

ENGLAND OR GERMANY—?

BY
FRANK HARRIS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



BY
FRANK HARRIS

ELDER CONKLIN AND OTHER STORIES
MONTES THE MATADOR
UNPATH'D WATERS
THE VEILS OF ISIS

THE BOMB
GREAT DAYS

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE
THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE
SHAKESPEARE AND HIS LOVE (PLAY)

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

LOVE IN YOUTH (IN PRESS)
OSCAR WILDE: HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS
MR. AND MRS. DAVENTRY (DRAMA)

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OR
GERMANY
?

BY
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FOREWORD

Some of the best heads in the world have written about this war, and yet no one stands out as having approached impartiality. The first half dozen sentences always show on which side the sympathies of the writer are engaged. The Germans all believe that they have been attacked: Herr Von Jagow declares that the plot against them was got up by England; Hauptman is confident that all Germans feel they are in the right; Harden asserts that Germany is a law to herself. On the other hand, the Allies consider Germany as the aggressor: Anatole France throws down his pen and enlists at nearly seventy to fight the "barbarians"; Wells professes to regard the Germans as "inferior" beings; Sir Edward Grey believes that they desire "universal domination"; even Bernard Shaw appears to have regretted his attempt to see things as they really are and agrees that the Germans must be crushed. And now comes M. Fa-guet, eager to show that a really eminent literary critic may also be blinded by prejudice.

He begins by stating that the Germans are hated by all nations, and he infers therefrom that they are hateworthy, lacking at least in amiable qualities. The inference is plausible, but hardly more. M. Fa-guet appears to have no notion of the fact that men are apt to hate their superiors just as they like their inferiors; in proportion as a man rises above the ordinary he is sure to be disliked. That is the lesson

of all genius: Socrates was hated in Athens not because he was unamiable, not because he "corrupted the youth," as his indictment phrased it; but because he was more reasonable, wiser, braver and more pious than other men. We mortals crown our greatest with thorns. The Germans are hated because they have done great things in the last twenty years; they are not only strong in a military sense, but they have shown themselves as successful in business as in music and philosophy. Their population and wealth have grown by leaps and bounds, and, strange to say, they have been wise enough at the same time to do away with poverty. Much less would have sufficed to earn them general dislike, even if their manners had been as urbane and distinguished as they are reputed to be rude and aggressive.

Partisans, especially English-speaking partisans, are pretty sure to condemn this book of mine as if it were written in a spirit of bitter prejudice. There is probably an inclination in me to take the weaker side, the side of those who have the odds against them, for I have often noticed this inclination in other Celts; but this tendency, if it exists, is not the bias usual among American writers. In self-justification I say that those who would stand upright must lean against the prevalent wind in proportion to its strength. Of course, one may lean too far and lose balance; if I have done that, it is involuntary and I shall have to pay for the folly.

One curious fact has given me a good deal of confidence. I had practically written this book before I came across the "Englische Fragmente" of Heine. I was astounded to find that the conclusions to which Heine came after visiting England three-quarters of a century ago were almost exactly the conclusions which had gradually forced themselves in on me and I had set down after living and working twenty-five years in the country. Now Heine was a Jew, and

apt, as most Jews are, to honor success and material prosperity such as England possesses, unduly; yet Heine condemns English laws and the modern English ideals as passionately as I do: Jew and Celt examining the subject from opposite viewpoints and arriving at the same result!

We both condemn the English oligarchy, English snobbishness and English hypocrisy; we were both struck with horror by the incredible cruelty with which the English treat the poor, and the unimaginable savagery of their laws, mainly directed against the weak. It was Heine who taught Matthew Arnold to see the "degradation of the English working class," "the ignorance and sordid narrow-mindedness of their middle-class," and the "barbarianism" of their nobility. Heine left England, he tells us, to get away from "gentlemen" and live among ordinary knaves and fools as the only man with a clear understanding of human squalor.

Yet, though I agree with Heine in his condemnation of much in England, I differ from him in having some hope. The vices of the English governing class and the savagery of their laws only serve to set in relief the fact that such of the working-class as enjoy decent conditions of life are among the finest specimens of humanity to be met with anywhere. There is, so to speak, a well of pure loving-kindness about the heart of them which is amazing and a sense of humor as well. What shall be said of that English soldier who, after an unsuccessful sally against the German trenches, called out to his foes:

"Don't be downhearted, Dutchies; you'll get home yet."

It is my admiration of such Englishmen that lends passion to my hope that there may be a social revolution in Great Britain as an outcome of this war, a revolution which will put an end forever to the selfish, senseless domination of the titled class and set

free at length the generous humanity of the common people. If it be partisanship to plead for this, then I am guilty of passionate partisanship; but not otherwise, I believe. In fine, I belong as Victor Hugo said he did, to the party of Revolutionary civilization; the party which will control the twentieth century; and out of which must come the United States of Europe first, and then the United States of the World.

And in order to hasten the good time and bring the dream to consummation we should all try to be pitiful to the faults of others and pitiless to our own.

How conceited, how vainglorious we must be to blame this or that nation for causing this world-war, without realizing that we ourselves are all compact of the very faults which have led inevitably to the catastrophe. Greediness, combativeness, vanity, cruelty, we have all the vices of the fighter, and our faults are manifestly stronger than the corresponding virtues: self-denial, gentleness and loving kindness.

Instead of blaming other men for savage selfishness, why should we not try to realize how easily the war might have been averted if European statesmen had consulted their higher natures, and acted to the best in them. Austria and Russia have no real reason to quarrel: Constantinople and Salonica can be used by them now as ports for everything except making war and the building of warships. Germany should long ago have restored the French parts of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and so founded peace on justice and goodwill. England, too, might have freed India and Egypt or confided them to international guidance, and could have given South Africa to Germany as a field of colonization, or if that were too high an effort of unselfishness, she might have helped Germany to build up a great colony in Central Africa, or the United States might have aided

the Kaiser to establish south of the Rio Negro an oversea Germany with the consent of the Argentine Republic. For surely a German experiment in colonization would be worth studying and would probably serve as a spur to effort throughout the world.

Such arrangements as these would benefit everyone and would be a thousand times more profitable than arming ourselves to fight, to say nothing of really fighting.

It is surely impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that it is the two great Germanic peoples, the English and the Germans and their striving for the first place which brought about the war and is now the chief obstacle to a world-peace. Is the Kaiser or Mr. Asquith the more humane? Who will first hold out his hand? If either of them went to counsel with his own soul, or even with the lowest self-interest he would see that the first to propose peace would thereby show himself the wiser. I cannot believe that Mr. Asquith has much sympathy with the land-greed which has driven the English oligarchy in our day to annex Burma and Egypt and make war on the South African republics when already in Canada and Australia the English have larger possessions than they know how to use. For generations England fights and intrigues to prevent Russia getting to Constantinople; now she gives up her traditional policy in this respect. Yet stupid as that policy was, it was not so stupid as the belated attempt to stay the expansion of Germany.

And Germany in fighting England and France, is only helping to make Russia the Master of Europe. The hate-policy of England and Germany from every point of view is worse than idiotic.

In this conflict France has shown herself less eager for war than any of the other countries, though she has the best reason, or at any rate the most obvious and avowable reason, for engaging in it. To-

day, too, France would make peace on more reasonable terms than any of the other nations, though she is as confident as any of them in her strength and ultimate victory.

The truth is that in France the sense of justice is more active than in any other country in the world. Thanks to this sense and to the consequent partition of land in the Revolution, there is hardly any poverty in France, and wealth is more widely diffused there than elsewhere. On the other hand, France does more for art and artists and the "intellectuals" generally than any country except Germany, and if she prefers a measure of well-being and happiness to large families and energetic growth, who shall blame her? It is this "sagesse" which one admires in the French. Everyone loves France because her follies even are generous, and more than any other people the French cherish the humane ideal.

And Russia? Whichever side wins, whatever happens, Russia is almost sure to profit in a material sense through the war; but it is the Tsar and his counsellors who are fighting and not Russia; Russia as yet is without national policy or purpose; the brain and the heart of her not geared properly to direct the huge body. Thirty years ago I wrote that sooner or later Russia would express herself in a new birth in religion or a new form of society. It is perhaps the mission of Russia, Holy Russia as her children call her, to found the United States of Europe.

Shortly before the war, Mr. H. G. Wells, in his book entitled "Social Forces in England and America," wrote as follows:

"We in Great Britain are now intensely jealous of Germany. We are intensely jealous of Germany not only because the Germans outnumber us, and have a much larger and more diversified country than ours, and lie in the very heart and body of Europe, but because in the last hundred years, while we have fed on platitudes and vanity, they have had the energy and humility to develop a splendid system of national education, to toil at science and art and literature, to develop social organization, to master and better our methods of business and industry, and to clamber above us in the scale of civilization. This has humiliated and irritated rather than chastened us." Mr. Wells informed us further that one must learn German "if one would be abreast of scientific knowledge and philosophical thought, or see many good plays or understand the contemporary mind."

Since the commencement of the war, Mr. Wells has changed his tune. He now says:

"That trampling, drilling foolery in the heart of Europe that has arrested civilization for forty years, German imperialism and German militarism, has struck its inevitable blow."

England or Germany



CHAPTER I

Christian Morality and the War

For Christian nations waging war with each other to talk of morality is mere hypocrisy. This war is a proof, if proof were needed, of the bankruptcy of Christian morals and of the weak hold the unselfish teaching of Jesus has on the modern world. Science, with its "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest"; science, which has reinforced Paganism with its Nietzschean ideal, is the inspirer of the present struggle. Yet so strong is habit and so profound the influence of the Gospel that the first weeks of the war were filled with discussions as to the moral guilt or innocence of the various nations engaged—such mouth-honor, at least, was paid to the higher law.

It seems to me almost a waste of time to attempt to apportion moral responsibility for what even the German Crown Prince, in an interview at the end of November, 1914, called

"the most stupid, senseless and unnecessary war of modern times."

Yet something must be said on the matter, for the American bias in favor of the Allies is continually being used as a proof that right is on that side. In a recent speech, Lord Bryce, whilom British Ambassador in Washington, asserted that the sympathy of the Americans for the cause of the Allies was a sympathy based on moral grounds and therefore doubly valuable. Of course, fair-minded people knew that American sympathy had no such foundation, but was in reality an unreasoned prepossession due mainly to the fact that Americans and Britons speak the same tongue. The tie of speech has once more proved itself "light as air and binding as iron," stronger even than any bond of blood or intimacy of intercourse. Russian Jews are all praying and fighting for "Holy Russia"; on the other side of an imaginary line, equally pious Jews are passionately fighting for the "Vaterland," while the Belgian and French Jews pray and fight in order that France may win and Germany be dismembered. The tie of language is stronger than that of race, even when the racial tie is backed by religion, secular life in a Ghetto and immemorial customs. It is the most durable of all bonds between men. And in this war the great bond of language which always tends to assimilate American opinion to British opinion is still further strengthened in many

ways. American papers share the expense of getting news with London papers and use British correspondents as freely as American. The chief New York journals, like all London journals, belong to the capitalist class, and are directed by the same self-interest. And last but not least, whenever an American paper publishes an article greatly in favor of the Allies, it can reckon that the article will be reproduced in the English press and praised beyond measure. The effect of such genial eulogy on writers and editors is prodigious. The great financial institutions, too, and the principal banks in New York and London are intimately allied and are accustomed to act in concert.

It is not surprising, therefore, that American opinion, particularly at the outset, should have been captured by British arguments and dominated by British sympathies.

But already one sees a gradual swinging round of American feeling in favor of Germany, chiefly because Americans admire efficiency above all things, and it will not be long before the assertion of Lord Bryce will be seen here to be a piece of special pleading, an assumption, indeed, out of all relation to fact.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has already made fun of the British "bulldog breed" trying to masquerade as "meek gazelles"; "incorrigibly combative and snobbish," he calls the British aristocratic caste and condemns British diplomacy for taking sides with the Russian autocracy

against the German people. It is clear to him, as to every impartial mind, that that is one meaning of this war.

I must confess that at the outbreak of the war I cherished a certain confidence in Sir Edward Grey and the violation of the neutrality of Belgium by the Germans inclined me to the side of the Allies and made me regard the Germans as the aggressors.

The publication of the British "White Papers" cleverly edited as the book was, proved that the violation of the neutrality of Belgium had nothing to do with the resolve of Great Britain to support France. When this became clear to me I resented the pretences of Sir Edward Grey, whom I had hitherto trusted. The following despatch in the British "White Papers" is conclusive on this point, and most informative besides, to one familiar with the reticence of official England:

"Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen. London Foreign Office, August 1, 1914.

"Sir: I told the German Ambassador to-day that the reply of the German Government with regard to the neutrality of Belgium was a matter of very great regret, because the neutrality of Belgium affected feeling in this country. . . . He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that: our hands were still free and we were considering what our attitude

should be. . . . The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral . . . and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

Now, if one reads that despatch of Sir Edward Grey carefully, one sees that he was surprised by the lengths to which Germany was willing to go in order to avoid complicating the struggle with Russia, by a war also with France and Britain. So far from being arrogant or overbearing, the German ambassador "even" suggested that the neutrality of France and her colonies might be guaranteed and "pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral."

Germany thereby said to England in effect—"tell us how to insure your neutrality; we shall accept your conditions if possible." Britain, by the mouth of Sir Edward Grey, "refused definitely to remain neutral" on any conditions. The violation of the neutrality of Belgium had nothing whatever to do with the decision of Great Britain. Sir Edward Grey himself admits that categorically.

All European nations are much on the same level when it comes to respecting promises or treaties. Russia violated the treaty of Paris;

Austria tore up the Treaty of Berlin without even an apology. England pledged herself not to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal and her promises to evacuate Egypt were so numerous that they excited derision.

The French have attempted to prove, in a Second Yellow Book, that the German Kaiser was turned into an advocate of war by the Agadir incident, which he is said to have considered as a defeat for German diplomacy, and that the French from the beginning to the end were lambs forced to defend themselves against German wolves. Much as I love France and greatly as I admire the French, I cannot accept this view. It becomes necessary to tell the truth about that occurrence.

At the time of the Agadir affair, M. Caillaux was Premier of France and intensely patriotic and high-spirited. He admitted to me in conversations (which he allowed me to use; and I did use by publishing the gist of them in a London paper) that in 1911 he offered Great Britain, on three several occasions, to break off all negotiations with the Germans over Agadir if Sir Edward Grey would promise to support France with arms. "We were eager to fight," he declared boldly, and continued:

"Sir Edward Grey told M. Cambon again and again that Great Britain would support France if France were attacked, or indeed, if France could keep public opinion on her side. He laid great stress," said M. Caillaux, "on

this point which seemed to me insignificant; but parliamentary diplomacy, I suppose, tied his hands. Of course, I could not act without a definite and unconditional promise of support."

That is, Sir Edward Grey in 1911, as in 1914, was more than willing to fight; but wanted to have public opinion on his side; "to keep up appearances" at all costs. And France when backed by Russia and England was eager for the conflict.

But if it is clear, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has shown, that Sir Edward Grey could have maintained peace in 1914 by simply telling Russia he would not support her if she mobilized, surely it is equally clear that the German Emperor might have kept the peace if he had agreed to Sir Edward Grey's proposal to submit the Austro-Servian dispute to arbitration. Indeed, in some respects, German diplomacy is the most difficult to defend in the whole imbroglio. Here is the position. In the last twenty years Germany has grown in population, in wealth and in power, in the most extraordinary way. While the French population has been stationary, the German population has increased from forty-five millions to over seventy millions. If Germany had only kept the peace for twenty years more she would have had ninety millions of people and France would have been hopelessly dwarfed. It was Germany's cue not to be drawn into a quarrel;

every year was increasing her relative power and strengthening, too, her vital contention that a nation growing in this way must not be cribbed and confined in a small country no larger than France. Peace and diplomatic negotiations were Germany's game; but Germany, too, was eager to draw the sword and submit the decision to force.

The truth is, all the peoples engaged in this war are almost equally to blame. Behind all the moral pretenses there was hard national selfishness. Russia was determined to support Serbia and thus add to its already immense territory by forcing its way to Constantinople and the Mediterranean; the Germans, hemmed in on all sides, as in a straight waistcoat, felt compelled to find an outlet to the sea and colonies which they might fill with men of their own blood; France was eager for revenge and resolved to win back Alsace-Lorraine; and England—

Why was Sir Edward Grey so determined not to remain neutral under any circumstances, so resolved to take up arms against Germany in August, 1914, when Germany had to defend herself against both Russia and France? No one who has followed British policy in the past can remain for a moment in doubt! British policy has often been admired just because it has had only one object, self-interest.

Long ago, Ranke showed that it has always been a matter of vital importance for Great

Britain to keep command of the seas. For that reason she waged war against Spain and broke the power of the Invincible Armada. A little later, she defeated Protestant Holland, and half a century afterwards began the great war which lasted, with interludes of peace, for more than a century and ended with the defeat of France as a maritime rival.

As soon as Germany began to build a navy to protect her mercantile marine, the feelings of Great Britain towards her underwent a sea-change. Up to that moment she had been friendly though somewhat annoyed by the astounding growth of German trade and commerce. Now at once Great Britain resolved to build two war ships to each one of Germany's, and when she found this costly, she proposed to rest on her oars, if Germany would do the same and consent thereby always to remain vastly inferior in naval strength.

Again and again, by the mouth of Mr. Winston Churchill, Great Britain voiced her desire to remain mistress of the seas at the smallest possible expenditure. When Germany replied that she had no aggressive designs but required a navy for protection and would not accept dictation as to its strength, Great Britain began to construct a new naval base at Forsyth and stationed a fleet in the North Sea.

One incident occurred which shows the whole position in the dry light of unconscious humor. It was habitually asserted in England that Ger-

man trade was growing because the Germans imitated English goods and passed off inferior and cheaper articles for the better class productions of Great Britain. On the other hand, British consular agents reported that German trade was prospering because the German manufacturers studied foreign markets and were more intelligent and better informed than British manufacturers, and were served besides by German travellers who thought nothing of learning two or three foreign languages in order to win clients. But it was more consoling to British pride to declare German goods inferior and cheaper; and at length Parliament took the matter up and in its wisdom decreed that all goods brought into Great Britain and her colonies should be plainly marked with their place of origin. Every effort was made in the press to turn the stamp, "made in Germany" into a symbol of contempt. But, alas, one soon found that the only knives and razors that would cut were all stamped with the hateful mark, "made in Germany." In every department this trade-mark became a badge of honor, and very soon the English manufacturers went about crying to have the law repealed.

Year by year the industries of Germany and the over-sea trade of Germany grew as no trade had ever grown before, and year by year the jealousy of Great Britain kept pace with it. In cool blood, before the war, Mr. H. G. Wells acknowledged and deplored this sordid but nat-

ural meanness. British journal after journal turned from admiration of Germany to envy and dislike and the dislike grew quickly to hatred and loathing. Soon the feeling became active, and in spite of Fashoda, Great Britain struck up a treaty with France in order that she might free her fleets from the Mediterranean and be able to concentrate them opposite the German coast. From that moment on, it was only a question of time when Great Britain would declare war on Germany. Bernard Shaw is absolutely justified when he tears to pieces the hypocritical pretence that Great Britain is fighting for poor little Belgium or treaty rights or even for the balance of power in Europe. Living in England he can hardly be blamed for not telling the whole truth—that Great Britain has taken up arms to crush a successful trade rival and for no other reason.

As soon as war was declared the Times and Daily Mail and many other London papers threw off the mask and published column after column showing how this, that and the other department of trade could now be taken from the Germans. The facts are too plain to be disputed. In private life, for the last ten years, Englishmen of the governing class have admitted the trade jealousy and its inevitable consequences with smiling complacency.

CHAPTER II

The Conflict of Ideals: English and German

Lord Bryce asserts that this war is a conflict of the two ideals of England and Germany. There is a great deal to be said for his statement, though he may not be satisfied with the scientific definition of it. Let us examine it impartially. And, first of all, what is the English ideal?

There are two chief ways of looking at England as at all other countries; as she sees herself and as others see her. Mr. Arnold Bennett has given us a picture of her as she sees herself, while the poet Heine long ago gave us a noteworthy picture of her as others see her. Mr. Arnold Bennett simply asserts that England stands for freedom and free institutions, while Germany is under the heel of a frightful military despotism which threatens the peace of mankind. Mr. Bennett knows no German.

When I asked Mr. H. G. Wells recently: what he knew about Germany that he should condemn her so absolutely, he told me that his son's tutor had been a German. Sir Edward Grey was not ashamed in a speech made so late as March 22nd, to declare that "the German ideal is that the Germans are a superior people to whom all things are lawful and against whom resistance is unlawful."

It is impossible to take such ignorant partisanship seriously. It reminds me of what Dooley said to Hennessy at the beginning of our war with Spain, "I don't have any more use for thim Spaniards than what you have, Hinnessey; I've never known one of 'em."

It is necessary to know a nation before one talks of it; and the better we know men, the more disinclined we are to lump a whole people together in eulogy or condemnation. Burke declared that it was impossible to frame an indictment against a nation.

Mr. Arnold Bennett appears to be ignorant of the fact that of the nations now at war, Germany is the only one which has practically kept the peace without a break for over forty years and that Great Britain spends fifty per cent more on armaments per year in proportion to her population than Germany spends. Besides, the military caste in Germany has no power to be compared with that of the titled oligarchy in England.

The comparison between Britain and Germany needs to be taken in hand by someone who knows both countries and has a desire to state the truth, and nothing but the truth. Let us weigh, first, the claim of England to stand for liberty and all that liberty means.

In popular esteem the claim rests mainly on the fact that Great Britain was the first country to free her negro slaves and to give up the slave-trade. It was pointed out at the time,

that after losing her chief North American colonies, the large profits Britain had been making out of the slave traffic had fallen away to a small amount and that by freeing her slaves, she only wished to read the United States a lesson which would cost them infinitely more than it could cost her. Besides, the twenty million pounds sterling set apart to compensate the slave-holders was so expended that while many got less than a third of what they should have received, a minority was rewarded beyond reason. Still, in spite of the intrusion of mean motives and other drawbacks, the act was a great step in advance, and one redounding to Britain's credit. But, after all, one cannot live forever on the achievements of one's grandfathers; we must ask how England stands to-day in regard to freedom.

For over two centuries, from Luther to Voltaire, the history of Europe was the history of the assertion of the individual and the growing expansion of individual rights. It was natural that England should take the lead in this movement; for England as an island was protected from outside pressure and so the individuals forming the English social organism tended to fall apart: individualism became the English creed. "The Englishman's home" was vaunted as "his castle."

So long as this centrifugal tendency showed itself all over Christendom, England stood for the highest civilization. She endowed Europe

with the modern Parliamentary forms of self-government and taught mankind the value of freedom and free institutions in which the individual could develop all his energies unhindered. While this ideal was being assimilated, England was held up to admiration on all hands as the model State.

Moreover, thanks in the main to natural advantages, England easily took the lead in the modern development of industry; she founded the factory system and for a half a century or more was in the van of the world's industrial and commercial progress.

Just as the individual judgment so bepraised by Luther, ended in the scepticism of Voltaire, so this unrestrained individualism within the state led directly to anarchy, and came to an end in the French Revolution. In 1793 the French tried to limit the rights of the individual by an appeal to equality and the welfare of the whole body politic. In economics the theory of individualism was then opposed by socialism; the interests of the individual had to be limited by the interests of the many. In chemistry, about the same time the atomic theory was merged in the molecular theory and analytic chemistry having been pushed as far as possible was superseded by synthetic chemistry.

