The Comrade.

A Weekly Journal. Edited by Mohamed Ali.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;
They only live who dare!

—Moore.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Russia, Our Ally ...	285
What Germans Are Thinking ...	286
Turkey's Abrogation of the Capitulations ...	287
Press Opinion ...	287
With the Germans ...	289
The Turning of the Tide ...	291
The Secret of a Battle ...	292
Mr. Asquith's Speech ...	293
German Theologians ...	293
France and the War of Revenge	295
The Submarine ...	297
A Reply from H. G. Wells ...	298
"Facing Realities" ...	299
Battle of the Aisne ...	299
The War Through German Spectacles ...	301
India and the War ...	302
Ordinance Applied in the Case of Mr. Zafar Ali Khan ...	303
SHORT STORY—	
Mates	305
"The Comrade War Bulletin" ...	307
TETE A TETE—	
The Capitulations in Turkey	308
Turkey and Greece ...	308
Mr. Lloyd George on the War ...	308
"The Will of William the Bandit" ...	309
Tsar's Appeal to Austrian Races ...	309
The Nine Languages ...	309
Slav and Teuton ...	309
"Russia of the Novelists" ...	309
A Statement of the Ottoman Ambassador in Washington	310
Turkish "Massacres" ...	310
Constantinople during the Balkan War ...	310
German Rejoicings at British "Defeat" ...	311
British Prisoners' Life in Germany ...	311
German Warnings ...	311
German Socialist Leader's Death ...	311
Another "Annexation" ...	312
Sweden's Attitude ...	312
Spies and Cigarettes ...	312
The Censorship ...	312
A Mis-quotation ...	312
LEADING ARTICLE—	
The Alternatives ...	312
The Case of Mr. Zafar Ali Khan	315
After the War	317
ADVERTISEMENTS ...	318—320

Russia, Our Ally.

An Unchanging Tyranny.

(BY W. C. ANDERSON,)

If you walk through London you will often see the British flag and the French flag and the Belgian flag; you will seldom or never see the Russian flag. In theatres and music halls bands treat you to the inspiring French national anthem and the uninspired and uninspiring British national anthem; you rarely hear the Russian national anthem.

What explains this attitude? Is it merely that Russia is far away and unfamiliar It lies deeper than that. We have never been quite comfortable with our new friend. We have opened our doors to the Russian refugee, and we have learned a great deal from him as to the methods of his Government. Now, the Russian autocracy is cruel, stupid, and unchanging. Of all the European countries now at war, Russia is the only one where the Government has made no attempt to get nearer to the people. Elsewhere, there have been concessions and amnesties; in Russia, as things were they remain.

When the war broke out, M. Vladimir Bourtzeff, the well-known reformer, appealed through the medium of the foreign Press to the Russian Government to seal a bond with the people by granting amnesty to all political prisoners. This view was endorsed energetically by the non-official and Liberal newspapers throughout Russia. The Government never even pretended to be conscious of the agitation; in Siberia, in the dungeons, in the torture chambers, the motto is "Business as usual."

After the revolutionary events of 1905, Masloff, one of the best known of the Social Democrats (if I remember rightly he belongs to the more moderate wing) escaped to Germany, where he has since resided. When the war began he had to go back to his own country. He reached Finland and was immediately arrested by the Russian police. The authorities ordered his deportation to Orenburg, which is almost on the frontier of Siberia. Doctors have protested that in his present state of health Masloff cannot possibly survive the journey. His friends have appealed to the Government that he should be sent instead to South Russia, but I do not think there is the slightest likelihood that attention will be paid to the petition.

A word about Finland itself. Is not this a war with clean and holy sword for oppressed nationalities? Has it not driven Mr. John Hodge to weep by the graves of his ancestors who fell for religious liberty? So we must not forget Finland. Blotting from mind her agelong oppressions, Finland announced her willingness to stand in against Germany. Nevertheless she was not spared all the rigours and evils of harsh military law. Her newspapers have practically been suppressed; her Trade Unions have been dissolved; meetings of any sort are prohibited—even private gatherings between groups of friends in their own houses are frowned upon.

In this country, leading articles in the newspapers are, as a rule, exceedingly dull and tiresome; in Russia, a quite wise remark is sometimes allowed to appear, and invariably gets the editor in trouble. At the beginning of the war, in the course of restrained and cautious article in the *Retch*, complaint was made that the Government maintained its rigid unsympathetic attitude toward the people despite the sacrifices the war laid upon them—sacrifices they were willing to undergo. The editor was arrested, and was given the alternative of paying a fine of £300 or going to prison for three months. This did not happen some years ago but since we joined with Russia in the holy war of liberation.

The Central Authority in Russia has always been jealous of the Municipal Councils. It has been the traditional policy of the autocracy to hamper and restrict at every point the local Councils. Autocracy hates and dreads any revolution of power and authority. This idea has been carried so far, has become so much a matter of wont and custom, that at this moment the Municipal Councils are being deliberately interfered with and crippled in any measures they take to relieve distress caused by the war.

The *old régime* is wholly triumphant in Russia the bravest men and women languish in prison, and the tongue of freedom is almost dumb.

Here arises a dilemma—the inevitable result of much mischieve diplomacy. As between Prusia and Russia we are between the devil and the deep sea. The German workers I love. Beautifully characteristic was the reply of the Russian peasants when mildly reproved for giving, bread aud fruit and flowers to German prisoners: "Are we not childern of the same God? If we are good to their prisoners, will they not be good to ours?" It is this spirit, in whatever terms expressed, which will outlast the war, and end all war—else might we despair.

But I love not the Prussian military caste nor the Russian autocracy. I do not want to see Europe dominated by Germany. Junkerdom is blustering, swaggering, and savage. The Von Reuters and the Focstners and the Crown Prince Wilhelms are enemies of the spiritual inheritance and evolution of the race. Apart from the fact that this country and our courageous soldiers are involved—and I do not pretend to be indifferent to these facts—the crushing of Belgium and of Republican France by Kaiserism would be a distinct blow to the future progress of European democracy.

But I cannot close my mind, like a trap, to all other considerations. War has a terribly contracting effect upon the mind. I agree that aggressive, irresponsible provocative talk should be avoided, especially while the military situation is so grave and uncertain as it is, but if we blind ourselves to all future consequences we are heading for sheer disaster. The end of the war will find the democracies still impotent, the diplomats still masters of the situation.

