to forget there are greater wars in progress, until he is pulled up short by a catastrophe that threatens his nerves or his stomach. This summer it is caterpillars—bugs as they call them in America. Bugs are Boches; birds are the Allies. But the Allied birds in this big fight are, for the moment, unable to hold the enemy in check. Man is to blame. After the manner of the Boche, the caterpillar, until the hour for invasion drew near, practised peaceful penetration in the form of a chrysalis or posed as a gay and innocent butterfly. Man foolishly thought no harm could come from him. The birds on the other hand, took open tribute from his orchards, gardens, and fields; he deemed them the enemy, and sought their destruction. Now he knows better. And he would give no small thing to call back to life many of his winged friends, who if they had been spared would never have allowed the Hun caterpillar to attain to the strength he has, devastating wild lands and threatening cultivation.

It is said that the average Englishman knows less history than a similarly educated man of any other nation. And history includes natural history. The ignorance—not only in towns, but in the country—of the manners and habits of birds is amazing, and it is a curious fact that the spread of elementary education has certainly increased it. In the old days the countryman who knew neither to read nor to write, but could use his brains, acquired considerable and often intimate intelligence about the lives of wild creatures; but with the opening of elementary schools and the spread of book-knowledge, that other book, which he who runs may read, appeared dull and hardly worth studying. It is a thousand pities it should have been so, more especially in rural districts; but now comes the weapon wherewith to fight this ignorance in the form of a new edition of Mr. Archibald Thorburn's *British Birds*.* It is a work that every public library should obtain. Those who are starting village libraries should include it in their first list; and whoever takes a lively interest in a country school, and has the means, should present this school with a set of volumes. A study of their pages is fascinating, and for a child of good understanding they will open an entirely new vista of the land wherein he dwells.

"The work," writes Mr. Thorburn, in his preface, "has been designed mainly with the purpose of providing sketches in colour from life of our British birds, including not only the resident species, but also, in most cases, those which have more or less regularly or even rarely visited us from abroad." Thus we have here not only the house-sparrow, but the hoopoe, and vultures and the flamingo are depicted as well as hawks and the heron. We have italicised the words *from life* because, after all, it is in this respect that Mr. Thorburn's bird-paintings differ from those popular plates with which youth is more familiar. The artist, it must be remembered, is also a miniature-



By A. Thorburn, F.Z.S.

Pheasants

birds, but on second thoughts he decided to add rough notes. Second thoughts are the best, for these notes are admirable; they are necessarily brief, but they are always stimulating, and urge one to discover more about a favourite or familiar wild bird. The biography of the jackdaw, for example, recalls the amazing fact, if true, which an old keeper told the present writer, that daws re-marry, that is, if a sitting hen-bird is shot off the nest, the cock bird promptly finds a new mate, and brings her home to hatch out the brood. A very remarkable example of stepmotherly love, *if it be true!* Everybody knows that the East is the origin of the long-tailed mangold-devouring fowl, whose portrait figures here, but to stigmatise the pheasant as a bloated parvenu, a newly naturalised alien, or even as an eighteenth-century Nabob, is to admit deplorable ignorance. He was here before William the Conqueror; Harold the Saxon preserved him; he was known to be common in Ireland when Elizabeth reigned, and he made his presence felt in Scotland ten years before James I. came south to rule over English coverts. In these later days this lordly fowl has developed a new and patriotic character; in country districts he is ever the first to cry "Take cover!" when Zeppelins raid on moonless nights.

These notes not only contain interesting little items of news such as these, but they have a real and permanent educational value. They describe briefly the ordinary habits of the bird, his favourite haunts, fashion of his nest, difference between male and female, and, what is most important of all, his food. The greenfinch is an avian instance of a dog with a bad name; and in the massacre of innocents which local authorities and persons of position have been foolishly promoting and encouraging on nests and nestlings, during the last two or three years, we are certain no breed has suffered worse. Now read Mr. Thorburn's words on this finch: "This is a useful bird in the garden, destroying a great number of caterpillars and harmful insects, and during the winter it feeds on seeds and berries of various kinds." He who destroys finches in sheer stupidity has only himself to blame if his land be overrun with caterpillars.



By A. Thorburn, F.Z.S.

Capercaillie, or Wood Grouse

*"British Birds": written and illustrated by A. Thorburn, F.Z.S., with eighty-two plates in colour, showing over 400 species. In four volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. £8 8s.

A Topographer: By Charles Marriott

LET it be said at once that no disrespect, but rather a compliment, is intended in describing Mr. William T. Wood's water-colours of the Salonika Front, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, as topographical in character. Splendid as are some of the results of impressionistic and romantic treatment of landscape, all but the very greatest of them suffer from some lack of stability in the one case, and some taint of "the pathetic fallacy"—the reading of human emotions into inanimate nature—in the other; and, speaking generally, the famous landscape paintings of the world have a topographical basis.