The progress of humanity is rather like that of a skater on the outside edge: as soon as the rhythmic curve of movement takes the skater

away from the line of progress forward, the swing to the opposite side is already outlined.

The French Revolution marks the end of the centrifugal movement: a centralizing and centripetal movement then took its place.

The antagonism of the two forces was probably more clearly defined in the Civil War in America than anywhere else. And though the United States are freer from outside pressure than England herself, more in love therefore with outrageous individualism than England, still the idea of the nation, the claims of the whole body politic proved themselves even here stronger than the rights of the individual or even the rights of any state.

This same centripetal force, or centralizing tendency showed itself all through the nineteenth century and from one end of Europe to the other in a growth of national feeling. Piedmont drew the Italian states together and Italy was "rediviva"; in the same way Prussia drew the German states together and hammered them into one on the anvil of war; giant Russia began to tingle with the new spirit and the freeing of her serfs was the thrill of her nationhood becoming conscious from Petrograd to Vladivostock; even England began to dream of a Greater Britain.

It was inevitable that Germany ("pinched in on all sides by enemies" as Bismarck said) should become the chief exponent of this centralizing tendency, this intensification of na-

tional feeling and the national ideal. England as an island naturally stood for individual freedom; in economics for Free Trade, for the ideal of the "all-round" perfect man; whereas Germany ringed about by foes was compelled to stand for the idea of the whole, in economics for socialism, for the ideal of the "all-round" perfect state.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century this national movement was quickened chiefly through the extraordinary growth of Russia and the United States of America. It was seen that World Empires of enormous area and population were coming into being which must dwarf nations as nations had dwarfed clans and village communities—and these Empires were held together by language and not by race, the centralizing tendency growing steadily stronger.

Manifestly, Great Britain was called to unite with her colonies and form a confederation of British States and so enter this larger competition. But this new movement did not appeal to England strongly; or rather did not appeal to her governing class, the land-owning oligarchy which directs her destinies. She hung back hesitating and postponing though her colonies gave her every possible encouragement. Meanwhile, Germany, helped by the pressure of the surrounding nations upon her, became more and more the exponent of centralizing force and took the lead.

In every respect to-day Germany represents the ideal of a nation as perfectly as England ever represented the ideal of a perfect individual. Let us now consider these two ideals a little more closely, for it is manifest that in themselves they are both worthy and must ultimately be reconciled and harmonized.

It is a curious fact that these two great opposing movements in politics have led to infinite confusion of thought and unnecessary friction. The assertion of the individual has been spoken of as liberty, whereas in fact when pushed to an extreme it leads directly to the enslavement of all the weaker individuals in the state who are subjugated by the few strong. This is the "open secret" first seen by Goethe which Carlyle was never tired of preaching; Coleridge, too, wrote of those who "wear the name of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

Early in the nineteenth century it was seen that in order to make freedom for the many possible, the few strong must be restrained; a certain equality must be maintained by law or there could be no liberty. Again and again in the last twenty years, the United States has been forced to restrain competition by the Inter-States Commerce Act and other laws in the interests of justice. In Great Britain there is not equality enough for the many to be really free. What freedom can there be when one-third of the people is always, as Mr. Booth has proved of the British, on the verge of starva-

tion; and when one man in every four is buried in a pauper's grave?

Lincoln declared that the principle that no one was good enough to govern another against that other's will was the sheet-anchor of freedom. Yet Britain boasts of her freedom while keeping three hundred odd millions in thrall in India and millions more in Egypt.

For a long time now, the United States and all the British colonies have enjoyed manhood suffrage. France, too, and Italy; Spain and Portugal, Norway and Sweden and even Germany have constitutions similarly broad-based on the will of the whole people, while Great Britain still maintains a restricted property suffrage and denies the Irish the elementary rights of free men. It is plain on the surface that England's claim to stand for freedom in this twentieth century cannot for a moment be maintained.

The further we probe, indeed, the more preposterous the claim appears. Great Britain has used the idea of individual freedom mainly in the interests of her oligarchy to degrade the bulk of her population. In his book on "Environment and Moral Progress" the great scientist Alfred Russell Wallace formulated the most tremendous indictment of Great Britain and her "hypocritical lack of national morality." This impartial observer declared that "the responsibility of Parliament is criminal; it has deliberately placed money-making above hu-

man life and human well-being. . . . Most of our towns have been allowed to develop into veritable death-traps for the poor." With good reason he complained that the orders from the Home Office to protect the women broken in dangerous trades were cynically set at defiance by the employers; "who has murdered the hundred thousand children of the poor?" he cries, "who die annually before they are one year old?" and he summed up—"the conditions of labor in Great Britain are a disgrace to civilization."

Let me add one instance to show that Great Britain is not only not in the van of human progress in this matter of care for the individual; but lags behind all other European nations: Dock laborers are notoriously among the lowest and worst-paid of casual workmen; the conditions of their employment are of necessity, fluctuating. In Hamburg these laborers must be employed by the week; in Antwerp they can be employed by the day; in London, alone of European cities, they can be hired by the hour—this one fact proves that the wage-slave is degraded in England below the level of the negro-slave. Great Britain is among the least free of modern nations. Her chief titles to esteem belong to the past.

Let us now glance at the respective success of England and Germany in the struggle for existence, and particularly in the industrial field, in order to win some light on the future.

There's a common English proverb which warns one against the dangers attending prosperity:—"few men can stand beans". The British have had a long run of mercantile success and though they can see the results of material prosperity very clearly in the overweening conceit of the Germans they are unable apparently to recognize similar effects in themselves. Yet the success of Great Britain is due, one would say, almost as much to position and chance as to merit; an island placed between the civilized nations and the new world, on the road everywhere, so to speak, for the sea is the cheapest and best of roads, needing no repairs. Besides, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which has been called the age of steam, Great Britain had great coal-fields and beds of iron ore, both close together and both near the sea or on the coast. With these unparalleled advantages it is little wonder that Great Britain outstripped all competitors, developed industry after industry, established an extraordinary trade and commerce and made London the first port and the banking centre of the world.

The very evils of English laws seemed at first to benefit her. The unjust advantages accorded by the law of primogeniture to the eldest son drove out the younger children of her great families to her colonies and dependencies, and the barbarous severity of her bankruptcy and poor laws insured a steady stream of emigrants from the industrial classes.

Accordingly almost without conscious effort she founded and developed great colonies of her own children who not only purchased her manufactures in times of peace, but in war were eager to fight and die for the land which had treated them as the harshest of step-mothers.

From the beginning, these colonies, yielding to the spirit of the age, took the form of democratic republics. They never dreamed of transplanting into the new lands the feudal aristocracy which has made of Great Britain an oligarchy with all the worst vices of despotic rule.

Naturally enough, the colonists took with them English laws; but they immediately modified their harsher provisions and mitigated in all directions the barbarities of the English penal code. The consequence is that life in Canada, Australia or New Zealand is almost as democratic as it is in the United States of America, showing an equal love of individual freedom and of equality before the law, tempered with a kindness to the weak and unfit in the struggle for existence which is unknown in the Motherland.

For nearly a century Great Britain held an undisputed premiership in trade and commerce; and became not only the richest nation in the world, but probably the most powerful, with the hegemony of the seas for her heritage.

It is true that the United States, growing rapidly in population and wealth, began soon

after the Civil War to show herself as a dangerous competitor in certain fields; but the success of a people of the same race only increased the vainglorious self-esteem of the British. The trade advantages given them by their insular position, the natural advantages of their coal and iron beds, were all left out of the account. Up to the mid-Victorian time they thought and spoke of themselves habitually as the only capable business people in the world, and fondly imagined that no other race was their equal as colonizers.

In the last quarter of a century the Germans, cherishing the national ideal and believing that all the spiritual and physical powers of their people should be developed, have shown themselves abler organizers and business men than the English. Without any advantages of position or natural wealth, simply by knowledge and energy, they have built up great industries, an extraordinary trade and a vast oversea commerce. With a far larger birth-rate than the English, they have been able to absorb and use all their people; the growth of population has in consequence been far quicker than that of England. Nearly two hundred thousand Englishmen still leave England every year; while emigration out of Germany has ceased. Instead, about half a million of foreigners flock into Germany each year and its population increases at the rate of over a million per annum. In a country no larger than France and

not nearly so rich by nature, they have crowded seventy millions of people as against forty millions of Frenchmen. "Where good laws are," said Benjamin Franklin, "much people flock."

A few examples may here be given to show the growth of German industries; they are typical of a hundred branches of trade. Twenty-five years ago the English produced twice as much steel as Germany; in 1913 Germany produced three times as much steel as Great Britain.

For generations, English sporting shotguns had been regarded all over the world as the best. Forty years ago, the sportsmen who came together to compete for the great pigeon-shooting prizes at Monte Carlo were all equipped with English weapons. About twenty years later, however, it became known that barrels of Krupp steel were superior to English barrels. First one sportsman and then another bowed to German superiority. Now, in the catalogues of British firms, you find the announcement: "barrels of Krupp steel can be supplied for £10 extra."

The fine dental instruments, too, which were formerly all made in the United States are now "made in Germany." In the last twenty years of the race for wealth, Germany has outstripped all her rivals.

In this conflict of ideals, it looks as if the English ideal belonged to the past while the German ideal holds the future.

In order to decide which ideal is the higher, let us see how the account stands between the two peoples in the broad field of politics to-day.

CHAPTER III

England's Oligarchy

“Let art and learning, trade and commerce die;
But keep, oh keep our old nobility.”

—Lord Henry Manners.

Macaulay says that “of all aristocracies the English is the most democratic, and of all democracies the English is the most aristocratic.” The statement sounds nobly; but is not so clear as might be desired, and appears to be curiously inaccurate. Macaulay apparently means that the English aristocracy is recruited more largely from the untitled classes than any other aristocracy and that the English democracy is more snobbish than any other.

There are not half-a-dozen nobles in Great Britain (I do not believe there is even one) whose son could show the stainless thirty-two quarterings needed in order to obtain admittance to the Borussen Student Corps at the University of Bonn. Yet the British nobility, thanks to the right of primogeniture, is far more powerful and privileged and far further removed from the ordinary life of men than the

German nobility: the rarer the honor, the more it is esteemed.

It usually takes a generation or two to rise from the ranks to the British Peerage; for the next two or three generations, as a rule, the new family keeps its pride of place, and then in another generation or so, drops out of sight again because the title is only carried on through the male line.

More than half the present House of Lords is of creation later than 1814; but the accumulation of land, money and titles on the eldest son alone makes it easy to understand why the British House of Lords is the most intensely aristocratic assembly in the world, and the British nobility the wealthiest and proudest of castes.

When we take into account the unique privileges and wealth conferred by primogeniture, a little study of the classes from which this aristocracy is recruited will make its extraordinary position and power clear to us. The whole caste is founded on wealth. Judges and successful soldiers are usually made into peers; brewers, bankers, manufacturers, all multi-millionaires, indeed, save company-promoters and financial sharks, are encouraged to buy from the political party they prefer the dignity they desire. The price of the Barony or Earldom they want is known and quoted. It depends to some slight extent on the character of the would-be purchaser; but a few thousands more

makes everything easy. The common nickname "The Beerage" shows of what elements the British Peerage is made up. The "nouveaux riches" (the new rich) are at once more snobbish and more greedy than the hereditary nobility. As soon as your "Beer" magnate gets into the Upper House, he becomes more conservative than the Conservatives, with a super-added contempt for the workmen whom he has exploited, which is not found in the ordinary aristocrat. The British aristocracy is recruited from people who have not only the snobbery and pride of an hereditary nobility, but also capitalist prejudices to boot.

The best feature in an aristocracy which, like the British, is also the great land-owning class, is a certain sense of feudal duty and generosity to their farmers and dependents. And, in fact, this feudal relationship of Lord to vassal is sometimes seen on English estates, though it is growing rare; but the "nouveaux riches" have none of this patriarchal feeling. They have all the vices of the aristocracy intensified, with none of the careless kindness of those who have always considered themselves as benefactors to their dependents and by their position and wealth have been shielded from rude contact with realities.

On the other hand, the "nouveaux riches" do as a rule know that riches must be bought and paid for with strenuous effort; they have the understanding of individual force, and are sup-

posed to represent it; consequently, they exert a great influence on the hereditary peers, but an influence that is usually both sordid and harsh.

It is undoubtedly the German paste in the English character which is responsible for the maintenance of this hereditary nobility, and for the aristocratic color of all English society. The ordinary German, like the Englishman, is docile and submissive to his social superiors; but because of the wealth of the aristocracy and the Englishman's veneration of money, the British nobility stands infinitely higher than the German, or indeed any other noble caste. A German would sneer if told, as an Englishman is told, to order himself "lowly and reverently to his betters" and to pray to be allowed to exist "in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him." I quote the words of the English Church Catechism because if I coined them, I should be told that I was exaggerating the snobbish subservience of the people.

The Celts, on the other hand, whether in Ireland, Wales or the Highlands of Scotland, are notoriously independent and wilful; they are inclined to stand for their rights as men and consider themselves the equal of all other featherless bipeds. This Celtic fringe is in continual opposition on almost all subjects, political and social, to the Anglo-Saxon majority. In politics its influence is a liberating one and makes for equality and justice, and in social affairs it

does something to mitigate that unbounded reverence for rank which is a characteristic of all the Germanic peoples.

But in Germany real forces, the chief of which are poverty and the necessity of earning a living, work steadily against the dominance of aristocratic pride on the one hand and the servility of the lower classes on the other. A noble in Germany has nothing like the position he has in Great Britain; first of all, the high born are numerous, and what is more important, the vast majority of them are poor and have to work in order to live. Besides, there is an immense intellectual middle-class in Germany which criticises the nobility from the heights of knowledge and, at the same time, encourages the working people by insisting on the dignity and necessity of labor. It is this class which differentiates Germany so completely from Great Britain; it is this class which inspires German life with high purpose and ideals, and has gradually infected the whole nation with a triumphant sense of the value of endeavor and the glory of achievement. Parasites, whether of the best class or of the lowest, are despised in Germany as only the poor are despised in England.

Mr. Bernard Shaw thinks he is telling the truth impartially when he admits that the British aristocrat is as "snobbish and combative" as the Prussian Junker. If he had said ten times prouder and more snobbish and far more

ignorant, he would still be within the mark. He reminds Britons of the so-called "On the Knee" episode when an English officer tried to make his men kneel to him; he reminds us all, too, of the floggings in English military prisons; but knowing nothing about Germany, and apparently nothing about primogeniture, he misses the point of the comparison. The German noble is no doubt overbearing and snobbish and combative, but he is usually poor and has to work or study or both in order to get a living. This necessity keeps him human and in close touch with humanity; he becomes efficient, he learns his work and does it; he is in perpetual competition with that intellectual middle-class which is the real driving force of the nation. His name and title help him a little in the struggle of life; but very little save in the army, and even there incessant hard work is a tradition and a duty. It is the highly educated German of the middle-class who is even prouder than the American of efficient work, who sets the pace in life and gives the tone. It is the German school, the German university, even more than the army, which forms the animating spirit of the people.

The German noble regards fighting as his business. He is content to work hard as an officer for small pay and no one can question his zeal, his competence, his self-sacrificing courage. His virtues are, at least, as conspicuous as his faults.

Very few of the English aristocracy do any work at all. The few who enter the army, choose the Guards or crack cavalry regiments and talk of their duties as a nuisance when they have to spend even an hour a day on the parade ground. The men are taught, not by the commissioned officers as in Germany, but by the non-commissioned.

It is notorious that almost all the more capable British generals have been drawn from the middle classes:—Roberts, Wolseley, Wood, Brackenbury, French; all have won their titles.

A couple of facts will illustrate the vast difference between the British army and the German. At the beginning of this war, Great Britain could only put two army corps in the field. Under 70,000 men were present at Mons when already over two millions of German soldiers had crossed the frontier; yet the British army costs more than the German army and there are many more generals in the British army than there are in the German.

British apologists attribute the difference in cost of the two forces to the fact that theirs is a voluntary army, but if all the pay given to the soldiers be deducted, the little British army is nevertheless more costly than the German. The truth is, money is wasted like water in the British army; the pay of all the higher officers is enormously larger than it is in any other European army and they do infinitely less for it.

The ideal of the Prussian Junker as an officer is a hard, proud, efficient soldier, one who lives plainly and is willing at any moment to throw his life away. The ideal of the English noble is to do as little as possible, to live as well as possible and to marry an heiress, even an American, rather than live in straitened ways.

Heine saw deeper than Shaw:—"England's nobles," he says, "hold themselves far above the common ruck of mankind who are compelled to cling close to the earth; like beings of a higher sort they regard little England as a comfortable hotel, Italy as their winter-garden, Paris as a gay reception-room and the whole world as their property. Without care or duty or effort they are content to live like Gods with gold as the talisman to gratify every wildest wish."

Even Heine does not attempt to trace the soul-destroying influence of this privileged, parasitic, idle class upon all the lower strata of society; its ideal is to live magnificently without working, and thus, work, thrift, endeavor, indeed all the household virtues, are discredited. The public school boy who has to work for his living feels that he is thereby relegated to a lower class. The crowds of young Englishmen in all the colonies who are despised as "remittance men" illustrate the infection of aristocratic parasitism.

"Society is like a fish," says the thinker, "and

goes rotten first at the head." But the contagion spreads rapidly, and, indeed, inevitably. The ideal of the manhood of Great Britain is not labor and achievement, but play and enjoyment; that is part of the price it pays for its noble caste.

If one attempted to reckon up the whole cost of this wealthy hereditary aristocracy, one would never have done. That there is any health at all, or any manhood in a caste of idlers is astonishing and speaks volumes for the moral sturdiness and health of the race; but the handicap of inherited wealth and position is appalling. Emerson, who was the kindest and most sympathetic of critics, had to tell the English that this institution "lowered the dignity of manhood."

It does infinitely worse than that; it poisons the founts of honor at the source and injects a subtle all-pervading venom through all the veins of the nation's life. It falsifies all values, belittles all virtues, debases all effort. It enfeebles the army, corrupts the judiciary, stultifies the legislature, degrades the church. So long as Great Britain preserves this oligarchy in its present form, it cannot hope to be among the nations which lead the modern world; this one institution handicaps it out of the race.

Such absolute condemnation may seem extravagant; of course, too, my criticism is confined to the class as an institution and its influence as a whole. Taken in that way, it is

not harsh; but, though the English aristocracy is the only class I have ever seen in any country which, as an institution, has nothing to be said for it, there are members of it who are not only charming in manners and intercourse, but who are able even to turn the handicap of their position and wealth to account. Such men are, however, rare exceptions and are not numerous enough to leaven the mass.

For the life of me I cannot recall in the last couple of centuries, a single occasion when the English aristocracy has contributed an unselfish thought or the example of a noble deed to the history of the race. The British House of Lords has opposed every reform from Catholic and Jewish emancipation to Home Rule for Ireland, and has taxed industry indefatigably for its own enrichment in a hundred base and senseless ways.

I tried to believe for years that the British aristocracy had manners and taste, though the manners were but a veneer and the taste was shown chiefly in dress and in the pleasures of bed and board; but I was gradually forced to admit that their detachment from work and devotion to sense-enjoyment had dwarfed and stunted their appreciation even of art; it is mainly their influence that tends to degrade the artist in England to the level of the public entertainer as a sort of acrobat or mime. Lord Southampton evidently thought it a privilege of his position, if not a duty, to place Shake-

speare beyond the reach of want; but the modern leaders of fashion in England would not even know the name of a Davidson or a Middleton and would laugh anyone to scorn who told them that they had any interest in a poet's well-being.

One fact will exemplify the influence of the aristocracy, their manners and their sense of spiritual values beyond dispute. At one of my first lunches in London, I remarked a little man with snowy hair, blue eyes and healthy complexion sitting opposite to me about the middle of the table. On the right of the hostess was a peer, on the left, a Minister of State, and then came ordinary folk. A daughter of the house, a peeress like her mother, was at the other end of the table and supported on the right and left by titled people. Suddenly I heard someone speak of the little man opposite me as "Mr. Browning."

"Is that Robert Browning, the poet?" I asked in wonder.

"And did you once see Shelley plain?"

My neighbor nodded indifferently while I gasped with indignation. Fancy putting lordlings and politicians above an immortal like Robert Browning! Such a thing would be unthinkable in any other European country. In France, no nobleman could be induced to take a seat at a table above a great poet or even a Member of the Institute or Academy; high per-

sonal merit confers position in Paris. And in Germany, one still recalls Frederick the Great's reproof to his Lord Chamberlain when he placed Voltaire at another table.

"Great intellects rank with sovereigns," he said; "put M. Voltaire on my right."

I shrink from depicting the influence of the English aristocracy on morals or religion. I dislike painting with shadows and heavy blacks. It should be sufficient to consider the speech they affect, and from that one example whoever cares may safely calculate the effect of the aristocratic attitude in all the higher fields of human endeavor.

There are many points of likeness between the highest and the lowest classes in England; but none more curious than their misuse of language. The poor are so ignorant and so inarticulate by nature that two or three hundred words suffice to express all their ideas. Their speech is chiefly made up of "expletives" selected to shock and prized in proportion to their obscenity. The "Smart Set," too, have a vocabulary usually limited to two or three hundred words and made up chiefly of adjectives selected as shibboleths and used because no one outside the charmed circle would think of giving them the same significance.

For instance, one season "useful" was employed as an epithet of highest praise in measuring everything. "She's 'useful' as a dancer; he's 'useful' at drinking" or "lowering 'em

down." Another season, "high-stepping" was adopted as a synonym for "fast" or "loose." "She's a 'high-stepper,' don't you know," had a huge success. As soon as the middle-classes begin to use the same epithet, it is discontinued by those who wish to be smart.

Innumerable comedies have made sport of their affected use of the adjective "awful"; it's "awfully" funny; it's "awfully" wet or hot or cold or dry or amiable or anything else you please in English society. The language is at once impoverished and degraded to an extraordinary degree by both the highest and the lowest classes; by the lowest as a defiant sign of their abject condition; by the highest as a symbol of snobbish superiority. Which is the more poisonous motive may be debated, but the fact paints English society in its habit as it lives.

There can be no doubt that the influence of the "corner-boy" or "bar-loafer" is extraordinarily like the influence exercised in every department of English life by the hereditary noble. Your Earl Fitz this or Fitz that is almost always on the same moral and intellectual level as the street-loafer. The child spoiled by luxury and subservience is curiously like the gutter-snipe degraded by destitution and misery.

No picture of the English aristocracy would be complete without at least a specimen or two of the religious maniac. There is a protestant Duke (there are only about a dozen English

Dukes all told) who is an Irvingite, and believes in the “gift of tongues” accorded to Carlyle’s friend, Irving.

There is another Duke, a devout Catholic, who is intensely proud of his name and lineage. He married a cousin, mainly, it was said, because he thought no other blood blue enough. His eldest boy was deformed and anything but bright. The father took him to Lourdes again and again, bathed him in the holy well and prayed over him. Neither prayers nor pilgrimage did any good. The poor little fellow died. A few years afterwards the mother died also. The Duke evidently did not understand the lesson, much less take it to heart, for he has since married another cousin. The children of this marriage are said to be normal. But what can be expected from the offspring of such a union?

And what can be said for a caste that produces such men as these among its finest flowers?

CHAPTER IV

England’s Laws

England’s laws are still more barbarous (grausamer) than her oligarchy.—Heine.

While one agrees with Montesquieu that one can learn more about a nation from its laws than from all other institutions, it is most im-

portant not to be led astray by particularities which are not characteristic but to consider the whole trend and tendency of the legislation.

If we find certain features of the civil law repeated in the criminal law, and supported again by well-known customs, it is almost certain that these traits are characteristic of the people.