Unless some effective counter-stroke can be organised, the hopes of Russian reformers vanish for half a century, if Russia emerges with military glory from this mad struggle, and there is a real danger that she will be able to dominate the whole of Europe. The purpose of this war, it appears, is to smash Prussian militariam. I, for one, should not lament the downfall of militarism in Prussia or elsewhere (though the one thing absolutely certain about the war is that Prussian militarism, whatever happens, will not be destroyed, but we must be short-sighted indeed if we fail to see that with the destruction of the German and Austrain armies no power on earth can stop Russia taking what she wants and extending her sway over the whole of Eastern Europe.

First of all she will unite into one, German, Austrian, and Russian Poland. Grand Duke Nickoliewech, who is a second edition of the Tsar, will be set as ruler over it, and the new country will enjoy the shadow of autonomy and the reality of bureaucratic government. It will be granted a more or less democratic Diet, under the absolute control of a Senate composed of Russian officials. She will also turn her attention to the Balkan States. There will be a Greater Servia, including Bosnia and Horzegovina, a Greater Bulgaria and Roumania, and in each case they will have at first the semblance of self-government, then gradually be moulded by Russian pressure. And if tyrannous autocracy has been unbending in the hour of stress and difficulty, what will be its attitude in the hour of victory? Is all this a matter that can be lightly regarded? Will it be a fitting close to a holy war of liberation on behalf of small nationalities? Is there not in all this the germ of future tyranny and desolating wars?

In this country there are many Russian refugees. I think we shall have to take counsel with them and with the Socialists of neutral countries like Italy and Holland and Norway and Sweden to see what can be done to prevent the entire submerging of freedom in Russia and throughout Eastern Europe when this war of liberation is over.—*The Labour Leader.*

What Germans Are Thinking.

A Fight for Existence.

A correspondent has placed at the disposal of the *Morning Post* a private letter written in Axe-la-Chapelle on August 27. The letter is written by a German lady, and it is exceedingly interesting in that it gives a clear account of what the civilian population in Germany thinks and believes.

The writer is convinced that "all educated and intelligent Englishmen" must condemn the war, for which only the British Government and its policy are responsible. Germans, she says, have for years feared that they would be driven into this war, and that even their peace-loving Emperor would lose patience one day Now it has come, she adds, one can see "what a strong, wonderful Germany has arisen out of the apparent luxury." She speaks of the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the Richtag voted the war credit, and of the enthusiasm aroused among the German people by the publication of the telegrams exchanged by the Emperor with the Emperor of Russia and King George. These telegrams prove to the people, she writes, that their Emperor did everything in his power for the maintenance of peace, and that there is in the whole political world perhaps no such honourable and upright man as His Majesty.

The writer then continues:—

Germany's Fight for Existence.

We know that we are fighting for our existence, as our adversaries, who could not overcome our superiority by doing better than we now desire simply to kill us all, in order to be relieved of our competition. Embitterment, of course, prevalls everywhere, but also incomparable self-sacrifice. During the past three weeks 1,200,000 men have offered themselves for military service voluntarily, so that the lists have had to be closed. . . . The solders who passed through our town looked magnificent, every article of their clothing and equipment was perfectly new and strong, and the passage of the troops was an accomplished order. Soldiers had to be received in the houses, but everybody received them gladly, for they behaved in every respect so well that one had perfect confidence in them. And what terrible things are being said in France about the poor fellows! They are accused of committing all the outrages perpetrated by the Belgians on them.

Alleged Belgian Atrocities.

"There was a poor young fellow in the hospital here whose eyes had been put out by a ten-year-old Belgium girl as he lay wounded by bullet; a doctor of the Dutch Red Cross Corps saw it. In other cases the hands and feet of the wounded were knocked off, and the throats of wounded men lying in houses over which the Geneva flag waved were cut in the night. German officers declare that the Belgians have behaved worse than the Horreros did. It is, however, not Belgian solders who have done these things, but women, children and old men, and their punishment was terrible. They were shot under martial law, and their houses, often whole villages, had been burnt down. One must almost be sorry for the people in their blindness, they are instigated by their authorities to do these things.

"We naturally rejoice over our magnificent victories, the Belgian newspapers now appear in the German language, the postal and railway systems are in the hands of Germans, and as the French have been so badly beaten in Lorraine, and Namur and Liege are in our possession, we can hope that the war will not last long. We owe them to those who originated the war.

"The weather has been most favourable and the harvest, which was exceedingly good, has almost all been gathered in, partly with the help of the school children. Germany is much richer than we imagined, and the price of provisions has either not gone up at all of has gone up only a little. Every care is being taken of the unemployed, and also of the women and children of the men in the field. Business is hardly affected here."

The German Lady writes Further.

"We are gradually becoming very indignant about the great tolerance shown by our Government to all foreigners—Belgians, Russians, Frenchmen, and Englishman—whom it permits to remain here. Connections are even being made for the poor among them, and some are allowed to continue taking their "Kur" without payment. When will Germany put an end to her false kindness? She must how disgracefully her own subjects are treated in most of the other countries. We shall never forget the atrocities perpetrated in Belgium, where the richest people hardly ever were terribly treated and had to flee, and where women had their children thrown out of the windows at them, and many went mad.

"We hope, of course, that the *juror teutonicus* will ultmately win the victory for us, but even if the superior force of our enemies should crush us we can at least still be proud of being Germans, honest and upright to the last. Nobody here, however, thinks of our downrun even if England should bring the other half of the world against us, which it is to be hoped she will not be able to do."

In a postscript, dated August 29th, the writer says:

Count Zeppelin's Prowess.

"A brief report arrived yesterday of an immense victory for the Germans in Belgium, and in the evening of a victory over the French at St. Quentin. . . . Our troops are now not far from Paris. Zeppelin does wonders over the fortresses, and we can contemplate the future with equanimity. . . we are greatly amused when we read in foreign newspapers that we are barbarians. As if barbarians could construct Krupp cannons and Zepplin airships, as if they could produce the Wagner Festspiele, Strauss operas, all the wonderfull museums, and ships like the Imperator! It is enough to make one laugh. The poor, degenerate French people, however, know no better."

In a second postscript, dated August 31st, the lady writes:—

"We are very sad about the loss of our four small cruisers, but the misfortune is small in comparison with our huge victories, and it is only the second reverse in this war. Now we have again taken 30,000 Russian prisoners, who are glad to have a good meal in Germany."