There is a reason for this that is worth examining. It is because they are inspired by something more than "art." They are, in fact, as all great art finally is, utilitarian. On the technical side, art cannot be too severely "art for art's sake"; but in purpose and application, in order to be great it must have some sanction in universal human requirement.

Without pretending to be great, the water-colours of Mr. Wood have the merit of sticking to the business in hand and ministering to the natural human craving to know what the Salonika Front is like. So many artists would have given us "impressions" of the Salonika Front; with the disappointing and irritating effect of poetry in a guide-book. Anybody who has grasped the fact that a well-written and trustworthy guide-book, without a single quotation, may be literature is on the way to understand that Mr. Wood's water-colours are art. There is evidence enough in them that Mr. Wood,

if he had liked, might have gone directly for "effects" and "atmosphere" with considerable success; but he has more wisely and modestly allowed them to happen as a result of intelligent fidelity to the facts.

"Intelligent" fidelity because Mr. Wood is considerably more than an accurate observer and draughtsman. A topographical landscape is, in fact, a portrait of a place, and, like the portrait painter, the topographical artist needs to know or, at any rate, to feel a great deal more than the appearance of the subject. He must know something of history, geography—both physical and political—architecture, agriculture, and domestic economy. I do not mean that he need know these subjects out of books or by deliberate observation but, what is much more important, that he must have the *sense* of them. Without it, he may be full to the neck with the facts of the subject, and yet go wrong. In architecture, for example, knowing all about styles is much less important than feeling the mechanical problems whose effective solution resulted in a particular style.

There is a passage in Captain Mann's introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition which seems to me to indicate the great merit of Mr. Wood's drawings. "His pictures perpetuate . . . the great natural disadvantages our Army is face to face with in the Balkans." In order to do that, the artist must have shared in sympathy the "engineering feats," and felt in his own person, if only by imagination, the "terrible climate." Accurate observation and technical skill alone are not enough for the business; and I am inclined to

believe that a moral and physical "sense" of things is the most valuable possession of any artist in any medium. As the portrait-painter must feel how the man came to look like that, so the landscape painter must feel how the landscape or the city grew, and the advantages or disadvantages they present to human activity.

If this power is necessary in any place, it is particularly necessary in a place like Salonika; a museum of successive civilisations, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Semitic, and Slav, peopled with the drainings, if not the dregs, of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The architecture, like the language "Ladino"—the corrupt Spanish of the Jews, who form nearly half of the population—is not so much a mixture as a transformation of several elements into something with a texture and colour of its own; a tapestry of styles. To draw the architecture sympathetically, a man must have lived many lives in many periods; must feel his classics and be romantic—all that is implied in the word "Levantine."

That, in Mr. Wood's drawings, the war seems to take a secondary place is really a tribute to their veracity. War in Macedonia is war subject to Macedonian conditions; not spectacular, but a matter of "restless vigilance," of watching and countering intrigue, of consolidating positions and pouncing when you can. Mr. Wood's pictures bring this home and help us to understand that the more dramatic effects of the war in Macedonia must happen elsewhere. There is hardly a drawing that does not show some incident of war, but the great value of the series is to show how the incident is modified by the conditions.



By William T. Wood

The Great Fire of Salonika

Not the most striking, but one of the most informing of the pictures, and one that shows best Mr. Wood's perception and skill as a topographer, is the pencil drawing of "Salonika from the Minaret of St. Sophia." It gives you the "hang" of the place as a whole, and at the same time enables you to appreciate its architectural character in detail. Together with such pictures as the church interiors, with their painted wall decorations, and "Rupel Pass from Gumusdere," which give Mr. Wood his opportunity as a colourist, it suggests the range of the technical powers that with admirable self-restraint have been devoted to the business in hand.

The value of the series is enhanced by the fact that several of the pictures are bird's-eye views, done from an observation balloon, combining the advantages of a map with the vision of an artist. Such is the picture of the Great Fire, reproduced on this page. If our army in the Middle East is engaged in consolidating positions, Mr. Wood has fulfilled the useful task of consolidating the Balkan Front in the imaginations of those of us who read the verbal dispatches. "Operations" themselves are easily followed when once the scenes of them are clearly visualised—a fact that war artists would do well to bear in mind. Even Mr. Wood's pictures of air-fighting—good as they are—may be looked upon as a holiday from his real task. An aeroplane is an aeroplane all the world over, and "Brought Down in Flames" is a sight not unknown even in England. Still, these pictures serve to show that Mr. Wood is as happy in dealing with movement and atmosphere as he is in explaining the lie of the land.