All the supporters of England, from Locke and Wordsworth to Sir Edward Grey and Arnold Bennett, unite in basing her claim to distinction on "freedom"—in especial on "free institutions" and "free speech." Let us try then to see how England stands in regard to liberty.

"There can be no freedom," says Locke, "without free speech." One used to hear continually that England was the home of free speech; every Englishman, we were told, was free to tell the truth as he saw it without fear or favor. The boast may have been justified in the past before printing was much used and when England was compared with continental despotisms; it can hardly be sustained to-day. The right of free speech or free writing and printing has been limited in Great Britain by the most stringent libel laws ever framed. They are wittingly founded on what Milton called "the blasphemy" that it may be wrong to tell the truth. Indeed, British lawyers are not ashamed to stand on the epigram—

"the greater the truth the greater the libel."

In the United States there is only one State, Massachusetts, in which the truth can be a libel, and even there juries hesitate to punish the teller of the truth.

The law, of course, should be that if any statement is true, the complainant should be compelled to prove that it is not for the public benefit to publish it, and in all such cases the punishment should be light, and never lead to imprisonment. In Great Britain it is the teller of the truth who is compelled to prove that his statement is for the public benefit, and if he fails to establish this, he is usually sent to prison. Moreover, in cases of publication in a newspaper, timely apology and the withdrawal of a libelous statement should be regarded as sufficient atonement. The British law here is ridiculous in its hatred of truth and dislike of free speech. In every other trade or profession in Christendom, an accident is treated as an accident. Even in Great Britain if your motor-car runs into another man's car and kills his wife and daughter by accident, all he can recover from you is the cost of the material injury inflicted on his car, clothes, etc. But if a paper happens to libel a man by accident; though it apologizes at once, it may, nevertheless, be condemned to pay thousands of pounds damages in spite of the fact that no damages have been alleged; nay, even if it has been proven or expressly admitted that no damages whatever have been inflicted.

One instance of this almost incredible fact must suffice.

In 1908, the weekly journal, "Vanity Fair," published an article reflecting on Parr's bank. Shortly afterwards, the journal declared that the article had appeared by mistake and published the completest possible apology. When the action came on for trial, the representatives of Parr's bank were asked whether they could trace any damages. They admitted that no damage whatever was done. The Judge expressly charged the jury that this should not prevent them giving exemplary damages if they saw fit. Encouraged by this advice, the jury brought in a verdict of five thousand pounds or twenty-five thousand dollars against the proprietor of the newspaper.

The case was taken to the Court of Appeal where Lord Justice Moulton and two other judges declared that they regarded five thousands pounds as a very small and reasonable amount, and confirmed the verdict.

Mad unreason could be pushed no further. An accident which caused no damage was punished vindictively.

There is much less freedom of speech to-day in England than there is in Russia.

The libel law of Great Britain is a disgrace to the lawgivers and judges who have framed it and to the people who have accepted it. It is drawn up simply to protect the rich and powerful from any word of criticism, true or false,

purposed or accidental, and by itself, is sufficient to prove that England prefers money to both truth and liberty.

In exactly the same spirit the laws prohibiting what is known as "obscene libel" are administered. Recently a masterpiece of literature, the "*Contes Drolatiques*" of Balzac, which has been translated and published in every European country, was tardily rendered into English. At once it was seized by the police who regulate the infamous nightly traffic of Piccadilly. The London magistrate immediately ordered the book to be burned and congratulated the police upon discovering what he called "the blackest plague-spot in London." The joyous humorous "*Contes Drolatiques*" worse than the prostitution of Piccadilly Circus; worse than the child-traffic of the Mile-End road! British justice needs no further exemplification. To talk of free speech in such a country would be ridiculous, were it not shameful.

Everyone remembers how Bradlaugh was treated for telling the truth and how Mrs. Besant, a high-minded religious teacher, if ever there was one, was punished for publishing simple facts of medical science.

Even the barbarous libel-laws I have described in outline are not sufficient protection to the oligarchy. In the past, judges tried to protect the administration of justice against undue influence or unfair comment by treating such comment while a case was pending

(sub judice) as "contempt of court" and punishing it accordingly either by fine or confinement or both. This power was used centuries ago, to give a defendant fair-play, to protect him against the arbitrary power of the Crown. It is evident that there is a class of cases which should be summarily dealt with in some such way. And for centuries these cases were handled in Great Britain with a certain rough common sense. The law was held to be that comment in the earlier stages of a case would not be regarded as influential enough to require summary treatment, and if the justice of the case could be met by a libel action that was the proper way to proceed. But latterly, English judges of the baser sort have used this power deliberately as petty despots. Judge Horridge held recently that libelous comment on either party in a suit was "contempt of court" and though the law declares that in case of libel the editor, the printer and the publisher are responsible, he added that the Managing Director of the Company owning the newspaper could be held responsible though the only evidence before him was an affidavit stating that the Managing Director had never seen the article in question. And he followed up this iniquitous decision by incarcerating the unfortunate Director for contempt of Court.

The lettres de cachet committing persons to the Bastille without form of trial were said to have done more to bring about the French

Revolution than any other single wrong ; these infamous "letters" had to be signed by the King and the King alone, but in England you have a hundred petty despots called judges who can and do commit innocent persons to prison without form of trial and without any possibility of redress.

This one instance suffices to show how cruelly Mr. Arnold Bennett is mistaken when he talks of England as standing for liberty in this century. England is the only country in Europe where the innocent are sent to prison without trial and kept there in defiance of justice. No habeas corpus act can avail the guiltless against a judge's fiat, and the length of imprisonment is at his discretion. He may even override a doctor's affidavit that the imprisonment is damaging the health or endangering the life of his victim. Your Sir Thomas Horridge under these circumstances will not hesitate to browbeat and insult the doctor in the traditional manner of the infamous Jeffries.

Such committals for "contempt of court" which introduce into the ordinary administration of the law all the whimsical idiosyncrasy and the savage cruelty and injustice of the worst of monarchical despotisms serve to show how freedom of speech is hated to-day in England. All these laws and punishments are cunningly framed in the interests of the rich and are intended, as one foreign writer phrased it,

to ensure to the public robber the undisturbed enjoyment of his "kill."

But someone will say if free speech has been abolished in Great Britain since it has grown rich, at least the institutions are free: there is government of the people and by the people if not for the people. Ireland may be despotically fleeced and flogged, soldiers may be used to take the place of workmen out on strike; but this mixture of feudal and capitalistic tyranny is approved of by the majority of the people. No wilder misconception was ever popularised. The other day in New York, Miss Christabel Pankhurst in a lecture gaily declared that the people governed in Great Britain but in Germany the Kaiser-made war and peace according to his own sweet will. Again and again she asserted that there was manhood suffrage in Great Britain and not in Germany, though every moderately well-informed person knows that the exact contrary is the case. Half the workmen in Great Britain are disfranchised by the so-called "lodger" qualification which provides that only those men can vote who pay six shillings a week for their lodging and can prove six months' continuous occupancy. Besides, plural voting of the rich is allowed to any extent. But even if manhood suffrage were introduced to-morrow in Great Britain, there would be no freedom possible there while the libel laws and the law on debts and debtors are what they are and while they are administered

by aristocratic judges in the interests of the oligarchy. The governing classes in Great Britain only extend the vote in measure as they see that this can be done without endangering their privileges. There will never be the ghost of freedom in England till there is a social revolution.

The evil springs immediately from the aristocratic position accorded to the judges and officers of justice. Judges in the high court get from \$25,000 a year to \$50,000. They work short hours and have four months' holiday in the summer. After fifteen years' work, they have retiring pensions from \$15,000 a year upwards. They are practically appointed for life; it is true they can be removed by the Home Secretary; but this power is hardly ever exercised. Even judges who are notoriously insane, like the late Mr. Justice Stephen, are allowed to officiate. Do not let me be told that this is a solitary instance. It is well known that the present Justice Phillimore has "very peculiar" ideas on divorce. He refuses to pronounce any such decision; "God's laws are higher than man's laws," he says; yet he is still continued on the bench because of his eminent services. He recently sentenced the writer of a letter containing "an implied threat" (the words are his own) to twenty years' imprisonment. It is a charity to regard him as irresponsible.

If the huge emoluments given to English

judges are not sufficient to keep them in perfect sympathy with the governing oligarchy, the further corruption of titles is carefully used to make them properly subservient. The judge is usually made a Knight, but if he shows much independence, the honor can be withheld. On the other hand, if he is pliable enough, he will almost certainly be made a Lord and translated to the House of Peers. Yet because it is practically impossible to buy a judge for cash he is regarded as incorruptible.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the judges in England have again and again turned the law into an instrument of tyranny. It is practically always interpreted against the lower classes, who are already almost shut out from any chance of obtaining justice by the costliness of the procedure. Recently these aristocratic judges practically put an end to Trade Unions by holding that the Union funds couldn't be used to help candidates in their election expenses. The judges' view of the law crippled the Trade Unions completely, until they got a new law passed in the present parliament which even English judges appear unable to misread.

The cost of going to court is higher in England than in any country in the world. It is difficult to recover a small debt without expending more money than it is worth. The costs in cases of debts under twenty-five dollars are often larger than the debt; whereas

in France or in Germany, such a debt does not cost on the average ten per cent to recover.

The judges of the lower courts are all paid extravagantly. A county Court Judge in England receives seventy-five hundred dollars a year; twice as much as the judges of the highest Court of Appeal receive in France or Germany. From one end of the system to the other all care is taken to insure aristocratic prejudices in the judges. It is a mere truism to say that no justice can be looked for in England by a poor man when any member of the titled aristocracy, or indeed any rich man, is opposed to him in a case.

This self-styled land of liberty is the only country in Europe where that form of chattel-slavery, known as imprisonment for debt, still flourishes, and curiously enough, this institution throws the most sinister light upon the whole administration of law in Great Britain. In 1869 the British Parliament passed an Act abolishing "Imprisonment for Debt." One provision, however, was retained. If the debtor was a rich man, it was argued, there ought to be some compulsion to force him to pay. Accordingly, in case "means" were proved, the judges were allowed to send recalcitrant debtors to prison for not more than six weeks, not for debt but for "contempt of court." Under this provision some twelve thousand persons are annually sent to prison in Great Britain by the be-wigged Solons and half of these crimi-

nals are imprisoned for sums less than twenty-five dollars!

Evidently, an English judge's ideas of "means" are peculiar.

But even this dreadful miscarriage of justice would not paint English judges to the life. Under the pretence of making it easier for the debtor, but really in order to give him time and encouragement to practice blackmail on all his female relatives, who pay to avoid staining the name with the prison smudge; the judges ordered debts of even less than £5 to be paid in instalments (though "means" must have been proved to their satisfaction.) The next step was easy; the debtor is now sent to prison for not paying an instalment and so can be sent to prison a dozen times for the same petty debt. Recently a Colonel in the army who had fought and bled for his country, was sent to prison for the third time for not paying an instalment of a small debt. Though the man was starving, "means" were held to have been proved.

The barbarous stupidity of such judgments and judges seems to strike no one in England. The facts seldom get into the papers and never call forth any comment; they excite no assured interest such as attaches to the announcement that "Lord and Lady Snooks arrived at Claridge's Hotel yesterday from their country seat."

It must always be remembered that nearly all the cruelties perpetrated under the heading

"contempt of court" as equivalent to imprisonment for debt are directed against the poor alone. For debts over \$250, bankruptcy proceedings can be instituted by either party, and so the man who owes large sums is exempted from any chance of being imprisoned either for debt or contempt of court. The whole proceeding is directed against the poor and would be farcical were it not tragic.

In contrast with all other civilized countries, English laws have in many respects become harsher in the last forty or fifty years and English judges to-day do worse than ruin men for accidents beyond their control.

So far I have only been treating of the English civil law and its procedure. I must now say a word or two about the criminal law, which, as Alfred Russel Wallace writes, "shows equal injustice." Here is the considered opinion of the great scientist: "The dictum of the law, that an Englishman should be held to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty, is absolutely reversed in the case of the poor man, and he is treated as if he were guilty till, against overwhelming odds, he is able to prove himself innocent."

Dr. Wallace is well within the truth. If a working man is arrested for stealing, let us say, no attempt even is made to free him by providing bail (the bail would be fixed at a preposterous figure); he is haled off to prison and his family thrown to want. In prison he is treated

in every respect as a criminal; he has to clean out the cells of other prisoners, is pushed and ordered about as if he were lower than a dog and fed worse than most dogs are fed. I remember once visiting a chauffeur in prison: he had knocked down a man and injured him one dark night. He had been in prison more than a month when I saw him. His wife and child had been reduced to beggary; he was nearly insane with anxiety on their account; but could do nothing for them. He was very inarticulate, though capable, careful, honest and well-behaved. If he had been left without a first-rate barrister, he would inevitably have been convicted. As it was, the judge treated him as if he ought to have been hung because a drunken man stepped off the sidewalk at the last minute in front of his car. Though innocent of all offence this man not only lost his job, but was confined for two months in prison and treated as a criminal. His little home was sold up; his wife and child tortured by semi-starvation: did the law compensate him for ruining him and putting the prison stain upon him? On the contrary, the judge told him it was very lucky for him that the jury took so mild a view of what he had done. Had the chauffeur not happened to enlist the sympathy of a man of means he would surely have suffered at least a year's imprisonment. As it was, he was merely ruined and tortured for being innocent. With a clean chauffeur's record for over ten years be-

hind him, he could not get work even as driver of a motor-cab. The prison had made his chance of getting private service impossible. He was ultimately compelled to take a place in a garage at twenty-five shillings a week as helper, though till that time he had never earned less than fifty shillings.

I could give a dozen instances within my own knowledge of worse injustice than this worked by the ordinary operation of the English law: Dr. Wallace's condemnation must be accepted as a mild statement of the truth.

And the harshness of the English law and English judges towards the poor is sharpened to brutality by the inhuman severity of English prisons. Fortunately, here I find another unimpeachable witness even better-informed than Dr. Wallace himself.

In her book on English Prisons, Lady Constance Lytton describes the nameless barbarities practised on female prisoners. She tells how she was forcibly fed by a male doctor while one nurse sat on her legs and another held her arms. When, in spite of this restraint, or because of it, she vomited, the doctor slapped her face.

She tells of how another woman prisoner slipped and broke her ankle, and was told by the doctors that there was nothing the matter with her and was forced to walk up and down the iron stairs for weeks. On account of this savagery, the broken leg shrank, the woman

became a cripple, and was unable to support her little children. Mr. Winston Churchill as Home Secretary had for very shame's sake to grant the tortured and maimed creature \$2,500 as compensation, but at the same time he declared that the prison doctors who had pretended to examine her three several times, were in no wise to blame.

A couple of further facts will show the incredible meanness and barbarity of the whole system.

Some time ago, the "Daily Chronicle" published a series of articles proving that although the necessities of life were far cheaper in Germany than in England, the German authorities expended twice as much money in feeding their prisoners as the English authorities. Semi-starvation is a part of the prison regime in England.

Recently the whole question of the insensate cruelty of the English prison has been brought before the public by the fact that three-fourths of all the criminals in England are "habitual criminals." Investigation was called for by the case of a man who had spent more than forty-five of his sixty years in prison. He declared that from the first sentence he had been persecuted by the police, and had not had a chance to retrieve his position.

With proofs before them that their prison system is intolerably severe, what did the English authorities do? Instead of following the

example of the more highly civilized countries, such as France, the United States and Germany, they passed a short law giving the right to judges to confine any one whom they regarded as an "habitual offender," to prison for the rest of his life. This disgraceful law is the lowest depth reached by any legislature in Christendom for the last century and a half, and it was passed only the other day.

Every country has found that as they have lightened punishment and brought about a better distribution of wealth, offences against the law have steadily diminished. Crimes have diminished in England, but there alone in the last ten years the punishment has been made harsher.

CHAPTER V

English Justice

" . . . I am the nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of mankind."

—Shelley.

A great Frenchman has said, "There can be no freedom without justice." And, indeed, the desire of justice is the most passionate, the most far-reaching and among the highest of moral impulses.

There is no justice in Nature; it is an attribute of man alone, a reflection of the Divine in

mankind. By far the greatest field for the display of justice is to be found in the distribution of wealth. In proportion as wealth is evenly distributed in a nation, you may be sure that in precisely that measure the sense of justice among the inhabitants is acute and developed. Judged by this standard, France to-day and Germany are the first countries in Europe, and Great Britain certainly the last. Mr. Booth has proved that one-third of the population of Great Britain is always on the verge of starvation; fifteen millions of human beings living in appalling destitution and misery in the richest country that has ever been known in the world.

The devil's advocate would argue that in an open race for wealth the weakest must come to grief; but everyone to-day is beginning to see that the open race is not a fair race and can never be fair, least of all in Great Britain, where you have an hereditary aristocracy, an hereditary wealthy land-owning class, and where, besides, all the powers of the State, of law, of education, of the police and of custom are used in contempt of justice to increase natural inequalities of condition and not to diminish them.

Do not assume that I am pressing the point unduly. It would be impossible for anyone who did not know Great Britain intimately even to imagine how cunningly the scales of justice are weighted against the poor. When writing of the English laws, I have given some examples

of this, but the disabilities of poverty, everywhere heart-breaking, are in Great Britain infinite and permeate every part of the national life. Two or three examples may here be given at haphazard.

It was recently shown in a London journal that the poor, being forced to buy their coals in small quantities, pay twice the market price, and in many cases, even more, for this necessary of life. The co-operative stores in northern towns sell groceries at less than half the price the poor of London have to pay for them.

Take the scandal of the so-called dangerous trades. Six years ago there was a Home Office inquiry into the conditions of life in the "Hollow-ware" works at Lye and Cradley Heath, where large numbers of girls and young women are employed. The facts elicited were soul-sickening: the sufferings from lead poisoning almost incredible; the mortality as high as the wage (less than \$2 a week) was low. The official report declared that "the process used" was "dangerous to life" and should be "totally discontinued." An order was issued by the Home Office that after two years the process should be no longer used; this order has never been put in force. Nine out of ten of the employers go on as usual. In Great Britain, says Dr. Wallace, commenting on this almost incredible fact, there is practically "no government interference with conditions of labor which are a disgrace to civilization."

The more one studies the disabilities of poverty in England the more shameful are the facts discovered. Adulteration has become a fine art and extends to every article of consumption. In spite of numberless prosecutions and fines, even the milk of the poor is still habitually adulterated and the government shrinks from punishing this sordid crime with imprisonment. Practically every article of food is adulterated and the government winks at this perpetual robbery of the poor by the well-to-do tradesman.

One result of this dishonesty can be shown in figures: In the Garden Village of Bournville, infant mortality stands at 65 per 1,000 born; in St. Mary's Ward, Birmingham, it is 331, or five times as much. Dr. Wallace asserts that "the moral degradation" of Great Britain is "increasing"; both the deaths from drunkenness and the number of suicides are steadily growing.

It is almost incredible that the people who first treated dumb animals with kindness and consideration, who first got up a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and first founded homes for lost dogs and lost cats, should be the very people to treat their poorer sisters and brothers with inhuman cruelty. Instead of helping the poor to get out of the Slough of Despair, instead of making roads through it for their benefit, or indeed draining it once for all as even enlightened self-interest

would counsel, they use the police and the law courts and all the powers of the State to thrust the miserable deeper into the mire, and further to degrade those they have already iniquitously disinherited. There is no public conscience in England speaking for the poor.

Even those who have been rich and have lost their money for whatever reason are treated in England with savage brutality; the wounded wolf is simply torn to pieces and eaten by the savage pack.

The bankruptcy laws of Great Britain are the most barbarous ever framed and are administered without any care whatever for justice. "*Vae victis*"—"woe to the vanquished" is the English principle and the under-dog, though tortured to death, excites no pity.

There are a thousand powers accorded to the petitioning creditor by which he and his fellows can blackmail the honest debtor who only wants time in order to pay in full, but I will not dwell on them or on the assistance given to the leeches by the English officials in Bankruptcy.

Let it be taken that the debtor is made bankrupt: he is examined in public by his creditors as if he were bound in a pillory and re-examined again and again. His wife and children can be and often are subjected to the same torture, and when all that he has got has been taken from him, even to the tools he uses to earn his living, his discharge may be and often

is postponed for three or five or seven years, which means that for this additional period every penny he can earn belongs to his creditors.

One other provision will show the spirit of the law: suppose a wife claims this or that nick-nack or jewel as hers, given to her by her husband years before his bankruptcy when he was solvent. The object in dispute is held to belong to the creditors unless it was given to her more than eight years before, or she is required to prove that her husband was solvent when he made the gift. In practical life everything she possesses that came from her bankrupt husband is ruthlessly torn from her by the creditors.

Such detestable and stupid provisions are not the worst features of this extraordinary procedure. If at any time before his discharge, the bankrupt incurs a debt of £20 or more without informing the lender or shop-keeper of the fact that he is an undischarged bankrupt, he is held to have obtained money under false pretences and is sent to prison for a year or so and the burden of proof is on the debtor.

A thousand incredible instances of the savage cruelty of these laws could be given; but the mere outline is sufficient; the mere fact that the bankrupt is stripped bare of all he possesses (if he fails to disclose any property of the value even of a dollar, he is proceeded against criminally for fraud) and then is regarded for

a series of years as still "undischarged" and therefore earning money merely for his creditors; I say, the mere fact shows that the English bankruptcy laws stand alone in the world as the most barbarous, the most iniquitous ever framed.

They are so extravagantly inhuman that they defeat their own purpose. The "undischarged bankrupt" usually conceals the fact and runs the risk of prison, and when he earns money necessary to keep himself and those dear to him, he doesn't dream of handing it over to his creditors. He thereby commits fraud, but necessity knows no law. Heine puts it humorously when he says that the figure of justice in London has lost her scales, but carries the sword bared in her hand. He sees that England is still almost a feudal state and "if the person and property of the people are now dependent on the laws and not as aforetime, on the whim of a lord, still these laws are only another sort of teeth with which the privileged class seizes and tears the ordinary citizen. No tyrant," he adds, "was ever so barbarous as the English laws." If Heine was justified, and I think he was, what can be said for English freedom?

If one cares to realize how hopelessly England lags behind the foremost civilized countries, he has only to compare the provisions of the French bankruptcy laws with those of the

English. But, then, the French laws were framed by Napoleon, a great man, and not by greedy shopkeepers. Under the "Code Napoleon," no officer of the army or navy can be made a bankrupt; no artist or scientist or man of letters; only the trading classes whose sole object it is to make money, can be subjected to this degradation. The attempts of the English law to turn unfortunate men into criminals by withholding their discharge for years, are unknown to the humaner legislation of continental Europe.

It may be worth while to contrast the provisions of the present English law with Shakespeare's views in "Cymbeline." That they are his own opinions is manifest, for they are infinitely more humane than any legislation known to man as yet:

"I know you are more clement than vile men
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement."

The creditor is vile according to the wisest man of our race if he takes a third or even a tenth and lets his debtor thrive on the rest; but what shall be said of the English laws which take all and more than all, and attempt even to force the debtor to go on for years in poverty and destitution, working not for his wife and children but for his creditors. Such

greed is insane; and the country that can frame such laws knows nothing either of liberty or of justice.

It is computed that the wealth of the country doubles itself every twenty years and the first war loan of fifteen hundred million of dollars was over subscribed in London alone on the first day. Compare this with the well-known fact that the whole system of the English Poor Law administration with its so-called workhouses has hopelessly broken down through meanness and inhumanity, inhumanity so devilish that, like the unimaginable gins and snares of the bankruptcy laws, it defeats its own object.