Turkey's Abrogation of the Capitulations

Communication to the Powers.

(Reuter's Correspondents.)

Constantinople, 10th. Sept.

The Porte has informed the Foreign Embassies of the decision of the Council of Ministers to abolish the privileges of the Capitulations for foreign subjects in Turkey. This will take effect on the 1st. of next month.

The Turkish newspapers publish a translation of a communication sent by the Porte to the Foreign Embassies notifying the abrogation of the Capitulations.

This communication declares that the Porte is inspired in its decision solely by the desire to assure judicial, economic, and fiscal liberty of action in the interest of the progress of the country, and it points out that the Porte entertains no unfriendly intentions towards any foreign Powers, that the Porte is acting in the supreme interests of the Ottoman Fatherland, and that it is ready to conclude treaties of commerce based upon the principle of international law.

The removal of the Capitulations means the placing henceforward of foreign subjects entirely under the protection of the Ottoman authorities instead of the Embassies as heretofore, and the abolition of foreign post offices ; in fact, the subjecting of foreign residents in Turkey to the laws of the country.

The Minister of the Interior is addressing a circular to provincial authorities announcing this important decision and enjoining the protection of foreigners, who, the circular says, are to be treated as respected visitors to the country.

Popular Enthusiasm.

(Reuter's Correspondent.)

Constantinople, 9th. Sept.

Processions of the Turkish population, with bands of music and banners, passed through the city this evening demonstrating and cheering for what they describe as the "obtaining of independence."

Turkish Embassy Statement.

Reuter's representative has received from Reghib Raif Bey, Councillor of the Turkish Embassy in London, an explanation of the Ottoman attitude with regard to the abrogation of the Capitulations. The Councillor, in reply to a question, said :

"It is wrong to suppose that Turkey's action means or implies any bellicose attitude on her part. Against any suggestion of that sort I energetically protest. The declaration of the Porte means that in the Turkish view the time has arrived when Turkey should enjoy the same status as other independent countries. It is not immaterial that Turkey should take action at this moment, in view of the fact that only last week Great Britain and Austria, for instance, agreed to the abolition of the Capitulations in regard to the late Ottoman territory now acquired by Greece. Furthermore, it is to be noted that even a Government like Montenegro enjoys entire economic and political liberty."

Asked why the Powers of the Entente had not first been consulted in this matter, Reghib Raif Bey said : "I am not prepared to say that they were not. In any case certain of the Great Powers some time ago agreed in principle to give Turkey economic and political liberty, and other Powers, like England, in conjunction with France and Russia, have repeatedly assured us of their goodwill to help Turkey in the amelioration of her material and economic conditions. It is quite erroneous to suppose that in taking this action Turkey is influenced by a spirit of bias against any particular Power. It is not a sign of any intention on the part of Turkey to depart by a hairbreadth from her repeated declaration of strict neutrality."

The Powers' Protest.

(Reuter's Correspondents.)

Constantinople, 12th. Sept.

The text of the reply of the Ambassadors of the Entente Powers and of the Italian Ambassador to the Porte's communication notifying the abrogation of the Capitulations is couched in identical terms, and the substance points out that the capitulatory *régime* in Turkey is not an autonomous institution of the Empire, but is the outcome of international treaties, diplomatic agreements, and contractual acts of divers kinds.

Consequently this *régime* can only be modified on the basis of an understanding with the contracting Powers, and failing such an understanding before October I next the above mentioned Ambassadors would be unable to recognise the executory force, beginning on that date, of the unilateral decision of the Sublime Porte.

The terms of the Austrian and German replies were differently worded, but uphold the same standpoint.

Petrograd, 12th. Sept.

A telegram from Constantinople says that the question of the abrogation of the Public Debt is under special consideration.

U.S.A.'S Attitude.

New York, 12th. Sept.

It is predicted by administrative officials that the United States will join the protest of the Powers against the abrogation of the rights of foreigners by Turkey, although no action has as yet been taken, and the American Ambassador has no instructions to join the protest already delivered.

"National Independence" Day.

Constantinople, 11th. Sept.

The street processions and public rejoicings on the occasion of the abolition of the Capitulations were continued last night. The principal arteries of the city were decorated with flags and illuminated. A mass meeting was held in Stamboul, and in the evening a banquet of three hundred covers, at which Cabinet Ministers were present was given at the City Prefecture to celebrate the proclamation of national independence.

A Berlin Version.

Amsterdam, 12th. Sept.

According to an official statement published in Berlin, the Triple Entente, fearing that Turkey would interfere in the present war in favour of Germany and Austria-Hungary, made an offer to the Porte to consent to the abolition of the Capitulations if the Porte would agree to maintain neutrality during the present war. The Porte replied that its neutrality could not be bought, but at the same time published an Imperial Decree abolishing the Capitulations.

Reuter's Agency learns there is no foundation whatever for the statement issued in Berlin. It is pointed out that it is entirely disposed of by the fact that all the Powers are protesting in Constantinople against the Decree abolishing the Capitulations.

Press Opinion.

The "Manchester Guardian."

None of us in England will make it a grievance against Turkey that she has decided to put an end to the Capitulations. Most of us will be more inclined to say that she is perfectly welcome to do so. The Capitulations are a set of treaties, or rather voluntary grants, some date from the fifteenth century. They began as gracious, or slightly contemptuous, permits given by the enormously powerful Turkish Sultans of that time to the unbelieving traders of various European nations to live and trade unmolested in Turkey. As the Turkish power declined and other Powers grew stronger the Capitulations came to be regarded by foreigners as legal weights to be aggressively asserted and extended. At the same time the number of foreign residents in Turkey has pretty constantly increased, so that the Turkish Government has for a long time had in the midst of its own subjects a very large population of foreigners of all nations who under the Capitulations, paid no taxes except Customs duties, could not be sued in the local courts, and enjoyed the ambassadorial privilege of "inviolability of domicile"—that is to say, each of their houses was, in a legal sense, not in Turkey at all, but was built on an outlying patch of English, German, French, or Austrian territory, according to the dweller's nationality.