The cost of the institution runs into millions annually, but no poor man ever goes near an English workhouse if he can possibly help it. The great buildings and large staffs are all kept up for a few orphan children and people on the verge of dissolution. The stigma of the poor-house is more loathed in England than even that of the prison. One need not speak of the degradation incurred nor of the wretched food. One provision alone will show how insanely cruel the whole system is.

If a man goes into the poor-house to get shelter for the night, he is not allowed to leave next morning at six o'clock to get work even though he is strong and willing. He must first stop and break so much stone—an equivalent in value to the bed and food he has had. Con-

sequently, he can never get out much before noon when it is practically impossible to find work. In this way British charity makes the poor poorer, and degrades them into the bargain. No wonder Mr. Sidney Webb, the highest authority on the matter, writes of it as follows:

“Underneath the feet of the whole wage-earning class is the abyss of the Poor Law. I see before me a respectable family applying for relief. What do we do to them? We, the Government of England, break up the family. We strip each individual of what makes life worth living. When the man enters the workhouse he is stripped of his citizenship—branded as too infamous to vote for a member of Parliament. Once in the workhouse, we put him to toil or to loiter under conditions that are so demoralizing that we turn him into a wastrel. And we strip the wife of her children. We send her to the wash-tub or the sewing-room, where she associates with prostitutes and imbeciles. The little children, if they are under five, are taken to the workhouse nursery, where they also are tended by prostitutes and imbeciles. There they remain, day after day, without ever going down the workhouse steps until they are old enough to go to the Poor Law school, or until they are taken down in their coffins, owing to the terrible mortality among the workhouse babies.”

One more fact and it shall be taken from the

immediate present: The British government had been trying for months past to get its volunteer army on the cheap by stories of German barbarism and German atrocities. At first the authorities offered the magnificent sum of five shillings, or a dollar and a quarter, a week to the poor widow whose husband had been killed at the front. They have had to increase the price to seven shillings and sixpence or nearly two dollars a week. But then came the question of how much extra money should be given for each child, so orphaned. The authorities fixed this in their wisdom at half the price which is usually accorded for an illegitimate child under a so-called "affiliation order." After this achievement nothing further need be said of British justice or British magnanimity.

The motto of England should be: The poor are our only philanthropists; they sell all that they have and give to the rich.

But the settled purpose of English law to take from the Have Nots everything they may get, is only the other side of the declared English desire "to give to those that have." In recent times, Parliament, not content with allowing greedy individuals to steal the common land from the people, has freed the land from the feudal service always expected from it in the past. The landlords now should be compelled to support the army as they did in the middle ages, and so pay some rent for this exclusive

possession, but their burden has been lightened.

All the benefits which the landlords and the House of Lords have given to themselves are but a fleabite to the taxes which the oligarchy and the new rich have exacted from the growing industries of the present and the immediate past. The story of the founding of English railways is as fantastic as an Eastern tale; but it belongs to the past, and one example from the present will be more convincing. For instance, when the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was about thirty-five years of age and the most powerful citizen in Birmingham, there was a slum which he resolved for the health of the town to improve out of existence. When he began negotiations, he found that the individual owners were determined to get the uttermost farthing for their insanitary property. But he was not a business man for nothing. He sought and obtained powers from Parliament to expropriate the owners over a much larger area than he intended to improve. He thus obtained a power of bargaining. "If you won't take so much for your house and ground," he said to the too greedy landlords, "I'll run the main street so as to leave your property in a back alley untouched." He improved the slum out of existence and incidentally the health of Birmingham and was hailed on all sides as a benefactor though condemned as

one who drove a hard bargain. When I asked him: was it true that he had got the land and houses below their proper value, he laughed:

"Birmingham is in England," he said, "and not in Utopia; I had always to pay from two to over three times as much as the property was worth." The greedy individual, and especially the landlord, is always favored in England.

The most poisonous development in the legislation of the last hundred years is the growth of joint-stock companies. They show all the evils of state-ownership and none of its benefits. Geothe saw that all industries should be controlled by the individual or by the state; the hybrid was of the nature of a monopoly and should be prohibited.

In France in 1791, the government passed a law prohibiting all associations for the exploiting of industries, and ever since the French have only admitted the right of such associations against their better judgment, so to speak, and after taking many precautions. But, in Great Britain joint-stock companies have been permitted and even encouraged to rob the public at will, without incurring any responsibility. For five and twenty years neither the promoter nor the directors were held responsible for the misstatements published in the prospectuses they issued by the million. Lies are sacred as the chief stock in trade of the robbers. Even now, it is possible in London for one man to form a company with half a dozen of his clerks,

and entice the public by plausible circulars to lend him money to buy stocks and shares with. He may even declare what dividends he finds most likely to win more clients and finally, under one pretext or another, he can pocket the money entrusted to him, and declare the company bankrupt. He is then free to begin the game again in the next street. "Heads, I win; tails, you lose" on a large scale is permitted by the English law; but the small gambler with his three-card trick or the thimble-rigger is at once arrested and sent to prison.

In France and in Germany, there is careful State supervision of all joint-stock companies, and the attempt to swindle is made difficult and dangerous. In Paris, a bank would not dare to put its name on the prospectus of a company which, a couple of years afterwards, might fail and go into liquidation. The customers who had lost their money would expect the bank to recoup them, and would certainly hold the bank responsible for all false statements. But in London, such a swindle would be almost sure to pass unnoticed. The robbers, so long as they appear to have money, are given every license by the English law, it is only the poor who are harried by it, only the unfortunate who need fear it.

This chapter on the English sense of justice should find its fitting climax in some pages devoted to the "Corruption" in England. I could fill a volume with facts gathered in a quarter

of a century spent in journalism in London; facts which it was impossible to publish in Great Britain where truth itself is held to be a libel. There is nothing the English pride themselves so much upon as their honesty and free speech; curiously enough their honesty can be judged from the way they have made truthful speech impossible. There is, in my opinion, and I shall give reasons for it shortly, more commercial dishonesty and more political "graft" as well, to be found in England in a day than in the United States in a month or in France in a year. The Panama scandal could never have leaked out in Great Britain and if it had been published no particular attention would have been paid to it. Recently a Minister who had been a Chancellor of the Exchequer was kind enough to sell some of his land to the British government at a price about three-fold its worth; people shrugged their shoulders merely and muttered "bad taste" when some radical journalists exposed the disgraceful "graft."

The famous purchase of the Suez Canal shares was never even scrutinized, and yet it would have repaid investigation.

But in spite of the "muzzling" of the press in England, every now and then some swindle leaks out and from its enormity any thinker must draw dreadful inferences which he dare not publish or even hint at in any English publication.

One example of such corruption must be given by which the general status may be judged. Some four or five years ago a dock-yard inspector rejected a battle-ship built in a famous private shipbuilding yard. The decision of the official was disputed by the private firm in question and the matter came into the public prints. It was proven that a rudder had been supplied with a flaw or fault in the casting and that the fault, though measured by feet, had been "puttied up" and then painted over. Similar faults similarly disguised, had been discovered by the same exasperatingly inquisitive official in the armor plates of the bow. The question as to whether putty painted over was likely to resist foreign shot or shell as well as hardened steel was discussed in one or two papers; but nothing came of it. In a day or two, the incident was forgotten.

Is it wonderful under these circumstances that the German navy and especially German submarines have made a great name for themselves at the expense of the British navy in spite of its great size and high traditions?

An instance of the corruption prevalent in English business was once brought to my notice which I regard as typical and informative in spite of its mildness. The Prince of Monaco had a large steam-yacht built in London. It was built and fitted regardless of expense and passed *At Lloyd's*. After delivery and acceptance the Prince found that it had a list to

one side, of I shrink from saying how many degrees, but certainly more than five.

The Prince declared that he had accepted the yacht because he regarded Lloyd's certificate as an absolute guarantee. I thought that most men would have made the same mistake. He asked me would I go with him to Lloyd's to find out about it. I was eager to gain a new experience. We went together one morning to Lloyd's and after more than an hour's search found a quiet person who undertook to give us the required information. When the plaint was formulated he said he knew nothing about it; adding that the fact of a list of five or even ten degrees would not prevent a ship being classed as A1 by Lloyd's. I replied that the information was interesting and should be widely known. "Would he kindly tell me how many degrees would prevent a ship from being classed as A1?" He replied curtly that he could not say; it would depend on the ship. Thereupon the Prince said that he had regarded the A1 at Lloyd's as a proof of excellence of design and workmanship. "Was he mistaken?" The official shrugged broad shoulders and declared finally that "Caveat emptor" was the best rule, but he would look into the matter and write. Nothing valuable came from his investigation. The Times refused to print an article giving a dispassionate account of this transaction. "The truth would do English ship-building no good," I was informed.

The other day Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the English Censor, declared that he regarded it as an important part of his duty to prevent unpleasant truths from coming to the knowledge of the British public. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise" is the English conviction.

CHAPTER VI

The German Nation and Its Ideal

Goethe says that the character of a nation can be judged by its army and by its laws. In the present comparison between England and Germany and their respective ideals, I have hardly taken their armies into account, but a word or two must now be said on the subject.

Everyone knows in the main what the German army has done: everyone admits its astounding efficiency: it is not too much to say that the German example in war as in business has raised our conception of the possible efficiency of work in this world.

It is more difficult to show what the English army has achieved; but now, after eight months and a half of war, "Le Matin" publishes a statement which puts the matter in a nutshell. The Russian troops, the Paris paper states, are holding 857 miles of frontier; the Servian and Montenegrin armies, 219; the French troops 544 miles; the English troops 31½ miles, and the

Belgian troops 17¼ miles. It would be painting the lily to comment on this fact. From another article we learn that the British have already spent more money on the war than the French. In its issue of April 10th, the London Times attacks what it calls "the muddle in the war-office" on account of "the shortness of munitions." The paper declares that it is not the drinking habits of the working man that is at fault but "the lack of foresight and organization" at Headquarters, and finally points to Lord Kitchener as responsible by asserting that "an end must be put to the tradition that soldiers should control 'war manufactures'" for "they have brought the country to the verge" of shortage in what is most necessary. And this in spite of the fact that money is no object and that the British could have drawn all the supplies they wanted from the United States, thanks to our convenient definition of neutrality.

These few facts and the strictures of The Times more than justify all I have said of the English governing classes and their incompetence: they are incapable even of selecting decently efficient instruments.

In regard to law and the administration of justice, the almost incredible backwardness of England has been established by a thousand facts and where necessary by comparisons with France. In this or that minor matter some

small errors may have crept in; but the indictment as a whole stands four-square.

It becomes necessary now to speak of Germany at length and I must admit that I do not know Germany nearly so well as I know England. I lived in England the major part of five and twenty years, and studied and wrote about it day by day. In Germany I spent only five years; but the years passed there, were sensitive years of youth, when I was quick to receive and record new impressions, and I hope my comparative ignorance of the intimate life of the German people may not vitiate my conclusions. For in this matter, ignorance is a poor guide even when winged with imagination. If I had never worked and played and argued with German youths and talked with German girls; if I had never thrilled to German thoughts, nor recited German verses in trancing moonlight, I might perchance, have been able to persuade myself as Mr. H. G. Wells apparently has done, that the French and English are "intellectually more virile peoples." As it is, I don't believe that the countrymen of Goethe, Schopenhauer, and Helmholtz need fear comparison with any of the sons of men in pure intelligence and when it comes to virility it seems to me that the nation which was cradled by Bismarck and now holds Russia back with one hand and France and Belgium and England with the other, and after nine months of

war, against odds of three to one, is still fighting everywhere in the enemies' countries, need bow to no rival in the manly virtues. Mr. Wells declares that the Allies are winning and "will continue to win"; but Germany, I imagine, is fairly content with that sort of defeat which has given her all Belgium to the sea, together with one-tenth of France, and on the other frontier has brought her to the gates of Warsaw.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, once upon a time Prime Minister of Great Britain, and renowned for the well-bred interest he takes in philosophy, did not hesitate at the last Lord Mayor's Banquet to talk of Germany as "the enemy of civilization."

Civilization is a parlous word: but if we take it to mean the humanization of man in society, it ought to be possible to make Mr. Balfour ashamed of his ridiculous statement, even though Lord Rosebery has since backed it up and embellished it. At any rate, if Germany had not done more in the last century or so and particularly in the last half century for the humanization of man than England, I should be ashamed of having written this book. I believe that she has done as much for the ideal as even France, and France's gift to humanity in the last century and a half has been out of all comparison greater than England's. Let me now try to state the German case fairly: I shall certainly not exceed the praise which Mr. H. G.

Wells lavished on her just before the war broke out.

A nation, like an individual, should be judged by the contradictory virtues it embraces and reconciles. A man may be very brave and yet not excite our admiration more than a rat or a bulldog which displays the same disdain of pain or death; but if the man is not only courageous, but gentle and considerate of others he at once approaches the ideal. And what is true of a man is true of a nation. An isolated or insular people is expected to love individual liberty and the hardy virtues that spring from individual self-assertion; but it only becomes admirable to us if it unites this love with a passion for equality and even-handed justice and a most sensitive consideration for the poor and the outcast and the disinherited.

Similarly a people devoted to the idea of the nation; to the self-assertion and glorification of the whole—Deutschland ueber Alles—may be expected to be efficient in conflict, to display high military virtues of foresight, courage and self-sacrifice; but it can only then become entirely admirable to us when it also shows a sensitive regard for the rights of the individual, for the claims even of peculiarly endowed individuals to live their own lives and cultivate their own special powers. It is because I believe Germany is nearer the ideal even on this side than England, that I wish to persuade my

American countrymen to reconsider the whole subject. There is more individual liberty to-day in Germany than there is in England: greater freedom of speech and writing.

I do not wish to represent Germany as an ideal state, or the German people as compact of all the virtues. I have no desire to color or to overstate the truth. Germany is a militant hierarchy, an instrument that is of conflict and I would wish it to be an industrial democracy. But there is no doubt that this hierarchy is accepted and beloved by the vast majority of the German people just as the hereditary oligarchy is accepted and beloved by the vast majority of Englishmen.

The French republic appears to me to be the higher, the more modern form of government, better adapted to modern industrial conditions. I prefer, too, the greater equality shown in French life and the deeper feeling for justice which animates all the laws and institutions of that noble French people. In the quarrel between France and Germany I lean to the side of France and pray for some equitable settlement of the two disputed provinces. But, as between England and Germany, no lover of the ideal can hesitate for a moment. There is much the same hierarchy in England as in Germany, the same hereditary nobility, but in Germany it is alive and useful, while in England it is worse than dead and useless. In Germany, the aristocracy regards itself as the steel head of

the German lance and really displays all the warrior virtues in their highest form. One may detest the Preussicher Leutenant; but he is not to be despised. One has to admit that he knows his job and does it, that he is superlatively efficient, that he has all the Spartan virtues with a more than Spartan power of infecting his dependents and social inferiors with his own manly and austere enthusiasm.

The prowess of the English aristocrat on the other hand, is displayed chiefly in pleasures and sports. He toils not, neither does he spin and while he regards work as beneath him and knowledge as contemptible, his example as a parasite drifts downward, like water on sand, infecting all the less favored millions of his countrymen with a false and base ideal.

Let us now consider the German ideal and see what it implies and its results. The German wants a perfect state. How near does he come to realizing his desire?

The idea of a perfect state is very like the idea of a perfect individual. The phrase is somewhat vague: one may regard Pericles, or Lincoln, or Jesus as models, yet these are all very dissimilar personalities. Curiously enough, however, as soon as we think of "perfection" in this way we are struck at once by the astonishing similarity between the English and the German ideal. The first thing taught to an English boy at a public school is that to be an "all-round man" he must be brave

and a good fighter and always ready to take his own part. In the current phrase: "his hands must be able to keep his head." Nothing is more despised than any attempt to avoid fighting; any boy who puts up with the smallest slight, no matter what his motive may be, is usually set down as a coward. Now this is precisely the German ideal of a state: the aim is "all-round" excellence; but first of all, the German State must always be ready to take its own part and never shirk fighting.

Some of us Celts and Latins are not in love with this ideal; we may regard defence as a duty and legitimate; but we condemn aggression and unnecessary war as a crime against humanity and we regard large well-equipped armies and navies with suspicion as likely to lead to needless fighting. But to hear the English condemning the German ideal when it is their own makes the judicious smile.

It is in accord with the true values to compare France and Germany and point the moral with an occasional glance at England, for France, thanks to her glorious revolution and to the genius of Napoleon is one of the most perfectly organized of modern states. First of all in efficiency, as a power of offense and defense, there can be no comparison after the teaching of this war. But admitting that Germany as a hierarchy is naturally more efficient as a military organism than a democracy, let us come to the converse test. Which state is

the freer? In which is the individual more considered?

In order that the body politic may be perfect, each individual cell composing it must be perfect too. Every cell must be fed and functioning properly in order that the whole organism may be at its best. If the utmost individual freedom be indeed an ideal (which is not by any means proved, though usually taken for granted in America), then the perfect state must accord to each individual the largest possible measure of freedom.

In 1888 Bismarck declared that in time the Germans would overcome the hostility of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine. "We Germans," he said, "govern more benevolently and humanely than the French." And he went on in words which Mr. Balfour ought to learn by heart: "we are, besides, able to grant the inhabitants (of Alsace-Lorraine) a far greater degree of communal and individual freedom than the French institutions and traditions permit or indeed ever have permitted."

It looks to-day as if Bismarck were justified in this remarkable forecast for all the representatives of Alsace-Lorraine in the Reichstag voted with the other Germans in favor of the war-supplies. Germany has won over a hostile population in forty years, and it has succeeded in part by stimulating and satisfying the desire of growth which is inherent in every people, and in part by according to the inhabi-

tants of Alsace-Lorraine perhaps as large a measure of communal and individual freedom as they were accustomed to as Frenchmen. Now, as Mr. Balfour was not ashamed of governing Ireland after more than a century of so-called British freedom by throwing his political opponents into prison without trial and tyrannizing over the whole country with a despotic Crimes Act, he will no doubt be glad to learn how "the enemy of civilization," as he loves to call Germany, succeeded where the pink of civilization and propriety, when engaged in a similar task, failed lamentably.

First of all, Alsace-Lorraine under German rule participated in the extraordinary growth of population and trade which has changed the face of Germany in the last twenty years; the two provinces have grown in population and prosperity as much as Ireland has shrunk in the same time, and prosperity is a potent factor always making for content. Then, too, German rule has not diminished freedom in Alsace-Lorraine.

Both France and Germany are self-governed in the largest sense of the word; both enjoy manhood suffrage and are thus far in advance of Great Britain with her suffrage restricted by property qualifications as well as by the plural voting of the rich. But in France authority has always been more centralized than it is in Germany. Since the time of Tacitus, the Germans have always had a large meas-

ure of communal freedom and communal power. The saying, "L'état c'est moi" of Louis XIV was never true of Germany. In Germany each commune has some power in determining its own taxes and in spending them according to its desires; whereas in France the orders come from Paris and thus democratic France, strange to say, has hardly a larger measure of communal self-government and individual freedom than "the military despotism" of Messrs. Balfour, Wells and Bennett. In military efficiency, in discipline, forethought and devotion, Germany stands easily first among the nations and in the opposite hardy virtues which flourish in individual and communal liberty, it is not inferior even to France.

France possesses several marked advantages: first of all its land was fairly partitioned out amongst its inhabitants by the revolution. It would have been better had it been kept as a possession by the State and rented out for terms of years. Private property in what is a monopoly by nature is a mistake; it ensures thrift, but it brings out sordid meanness; it is mainly responsible for the limiting of the birth-rate in France; it hinders growth without producing an equivalent measure of happiness. But in contrast with the legalized robbery of British landlords, the comparatively equal division of the land in France is almost ideal. It ensures wide-spread well-being and happiness. It is on the whole preferable to the greater in-

equality seen in Germany. It satisfies more completely the desire for justice, while being hardly less favorable to growth.

When I study the codified laws of Germany, the result of twenty years of labor, I find them inferior in nearly every respect to the Code Napoleon. The bankruptcy laws are nothing like so generous as those of France, though far more humane than those of England. The desire of all German Courts of justice is evidently to arrive at a compromise or reasonable composition of every dispute as quickly and as cheaply as possible. The lower courts especially, the *Amtsgerichte* and *Landesgerichte* and their judges appear to be inspired with this intention, and in consequence, business disputes are settled with wonderful expedition and at a ridiculously small cost.

I regard both the German and French judges as superior to English judges. The French judges are less pedantic, and much fairer-minded than the English while the Germans are better informed. The judges of both the continental nations strike one as modern and cosmopolitan, whereas the English judges even of the Court of Appeal are apt to be pedantic or whimsical; insular, in fact; they usually know at most the rudiments of one modern language, but certainly not two or more; and have no knowledge of any other social conditions, save those of England.

The laws and the judges of these countries

may be tested by their attitude toward women.

If we take the position of married women and the laws relating to divorce, we are at once brought face to face with startling and almost inexplicable differences. Divorce is very much cheaper and more easily obtained in Germany or in France than in England. Only in England is the desire for divorce on the part of both husband and wife, a reason for not granting it. When both parties to the contract are eager to withdraw from it, then the English law with whimsical unreason refuses to set either of them free.

In both the continental countries the adultery of the husband is sufficient ground not only for divorce and large alimony, but also to ensure that the guardianship of the children is given to the wife and mother. In England, cruelty must be proven against the husband as well as unfaith; the allowances for alimony are notoriously smaller in proportion to wealth and there is evidence of a constant desire to prefer the guardianship of the father though guilty of adultery to that of the faithful wife.

The status of educated women is comparatively high in both France and Germany and low in England. There are many practising women-lawyers and barristers in France and not one in Great Britain or in Germany. There are many more women doctors in France and in Germany than there are in Great Britain. In fine, everyone who has studied the matter

knows that while education is esteemed in France and honored in Germany, it is rather disdained in England and especially is this true in regard to women.

There are other and even higher tests by which the health of a national organism can be judged. In our industrial civilization, with our mastery of natural forces and consequent enormous and unprecedented increase of wealth, it was only to be expected that nine men out of ten would rush to get rich and would crowd all the avenues leading to wealth. In the mad rush, which country has taken most care of the poor and the weak and the wastrel, and which country has best provided for growth by encouraging every rare variety of intellect, talent and character? Which nation has cultivated both the weakest and the finest, the most sensitive flowers—the poor on one hand and on the other those who steer humanity, so to speak, the brain-workers who do not desire riches mainly, the Sacred Band of the Intellectuals, the lovers of science and thought, the artists and men of letters?

The question needs only to be stated to be answered. In both respects, Germany has done much more than any other country. Unemployment and poverty meant waste and inefficiency and consequently, Germany with its ideal of an efficient organism tackled the difficulty at once and from many sides, as a duty, and prac-

tically put some sort of end to it by a thousand agencies, by labor bureaus in town and country on the one hand, and by state-aided insurances against accident and unemployment on the other. The cost of guarding against the damage to life and health of the dangerous trades was made a tax on the industries themselves by Germany, while in England, greedy employers are allowed to disregard even the orders of the Home Office and murder the weak almost at will.

The yearly bill of the German State for the care of its sick, injured and aged, amounts to thirty-four millions sterling; whereas in England under the Workmen's Compensation Act, while less than three millions sterling is paid in compensation, four millions a year go in expenses. Germany spends on social services 50 per cent more than on her army and navy.

In 1881, Bismarck told the world the ideal of Germany in regard to poverty. "A State is responsible," he said, "for the things it does not do. Our laws," he went on, "already shield the laborer from starvation. But that is not enough. The workman should look forward without fear to the future and old age. The present bill intends to keep alive in the poorest, the sense of human dignity which even the worst-off German shall enjoy if I have my way. The laborer should feel that he is not going to be a mere almstaker when he is sick or old, but

that he possesses a fund which is his own." And then he went on to talk of a "Christian State" with its wider responsibilities.