Such an arrangement is obviously humiliating as well as troublesome to any Government against which it is maintained. We discovered that for ourselves as soon as we came to govern Egypt and found how annoying it was to have to watch a foreign ship full of smuggled goods during the week that might elapse before the Consul of her owner's country found it convenient to come and see us board her—for without his presence it would have been a breach of a Capitulation to do so. If Turkey chooses to throw off a system which we in her place, have found to be an extreme nuisance, we can only say that we can well understand her motives, and that she may feel assured that our Government will put no obstacle in the way. Everyone in England can guess that she is having no easy time just now, with Germany pestering her to sacrifice her own peace and prosperity on the chance of repairing Germany's failing fortunes in the war. And it is very sincerely regretted here that our exercise of our legal right to take over the two Turkish men-of-war which stood unfinished in British ship-yards at the beginning of August should have been construed as a piece of unfriendliness, as we fear it was, by Turkish public opinion. There is no such feeling in Eng-

land towards Turkey. There is only a feeling of sympathetic good-will towards her in the difficulties which we believe to surround her Government's efforts to save the country from being dragged into the European war against its own sense of right and of prudence.

The "Nation."

TURKEY has formally denounced the Captulations. These hoary treaties, which date from the sixteenth century, were in their origin an evidence of the Turk's disdaniful tolerance of Christian traders. They had become the badge of Turkey's inferior status in the family of nations. They rest, in a word, on the legal fiction that every foreigner's house in Turkey is a fragment of his own country, and remove foreigners from the reach of Turkish law and, to some extent, of Turkish taxation. They were liable to grave abuse, but the excuse for their maintenance was that Turkish court could not be trusted with the interest of European subjects. All the Powers have entered a formal protest against Turkey's action, but this is probably only a preliminary to negotiations which may be undertaken after the war. To gain the abolition of the Capitulations would be worth more to Turkey materially, and above all, morally, than any success which could have conceivably come to her by fighting. She must, meanwhile, seriously undertake the reform of her courts. On the whole, the Capitulations, like all devices which humiliate and depress a nation, wrought more evil than they prevented.

The "Near East."

I.

The action of the Porte in announcing the "abolition" of the Capitulations, some have hailed it as a manifestation of praiseworthy spirit on the part of Prince Said Halim Pasha's Cabinet. Others, even less informed on the subject, have entirely ignored an event which, had it happened six months ago, would have profoundly affected the money markets of two continents and aroused the angriest of buzzings in innumerable diplomatic hives.

Without doubt the move is one of internal politics, and the proclamation almost seems to be addressed more to the Ottoman "gallery" than to the various Foreign Offices. It may be assumed that there is more weight in the protest of the Ambassadors delivered at the Porte than in the incident which gave rise to it. The Ottoman Empire for some centuries past has been engaged in contracting international obligations of singulary far reaching nature, and it is not creditable to the intelligence of the members of the present Cabinet to assume that they are seriously of the opinion that treaties are to be so lightly evaded. Indeed it is obvious to any person that a Great Power which goes to war with another Great Power because of the violation of a Treaty in one part of Europe is hardly likely nonchalantly to acquiesce in the wholesale abrogation of documents dating back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth and repeatedly confirmed since that date.

As an example of how Capitulations may be abolished, we may point out that Japan, Siam, and Zanzibar have been able to rid themselves by means of diplomatic negotiation, tedious no doubt, but in the end for more efficacious than the somewhat unusual methods apprently in favour for the moment in Consantinople. We are fully prepared to admit that in Turkey cases have arisen where the Capitulations have been onerous, where they have militated against the best intrest of the country, and, in the case of the postal privileges so widely exercised by foreign States, actually harmful to the Ottoman Exchequer. But as it takes at least two to make a Treaty, so must it take two to break one satisfactorily.

II.

The powers that be in Constantinople are agitated. Amid the clash of arms which is now shaking Europe to its foundations it is too much to expect of the warrior Turk that he should accept readily the rôle of a passive spectator. But apart from a natural propensity for fighting he is convinced at the present moment that he has an excellent object for which to fight. Two unsuccessful compaigns have left him with certain clearly defined grievances; they have also given the military authorities valuable experience, and these have satisfied themselves that, if not hopelessly outnumbered by a confederation of enemies, the Turkish Army is now in a position to render a good acount of itself. Thus it comes to pass that there is a very bellicose spirit in the Ottoman capital, a spirit reminiscent of the Potsdam atmosphere which a number of the higher commands in the Turkish Army have so freely breathed. With Germany light-heartedly engaging in a conflict in which she seems to have taken special pains to swell the ranks of her enemies, an excellent opportunity appeared to be offered to Turkey for setttling her own scores. As a mere camp-follower of invincible German and Austro-Hungarian armies she could count upon picking up quite a number of acceptable trifles; but if she were to strike on her own behalf under the German aegis, the prospect of far more valuable spoils loomed before her. Unfortunatley for such a programme, before Turkey had drawn her sword at Germany's bidding, the latter was shown to have made serious miscalculations, while Austro-Hungarian armies had failed miserably against both Servia and Russia. At the same time the Porte's political strategy met with no success, for it found that any attempt to provoke hostilites would involve the Ottoman Empire in a struggle against a confederation even more powerful than the one which had worked Turkey's humiliation in the first Balkan War. As a result of this discovery military ardour in Constantinople has given place to military exasperation. A partial mobilisation had been effected, and it was felt that Turkey, having rattled the sword in the scabbard, must do something. If the Treaty of London could not be torn up, a substitute must be found for an exhibition of martial spirit. What could be better than the Capitulations? They concern mainly the Great Powers, and the Great Powers being at war among themselves would not be likely to make common cause against Turkey. Accordingly the Capitulations are declared to be abolished as from October 1st, and the Ottoman Empire is invited to celebrate the proclamation of national independence.

For the Powers which have Turkey's interests at heart and were fearing lest she should embark on a war that could only have ended in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, it comes as a relief to find that the Porte's military activities have led for the moment to nothing worse than a flamboyant tilting at a windmill. The difficulties of the Turkish Government are realised. It is not altogether master in its own house; the military element is strong and has to be humoured. The proposed abrogation is less serious in its effects than the course to which the extremists were committed, and offers what a declaration of war would not have offered—a basis for negotiation. Young Turkey, however, has much to learn in the school of international diplomacy. Some idea of the crudeness of her present venture will have been gathered from the fact that the proposed abrogation of the Capitulations has met with a simple *non possumus* from the Powers concerned. Not only does Italy associate herself with the Powers of the Triple Entente in an Identic Note to the Porte on the subject, but even Germany and Austria-Hungary, who are making such bids for Turkish help in the war of the nations which they have so rashly provoked, show no readiness to give way to Turkish susceptibilities on this point. The Capitulations, as diplomatic phraseology expresses it, do not represent a unilateral convention, to be repudiated at the mere wish of the Porte, they are a binding contract which can only be determined by mutual agreement of the contracting parties. It is true that in a case of war between the parties the Capitulations ought to lapse automatically, and the anomaly, to which reference was made in these columns last week, of allowing the German and Austro-Hungarian Consuls to continue their functions in Egypt has been stopped at the instance of Great Britain. But in the case of Turkey the Capitulations must hold good until they are abolished by the consent of all concerned. Hitherto Ottoman respect for the pledged word has been one of the most valuable assets of the Empire. It would be an ill omen for the new régime if it sought to introduce into Turkey's foreign relations the Potsdam doctrine that treaties are merely scraps of paper, to be kept or torn up as self-interest dictates. Before such a step is taken it might be well to see what measure of success attends the German exemplar.

Elsewhere in this issue we deal with the origin and full significance of the Capitulations which Turkey wishes to annul. They cover a wide area in their operations, and it cannot be denied that they constitute a very definite limitation of Ottoman sovereignty. On the other hand, they are a distinct safeguard for the country. By far the most important aspect of the Capitulations is the judiciary privileges reserved for foreign States. If these were removed there can be little doubt that Turkey would quickly find herself in a serious conflict with various countries. Ottoman conceptions of justice are still where they were in the Middle Ages, if we may judge from incidents as recent as the experiences of El Masri. If such treatment can be meted out in Constantinople to a highly placed Turkish officer it is not difficult to imagine what might be the fate of a hapless foreigner left to the tender mercies of the local authorities in distant parts of the Empire. Even the Capitulations have not been sufficient always to secure respect for international comity in Turkey. Until, therefore, the Porte can show that Ottoman conceptions of justice and the liberty of the subject have more closely approximated to Western standards there can be no question of the abolition of the Capitulations. On the other hand, as proof that the Powers insist upon the Porte's observance of its pledged word solely from a sense

of necessity, and not from any desire to impose upon Turkey, it should be possible to modify the Capitulations as the general progress of the country admits. The efficiency of the Turkish Post Office has come to be recognised, and if a few safeguards could be provided, it might be allowed to supersede the foreign post offices, which in some instances must be hard put to it to justify their existence. Here at least is a basis for negotiation beween the Porte and the Powers as soon as the ill-advised announcement regarding the Capitulations has been withdrawn. Much of the progress that Turkey has made in details of administration is apt to be counteracted by the *faux pas* of its Government. So long as the sober judgment of the majority of the Cabinet has to be subordinated to the ambitions of a few extremists, it is difficult for foreign Governments to give the Porte credit for what has been achieved under the new regime; for the ordered course of events is liable to be disturbed at any time by a military *pronunciamiento*. To seek to abolish the Capitulations before the question of domestic reform has been seriously dealt with can only expose the Porte to loss of face at home and abroad. The foreigner is not likely to show much appreciation for a system of administration which fails to satisfy Armenian, Arab, or even Turk.

III.

The reported abolition of the Capitulations by the Ottoman Government, to which reference has been made elsewhere, has left the city rather cold. The impression is that no step will have been taken by the Government towards the abolition by October 1, and that, as a result, the threat will die its natural death. On the other hand, it is admitted in authoritative circles that the Capitulations are a thorn in Turkey's side, and that their abolition is bound to come—not hastily, as was intended by the Ottoman Government but duly and in good form as soon as the European war is over. For the time being, therefore, the Young Turks will be well advised to let the matter drop. They have shot their bolt, and it will find its mark—after the war.

The Decree of the Muharrem and its Annexe are not, it is argued, affected either one way or the other by Turkey's threat. Consequently, the status of the Ottoman Public Debt Administration is not, and cannot be altered in any way until the Decree itself has been modified, and this cannot be done by Turkey without consulting the Powers, as otherwise her credit in Europe would be destroyed. Reuter's message from Constantinople to the effect that it was intended to modify the Decree is therefore taken with a grain of salt, and from inside information I gather that the various Foreign Offices are inclined to regard the report in the same light.—The *Near East*.

Public Debt Administration.

"A Bondholder" writes to the *Near East*:—

The Capitulations must be abolished for the welfare of the "Ottoman Fatherland." This phrase has the stamp of "made in Germany" about it, but for the past few years—ever since the Revolution, in fact—there has been a growing feeling in Turkey that this thorn in the flesh should be removed.

Let us set aside such aspects of the question as the trial of foreigners in Turkish courts, the abolition of the foreign Post Offices, etc., and see how the disappearance of the Capitulations would affect Turkey economically and how it would influence the foreign creditors of that State.

Should the Ottoman Empire gain her financial freedom she would be able to impose any Custom's tariff that would suit her, irrespective of the wishes of the Great Powers, and she could create monopolies and levy new taxes, all of which would be applicable to foreigners resident in the Ottoman Empire. Without entering into the merits of the case, it is evident that the proposed abolition of the Capitulations is a move which the Turkish Government would at any other time have hesitated to make, and is one which, were not Europe otherwise engaged, would create a much deeper impression than has so far been the case. From the point of view of European and American residents and business men in Turkey, however, and of the holders of Turkish stock, it is a move of the first importance.

Until the exact scope of the proposed modifications are known it is not very easy to say how the Ottoman Public Debt Administration will be affected. Whilst during the past years the Turkish Government have scrupulously respected the rights of the bond-holders under the Decree of Muharren and Decret-Annexe, even under the most trying circumstances, the tendency of late has been to get hold—legitimately, of course—of as much of the Debt's money as possible. There can be no doubt that should this new *coup diplomatique* succeed it will affect the Debt administration in many ways, but it is not at all probable that the bondholders themselves will suffer directly. Turkey has shown that she cares for the goodwill of her boudholders, and knows that all hope of foreign financial aid would be lost should she entirely disregard their interests; she feels, however, that this international administration, this *imperium in imperio*, is an anomaly and that the large sums devoted to sinking fund purposes, and in the reserve could be more usefully employed were they under her immediate control.