For years now, there has been less unemployment in Germany than in any other State in Christendom, less than in the United States or even France and the large immigration into Germany alone of European countries, proves the superior status of the wage-earner.

The problems of poverty and unemployment have been practically solved in Germany, whereas in England nearly one-half of the population always live below the line of normal health and strength, while the unemployed and starving constitute, as Carlyle puts it, "a sloughing sore, eating away and enfeebling the healthy part of the body politic." When I think of the two countries and of the way "rich" England has shuffled out of her responsibilities and has not only neglected her poor but does more than any other State to degrade and injure them by law, I am constrained to regard England and not Germany as "the enemy of civilization."

But it is in the treatment of the "intellectuals" that Germany ranks above all modern States, while in this particular England stands somewhat on the level of Spain. It is here that we shall find the true explanation of German progress and German patriotism and German pride. First of all, the Universities are freer of access in Germany than they are in

France and of course, still freer than in England. The chemical and physical laboratories supported by the State in Germany, are more numerous than in France and ten fold more numerous than in Great Britain. There have been forty-six Nobel winners of prizes in science: fourteen of them have been Germans, seven have been Frenchmen and only five have been Englishmen: the mere fact speaks loudly enough.

The highly educated class is thrice as large in Germany in proportion to population as it is in France and at least ten times more numerous than it is in Great Britain. I could mass figures to prove this and to show the wonderful effect of it; but a few bare facts must suffice: there are 100,000 University and Polytechnic students of the first class in Germany and hardly more than 10,000 in Great Britain and of these 10,000, barely half are to be compared with the German student. Since the founding of the Empire, the population has increased from 40,000,000 to 70,000,000 and the number of students from 22,000 to 100,000. And finally, while the population of Germany increased 1.4 in 1913, the number of students increased 4.6, and of the total number 4.4 are women.

One result of the widely diffused and better education in Germany is that artists and men of science and of letters of the best class have a far larger public in Germany to appeal to than anywhere else in Europe. I have already

shown how infinitely higher the position of a great writer or thinker is in France than in England, and the position of such a man in Germany is as good as it is in France. Take the highest class of all, the prophets and lovers of the deeper truths, who usually are disliked by their contemporaries for they live "on the forehead of the time to come" as Keats puts it, and consider their status. Friedrich Nietzsche who loved strength and believed in the superman and hated the household German virtues and the homely German life, nevertheless found readers and passionate support in Germany. A generation or two earlier, Heine mocked and made fun of Germany from one end of his life to the other, but yet he, too, was read and loved by thousands of Germans. But what prophet has ever been honored in England during his own lifetime? What lover of men and of the humane ideal has ever found a hearing in those sordid ears? It is mediocrity that is loved and honored and rewarded in England, mediocrity and those who defend the oligarchy and the present condition of things by praising England and all things English without discrimination or understanding, like Kipling, Wells, Balfour & Co.; but the true artists and teachers and lovers of the ideal, the Brownings, the Whistlers, the Wallaces, the Davidsons and the Middletons find there a bitter, cold reception. Whenever I have thought of England in

the last fifteen years, of her neglect of the poor and of her contempt of her real teachers and prophets on the one hand, and on the other of her great place in the world and her oligarchy and its arrogance and power, I have always felt that England is the real enemy of civilization, for more than a hundred years now the chief obstacle to the humanization of man.

I have asserted that life in Germany is freer than life in England or even in France; but it is extremely difficult to prove this: freedom is too impalpable to be measured by figures; one is of necessity thrown back on the statements of authorities. The Reichstag Deputy and convinced Socialist, Herr Sudekum, the other day defending the German Socialists' vote for the war-credits, said: "What good would any change do us? In reality no country is so free as Germany. France and England together don't possess as much freedom as our German Empire." Let us take the best American opinion on the subject, that of Mr. Price Collier, with the understanding that Mr. Collier is more English even than the English in his dislike of governmental interference with the individual; yet he says:

"It is a strange contradiction in German life that while they are as a people governed minutely and in detail, forbidden personal freedom along certain lines to which we should find it hard to submit, they are freer morally, freer

in their literature, their art, their music, their social life, and in their unself-conscious expression of them than other people."

Without fear of contradiction I assert that this so-called "military despotism" has not only a larger measure of individual freedom than England, but it is also more socialistic than England is likely to become for many a day. The waste lands belonging to the State have been developed by a magnificent Forestry Department where young Englishmen are now sent to learn their work before being dispatched to India as forest officials. The German railways belong to the State and are managed more successfully than they were managed as private concerns. And this socialistic institution is cunningly used to increase the efficiency of the army. It is well known that the real superiority of the German army over all other armies is to be found in its splendid non-commissioned officers. These men are picked from the ranks and spend fifteen years with the colors. But they are kept at the highest pitch of efficiency by the certainty and importance of their reward. If they do well, they are all sure of places after their term of military service, either on the state railways or in the police. And wherever they are used they prove themselves superbly efficient, energetic and honest. In England, an attempt has been made, too, to ensure employment to old soldiers, who have served twelve years with the colors. They

are enrolled as Commissionaires and employed at the doors of restaurants and clubs to play polite and pouch tips.

In almost every respect, German life is saner and healthier than life in England.

In the great majority of German cities public-utility services, gas, water, electricity, street-railways, slaughter-houses, and even canals, docks, and pawnshops are owned and controlled by the cities themselves. There is no loop-hole for private plunder, but a desire on the part of all citizens to enforce the strictest economy and the most expert efficiency.

Or take a test not of wisdom in material things; but of character, and of morals in the highest sense. I remember in Germany, thirty years ago, there were many Brod-Studenten, students who had to gain a living from the knowledge acquired in the University; but they were conscientious. At that time, there were several thousand places as Christian pastors unfilled in Protestant Germany. Thousands of students wanted a decent living but would not preach or practise a religion they no longer believed in, for what Emerson calls "the ignoble pleasures of bed and board." But all the vicar and curate places in England are filled by men only too eager to compromise with conscience if by so compromising they can obtain an easeful life and good position without much work; a vicar's post to-day in England is called a "living."

Many years ago, the late Cecil Rhodes told me of his intention to bring University students from all the colonies and from America and Germany to Oxford. I could not help laughing, the scheme seemed to me fantastically absurd. Fancy bringing real University students down to a high-school like Oxford, where men are treated like boys and constrained to go to Chapel in the morning whether they wish to or not and to be in their college at night by nine or ten o'clock.

"No, no, Rhodes," I cried, "if you want to do good, send hundreds of English students from Oxford and Cambridge each year to some German University, and come to think of it, you might send a hundred members of Parliament, too, and half a dozen Ministers. Then, indeed, you might in time help to achieve the impossible and make of England a modern State."

Let me once again quote Mr. Price Collier. In the chapter on "The Land of Damned Professors" he sums it all up thus: "It remains to be said that Germany has trained her whole population into the best working team in the world. Without the natural advantages of either England or America she has become the rival of both. Her superior mental training has enabled her to wrest wealth from by-products." . . . And "the best schools in Germany he assures us, "are the Army and the Navy."

Parliament has passed over ten thousand laws in England in the last fifty years and not

one has ever served as model or example or been copied or adopted in any other European country. But Mr. Lloyd George has attempted lately to introduce into England the whole German system of insurance against accident and sickness and Mr. Winston Churchill has tried tardily to imitate the German Labor Exchanges which give information about employment, but here as always what Heine calls "*der Fluch der Halbheit*," or "the curse of the half-way measure" is over everything in England and must necessarily be till the land is retaken by the people and the rule of the oligarchy is ended.

The whole position of Germany—her strength and her necessities—was admirably defined by Bismarck as early as 1888. The speech is known by the great word, "We Germans fear God and naught else in the world." It is, I think, the greatest speech of the last hundred years. It may well be compared with Lincoln's noble speech at Gettysburg. Here is one most significant passage:

"The Franco-Russian press within which we are squeezed, compels us to hold together, and by this pressure our cohesive force is greatly increased." And afterwards this:

"God has placed us where we are prevented, thanks to our neighbors, from growing lazy and dull."

And this brings me naturally to the central and highest truth of all: every handicap in life is an advantage to the strong. It was the stut-

tering speech of Demosthenes that made him the best of orators; it was the low birth and poverty and scanty education of Shakespeare that made him our chief of men. It is Germany's position ringed round by watchful, greedy foes that has made Germany great. She had to solve the problems of life honestly and sincerely or go under, and conscious of her strength and believing in knowledge, she solved them one after the other, each conquest giving her assurance of the next.

Was she weak? Effort and training would make her strong. Was she ignorant? Cheap schools and universities would bring knowledge. Had the old apprentice system broken down? Technical schools would better the old training. Was she poor? Work and knowledge would give her wealth. Was her strength being drained by the unemployed on the one hand and emigration on the other? Well, she did her best to provide employment for all and as she took care of the poor, emigration ceased and the population grew and with growth everywhere and success came the result of growth, the pride of accomplishment. Her envious critics say that Germans are conceited and self-assertive, but no nation has ever made such progress as Germany has made in the last twenty years and are not all strong, successful men apt to be conceited?

One story which I read recently in a New York paper gives me the true spirit of modern

Germany. An American correspondent in Berlin wrote saying that what surprised him most of all was the high cheerfulness of the people: the mother and sisters seeing the son and brother off to the war, go smiling and with only one word on their lips—*gratuliere*; the girl going to meet her lover who was returning from the war without his right arm; "*gratuliere*," she cries bravely, "'twas lost for the Fatherland." On every side, no sorrow, no tears allowed; nothing but *gratuliere*!

No wonder Germany stands victorious as the first of modern states. It is not her army or her schools, or her growth in population or in wealth, still less her constitution or her methods admirable though many of them are, which gives her the laurel-wreath of the world's reluctant admiration; it is the spirit informing and inspiring the whole organism, the resolve to live greatly or die greatly but not to live ignobly or on sufferance as parasite or subject; it is the understanding that this life is our great opportunity, that here and now if we men will, we can conquer all difficulties and overcome all enemies and turn all stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones. It is the new-born faith in man—the consciousness of man's power and the glory of man's achievement—that has made Germany great and in spite of all odds and all alliances, will continue her in victory!

CHAPTER VII

Paris in the First Weeks of War

Life in Paris, even in mid-summer, is often prolific of tense, dramatic moments, but July, 1914, might be called in French fashion—The Month of Sensations.

First of all, the Caillaux trial, ending in the acquittal of Madame Caillaux amid demonstrations of discontent on the Boulevards.

Then the news that Juarez, the great socialist orator and leader had been shot dead when dining quietly in a little restaurant on the corner next his newspaper office: a dreadful crime, inexplicable, stupid, making us realize the appalling savageries that must have gone on in the dim backward and abyssm of time and are fated to return sporadically in senseless lust of slaughter, in murder and assassination! Shall we never outgrow the cave-man?

All the summer through, beneath the surface there had been a certain tension: "money was tight" bankers said, and no sufficient reason for the stringency of the market.

In those lazy, hot days we had read of the murder of the Grand Duke and his wife, as of something far off and comparatively unimportant; then, afterwards, of the Austrian note to Servia.

Suddenly, one morning at the Foreign Office, I heard that Russia was mobilizing and the authorities were evidently anxious. I began to grow uneasy, apprehensive; then came the German ultimatum to Russia, and then crash—war; war, the incredible; war involving France?—the mobilization orders published; the die cast! Hell let loose!

On Sunday, the 2nd of August, Paris was declared in a state of siege, put under martial law and a military governor, and placarded with notices that all foreigners must show their passports to the nearest Commissioner of Police and obtain his written permission to reside in the city or to leave it. Forty-eight hours were given as time-limit and yet we could not grasp the appalling fact of a world-war.

That same evening all Parisians flocked to the grand boulevards, from the Parc Monceau and the fortifications, from the Latin quarter and the aristocratic Boulevard St. Germain:—a broad river of people flowing all over the street and pavements, men for the most part, with set faces and eager eyes, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. Practically no taxis or carriages; bands of foreigners marching through the crowd proclaiming their allegiance to France and their love of the French. First, two hundred Roumanians four deep with flags, crying at intervals *Vive la France!*; then a band of Italians followed by Spaniards and Greeks, a giant leader in national costume,

white petticoat and all—à Berlin, hoo, hoo! and then a small English contingent crying at intervals—vive la France! to be answered by the Marseillaise taken up by ten thousand voices—a certain solemnity in the great chant rising and falling in vast waves of sound.

As we went home by the Place de la Concorde, we debated whether the English would cast in their lot with the French. It seemed to me almost certain they would; the trade-rivalry was so strong. As we came into the great square, we saw all the foreign demonstrators massed round the statue of Strassburg, and heard the voice of some orator—"France has not forgotten her lost children . . . France will win them back after forty years—Alsace Lorraine—quand même."

We passed by Cleopatra's Needle where the guillotine stood during the Terror. Were we to see such dreadful days again? The searchlight from the roof of the Automobile Club swept over the great square and lighted up the golden dome of the Invalides; what would he who sleeps there so quietly say of it all, the great Captain and condottiere who has some responsibility for these events also, for he made it impossible for Frenchmen to believe in defeat. It is ten o'clock when we pass between the ramping horses of Marly:—

Up the long dim road where thundered
The Army of Italy onward
By the great pale Arch of the Star.

Another army came down that same road in '70, an army in Pickel-Hauben—Hammer or anvil—which will France be? I was full of fear. Modern war, like modern business, has become immense, depends now not on individual courage and initiative but on organization, and the Germans are as good organizers as the French are bad: anything might happen, but . . . I was anxious, apprehensive, shaken with vague doubts I didn't want to face in definite words.

On Monday morning I awoke with a curious feeling of expectancy. I had to see my secretary, an English girl, off by the train. We drove to the Gare du Nord, found it blocked by an immense crowd of people hastening to leave the capital: sergents-de-ville everywhere. The only way to leave was through Lille and Dunkirk, all the other lines were taken up by the mobilization and the two trains for Lille already crammed. No more passengers to-day: not possible to buy a ticket; no admittance even to the station. What was to be done? I saw a keen faced employé and spoke to him: could he get a young lady on the train even without her luggage? I showed him a louis. Light came into his eyes: "Follow me," he whispered. We sped round to the back of the station to the yard where we could see the rails and trains. A man stepped in front of us ordering curtly "Demi-tour" (right about).

Our guide flourished a yellow piece of paper

and said mysteriously, "Un laissez-passer du Prefet" (an order to pass—from the Prefect). The curt guardian drew back bowing, and we hurried across the lines of rails and the girl climbed into the overcrowded train and waved "good-bye."

Coming outside the station there was a knot in the crowd, and a heated argument: a big fair man disputing, pushed his adversary back rudely. Suddenly his enemy struck him in the face, and in a moment to a cry of "Sale Allemand," the big man was hurled on his back, and the crowd swirled round him, wild figures, striking, kicking. In a moment the sergents-de-ville rushed in and thrust the crowd back—only just in time. The big man was plucked to his feet, all limp and bleeding, and half carried, half pushed down the street with the policemen all about him, while here and there an excited onlooker rushed out and struggled through the police to strike at the pale face—a grim foretaste.

Possessing no passport I went to the American Consulate and got a signed declaration of American citizenship which I took to the Commissaire de Police of my quarter. There was an immense crowd before the door and a long queue to boot of all classes. Automobiles ranged on one side of the street, and on the other a patient throng. I returned again at nightfall when in the semi-darkness a five franc piece to the sergent-de-ville gave me priority

of admittance and the required permits, to stay in the besieged city.

The next day was eventful. There were hardly any taxi-autos in the street, and the few were difficult to get and dear. The Avenue of the Champs Elysées was empty: detachments of soldiers marching briskly, laughing; passers by on the sidewalks cheering them and now and again singing snatches of the Marseillaise. Everything gay until we got to the Bank. There I was told that I could not draw even the money I had deposited a few days before. I could have two hundred and fifty francs and five per cent of my money, but no more.

"Why?" I asked.

The banker shrugged his shoulders: "For our protection against a possible run; haven't you seen the proclamation?"

The democratic French Government coming to the rescue of the richest corporations of the city! An astounding fact! We were soon to learn that a similar "moratorium" had been declared in England, more drastic even, for a week the banks could close and give nothing. All the powers of organized society to help the richest and protect them!

It took a Caesar, we said to ourselves, to strike in on behalf of the debtors, and remit one-third of their debts. Modern Governments protect the rich even in democratic France!

No more curious, no more significant fact will be recorded of this time, and more extra-

ordinary still, no one revolted, no one murmured even; the fiat was accepted universally in patient quiet. Think of it, the man you had given a thousand pounds to keep for you, whom you paid for keeping it, now by law refused to give you back your own money, and still men talk of justice? No other business protected, but money is protected, money that to-day is all powerful, a god!

We lunched at the Ritz Hotel, but before sitting down we were warned by the Manager courteously that we must pay cash for the lunch, credit having ceased.

"But the Banks," we say, "won't give us our money." Mr. Ellis' eyebrows go up, his hands shoot out in deprecation . . .

"We must pay cash for everything we buy," he says.

"Que voulez vous?" Everyone must pay cash except the banker. How delightfully democratic!

That afternoon I heard that a Maggi shop had been wrecked. I knew, of course, that the Maggi milk establishments were founded and run by Germans, but all German shops were not wrecked. I remembered vaguely that a couple of years before there had been a scandal about one of these Maggi shops: a baby was said to have died of drinking the milk they supplied, milk which had been preserved, poisoned if you will, by boracic acid.

We saw a crowd in the distance, our chauff-

feur told us it was a Maggi shop. We rushed there to see the fun: as we came up, the crowd threw themselves on the windows and door, in a trice the flood burst in, the shop was gutted and the furniture thrown into the street. Looking at the wild angry faces of the men and women, we caught a glimpse of what has been. French nature has not altered much in the hundred years since the Revolution . . . there may be mad work yet.

On Wednesday at about eight o'clock in the morning my servant came to tell me that food had gone up in price, ham three times as dear as it had been the day before and no credit, everybody had to pay cash, everybody except the Banks! What was to be done? Vague memories of the former siege of Paris came to me, when dogs were sold dearer than hares, and rats even had a price. I sallied forth immediately to lay in a stock of rice, but I was met here, there and everywhere with the fact that I could only buy small quantities, even for cash, other people being still more prescient than I had been. Would Felix Potin the great grocer be as miserly? I hurried in a taxi to his headquarters to find that Potin would only sell me two pounds of rice though I was a well-known and regular customer. The thrill of expectancy became tinged with vague anxiety.

I wished to return by the underground railway, the "metro": "No trains for civilians, all taken for troops."

Finding I had to walk, I thought I'd see what effect this holding up of food supplies would have on the poorer classes, so I went down to the Place des Vosges and afterwards to the Quartier de St. Antoine. In the poorer quarters the men and women were in the streets in knots and groups, talking and gesticulating in the eager vivid French way. Suddenly ahead of us a woman came out in the street crying and shaking her fist at the shop door she had just left. At once the crowd rushed towards her, and in another moment they had sacked the shop and were hurrying away, this one with his arms laden with parcels of sugar, that one with something else, a woman with a child shrieking over a package she had got hold of. Was it another German shop? No! It was a French shop, this time, the shop of a French grocer, who had asked thirty sous for some sugar priced fifteen sous the day before.

"Bien fait," was the cry, and there was the woman who had begun the revolt, a notable figure with her grey hair and strong face set off by hard grey eyes and tense mouth. "Il a voulu voler, lui."—"He wanted to rob, he did," she cried. "Why should he ask more for his sugar to-day than he did yesterday, why twice as much?"

I could not help smiling to myself. How long would the vaunted "law of the market" stand as law in these times? Clearly liberty to ask what price you liked for your goods was not

going to survive long in France. If the state protected the Banker, and held up the money, the poor would not allow themselves to be robbed to boot barefacedly.

An hour or two later we learned that an edict had been issued by the Military Governor, that all eatables were to be sold at the ordinary price, which simply meant that from that time on we got worse quality. The York ham suddenly became uneatable unless we were willing to pay two prices for it. Evidently it is easier to help the rich with "moratoria" than the poor to food!

There is a keen sense of justice, however, among these fine French people: "*Elle a bien fait*" was the verdict of the crowd on the woman who would not be overcharged:—"she did quite right!"

That evening I heard from a high official at the Foreign Office that English co-operation was certain—the world at war!

Next morning my barber became interesting. He declared that the victory would be immediate. It appeared there was a M. Turpin, the inventor of Melinite, the most famous of explosive powders. Now M. Turpin, according to my barber, had invented an explosive still more deadly, when a shell burst which contained it, its fumes killed everyone within a quarter of a mile. "If the Germans get that," he said, "they will soon pelt back to Germany."

When I pressed him with questions, I found

he knew little or nothing about the famous inventor; but hoped the more . . .

Day after day, we heard of hotels closing and restaurants shutting up, and theatres stopping, though the Theatre Français went on for about a week. Paris was very dull throughout the ten days of active mobilization; in a state of suspended animation, so to speak, but excited and suspicious as one little incident showed.

I met the postman at the lodge of the Concierge about seven o'clock one evening. He was telling eagerly how the German Manager of the Astoria Hotel had been found sending wireless telegrams to the Germans at Berlin, and how he had been hanged outside his hotel. The Hotel Astoria being only a few hundred yards away, I hurried there to see if the news were true. No sign of hanging, but after some time I was told that the Manager had been arrested, and had been taken away, but no one knew what had become of him.

The first news that came to us from the outside was the invasion of Luxemburg, then the Germans' attack on Liège and England's reasons for joining the Allies. Sir Edward Grey put his case excellently. England was compelled to defend the neutrality of Belgium, an engagement of honor, he said. And when Italy refused to strike in with Germany on the ground that Germany-Austria were the aggressors, the case seemed complete. Germany was to blame. Yet I knew of the envy underlying

the English action. Germany had become great too quickly, a formidable rival to English industry and commerce, and had provided herself with a fleet to boot, that was the real reason why England drew the sword.

At first the censored war news was incredibly good. The Belgians had thrown back the Germans. The Germans were pouring through Luxemburg; but had been checked at Liège. Les braves Belges had done wonders and there was Namur behind, stronger still. Strangers shook hands in the street, everyone was confident.

Day after day, news of French successes. The French were pushing into Alsace; they had taken Mulhouse; a few days later they had won the mountain passes, had even reached Mount Donon, and were ready to descend into the plain before Strassburg. In Lorraine, too, they were advancing victoriously: astounding news! Were the French then exceptionally brave or what could be the explanation of their easy success!

Then less favorable news—the Germans attacking Liège had entered the town.

The German Emperor was furious with England it appeared, the German Chancellor too, all raging against the hypocrisy of the English, the people who had promised solemnly to give up Egypt and to leave the Boer republics alone, pretending to fight for a promise, for “a scrap of paper.” Mr. F. E. Smith, lawyer-like, paint-

ed the lily by declaring that the "one thing England stands for in the world is the sanctity of a promise—England's word, her bond."

Then blow on blow,—the true truth! The Germans had captured Liège, and flung the Belgians aside. The Germans had entered Brussels, and levied a war fine of ten millions, sterling. Even more startling news followed.

The Belgian Army had fled to Antwerp; four German Armies were pushing through Belgium toward the French frontier.

Then grimmer news still. The French advance in Alsace-Lorraine has been stopped, the 15th Army Corps having run away. It was explained that they were made up of recruits from the South—from Marseilles, Nice and Toulon:—"Those wretched Southerners!"