In the case of a change in the financial *modus vivendi* the bondholders may find that, apart from changes in the administration of the Debt itself, such as the possible gradual reduction of the number of foreigners employed, a reduction may be made be in the amount set aside annually for sinking fund purposes (thereby lengthening the life of the Debt and not materially affecting the holders of Turkish stock; also a reduction of the amount held in the reserve fund, the sum of two millions being considered by some Turkish financiers as too high.

But, as was stated at the beginning of this article, the Powers and the bondholders have yet to have their say; a bilateral engagement cannot be dissolved by one party by a stroke of the pen, and unless the present situation has completely paralysed all political and financial authority the other parties interested in the Capitulations and the financial agreements entered into by the Ottoman Government will still have a good deal to say in the matter.

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With the Germans.

Treatment of Belgian People.

From the Headquarters in the Field of the Ninth German Army, Mr. E. Alexander Powell, the *New York World* and the *Daily Chronicle* special correspondent, writes:—

Three weeks ago the Government of Belgium requested me to place before the American people, through the medium of the *New York World*, a list of specific and authenticated atrocities committed by German armies upon Belgain non-combatants. To-day General von Boehn, commanding the Ninth Imperial Field Army, and acting as mouthpiece of the German General Staff, has asked me to place before the American people the German version of the incidents in question. So far as I am aware, I am the only correspondent in the present war who has motored for an entire day through the ranks of the advancing German army, has dined as guest of a German army commander and his staff, and has had the progress of the army on the march arrested so as to obtain photographs of German troops. This experience came about in a curious way. After the encounter in the streets of Ghent on Tuesday last between a Germen military automobile and a Belgian armoured car in which two German soldiers were wounded, the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Van Hee, persuaded the burgomaster to accompany him immediately to the headquarters of General von Boehn commanding the Ninth German Army to explain the circumstances and to ask that the city should not be held responsible for this unfortunate affair.

In conversation with Van Hee, General Von Boehn remarked that copies of the *New York World* containing articles written by Mr. Alexander Powell criticising German treatment of the Belgian civil population had come to his atttention, and he regretted he could not have the opportunity to talk with Mr. Powell and give him the German version. Mr. Van Hee said that by a fortunate coincidence I happened to be in Ghent, whereupon the General asked him to bring me out to dinner on the following day, and he issued a safe conduct for me through the German lines.

I took with me the *New York World's* war photographer, Mr. Donald Thompson. As I was in some doubt as to the propriety of taking my Belgian military driver into the German lines I drove the car myself.

Rescue of German Soldiers.

Before we passed the city limits of Ghent things began to happen. Entering a street which leads through a section inhabited by the working classes we founded ourselves in the midst of a mob of several thousand excited Flemings. Above the sea of angry faces rose the figures of two German soldiers, mounted on work horses. It seems that they had strayed into the city by mistake. As we approached a burly Belgian raised his cane, and the crowd made a concerted rush for the Germans. A blast from our siren opened a line through the crowd, and I drove the car alongside the terrified Germans.

"Quick," shouted Van Hee in German: "off your horses. Get into the car. Hide your rifles. Sit on the floor, and keep out of sight!"

The crowd, seeing its prey escaping, surged around us with a roar. For an instant thing looked very ticklish indeed. Van Hee jumped on the seat. "I am the American Consul," he shouted. "These men are under my protection. You are civilians attacking German soldiers in uniform. If a hair of these men's heads is harmed, your city will be burned about your ears!"

At that moment a Belgian shouldered his way through the crowd and leapt on to the running board. Quick as thought Thompson knocked up the man's hands, and at the same instant I threw on the power and the big car leapt forward, the mob scattering like autumn leaves before it.

Ghent's Lucky Escape.

It was close call for everyone concerned, but much closer call for Ghent, for had those Germen soldiers been murdered no power on earth could have saved the city from German vengeance. General Von Boehn told me so himself. After describling a farcical incident at Setteghem Mr. Powell's message proceeds: half a mile out of Setteghem our road was debouched into a great highway which leads through Lille to Paris, and we suddently found ourselves in the midst of the German army. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Far as eye could see stretched out in solid columns were marching men pressing westward, ever westward. The army was advancing in three mighty columns along three parallel roads, the dense masses of moving men in their elusive grey uniforms looking for all the world like three monstrous serpents crawling across the countryside. American flags which fluttered from our windshield proved passports in themselves, and as we approached, the close-locked ranks parted to let us through. For five solid hours, travelling always at express train speed, we motored between walls of marching men.

In time the constant shuffle of boots and rhythmic swing of grey-clad arms and shoulders grew maddening, and I became obsessed with the fear that I would send the car ploughing into the human hedge on either side. It seemed as though their ranks were interminable and would never end, and so far as we were concerned they never did, for we never saw the head of that mighty column. We passed regiment after regiment, bridge after bridge of infantry, after them hussars, Uhlans, cuirassiers, field batteries, more infantry, more field guns, ambulances, then siege guns, each drawn by 30 horses, engineers, telephone corps, pontoon waggons, armoured motor-cars, more Uhlans, the sunlight gleaming on their forest of lances, more infantry in spike helmets, all sweeping by as irresistibly as a mighty river, their faces turned toward France. This was the 9th. Field Army, composed of the very flower of the empire, including the magnificent troops of the Imperial Guard. It is first and last a fighting army. The men are all young, and they struck me as being keen as razors and hard as nails.

Enormous Field Guns.

The horses are magnificent ; I have never seen better. The field guns of the Imperial Guard are almost twice the size of any used in our (American) army. But most interesting of all, of course, were five gigantic howitzers (each drawn by 16 pairs of horses), which can tear a city to pieces at a distance of a dozen miles. Every contingency seems to have been foreseen. The maps of Belgium with which every soldier is provided are the finest example of topography I have ever seen ; every path, farm, building and clump of trees being shown. At one place a huge army wagon containing a complete printing press was drawn up beside the road, and a morning edition of "Deutsche Kriger Zeituing" was being printed and distributed to the passing men. It contained nothing but accounts of German victories of which I had never heard, but which seemed to greatly cheer the men.

Field kitchens rumbled down the lines serving steaming soup and coffee to the men, who held out tin cups, and had them filled without once breaking step. There were wagons filled with army cobblers sitting cross-legged on the floor mending soldiers' shoes just as though they were back in their little shops in the Fatherland. Other wagons, which were to all appearances ordinary two-wheeled farm carts, hid under their arched canvas covers nine machine guns, which could instantly be brought into action.

Field Telephones.

The medical corps was magnificent, as businesslike and perfectly equipped and efficient as a great city hospital. Men on bicycles with coils of insulated wire strung field telephones from tree to tree, so that the General commanding could converse with any part of the fifty-mile long column. The whole army never sleeps. When half is resting the other half is advancing. The soldiers are treated as valuable machines which must be speeded up to the highest possible efficiency. Therefore, they are well-fed, well shod, well clothed, and worked as a negro teamaster works a mule. Only men who are well cared for can match thirty-five miles a day week in and week out. Only once did I see a man mistreated. A sentry on duty in front of General Headquarters failed to salute an officer with sufficient promptness, whereupon the officer lashed him again and again across the face with his riding whip. Though welts rose at every blow, the soldier stood rigidly at attention and never quivered.

As we were passing a German outpost a sentry ran out and signalled us to stop. "Are you American ?" said he, "We are," said I. "Then I have orders to take you to the commandant," said he. "But I am on my way to see General von Boehn, I have a pass signed by the General himself," said I. "No matter," the man stubbornly insisted, "you must come with me to the commandant ; he has so ordered."

So there was nothing for it but to go with the soldier. We had visions of prison cells and courts-martial and firing parties, though we tried to laugh it off.

Brought before Commandant.

We found the commandant and his officers quartered in a farm-house. He proved to be a stout, florid-faced, boisterous captain of infantry.

"I am sorry to delay you," he said "but I ordered the sentries to stop the first American car that passed along the road : I have a brother in America, and I want to send a letter to him. You will send it to him."

"I'll do better than that, Captain," said I. "If you will give me his name, and if he takes the "New York World," he will read to-morrow morning at breakfast that I have met you." So that Mr. F. Zur Nedden, consulting engineer of 38, Pennsylvania avenue, Rosebank, New York, will be glad to know that I left his soldier brother comfortably quartered in a farmhouse on the outskirts of Renaix, in excellent health, but drinking more red wine than is likely to be good for him.

It was considerably past mid-day, and we were within a few miles of the French frontier, when we saw a guidon which signifies the presence of the head of the army, planted at the entrance to a splendid old chateau. As we passed through the iron gates, and whirled up the stately tree-lined drive, and drew up in front of the terrace a dozen officers in staff uniform came running out to meet us, and for a few minutes I felt as though I was being welcomed to a country house in America instead of to the headquarters of the German army in the field.

So perfect was the field telephone service that the staff had been able to keep in touch with our progress along the lines, and were waiting dinner for us.

Officers all speak English.

General von Boehn I found to be a red-faced grey-moustached, jovial old warrior, who seemed very much worried for fear we were not getting enough to eat, and, particularly, enough to drink. He explained that the Belgian owners of the chateau had had the bad taste to run away and take servants with them, leaving only one bottle of champagne in the cellar. That bottle was good, as far as it went, however. Nearly all of the officers spoke English, and during the meal the conversation was all of the United States, for one of them had been attached to the Embassy in Washington, and another had attended the army school at Fort Riley. After dinner we grouped ourselves on the terrace in the self-conscious attitudes people always assume when having their pictures taken and Thompson made some photographs. I am forwarding them to-day. They are probably the only ones in this war at least, of a German General and an American war correspondent who is not under arrest. Then we gathered about the tables on which was spread a staff map of the war area, and got down to serious business.

General von Boehn began by asserting that the accounts of the atrocities perpetrated on Belgian non-combatants were a tissue of lies.

"Look at these officers about you," he said ; "they are gentlemen like yourselves. Look at the soldiers marching past in the road out there. They are most of them the fathers of families. Surely you do not believe that they would do the things they been accused of."

"Three days ago, General," I said, "I was in Aerschot. The whole town is now but a ghastly, blackened, bloodstained ruin !"

"When we entered Aerschot," he replied, "the son of the Burgomaster came into the room, drew a revolver, and assassinated my Chief of Staff. What followed was only retribution. The townspeople only got what they deserved !"

"But why wreak your vengeance on women and children ?"

"None have been killed," the General asserted positively.

"I'm sorry to contradict you, General," I asserted, with equal positiveness, "but I have myself seen their mutilated bodies. So has Mr. Gibson, Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels, who was present during the destruction of Louvain."

"It is war !"

"Of course there is always danger of women and children being killed during street fighting" said that General, "if they insist on coming into the street. It is unfortunate but it is war."

"But how about the woman whose body I saw with the hands and feet cut off ? How about the white-haired man and his son whom I helped to bury outside of Sempst, and who had been killed merely because the retreating Belgians had shot a German soldier outside their house. There were 22 bayonet wounds in the old man's face. I counted them. How about the little girl, two years old, shot while in her mother's arm by a Uhlan, and whose funeral I attended as Heystop-den-Berg ? How about the old man that was hung from the rafters of his house by the hands and roasted to death by a bonfire being built under him ?"

The General seemed somewhat taken aback by the amount and exactness of my data. "Such things are horrible if they are true," he said. "Of course, our soldiers, like soldier in all armies, sometimes get out of hand, and do things which we would never tolerate

if we knew it. At Louvain, for example, I sentenced two soldiers to 12 years' penal servitude apiece for assaulting a woman."

WHY LOUVAIN WAS BURNT.

"Apropos of Louvain," I remarked, "why did you destroy the library? It was one of the literary storehouses of the world."

"We regretted that as much as anyone else," answered the General.

"It caught fire from the burning houses, and we could not save it."

"But why did you burn Louvain at all?" I asked.

"Because the townspeople fired on our troops. We actually found machine-guns in some of the houses; and," smashing his fist down upon the table, "whenever civilians fire upon our troops we will teach them a lasting lesson. If the women and children insist on getting in the way of bullets, so much the worse for women and children."

BOMBARDMENT OF ANTWERP.

"How do you explain the bombardment of Antwerp by Zeppelins?" I queried.

"The Zeppelins have orders to drop their bombs only on fortifications and soldiers," he answered.

"As a matter of fact," I remarked, "they destroyed only private houses and innocent civilians, several of them women. If one of those bombs had dropped 200 yards nearer my hotel I wouldn't be smoking one of your excellent cigars to-day."

"That is a calamity which, thank God, didn't happen," he replied.

"If you feel for my safety as deeply as that, General," I said earnestly, "you can make quite sure of my coming to no harm by sending no more Zeppelins."