Then came the French Censor's untimely boast that the enemy was not on French soil, and on top of that the news of the fighting at Charleroi, and the retirement of the French within their border. Then the English were flung back from Mons. How many of them nobody could say. Some said only two Army Corps, others even less. The majority of well-informed people seemed inclined to blame the English for the reverse, declaring that there ought to have been 250,000 English soldiers in the line of battle, that the French had told the English before the war that less than that number would be no good. It was plain that both the French and English had been taken by

surprise, outwitted and outnumbered and flung back. The Allies are retreating.

Of course, the Censor told us that all this "retiring" was "strategical," but the retiring kept on from day to day at great speed. Optimism vanished, one began to see that the Germans were doing great things, sweeping in like a tidal wave, carrying everything before them. To-day they were at Peronne, next day at St. Quentin, the day after south of Compiègne. Every day the beaten Allied Army came nearer Paris at an extraordinary rate. Usually, armies, when unopposed, move at about ten miles a day. This army "retiring for strategical purposes," was hurrying at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles a day.

Then came knots of English fugitives and everybody began to rage against the paucity of the news and the foolish verbal euphemisms of the English press—all our retirings "strategical," practically "victories." We began to doubt everything told us.

The stories of German atrocities grew with the German successes and soon became wholly incredible: German soldiers putting women in front of them when marching to the attack—worse than absurd. Lies, we told ourselves, in war time become as plentiful as bullets, the same English papers that had vilified the Boers, declaring that a thousand of them would run away from one English company, now called the Germans "Huns" and "Savages."

I recalled the universal verdict on the conduct of the Germans in the war of '70; no victorious soldiers had ever conducted themselves better. How could they have suddenly become savages? All armies commit outrages occasionally; the English ought to know that better than most nations.

How often is a prize fight fought perfectly fairly? Yet there are always watchful eyes to condemn unfairness and a referee to disqualify for a foul. Like the English the Germans are pedants and observe rules better than most other races, even the rules of warfare.

The truth is that ordinary men want to believe evil about their enemies, and this credulity produces atrocities as it once produced miracles. The great German people distinguished from the time of Tacitus for their respect for women, cannot suddenly have changed character.

News came of the destruction of Louvain. There must have been good reason for it, we said, just as we found there was a good reason for the running away of the 15th French Army Corps. It appeared they had been led to a plateau and a German airplane had swung over and signaled their position. The plateau turned out to be a glacis commanded by the forts of New Brisach. In a moment there was a terrific cross fire sweeping the plateau, a devilish hail of shrapnel. The 15th Army Corps withered; no soldiers could have sustained the

shock. But their nerve even was not gone, for a couple of days later, they fought as bravely as ever, under a new Commander.

All this while Paris was becoming terribly depressed. "It has gone badly with us," the Parisians said, "and the Censor is afraid to tell us the whole truth." This modern policy of abolishing war correspondents is the worst possible policy. After all, when the war correspondents were sending messages, war had its compensations. We had dramatic stories that fired the blood, stories of individual hardihood or magnanimity or kindness, now nothing to lift the spirit and reconcile one to the horrors of the insane butchery.

All through those dreadful days, the conduct and spirit of the Parisians held superbly; they even disciplined themselves to accept whatever order was issued. The authorities were frightened of a popular rising; they had not forgotten the commune of '70. They ordered the restaurants to be closed at eight. All restaurants were closed immediately. They warned against crowds coming together in the streets, particularly at night. Parisians kept to their houses. The French to-day are able to bear the worst. "If the Germans can beat us," they said practically, "why they must, but we'll fight to the end."

One instance of their cool self-control. It became known that the great searchlight that played over the Place de la Concorde every

night was directed by Germans, the Parisians smiled: "They are some good then." In '70 they would have cried, "Traitors," and gone mad.

Suddenly came the news that the Premier, Viviani, had resigned, the other ministers followed suit, a new Ministry of the best of all parties was being formed. Delcassé came back to power and Ribot; Millerand as Minister of War, and two Socialists, one of them de Guesde. Clearly the authorities must be scared. The new rulers brought out a new proclamation:—they wished to unite all French parties in face of the enemy; this was to be a fight to a finish. Everyone felt that the idea was a good one, but thought that Clemenceau should have been in the Ministry. Viviani had offered him a post, it appeared, but not sufficient influence, perhaps, and his vigorous criticism went on day after day.

Then came a strange and characteristic story. Long before this all the motor cars of rich people had been commandeered for the Army. Now the story went about that Messimy, the late Minister of War, had lent out motor-cars to his friends and that pretty girls, actresses and music-hall celebrities had been figuring about in grand cars commandeered for the service of the State. The Parisians laughed. The story was characteristically French and held more than a kernel of truth. The most practical of the commandeered cars were put to use,

but all could not be used and a few were doubtless misused in the manner rumored.

The fact held a prodigious moral for me for I knew how the Germans had provided themselves years before with the sort of motor-car which they considered most useful. In 1909, I think it was, motor-cabs were about to be placed for hire on the streets in Berlin and other German cities. There was some talk about the matter in motoring circles at the time. The German police, it appeared, had instituted very precise regulations: in order to be licensed to ply for hire the motor-cab had to fulfil certain conditions: it had to be able to turn almost in its own length; the axles had to be of a certain strength; the steering very simple; the consumption of essence very small. Motorists were astonished at some of the conditions. The thought never entered our heads that these conditions were instituted by the German General Staff in order to have at any given moment an ample supply of cars suitable for military requirements. At the outbreak of the war the German Staff commandeered all these motor-cabs and of some 80,000 found 50,000 in good condition. These they used in Belgium for the quicker transportation of men, food and munitions of war. No wonder the German forces are always more mobile than the French or English or Russian forces. Success in war is now as in business, a question of foresight and organization.

Towards the end of the month, the first German airplane sailed over Paris and dropped two bombs. It did nothing but wound a woman; later ones killed women and children; the brutality called out the finest French spirit. The practice seemed to me a mistake in judgment even from the German point of view. Why kill non-combatants needlessly? But the French accepted it perfectly. "It is free to us to do them the same injury," was all they said.

A few days later, I saw a German Taube coming over and heard the dull report of a bomb. A crowd of men and women in the streets near the Gare St. Lazare all ran towards the airplane out of sheer excitement to see what would happen, though on all sides was heard the crackling of rifles and apparently of mitrailleuses from the Eiffel Tower trying to bring down the German bird. These bombs told us how near the Germans were to Paris, and another fact enforced the lesson.

Next day we ran into an immense crowd of people near St. Sulpice.

"Who are they," we asked. Country people coming into Paris with their household goods in their hands, fleeing before the Germans. That evening there were thousands more of them. The various mairies we learned were snowed under. But the authorities were encouraged by the press and people to pass these poor houseless folk on towards the South; *pas de bouches inutiles* (no useless mouths) was

the order of the day. Belated foreigners made ready to leave Paris.

Then came the news that the Germans had cut the line from Paris to Boulogne; they were in Amiens; no more trains that way. Then the line from Paris to Dieppe was threatened. Soldiers were parked in the Avenue du Bois; barricades thrown up on the outer boulevards; all lights even street lamps put out at night. I went to see Monsieur Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies and Academician as well, and had an hour's talk with him and learned the true state of affairs.

Monsieur Deschanel received me in his President's house just behind the War Office, a charming dwelling set back with a great square in front and a homely avenue of trees, an abode one would have said of ancient peace. M. Deschanel is of middle height, an alert man of about forty-five, with a fine head, bright eyes, keen expression—a handsome man and a courteous. He reminded me at the beginning that for twenty years past he had labored constantly to form the Triple Entente. I knew his writings and admitted his foresight. Though we have got war, he argued, and it seems to be going against us, we have it under the most favorable conditions possible. Germany and Austria alone against us, and with us England and Russia, Belgium too, and the good will of Italy and indeed of all civilized peoples. It is those dreadful Krupp guns that have made the issue

doubtful for the moment; but "only for the moment," he was careful to add.

"Tell me about them," I entreated.

"We found out about them," he said, "at Namur. Liège defended itself successfully at first against the German attack, but as soon as the Germans brought up their heavy guns, the position was carried. They are tremendous weapons. One instance. Two forts at Namur commanded the railway. We all felt sure that it would take the Germans a month to reduce them and capture Namur. That was the opinion of our experts. But they got them in one afternoon. The fire of the great Krupp guns was terrific. The big shells went five or six yards into the ground and blew the forts to atoms; we have nothing round Paris to stop them.

Altogether, M. Deschanel was depressing. He saw, however, the brighter side as well.

"The decisive factors are all in our favor," he argued. "As we retreat the German line of communication gets longer; their power shrinks, while ours grows. The English are doing all they can; the Russians, too; more than we had even hoped. They are more successful than we dreamed they would be so soon. We must win finally, but we shall have to abandon Paris."

"Abandon Paris," I cried; "what do you mean?"

"The Government must go to Bordeaux. It

is going to-morrow or the next day. All arrangements have been made."

"But surely," I said, "Paris will be able to defend itself for some weeks or days?"

"I'm afraid not," he replied. "Those Krupp guns have made all forts worthless. The Germans will be in Paris in a day or so. Paris is lost. Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it?" And he moved about the room restlessly.

"By going to Bordeaux, we want to tell our people that we mean to fight to the last: the taking of Paris even shall be only an incident in the struggle."

"That is the proper spirit," I could not help saying; "the spirit that the French troops showed at Malplaquet, the determination never to be beaten."

That same afternoon I saw regiment after regiment of French soldiers marching down the Champs Elysées. Everywhere sturdy figures and cheerful faces; they made even the crowd smile with their merry greetings, and in mind one could not help contrasting them with that army of 1814 which Napoleon used to such purpose against the invaders. In 1814 the French army was made up almost exclusively of boys from fifteen to eighteen and of men from fifty-five to seventy. A noticeable fact, too—all these conscript lads were already married. France had given so many hundreds of thousands of her best to Napoleon that she had only

boys and old men left: but the dauntless French spirit was there and its habit of blague: its power of laughing at itself held in 1814 as in 1914. Those conscript boys were called "Marie Louises" in contemptuous reference to the Austrian queen. Yet at Montereau a month later they swept through the German cavalry, and won victory after victory over all their foes. Would these stalwart cheery fellows do as well? "They have no Napoleon," I thought, "but it is a warlike race."

Next morning at six o'clock amid a host of fugitive French people fleeing for safety to England, I saw my women folk off by the last train that went through to Dieppe. With passes they could not get seats even, but had to stand in crowded third class carriages; but still they got away, though they were not allowed to take their trunks, but only hand luggage.

I was rejoiced to see them off in safety. The train, I learned, would take the whole day to get to the coast; they might be inconvenienced and bored; but they would reach peace and comfort on the morrow.

I intended to stay and see the Germans enter Paris: that would be an historic event of fateful significance. It occurred to me that it might decide the issue of the war and practically end it. For the Germans could then bargain with the French almost irresistibly: "We'll give you back Paris and the north of

France," they might say, "even the French-speaking communes of Alsace-Lorraine, if you'll make a durable peace." How could the French resist the bait? Their authorities said they would, but I thought it too much to expect of human nature.

The very next day, I think, came the news that the Allies had agreed not to make peace separately: England beginning to realize her danger.

I wanted to get to the front to see some of the actual fighting; but it was more advisable, I decided, for the moment to stay in Paris and watch events.

The next day I ran out to Chantilly in a motor-car and had numberless interesting experiences. The road was crowded with country people fleeing as from a fire, laden down with their household belongings; all sorts of vehicles, too, crowded the pavé, from children's go-carts piled high with odds and ends to hay-wagons packed as for emigration. Here and there in the crowd knots of English and French soldiers who had got separated from their regiments; many of the English in especial, fagged out by rapid marching and not enough rest—one and all complaining of want of sleep—no time to sleep.

Frenchmen of the middle-class related how they had buried their silver and abandoned their houses. One told us of receiving the evening before a band of French soldiers among

whom were a couple of English Tommies; none of them had washed for a week, or had had any sleep. He took them into his barn and shook down hay for them. Before he had finished they were all asleep and this morning they washed. "You should have seen the dirt—poor devils—war is hell!"

Everyone I asked had the same answer. "The Germans outnumbered us, outflanked us; we had to get back as hard as we could." What would be the next move?

I felt certain Paris would be taken; but I couldn't understand the Germans giving the beaten enemy even one day to rest and recuperate. But all that day Von Kluck appeared to be resting on his laurels. Next morning in Paris I heard that Von Kluck was sweeping round to the South and East. What on earth for? Everyone, who knew anything, was amazed. Some spoke of Paris being too strong to take, too big to occupy. Then we heard all sorts of wild explanations, none of which would have satisfied a child.

Next day or the day after, we heard that Von Kluck with his staff was at Sezanne many miles to the East and South of Paris. His whole army of over 250,000 men had swept around Paris, leaving the city untouched, unmasked, unwatched! What did it all mean?

Again I got out in a friend's motor-car and ran down towards Coulommiers where we were headed off by French troops and sent back.

One thing was certain: Paris was not going to be taken. The Germans had given up the greatest prize in the war! What was the explanation? I had to wait weeks before I heard the true story, which I shall tell later.

The moral of events, so far, seems clear. The German organization for war was enormously superior to the French as everyone should have guessed it would be. Anyone who knows the French post office, knows how inferior it is in organization to the German post office.

The French organization of industry is inferior even to the English. The French people are greater individualists, less disciplined than the English people, therefore, the State organizations are not so efficient.

M. Barres, the Deputy and Academician, writing in the "Echo de Paris" the other day, admitted that their weakness in organization was the French "sin against the Spirit" which would have to be altered in the future.

And the English post office is not so efficient as the German post office, is indeed a mere copy of the German as organized by Herr Stepan. Accordingly, German mobilization was far more efficient than French mobilization; the French, too, were hypnotized by the idea of Alsace-Lorraine and the war of '70, and sent all their best troops to that frontier. They did not foresee the attack through Belgium, and even when Liège was taken they were slow to wheel about and face the real invasion by Char-

leroi and Maubeuge and Longwy. They were manifestly not prepared to resist properly the attack through Belgium. They had been outmanœuvred.

Never before has such a feat of arms been accomplished. In a month the Germans tossed the Belgians aside, drove back the English and French, and with unparalleled speed rushed right to the gates of Paris! Why they did not take Paris remains to be explained. One thing seems pretty sure: had the Russians not acted with at least equal promptitude, it seems probable that the tidal wave of German invasion would have swept over Paris and taken all the strong places on the Eastern frontier as well. But how came the Russians to be so ready? Their mobilization must have begun months before we heard of it.

CHAPTER VIII

The Censorship and Its Effects

For the first time in history hostile forces have been opposed over a battle front of some three hundred miles and neither side has gained any definite advantage in seven months of continual fighting. There must be some explanation of this extraordinary occurrence.

It is true that outflanking is impossible, for one end of the far flung line rests on Switzerland, a neutral country, and the other on the

sea. It is the fact, too, that the numbers of men engaged on each side are greater than ever before; but such a deadlock has never presented itself in the past even on a small scale and it is therefore certain that some new factor or factors must have entered into the usual war problem and altered its very nature.

The battle of Waterloo, like that of Gravelotte, lasted a day; some encounters in the Russo-Japanese war were not decided for several days; but it is unheard of to get no result in seven months' struggling.

What is the explanation of the deadlock?

The only new factors so far as I can see are the action of airplanes and the fact that the war news now is being censored.

The first of these, the action of air-planes, may be summarily dismissed. In ordinary weather these aerial scouts inform Generals of any new massing of troops or any concentration of force on a large scale, and so tend to simplify strategy and tactics. But the simplification of war must tend rather to increase than diminish boldness in attack. It is the unknown that paralyzes action, and so the knowledge brought by air-planes would be apt to hasten rather than retard the final issue.

At first blush the censorship would seem to have still less than air-planes to do with the fighting; how can the censor be made responsible for the perpetual stalemate of drawn battles?

First let us recall how the censor came into being and what his true function is. It happened, I believe, once in the Franco-German war of 1870 that news had been telegraphed by a correspondent with the German army to London and from there rewired to Paris and the front in time to convey valuable information to the French commander in the field. Clearly such an occurrence is very exceptional and could easily be guarded against and rendered impossible.

In the South African war, where no similar occurrences were to be feared, the censorship was made rigorous and the war correspondent practically muzzled for the first time. The colonial correspondents complained bitterly of the want of reason in the restrictions put upon them; some of the London papers followed suit. The worst blunders were ascribed to the fact that the censor was Lord Stanley, a man of quick temper and an overweening sense of his own importance; and it was hoped that a new censor would be more reasonable. But after Lord Kitchener had taken the place of Lord Roberts and the Boer army had been dispersed, when there was no longer any excuse whatever for censoring the news, every message was censored more rigorously than ever.

What was the reason of this new departure? The newspapers grumbled; the correspondents threw up their places and returned home in indignation. Lord Kitchener, however, stuck to

his methods; and it seems to me that there is only one possible explanation of his resolve; he didn't intend to have his Paardebergs described or his policy of "block houses" and "concentration camps" freely criticised, and from his point of view he was justified.

To the muzzling of the British press must be ascribed the fact that he returned from the war with reputation hardly diminished, though he had been beaten to a standstill in the only battle he had fought, and beaten in spite of an overwhelming superiority in numbers. Besides, he had utterly failed with 400,000 men at his command to round up or drive out the handful of Boers, with amateur commanders, who kept the field against him for over a year.

The full significance of this experience will be seen later. It is enough now to state that the English were the first people who, without any reason whatever, established a censorship so complete that only such news was allowed to be published as suited the commander in chief at the front.

The dislike of free speech is one of the most curious and most characteristic facts in later English history; it is found all through their home policy. By a series of the most astonishing libel laws ever framed they have muzzled their whole press and have driven truth out of public life. They have choked all valuable criticism to silence; their newspapers can do nothing but praise. There is now no such thing as

free speech possible in Great Britain. The American war-correspondent, Mr. Emerson, recently informed me that of 87 cablegrams sent by him from Berlin in the early months of the war, to New York papers, 83 were suppressed altogether by the English censor, and of the four allowed to go through, one was so altered that the meaning of it was entirely changed. Manifestly, the English regard the truth as likely to injure even Americans. The rigorous censoring of war correspondence has come from England and is a peculiarly English trait.

In the war waged between Turkey and Greece war correspondents were reinstated to a certain extent and they did excellent service in restraining Turkish vindictiveness and better work still when they exposed the atrocities practised by the Japanese in their war with China.

Probably for this reason in the Russo-Japanese war the Japanese took a leaf out of the English book and turned all the war correspondents into humble eulogists of the general officers and commanders in the field. Criticism ceased, fair statement was taboo, hymns of praise and pæans of eulogy were alone granted the privilege of transmission. We learned that the Japs were braver than any Europeans, more learned than Germans, more considerate than Sisters of Mercy. In fact, if it had not been for

the Japanese themselves their soldiers might have been thought worthy of beatification.

As it is they have told us with what unholy glee they torpedoed unsuspecting Russian war-ships in the harbor of Port Arthur before it was possible for their foes to have heard of the declaration of war and by this exultant treachery, they confirmed the opinion formed of them when in the first siege of Port Arthur they were proved to have ripped open pregnant women and skewered babies on their bayonets. It was the European war correspondents, and notably the English, who first exposed and so put an end to such devilish cruelties.

At present, thanks to the English hatred of criticism, humanity has no such efficient protection. It is one of the strange anomalies of our life that the individual Englishman may be trusted to tell the truth more exactly than most other men if he is allowed to, whereas his Government hates truth more than any other Government and has by law turned the speaking of truth into a crime. This is one of the consequences of government by oligarchy in these democratic days.

The dislike of criticism and the hatred of truth embodied in the modern censorship of war correspondents have the most serious results on the efficiency of armies in the field. Let me now try to prove this.

First of all, war is not a difficult or profound

science and in times of peace the vast majority of Generals are men of the most mediocre ability. Both these propositions must be proved and must be regarded as axioms before the effect of modern censorship can be understood.

All other professions and trades are better officered than the fighting services. Men often poke fun at the pretensions of surgeons; but no one without long study would dream of trying to cut out stone in the bladder or cataract in the eye, for example. Even a man of the highest and most extraordinary genius would admit that an ordinary surgeon would beat him at such a feat. But again and again civilians have gone into the field, taken over the command of armies and beaten experienced and war-worn Generals at their own game.

Cromwell had never been trained to arms; yet he beat Gen. Leslie and Prince Rupert, who had European reputations; Clive and Charles XII had scarcely seen a blow struck in anger, yet they proved themselves commanders of the first class, as did Frederick the Great after a single battle. In no other profession could an unlearned outsider beat the masters of the craft.

This is the most astounding fact in the history of all war. Five hundred years ago Swiss levies led by untrained civilians beat the best troops in Europe commanded by renowned Generals; in our own times De Wet, Delarey and Botha with untrained Boer farmers took

the field against trained British armies and beat them again and again at odds of three to one; the farmers at New Orleans in 1814 found no difficulty in defeating veteran English soldiers who had won fame by driving Napoleon's armies out of the Peninsula.

These facts can only be understood when we realize that war, as Tolstoy tried to show, is not a science at all, but a very simple business, and that most Generals are utter mediocrities, without insight or initiative.

How does a man become a General in times of peace? By obeying rules unhesitatingly, whether good or bad, and by an amiable "subservience," shall we call it, or servility? to his superiors in rank.

But these are the attributes of mediocrity. In any ordinary business these lickspittling qualities help a man on, but he is always being judged by results as well. The head of a department store knows by the results whether his assistant is a good salesman and organizer or not, but the Captain or Colonel in times of peace is subjected to no test whatever.

Another point to be borne in mind. Genius is notoriously undisciplined and indocile. The man of commanding ability in any walk of life always revolts and breaks out a new way for himself. He has no chance with the mediocrity in climbing slowly grade by grade where he cannot prove himself. Genius therefore leaves the army. War is the simplest of games, and in

times of peace and, indeed, in spite of such experience as is afforded by short wars the vast majority of Generals are almost inevitably men of most mediocre ability.

That is the simple reason why commanding officers usually detest criticism and are delighted to guard themselves against it by rigorous censorship. Now consider how this affects the conduct of war. Put yourself in the place of the mediocrity who has become commander-in-chief of an army in the ordinary way.

First of all your General French or Joffre is usually far past his best; he may indeed be 70, like General Pau; he is almost certain to be well over 60, like General Joffre and French; age-worn and cautious. Besides, being a mediocrity he wants first of all to keep his job; he is conscious at bottom of his own weakness and shortcomings and accordingly he risks nothing and adventures as little as possible. With such cautious leaders you have the result now before you in France, a complete deadlock.

But rigorous censorship has even worse effects than this. There is nothing mediocrity and age dislike so much as genius and bold initiative. The pompous, footling old General selects his most mediocre assistants for praise. He thus protects his own weakness from discovery by making his successors even feebler than himself. And so you have French prais-

ing Smith-Dorrien and Joffre lauding Pau—shallow echoing shallow.

But after all it will be said the German army is suffering from the same disease. They, too, have established a censor, but no one who compares can doubt the fact that the German news is infinitely fuller and fairer than English or French news. The German papers have published detailed accounts of German defeats or checks. In consequence of frank criticism Generals have been retired. Even the great name of Von Moltke has not protected him from condemnation.

The Germans have allowed even American correspondents, like James Bennett and Irvin Cobb, to go everywhere they liked in "devastated Belgium" and tell the truth as they saw it unconstrained. Consequently we have Mr. Bennett proving that Sir A. Conan Doyle's account of German "atrocities" and German "murders" are mostly foul imaginings. Mr. Bennett has seen whatever he wanted to see without let or hindrance, and he shows that the stories of the wrecking of Louvain, for example, are wild exaggerations; more than three-quarters of the town standing to-day uninjured.

Think of the ineptitude which made the English censor, F. E. Smith, famous. The message came from a correspondent with the English force early in August. It ran:

"We landed at —— (name of place censored) and were taken seventy miles up the

River ——— (name of river censored) to ——— (name of place censored)."

Evidently F. E. Smith knew nothing about the Seine. He made his tenure of office memorable by blocking out the names of the towns on picture postcards.

The German censor is not so ignorant or so anxious to avoid the truth. Moreover, the Germans have constant criticism from above—the Kaiser is worth a good many war correspondents to them, and so is the Crown Prince. The princes, too, of Bavaria and Saxony, Baden and Wurtemberg are not mere onlookers. The criticism of war correspondents is not so necessary to the Germans as it is to the Allies; yet one finds frank criticism of German Generals in German papers and frank exposure of blunders and reverses such as would not be tolerated for a moment in any English or even French paper.

From the beginning the German leaders have shown some initiative and attack. They have been trained in the school of Moltke; they have inherited his spirit and precepts. Besides, in every department of German life, even in the German army, there is a desire for efficiency, a longing not only to keep your job, but to do it. The German captains have proved themselves the superiors of the French and English captains. Now having won more than they want or even desire to keep, it is the cue of the

German Generals to stand on the defensive and let the Allies break themselves in attack.

All through these last six months Joffre and French should have been attacking night and day resolutely; bad weather is their friend and ally; they are fighting at home; behind them millions of French homes, French love, French tendance. Behind the Germans a hostile people and the coldest of cold comfort. Still the French and English do nothing; they are as plainly outgeneralled now as they were at the beginning of the war. Joffre and French would long ago have been detected and exposed and relieved of their positions if they had been subjected to the criticism of young and independent war correspondents.

The French came too late to Charleroi, the English too late to Mons, and both with ludicrously insufficient forces; they were both whipped immediately and beaten back; they couldn't even put up a decent fight or hold the Germans for a day anywhere. They were driven like sheep back and back to Paris.

Then, it is true, came a German check, which hasn't yet been explained, or rather, which has been explained, thanks to the censorship, altogether wrongly, and turned to praise of Joffre, French and company, who certainly never deserved the honor. If you doubt that, consider what they have done in the last six months. What has become of Joffre-French's celebrated

offensive movement which was to take place early in December?

Now Kitchener talks of the war as about to begin in May? That is, he hopes that in May the Russians will take the offensive in overwhelming numbers. But he is doomed to disappointment in May as in December.

The first Russian armies are far the best, the hordes that can be brought up next May will be incredibly stupid and only half trained, whereas the Germans will maintain their high standard of efficiency. The Germans will probably beat the Russians next summer more easily than they have beaten them hitherto; they will certainly hold them with a carefully chosen line of intrenchments, as they now hold the French and English.

What then is to be done? The best hope for the Allies is to get rid at once of the censorship which is needed to protect English commercial "graft" and the English oligarchy who only want to live without work on other men's labors.

With the advent of real war correspondents a breath of fresh air would come into the whole conduct of the war.

Genius welcomes criticism; the more the merrier, the higher the better. "Come look what I'm doing," it cries fearlessly, knowing that truth must help it and that in an open struggle between truth and falsehood, truth has nothing to fear.

Efficiency longs for criticism; the more competent the better; it is only inefficiency that dreads and avoids it; dishonesty that seeks to stifle it.

The English, as is their modern wont, are playing ostrich; with their heads in the bush they hope everything from time and the chapter of accidents. Meanwhile their much be-praised organizer, Lord Kitchener, has come to grief as I predicted he would. In spite of their wealth the English are so scantily supplied with munitions of war that "The Times" talks of the "scandal," and attributes the shortage to the "muddling" and want of "ordinary foresight" in the "professional soldiers" in charge of the war-office. However, as the war is not being waged in England, they can regard the sufferings of the French and Belgians with that comparative equanimity which La Rochefoucauld describes.

But France should tear off the blinkers; war is no game of blind man's buff; one-twelfth of their country is in the hands of the invaders, and a very rich twelfth. Already it is calculated that the devastation of these northern departments has cost France fifty milliards of francs, or ten times as much as the war indemnity levied by the Germans in 1871. Ten billions of dollars they have already had to pay for their want of efficient organization and their credulous trust in the promised help of England and the silly censorship. If they follow the evil example of England and keep out the frank

criticism of war correspondents their weak generals may yet cost them Paris, and perhaps even more.

How long will this brave and quick-witted people trust to darkness and blind guides when their one hope is in their quick, clear vision of the actual. Let them leave England to official lies, and the official belief "we shall muddle through as usual somehow or other"; they must face the light and truth; their one chance, I will not say of victory, but of freeing French soil from the invader, is to know the facts and face the facts fairly, relying on themselves alone.

Why should the French democracy imitate the corrupt methods by which the English and Russian oligarchies maintain themselves as perpetual pensioners of the State, parasites on the body politic?

I am delighted to see that Clemenceau, one of the ablest heads in France, is now leading the newspaper revolt against the idiotic censorship so beloved by the Generals. Clemenceau is beginning to realize that Joffre, French and company are not likely to do much if left to their own devices. But it will be very difficult, indeed, for the French to win truth to their side and use it while their allies, the English, are determined to cover all their sins of omission and commission with silence.

The reign of the mediocrities has been established, and as there are a thousand mediocri-

ties for every man of genius or lover of efficiency, the reign of stupidity is likely to continue.

Poor Clemenceau has already found out how strong it is: he is a patriot to the backbone, who loves France with all his heart and mind and soul; but alas! he is a man of real talent and unselfishness; he would not accept a post in the French Ministry though it was pressed upon him and accordingly the Vivianis and Millerands suppressed his paper "L'Homme Libre" (The Freeman) in the second month of the war because they couldn't stand frank criticism. It is true Clemenceau immediately brought out "L'Homme Enchaîné" (The Muzzled Man) and went on boldly; but England is behind the Vivianis and the Frenches and the Joffres and England is resolved that no breath of truth shall dissipate the heavy mists that now shroud the battle line from view.

CHAPTER IX

Who Will Win in the War?

Why Von Kluck Did Not Take Paris.

Nearly all Americans are prepossessed in favor of the Allies; but in spite of this, in the back of their minds, so to speak, there is a certain fairness and a desire to know the truth.

On certain matters they are already beginning to be at sharp variance with the English.

Thanks to American correspondents who have been allowed by the Germans complete freedom to see and state the facts; correspondents of ability and character like James Bennett and Irvin Cobb, Americans no longer believe in the baser stories of German atrocities and German vandalism. Mr. Bennett in particular does not hesitate to characterize the wild imaginings of Conan Doyle as "slandorous inventions," falsehoods bred of credulity.

When we all believe with Messrs. Bennett, Thompson, McCutcheon and Cobb that the Germans have waged war like civilized human beings, that their soldiers have been "severe but not ruthless" in Belgium even when dealing with francs-tireurs, and have shown the ordinary inhabitants almost invariably kindness and courtesy "and have taken all care not to destroy cathedrals or works of art," we are coming near the frame of mind which will allow us to see facts fairly and to weigh scrupulously the various factors which make for failure and success in this war. Up to the present Americans have believed that the Germans "wiped out" Louvain and maliciously or callously destroyed the Cathedral of Rheims. When they understand that they have been misled in these matters they will be more ready to reconsider their belief that the issue of the war is certain and that "the Allies must win." For belief comes from the heart rather than from the head; our feelings of sympathy and repulsion

color our thoughts and lend a bias to what should be purely intellectual deductions.

Roughly speaking, Americans have decided that the Allies must win because they outnumber the Germans and Austrians by three to one and because their material resources are greater in much the same ratio. The Germans, they say, gained an advantage in the beginning by virtue of superior organization, but their first drive failed to reach Paris and ended in the defeat of the Marne and in time they must be worn down and forced to give in.

I shall consider these reasons in due order, but there is one new factor in this war which tends to justify the ordinary American belief and I shall therefore take it first.

Veteran soldiers are not thinkable in modern war. When armies fought in summer time and in winter rested and recuperated in snug quarters, soldiers gradually became seasoned veterans; but now that fighting is continuous winter and summer alike, and even by night as well as by day, man's nerves soon get frayed out. Flesh and blood cannot support the strain of the perpetual struggle and hardships, to say nothing of the mad excitement, the unexpected attacks of airplanes, the nerve shattering noise of shells containing 800 pounds of high explosives and all the terrible sights, sounds and smells of modern war.

A German staff officer who had been through the siege of Paris in 1870 confessed to me once

that the German army round Paris had grown stale before the capital surrendered. Fresh regiments had to be brought up to "stiffen," as he expressed it, the fighting line. This stiffening process is now more than ever necessary.

The limit of human endurance is soon reached, fresh troops are continually needed on both sides to strengthen the attack, and as the Allies, it is thought, can more easily find new forces it seems reasonable to expect that they must ultimately be victorious.

This reasoning, it seems to me, is founded on a misconception. The chief advantage which the Germans possessed over their adversaries, according to the Kaiser, was speed of mobilization. Their main desire was, of course, to wage war in the enemies' countries and thus inflict the chief loss and damage on their foes. The German plan, therefore, was in the first weeks of war to overrun Belgium and invade France and Russian Poland in such a way as to be able to hold portions of both countries almost indefinitely, and this project was carried out with more or less success.

The common American belief that Generals Joffre and French put their heads together and stopped the German drive at the gates of Paris and threw the invader back defeated is manifestly mistaken. The fact is that the German drive did not stop at Paris, but turned aside from it and continued on down to the south and east. Von Kluck reached Coulommiers

and Sezanne before halting and the question imposes itself, why did he turn aside from Paris?

I was in Paris during those early days of September and followed the movements of the armies as closely as possible. The first thing that put me on the right scent was a talk I had with M. Deschanel, who told me the Government was on the point of leaving Paris and going to Bordeaux.

Clearly, the French Government wouldn't have gone to Bordeaux had they not believed that Paris would be taken or was in imminent danger of being taken. Why then did Von Kluck spare the capital and rush past to the south and east?

As no satisfactory explanation of the fact has yet been offered I must give the one which I pieced together for myself from a multitude of data derived from German papers as well as from French and believe to be true.

Five German armies of over 150,000 men each and supported by as many more, were devoted to the invasion of France; four were to come through Belgium, and the fifth, commanded by the Crown Prince in person, was to enter by the corner near Luxemburg or through the Duchy. The Crown Prince decided to skirt Luxemburg and found in his path the frontier village of Longwy and its antiquated defences. But the commander of Longwy was a Frenchman of the heroic sort; at the outset he re-

solved to defend Longwy as if the outcome of the whole war depended on its holding out to the last hour.

Accordingly, he worked day and night mining the ground for miles in front of the fort where he ensconced himself like an old spider waiting for the flies. When the Crown Prince's men entered the field to the northeast of the village he blew up some thousands of them and the rest bolted back in confusion; when they attacked from the southeast the same thing happened; in fine, Longwy held up the Crown Prince and his army of 150,000 men for ten days; ten days during which he heard of nothing but German successes: how Liège was taken and Namur and Brussels put to ransom. But though he raged at being stopped he could not help congratulating the French commander of Longwy on his magnificent defence.

Meanwhile Gen. Pau in command of the main French army in Alsace-Lorraine had at length become aware that Longwy was doing wonders and deserved support; he detached a couple of army corps to help in its defence. They came too late to save the village; but curiously enough they did more and better than if they had arrived in time.

When the Crown Prince was preparing to advance after the surrender of Longwy he was told of this new French force; here was the opportunity he desired; he threw himself on the two French corps, overwhelmed them

and drove them from the field. Naturally, they retreated along the road to the south by which they had come and the impetuous Prince followed hotfoot, striking, striking, hoping to annihilate, and at length got down to the south of the Argonne forest between Verdun and Toul to St. Mihiel.

There Pau with the flood of reinforcements coming from the south stopped and held him and fortified the forest in his flank and rear. The fifth German army was caught as in a trap. By this time Von Kluck and the first three armies had got within striking distance of Paris; but the fourth German army had been delayed at Maubeuge and the fifth German army was enmeshed at St. Mihiel.

A German Sedan was not to be thought of; Von Kluck was ordered by the Emperor to extricate the Crown Prince; that was why he left Paris on his right and drove down to the south-east to Coulommiers and Sezanne. By this movement Pau's enveloping army was endangered and had to retreat. The Crown Prince was free. At once Von Kluck retreated to the line just north of Soissons-Rheims, which had already been chosen and partially entrenched.

The so-called victory of the Allies on the Marne, of which so much has been made, was no victory in any real sense of the word; the Germans had to retire to a defensible line and had begun to retire before the French and English attacked. In fact the French and English

had to rest before they could think of attacking.

For the last six months the Germans have held without much difficulty all Belgium, one-twelfth of France and a great slice of Russian Poland; everywhere they are in a position of vantage, for though the English hold the seas they have not been able so far to blockade Germany or to cripple her for want of necessary war material, such as copper, nitrate or rubber. German finances, too, are in a far better position than any one would have predicted they would be nine months ago. German 3 per cents which stood at 80 at the beginning of the war, are now about 68, while English Consols which stood above 70 then are now about 62. For various reasons this is not as valuable an index as it would be if the stock exchanges had been left free.

Is there any reason for thinking that the next six months, or twelve months, or forty months, for that matter, will bring about a reversal of the verdict?

The truth is the Germans have succeeded so far because their organization was and is far superior to that of any or of all the Allies. And most people overlook the fact that this superiority remains constant, or indeed, increases by comparison as time goes on.

The German war machine is so perfect that the next six or eight millions of soldiers will be just as efficient as the four or five millions who have borne the brunt up to now. As the

Belgian and Servian forces have practically been used up, the superiority of the Germans in the field is likely to be maintained. The truth is the French and Germans are the only forces in the field whose efficiency may increase rather than diminish.

But other factors may be brought into the account, which will alter everything.

The advent of Turkey into the field has already affected the conditions of the war and is at once a tribute to the splendid fighting power of the Germans and the cleverness of German diplomacy. The Turks believed that the Germans were going to win or they would never have imperilled their very existence by beginning hostilities. Of course it was clear to them that if the Allies won they would sooner or later be at the mercy of Russia, and a dozen wars have taught them what they would have to expect from the Slav.

The support of Turkey brought some immediate relief to Germany; Turkey is threatening Russia in the Black Sea and in Asia Minor and the English in Egypt, and both countries have had to defend themselves against this new foe.

Moreover, if Germany has been able to detach Turkey from her secular allegiance to Great Britain, why should she not also win the active support of Italy? The value of Italy has gone up enormously in the last three months; Italy can put a million of men in the field at once and support that million with another mil-

lion of reservists, and her fleet, too, is worth considering.

Her participation in the war on the side of Germany would equalize the struggle. The question for Italy is, Which of the combatants will give the higher price? Italy wants Trieste and the Trentino from Austria, and Savoy and Nice from France. Austria is unwilling to part with the great port of Trieste and France cannot bear to give up Savoy and Nice, which are now French to the heart. Hence the neutrality of Italy.

But how long will Italy sit on the fence? All the factors here are in favor of the Allies: Italy hates Austria and would much prefer Trieste and the Trentino and ports in Albania to Savoy and Nice; Italy has more to fear too from the fleets of the Allies bombarding her coast towns than from an invasion by Austria. To judge by the outbursts of popular feeling in Italy, it is probable that Italy will take the field against her former allies; but even this stab would not be necessarily decisive.

Whatever Italy does or refrains from doing the price of the remaining neutral States is going up steadily. On which side of the fence will Bulgaria come down? And Rumania and Greece? It is already probable that all these States will be drawn into the maelstrom. The sympathy of the Slav States should be pro-Russian, just as the feeling of the Greeks is notoriously on the side of Great Britain, but sym-

pathy in this extremity may yield to self-interest. On which side then will Bulgaria and Rumania and Greece enter the conflict?

It is probable, I think, that Bulgaria will fight on the side of Austria and Rumania on the side of Russia, while Greece will oppose Turkey in order to get part of Macedonia and the Ionian Islands from the Triple Entente.

And when these States are drawn into the quarrel, the value of Holland will have increased to such an extent that her neutrality will become almost impossible. Germany and Great Britain will bid against each other for her support, and no one can say how she will decide; or rather everything will depend on what course the war takes in 1915.

Nine months ago no American would have given a fig for the hope of ultimate success cherished by the Germans; their forethought and capacity have been steadily improving their position, till now it is beginning to be seen that they have more than a chance of drawing. If Italy remains neutral, a German defeat is most improbable.

It is admitted now that the German fleet may manage to injure British commerce and send up the price of food in Great Britain to famine prices, and if that were done the Germans might well be absolute victors in the colossal struggle, for no one denies now that Britain is Germany's chief enemy.

There are many other factors in the problem;

but in comparison with those I have been weighing they are not immediately important.

The weightiest factor in the whole problem is the incredible supine weakness of Great Britain. No one can doubt that if she had put her hand in her pocket she could at least have insured the neutrality of Turkey. It is admitted now that if she had offered sufficient monetary inducements to her own population she could by this time have thrown a million of men into France or, better still, into Ostend.

Even now, mid-April, 1915, the English forces are only defending less than 40 miles of the 540 miles of battle-line flung across France.

The conditions England has offered to her volunteers and especially to the widows and orphans of the men who may be killed in fighting for her are disgracefully mean and paltry. What man will feel inclined to fight when he knows that if he is killed his widow will only get \$2 a week or so to live upon? And it is only lately that as much as this has been offered. Under the circumstances it says a great deal for the fighting spirit of the Briton that over two millions of men have offered their services.

But what must be thought of the British Government, which at the last push of fate sacrifices victory to pick-thank meanness? English Ministers are still intent on waging war "on the cheap" when, had they shown the spirit and resolution of Cromwell or even of Chatham, they might have already decided the con-

flict. Chatham had given them the lead, but they seem incapable of even profiting by his example.

They began the war with all the chances in their favor, all the powers. Already their lack of insight and will has made the issue of the struggle doubtful. A few months more of their characteristic waiting upon fortune and it will be too late. Will they "wake up" in time?

The triumvirate of Asquith, Winston Churchill and Kitchener is on trial; so far they have done about as little as men could do and have brought the world to wonder at their poverty of invention. They deserve the bitter gibe I heard from an American the other day: "The Germans will fight to the last German, the Belgians to the last Belgian, and the Britons to the last—Frenchman."

Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, has shown himself the cleverest diplomatist in Europe; at the beginning of the war he won the sympathy of all neutral peoples by the horror he expressed at the violation of Belgian neutrality by the Germans; he almost persuaded America that Britain was fighting for little Belgium, outraged and overwhelmed by German hordes. Now Americans are beginning to realize that England wanted Germany's trade and was jealous of her astounding growth in industry, commerce and naval power. Sir Edward Grey has done splendidly for his country all through, and if the contest were to be decided

by diplomatic cunning and verbal skill, it wouldn't be difficult to select the winner.

Even now if England proposed to Italy to defray all the money cost of her participation in the war with the additional bribe of the Trentino and Trieste in case of success it is as certain as anything can be that Italy would take the bait, and at once the position of Germany and Austria would be greatly worsened. By spending two or three hundred millions of pounds in this way England would be saving money in the long run; but she still hesitates and fumbles.

Nobody who knows them expects much from Asquith, Winston Churchill or Kitchener. Asquith is a mild and well meaning lawyer person with a superb scholar's memory and excellent work-a-day intelligence, absolutely unoriginal, though endowed with a very notable gift of sonorous phrases. He loves a good dinner and a good bottle of wine and follows the French proverb which says that after forty one ought to keep the cellar door open.

Winston Churchill is an arriviste, as the French would say, of great energy and quickness of mind and of quite extraordinary courage, but he knows no language save his own, is without reading or genius, and cannot be expected to inaugurate a new policy. Kitchener is far past his best and has always, in my opinion, found it easier to look wise than to act or talk wisely. Still Grey is there, and he

is a considerable person, with remarkable force and elevation of character and some power of independent thought.

He has the head of a Roman General, cut as sharply as a cameo, and is singularly free of weakness. A courteous, reserved gentleman, half athlete, half thinker, he is very good indeed at whatever he undertakes. He has been a champion at tennis and keeps himself always in the pink of condition. As a young man he was very prudent, cautious even; as he grows older he grows bolder, and that's an excellent sign. If England does anything remarkable in this crisis, the initiative will probably come from Sir Edward Grey.

But while admitting that the British have seemingly the better cards and should win if they knew how to play them, I am far from sure that they will win, or rather I am convinced that the Germans will make an advantageous draw of it, if indeed they do not win outright.

For their superiority in organization and in fighting power is only a symbol of their superiority in morale and national enthusiasm.

Toward the middle of September there was an impassioned call for volunteers put forth by the War Office in Great Britain; about one hundred thousand men responded to the appeal in two weeks, then the enlisting fell off, as it came to be understood how poor the conditions were. When the news of this volunteering

reached Germany over a million men offered themselves as volunteers within three days, though their services were not asked for by the Government and indeed had to be refused.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the national spirit and enthusiasm of the Germans in this crisis. That docile and disciplined people showed itself capable of extraordinary and passionate devotion in 1814, but in 1914 their patriotism has become a religious fervor and the world in arms would not shock them. It is ridiculous to talk of militarism in this connection. The whole German people are with the Kaiser in this war and solemnly resolved to bring it to a great issue.

If there is not enough flour, then they will cut down their consumption of bread; if there is not enough copper or nitrate or rubber, their chemists go to work and produce satisfactory substitutes: no one thinks of surrender, or of any outcome but an honorable peace. All Germans regard this as a defensive war and are prepared to prove their contention.

If France wants peace, they say, France can have it; we will give them back the French land we hold; in the same way, if Russia sees there is no hope of winning and desires peace, we will hand back to them that part of Russian Poland which we occupy at present. Something we must have for our successes and immense self-sacrifice—Antwerp if Herr Ballin or

Dr. Dernberg is to be trusted,—Antwerp or a certain right of way through Belgium, and, above all, the neutrality of the seas.

The question is: Will the Allies fight to the last rather than accept some such solution of the problem? Of course, they all declare they will, and they will probably stick to their resolve till they see they cannot hope to succeed. Then they will quickly become reasonable and accept the inevitable.

For already the weakness inherent in all allied forces has shown itself distinctly. No one now doubts the recent statement of the "*Koelnische Zeitung*" that France would have been willing to make peace early in September on the basis of the status quo ante. England, it is said, prevented this by declaring that in that case she would treat France as an enemy, and thus forced her to accept the agreement that none of the Allies would make peace separately.

But such agreements are hardly more than "scraps of paper." As soon as Russia sees that it is her cue to make peace she'll make it without caring greatly whether it suits France or England. England, of course, wants a fight to a finish, for so alone can she hope to gain Germany's trade and commerce, but, comparatively speaking, England is not suffering; it is her allies who are bearing the burden of the war. It may be assumed that if Germany can

keep her hold of France and Russian Poland, peace will be welcomed by one or both of these countries before 1915 is done with.

If on the other hand, Russia overruns Hungary, or the Italians join in the attack and force Austria to make peace, still Germany will have to be reckoned with and once within her own frontiers she would be, I believe, unbeatable.

If Germany had a diplomatist like Sir Edward Grey she would try to finish off the war in a month by offering Russia certain advantages in the Balkans. After all why should Germany or even Austria object to the Russian bear getting Constantinople? All that dog-in-the-manger business is unworthy of a great people. Why should German lives be sacrificed to prevent Russia getting a good port?

Now is the opportunity for the Kaiser to prove himself a master of diplomacy. The German jealousy of the Slav and the Slav hatred of the German are alike pitiable; why not make an end of these tribal disputes? And if Germany got Russia to agree to peace conditions France could easily be pacified. France feels that she has burned her paws badly getting the chestnuts out of the fire for Great Britain. She had no conception of the strength of Germany and would be willing to make peace at once on condition of getting her own territory back and perhaps the distinctively French communes in Alsace-Lorraine for the sake of vainglory, and Germany can afford to be generous in this mat-

ter if she gets trade-free routes through Belgium, and the neutrality of the seas is guaranteed, and who would deny her this solatium? No one but England, and England without allies would be powerless.

At any rate there are the cards. Either side may win and end the devilish deadlock; who will be wise first? Germany or England? Germany by offering peace to Russia and France? Or England by uniting them and Italy as well in a new gigantic effort to smash and ruin Germany, her great commercial rival?

Some say that if Germany seems likely to triumph the United States will take a hand in the game; but that to me is simply incredible. It would not only be against her plain self-interest but also against the interests of humanity. Even now America is mainly responsible for the continuance of the war. If the United States refused to supply any of the combatants with the munitions of war, the war would come to an end in a month. President Wilson thought it his duty to forbid the export of arms and munitions to Mexico, a similar order now applied to all the warring peoples, would bring about peace in double quick time. The Pope seems to expect such an order from him; but American public opinion is so wedded to the Allies that it would almost need a superman to brave it.

One result is most probable—a draw. When near exhaustion the warring powers may con-

sent to lay down their arms on a return to the status quo ante. This outcome would be dreadfully unsatisfactory to every one; but anything is better than to continue the useless butchery and waste of such a war.

CHAPTER X

The "Soul of Goodness in Things Evil"

With that sweet-thoughted wisdom which distinguished his mature work Shakespeare recognized that there is always "some soul of goodness in things evil"; but if it is exceedingly difficult to foretell who will win in this world struggle, it is almost impossible to forecast the spiritual outcome of it. One can speak perhaps with a little confidence in generalities; but as soon as one tries to be concrete and definite, doubts swarm and thought is distracted. Still, one thing is certain: world shaking events always embody moral lessons; war is a great exposé of shams and revealer of virtues. A desperate struggle is sure to set real values in high relief.

What then are the chief values already discovered and what the pretences? The first value which has hitherto been underrated is the value of the British command of the sea. We all esteemed it highly when we thought about it at all, but it wasn't sufficiently present to our minds as a unique force, a singular advantage.

There is much more sea than land on this earth of ours, and England, not content with possessing more than half the temperate zone, possesses also, or at least rules, all the seas. Sooner or later that condition of things must cease; sooner or later the seas and oceans like the fields of air must be neutralized in the interests of all nations and policed by all peoples in some rough proportion to population and power. This, it seems to me, should be the first ethical result of the present contest.

It may take years or even decades to bring the ideal to fulfilment; but this war has shown that when one Power holds the hegemony of the seas the rights of all neutrals are injured and neutral trade placed at the most serious disadvantage. It is the old story of the strong despot dethroned by the combination of the many weak.

All virtues, all powers, one sees, will be set in higher relief. Before the war no one imagined that Germany would not only gain an enormous initial advantage, but would hold it month after month, and when more than eight months had passed would still be warring in the enemies' countries.

The reputation of Germany has already grown out of all calculation. For a century or more to come it will probably be regarded as the model State and its institutions will be imitated, its institutions copied, all the forms of it aped and assimilated while the informing spirit

of it may pass almost unappreciated. The success of Germany is calculated to stereotype and fossilize German institutions and to relax rather than to quicken the inspiring genius. When we prove ourselves superior to our neighbors it is only natural that we should rest on accomplishment and seek to enjoy the fruits of our labors. Besides, German success in war is sure to be followed by an extraordinary growth of German industry and commerce. This fact is not sufficiently appreciated even in America. Suppose peace were concluded to-morrow, international and especially American capital would flow to Germany where it would be sure of highest returns rather than to Great Britain where the returns have for long been small. German wealth would grow in the night, and nothing weakens moral fibre and mental effort so much as material prosperity. Let us consider then how Germany is likely to suffer from this slackening of "the will to surpass."

Germany is a curious amalgam of a hierarchy framed and fitted for war grafted on democratic institutions and inspired in civil life by an intensely democratic spirit of equality and willingness to work—a sort of despotism with strong socialistic tendencies. There can be no doubt that it is the despotic side which has been strengthened by the war so far, just as the nominal socialism has been weakened. And this process is certain to continue and increase

even if Germany holds but her own in the war and makes a draw of it.

National vanity will come into play and the German Kiplings and Newbolts will all declare that no nation ever faced so formidable a combination of enemies without flinching. German valor and German virtue will be lauded to the skies; in fact, everything German will have an added value and take on a new lustre. The first consequences are already showing themselves; the authority of the Hohenzollerns will be affirmed; the power of the military caste inordinately strengthened; German socialism will become critical rather than revolutionary; the reforming elements will all be weakened; German pride will appear to be a merit, and for some time the fighting strength of Germany will be increased.

If Germany in the result holds a right of way through Belgium and all seas are neutralized, her oversea commerce and trade will increase by leaps and bounds. At once her rivalry with England will become the central fact of the new time, and a contest with England for trade supremacy or even ultimately for South Africa as a field of colonization is as certain as anything can be.

Who will win in the desperate duel depends on the effect of the war on Great Britain, for it is surely obvious now to every one that Germany and England are the real rivals and foes.

What Germany ought to do at once is to conclude peace with Russia and with France and address herself to the real conflict with England. She would have done that already if her diplomacy had been at all equal to her fighting power. Clearly it is now her most pressing need. But is it possible? one will ask. England has been very clever in binding both Russia and France in a treaty not to conclude peace separately. What can Germany do to untie the allied bond?

Bismarck would tell her to begin with Russia. The Czar admires the Kaiser; the Romanoffs are still more despotic than the Hohenzollerns; in many respects too the needs of Russia and the ambitions of Russia resemble those of Germany. Russia wants to get to Constantinople above all things, as Germany wants to keep Antwerp. Germany can give financial aid to Russia almost as freely as France has done, and if Russia demands territorial aggrandizement it would pay Germany to give her Galicia for the sake of an immediate peace.

With Russia pacified Germany could deal with France at once. She could offer to withdraw from French soil and even concede some French communes in Lorraine. France could not hesitate. She would conclude peace, and so Germany would at length come face to face with her real enemy.

Everything will depend then on which Power is the stronger, Great Britain or Germany. In

my opinion, Germany would win in the struggle, for England in one respect is woefully weak. Thanks to the greed of her land owning oligarchy, she does not produce one-quarter enough food to supply her own wants; this is the Achilles heel of England.

Face to face with England alone Germany could quickly build a navy or at least submarines and airships enough to lame English commerce and send up the price of food in Great Britain to famine prices. But why do I assume that Germany will show more initiative and forethought than England? Simply because she is showing more now.

Already, had there been any prevision or ordinary foresight in Great Britain, her statesmen would have had at least three submarines and airships too for every one owned by Germans; but the Briton is proud to owe as little as possible to his brains. Germany has already taken measures to protect her food supplies and Germany's need in this respect is not a tenth so pressing as England's need. But nothing will ever teach the English oligarchy or dissipate their pleasure sodden dream of perpetual parasitical enjoyment except defeat in war. They have always "muddled through" somehow or other, and it is easier to go on from day to day and from hand to mouth than to think and by thinking avoid catastrophe and prepare triumph.

The great trinity of Asquith, Churchill and

Kitchener may be trusted to muddle sleepily along till they are awakened by a sudden terrifying rise in the price of bread and by the growl of revolt from the East End, hunger supplying courage. One-third of England's population is always on the verge of starvation, as Booth proved; this is England's desperate weakness. Half a dozen wheat-ships captured by the Germans or sunk by their submarines and England would have to pay at once for the callous selfishness of her rich, the corruption of her judiciary, the inhuman shortsightedness of her politicians. There would either be a social revolution in England or she would accept defeat, hand Germany her sea sceptre and sink to the level of another Holland. Her noble masters might in their hearts prefer this latter alternative; but the English people are a proud and struggle loving people; once "up against it" they may be trusted to get rid of their snob-bishness, make short work of their parasite governors and get down to business.

The one hope of progress in England is sharp defeat in war: "Prosperity," says the French thinker, "prosperity reveals vices; adversity, virtues." Every one who loves England should pray for a bitter lesson. More than a hundred years ago now Tom Paine declared that nothing would civilize England till the blood of her children had been shed on their own hearth-stones. It needs a defeat in war to wrest the

land of England from the lords who stole it and give it back to the people.

And this first reform would pave the way for a thousand others, for the democratization of the judiciary and inauguration of free speech and free criticism, for a national system of education, for modern universities and technical schools, for the endowment of chemical and physical laboratories, for the satisfaction of spiritual even more than material needs. Defeat might turn England into a modern state and give her a chance of union with her colonies on a democratic basis and a new lease of life as a Confederation of sister states.

But will this be the outcome, will England be defeated? Or will she not get Italy to strike in with her and Rumania and Greece and slowly hem in and finally crush her great German rival? Even in that case her day of trial can only be deferred; there is no abiding place in this world for such an oligarchy as that of England. I regard German virtue, that is, German efficiency and German valor, as the highest in the European world to-day; I do not believe that Germany can be beaten by the Allies; but if she be defeated and forced to accept conditions of peace, she will spring again to power quicker than before and will then be unable to make any mistake as to her real foe: sooner or later Germany and England must fight their quarrel out or reach a settlement by agreement.

A permanent settlement could easily be reached at once by a little common sense. All countries, especially England and Germany, should consent to at least partial disarmament on condition that the seas and fields of air were neutralized and excluded from war forever. Smaller details present no difficulty; the French communes of Alsace-Lorraine should be given back to France and my opinion of German idealism is so high that I don't think this would be denied if all German colonies were restored.

It should be easy for England to put her house in order without the sharp compulsion of defeat and necessity; but I am convinced there is small hope of it. Those who think so don't know England, and the many warnings she has had. Prophets have been sent to her, such as Carlyle and Ruskin; but England does not even listen to their Jeremiads; again and again, as in the South African war, she has only managed to escape defeat at an overwhelming cost; but still she won't stop even to think. She alienated the world by her unprovoked attack on the Boers, and France, in order to grab Egypt, and Egypt is plainly a source of weakness to her to-day and not of strength, and South Africa she had to restore to the Boers, though the silly war had cost her a thousand millions of pounds. At length she has a real enemy and will either have to fight for her lordship of the seas or make a reasonable peace.

Let us suppose, however, that the Allies ulti-

mately win, either through the defection of Austria, which seems the most likely cause, or through a gradual process of wearing down or because of the entrance of fresh Powers into the field, such as Italy and Rumania. Let us admit the worst—that Germany may have to consent to partial dismemberment. Every one knows how the English governing classes at the beginning of the war talked of giving Alsace and Lorraine back to France; Galicia, it was hinted, would be a suitable reward for Russia; then monetary compensation would have to be provided for Belgium; Heligoland would have to go back to Great Britain, with most of the German colonies in East Africa, and the Kiel Canal would be destroyed or handed over to Holland.

What in such an extravagant case as this would be the spiritual outcome of the war? What soul of goodness would come to light?

France would have to be more on the alert and better armed than in the past; Belgium would have to ally herself closely with France for protection; Russia and England would palter on in the old way; the autocracy in the one and the oligarchy in the other would alone be satisfied. England would probably adopt conscription, might even take some half measures toward increasing her home production of food-stuffs, but in the main everything would go on as before, and—Germany? What would become of Germany?

Slowly but surely Germany would win up again; international capital is very acute and international capital would flow to her. In ten years or in twenty, according to the conditions imposed, she would again come to the front and challenge her rival. The next time England will not be helped by Russia, France and Japan; and by herself she has hardly any chance of succeeding, for this reason; her ablest sons all go to India, or in England devote themselves to upholding the oligarchy because of the rewards. There is no middle class education in England; hardly any high education of any sort; the mental product is woefully insufficient. I always come back to the same refrain: only through defeat or by some miracle will England be brought to her senses or turned into a modern State.

There is still another alternative. England is now buttressed by her democratic colonies, by Canada and Australia and New Zealand, who do not realize that their support in war prevents the internal forces of reform from compelling vital and life giving changes. In another twenty or thirty years these colonies will be so powerful that Germany may hesitate to attack Great Britain; it is possible that the daughter States by protecting England may preserve her in her present decadent state for another century or so—a dishonored and dishonorable old age.

If they do, so much the worse for her; her

gift to humanity has then been given. Nothing more can be hoped from her. The pages of her history are all written. Sooner or later the great Powers, headed by Germany or the United States, will take the sceptre of the seas from her nerveless hands and neutralize the waters as they must soon neutralize the air.

CHAPTER XI

Some Effects of the War Upon America

My friends tell me that I ought to end this book with a chapter setting forth the lessons that the war holds for Americans, and with some attempt at least to calculate what effects the war will have on our civilization. It is impossible to play prophet in specific details. The prophet should confine himself to general, broad results; but certain results of the war on the United States can already be traced, and it is safe to infer what will be from that which has already taken place.

The first effect of the war on America was to throw thousands of men and women out of employment, especially in New York; roughly speaking, the percentage of unemployed was doubled; yet neither the government at Washington nor the State legislature nor the municipality did anything to remedy this dreadful injustice. A thousand years hence such negligence will be regarded as criminally stupid.

The State that permits it is much like the man who allows his hand or foot to be frost-bitten.

The next result of the war here is the present agitation for a large increase of our army and navy. Armament makers and dealers in munitions of war are pretty sure to press their case as strongly as possible, and while the thinker realizes that the result of the war should be to induce America to seek peace and ensue it more resolutely than ever, the trades and professions interested in producing the materials of war, are determined to make America pacific by providing her with many new and sharp teeth. They refuse to believe with Shakespeare that "the power to do ill deeds, often makes ill deeds done."

In both respects, in the perfect contempt we show for the unemployed and the determination to increase our armaments, we seem intent on imitating the worst faults of Europe.

Instead of increasing our army and navy and so copying Germany in the militarism which most Americans dislike, it would be well for us to imitate Germany in those departments of life in which she has set the world a great example and been most successful. Germany has brought into life the ideal of the perfect State, the State as an organic whole in which the rich and powerful are forced to fulfil all sorts of obligations towards the weak and the poor on the one hand, and towards the intellectuals on the other. The body-politic cannot be healthy,

Bismarck saw, unless every individual cell of it, is fed and functioning properly. We should provide work for our laborers and proper food for our poor school children, food being even more necessary than teaching. Germany has spent hundreds of millions of dollars a year in this way, much more than she has spent on her army and navy together; and a great part of her strength comes from the fact that she has taken special care of her weaker citizens.

On the other side of the social scale, too, there are valuable lessons to be learned from the older civilization of Germany and France. There is scarcely any State or municipal endowment of science or of art in America. We owe most of our growth, according to Darwinism, to the intellectuals or "sports" of genius. It would be to our self-interest, therefore, to take care of our intellectuals by founding chemical and physical laboratories in every city and by providing in every large town opera houses for music-lovers, theatres for the lovers of drama, and art galleries for the lovers of plastic art. America to-day is starving the souls as well as the bodies of her children.

It might be advisable in other respects to follow the example of Germany. We Americans have been tinkering with the regulation of railways ever since Mr. Roosevelt's famous dictum that "the highways of the nation must be kept open to all upon equal terms." For the last fifteen years or so, ever since the Sher-

man Law of 1890, our politicians have been trying to regulate railway rates and competition and get rid of the grosser injustices and evils of this great monopoly. It is surely plain now that all such attempts are absurd. The only way to get rid of the evils of privately owned railroads is for the State to take over the railroads, just as the State or county or municipality has already taken over the roads. The health of the whole organism depends on the motor-nerves being healthy, and the idea that the nerves should favor one part of the body in preference to another is ludicrously absurd.

One influence has shown itself all over Europe in the last twenty years unmistakably. With the growth of national consciousness, with the quickened sense of our responsibility towards our weaker brethren in the State, has come an astonishing increase in the religious spirit. Everywhere the scepticism of twenty years ago is dying out. Even in France there is a marked growth in Christian faith and feeling, a wave of emotion which will certainly grow fuller and may at length lead to a revival in religion, as there is already apparent on every side a second and greater renaissance of art. The effect of this second Reformation will be in turn an enormous quickening of our sense of responsibility to others, and of our conception of the need and value of ideal aims.

On the material side, the war is likely to

bring about changes in America which are easily calculated. Before the war the United States owed England alone something like four thousand millions of dollars. By the end of the war she will have paid a good deal of that enormous sum in munitions of war and provisions, in corn and in cotton, all sold at a very high price. In other words, the United States is clearing herself of debt with great rapidity, and is certainly not paying much more than sixty cents for every dollar borrowed. This must lead to an increase of wealth in America; but those who think that American trade will therefore experience a vast increase of prosperity after the war, are reckoning without their host. The war has inflated prices in many departments of industry in America, and this inflation of prices is contagious. Prices in America after the war will rule high. On the other hand, European countries having lost half or more than half of their savings, will feel poor and be poor; consequently, prices there will rule very low. European countries will export goods heavily to the only market open to them which will have gold to give—namely America. Accordingly, the trade of America after the war will have to meet the severe competition of cheap European products.

Now that I am come to the end of this book I am full of apprehension. I can scarcely lay down the pen for anxious searching of soul. Controversy is seldom literature: war is the

worst subject for the artist. It provides shadows only—sadness, misery and desolation—pathos enough for anything, but few high lights which are just as necessary to make a living picture. There is not love enough or joy enough or laughter enough in war to balance the gloom.

Truth, however, has its own appeal, but it is exceedingly difficult to find an expression worthy of that austere divinity. The words we use are like little pieces of colored glass: it is almost impossible to arrange them so as to render the white light of truth in its perfect purity. At the worst, however, one can follow Othello's counsel: "Nothing extenuate nor set down ought in malice." This is not a very high standard. The artist should do more than this; he should find a way of expressing Othello's soul, the flame of courage and impersonal devotion in him who was "great of heart."

Now have I done this? Have I shown the souls of Germany and England? As regards Germany, I have certainly done my best, but I am conscious of not having done full justice to England. What then is the soul of England to-day? What is she really doing? What is her gift to the world in this last half century?

The richest men in the world are constantly drifting to London. The Astors and Vanderbilts, the Beits and Wernhers and Speyers all flock thither. The fact is, life is more pleasant to the rich in England than anywhere else on

earth. A German of high rank told me the other day that he regarded life in an English country house as nearer perfection than any other life. Now what truth is there in this praise?

Englishmen of the best class, it is admitted, dress better than other men and among themselves show the most charming manners, unaffected, simple, familiar. The food and drink, too, are better in England than they are anywhere else. It is often said that the cooking in England is bad. That is true. The cooks are generally bad when they are not French; but the English have the highest ideal of cooking in the world. They have the aristocratic ideal which is that every article of food should preserve its own distinctive flavor. If you would taste a potato properly, you must have it simply boiled in its skin. Game should be lightly roasted before a fire if you would enjoy its full savour. A French cook will serve you potatoes in fifty different ways: a plain boiled potato is the only sort which he will not set on your table. Or he will give you a "perdreau aux choux" where the delicate flavor of the partridge is utterly lost in the coarse, strong flavor of the cabbage. The French idea of cooking is to obliterate all distinctions with a democratic sauce, so that you don't know what you are eating—fish or flesh or red herring. In England, when you have the English ideal of cooking carried out by French cooks, you

get as near perfection as is possible in this faulty world.

Englishmen, too, are justified in boasting that since they began to drink champagne, they have taught Frenchmen what the best champagne is. Their taste has selected the natural champagne, the champagne not sweetened with added sugar nor loaded with added spirit, but left entirely natural or pure—brut, as it is labelled. They have also discovered certain years in which this or that or the other brand of Champagne is at its best. They establish the price of the best champagne and practically drink all of it.

They have exercised much the same influence on cigars and tobacco. It was the English who selected Turkish and Egyptian tobacco for cigarettes and the best Cuban tobacco for cigars. America, too, takes a great many cigars from Havana, but Americans seldom study the best years for tobacco as the English study it. In the best years, the finest growths of tobacco are nearly all taken by England.

It is the simple truth to say that the upper classes have made life in England the most agreeable in the world. Moreover, the English love physical beauty more than other nations: they love it in dogs and cattle and horses, as well as in men and women—everywhere; but they are not so concerned with the beauty of the spirit.

In fine, the average sensual man who is rich

finds England a sort of paradise. All the conditions of life are more pleasant there than elsewhere and the service is easily the best on earth. But when one has said this one has said nearly all that can be said in favor of modern England.

The perfection of physical comfort prevents the ordinary person from feeling how starved is the soul. An English country house set in an English park on a summer day would be almost another Eden were it not for the dire poverty in the village just beyond the park gates and the servility and degradation of the laboring-class. There is a story of how a man once lived without a shadow and became absolutely miserable because of his peculiarity. For many a year now England has lived without a soul, and no one except here and there a Carlyle, has even noticed the loss. There are no ideals in England, no enthusiasm, no high appreciation of art or literature, no impersonal striving. There is absolute veneration for the material standard of value and whoever would lower it, is anathema; but on the other hand, there is nothing but contempt for the spiritual standard of value and it is debased on all sides without protest; yet this degradation of values was once known as the sin that would never be forgiven. The Alfred Austins and Bridges are preferred in England before the Brownings and Swinburnes and Yeatses. The Johns and Simes and Prides are almost ignored; while the

Astors and Norfolks are honored beyond all measure. The Davidsons and Middletons are fain to kill themselves. There is no life of the spirit, no national opera, no national theatre: no passionate intellectual striving; no provision for those who steer humanity; and the soul shrinks into itself and dwines and dies, and neither rich viands nor vintage wines nor scented cigars can call it back to life.

Will this war force England to mend her ways and free the spirit? Who shall say? Will she get rid of her oligarchy and her aristocratic judges? Will she nationalize her land and her railways and free herself of the disease of poverty that is sapping her strength? Will she extend and heighten her intellectual life; or will she continue to be as Wordsworth said: "a fen of stagnant waters"? If so, why should she hold the sceptre or presume to steer humanity?

For myself I can only say that I feel towards her in this strife as an American. It is more than thirty years now since I abjured my allegiance to her and her monarch, and was admitted to the American Bar in Lawrence, Kansas. I owe Germany and France more of my intellectual life than I owe England; but because I have lived a good deal in England without falling over head and ears in love with her, Lord Northcliffe and his henchmen in the press talk of me as a "traitor." Ever since the iniquitous South African war I have felt that England's

success and England's material prosperity taken together with her low spiritual ideal constitute the gravest danger to the cause of civilization in the world! Iago is the patron saint of England, and his motto: "Put money in your purse," the one commandment generally obeyed.

The other day I came across a statement of the American author, David Graham Phillips, with which I find myself in entire agreement. He wrote:

"We inherited a little (of our civilization) from France; but unfortunately, more from England. I think the strongest desire I have is to see my country shake off the English influence—the self-righteousness, the snobbishness. . . . They put snobbishness into their church service and create a snob-god who calls some Englishmen to be lords, and others to be servants. . . . In New York, in one class with which my business compels me to have much to do, the craze for imitating England is rampant. It is absurd how they try to erect snobbishness into a virtue."

The End



BY
FRANK HARRIS

ELDER CONKLIN AND OTHER STORIES
MONTES THE MATADOR
UNPATH'D WATERS
THE VEILS OF ISIS

THE BOMB
GREAT DAYS

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THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE
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