"Well Herr Powell." Said he, laughing, "we will think about it, and," he continued gravely, "trust that you will tell the American people through your great paper what I have told you to-day. Let them hear our side of this atrocity business. It it only justice that they should be made familiar with both sides of the question."

I have quoted my conversation with General von Boehn as nearly verbatim as I can remember it. I have no comments to make. I will leave it to the readers of *The World* to decide for themselves just how convincing are the answers of the German General to the Belgian accusations. Before we began conversation, I asked the General if Thompson might be permitted to take photographs of the great army which was passing. Five minutes later Thompson was whirled away in a military motor-car, ciceroned by the officer who had attended the army school at fort Riley. It seems that they stopped the car beside the road in a place where the light was good, and when Thompson saw approaching a regiment or battery of which he wished a picture, he would tell the officer, whereupon the officer would blow a whistle and the whole column would halt.

STOPPED GERMAN ARMY.

Thus far the only one who has succeeded in halting a German Army is this little photographer from Kansas. A field battery of the Imperial Guard rumbled past, and Thompson made some remark about the accuracy of American gunners at Vera Cruz. "Let us show you what our gunners can do," said the officer, and gave an order.

There were more orders, a perfect volley of them, a bugle shrilled harshly, the eight horses strained against their collars, the drivers cracked their whips, and the gun left the road, bounded across the ditch, and swung into position in the adjacent field. On a knoll three miles away an ancient windmill was beating the air with its huge wings. The shell hit the windmill fair and square, and tore it into splinters.

"Good work," Thompson observed critically. "If those fellows of yours keep on, they'll be able to get a job in the American navy after the war."

In all the annals of modern war, I do not believe that there is parallel to this American war photographer, halting with upraised and peremptory hand an advancing army, and leisurely photographing regiment after regiment, and then having a field gun of the Imperial Guard go into action solely to gratify his curiosity.

CONTROLLED FROM BERLIN.

They have been very cautious and hospitable to me, these German officers, and I have been immensely interested in all that I have seen. But when all is said and done, they impress me not as human beings, who have weaknesses and virtues, likes and dislikes of their own, but rather as parts, more or less important, of a mighty and highly efficient machine, which is directed and controlled by a cold and calculating intelligence in faraway Berlin. That machine has about as much human element in it as a steam roller, as a meat-chopper, as the death-chair at Sing-Sing. Its mission is to crush, pulverise, obliterate, destroy, and no considerations of civilisation or chivalry, or humanity will effect it. These Germans, with thier grim set faces and their monotonous uniforms, and the ceaseless shuffle, shuffle, shuffle of their boots, are getting on my nerves. My car is at the door. I am going back to my friends the Belgians.

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The Turning Of The Tide.

(September 19, 1914.)

RARELY in military history has the whole aspect of a war changed so rapidly in a brief ten days as the campaign in the North of France. A fortnight ago we were watching, with such stoicism as we could command, the apprently irresitible advance of five German armies upon Paris. The French Government had abandoned the capital, and though we told ourselves that no French army had yet been broken, the history of them all was a uniform and rather rapid retreat. We feared that their centre might be broken. We could not be sure that the forts from Verdun to Toul could make a better defence than Namur or Maubeuge. We looked forward to a long Fabian campaign, which would at last be decided by the slow pressure of Russia on the East. We must recall this gloomy moment if we would measure what has has happened since official France withdrew from Paris to Bordeaux. We described last week the turn of the tide. It has flowed rapidly since then. The five German armies, whose cavalry had actually got down to the Seine Valley, and whose main bodies were far below the Marne, have been forced back beyond the Aisne, driven to the north of Verdun, and expelled from the narrow western triangle which lies between the forts and the German frontier. Away to the north-west, the shallow waves of the German tide have flowed backwards, and we are already counting the days which will bring the retirement of the Germans to the line of the Franco-Belgian frontier or beyond it. We can follow the vast retirement on the map, but we know too little as yet to translate it definitely into terms of military mechanics. The Allies dealt their hardest blows on the two flanks, and it was probably the enforced retreat of von Kluck in the west and the Crown Prince in the east, each under the menace of envelopment, which forced the centre to retreat. For some time it seemed to be a parallel battle. When we know more of the real facts, it may turn out that the decisive factor was always the pressure of a fresh Allied force from Amiens and the north-west, which might, if the retreat had been delayed, have taken von Kluck in his rear.

What is the explanation of this sudden change of fortune? There are several theories in the field. The romantic school shot its bolt with the legend of a Russian landing, and that fiction has vanished, to leave us marvelling at the fallibility of human testimony. Others maintained that the Germans were exhausted and demoralized, and that familiar observer who haunts every battlefield and sees the reluctant enemy being driven into the fight at the point of his officers' swords, put forward the usual explanation. There is no evidence of demoralization. Stragglers, of course, have been cut off, and isolated detachments have surrendered. Here and there on the vast front it is likely enough that men have gone hungry, and that the supplies of ammuniton have failed. But the facts as we know them do not suggest demoralization. The Germans have lost in this retreat nothing like the number of prisoners which the Allies lost in their earlier retirement. The British force lost about a tenth of its numbers in prisoners. It is unlikely that the Germans have lost a hundredth. Some guns have been captured, but only in fours and fives at a time. The theory of a collapse in the German moral must be abandoned, though we may be sure that the army which thought it was about to enter Paris, is dishcartened as it retraces its steps. More plausible is the subtle suggestion that General Joffre deliberately withdrew, first from Mons and Charleroi, then from Laon and even from Reims in the first stage of the campaign on a deliberate plan, with the intention of returning to the offensive at a calculated moment. That is a restrospective fancy. The risks of such a plan are too great—the danger to *morale*, the loss of material; the burden thrown on non-combatants. Each and all of these theories must be abandoned. The Allies fell back in the first instance, because they were forced to fall back. They resumed the offensive when the enemy was relatively weakened. But how was he weakened?

We need not look for romantic or subtle explanations. The thing has happened which all of us foresaw must one day happen. The Russian pressure has drawn off some part of the driving force of the German invasion. The Russians themselves proclaimed this fact long ago, and for our part we were slow to accept it. It seemed to us so clear that for the Germans the task of crushing the French must be the first consideration, that we could not believe them capable of this mistake. They certainly were under no real necessity. The rapid advance of the Russians into East Prussia was, no doubt,

a painful event for a great military Power to endure. But the Russians, after all, were not in great force in East Prussia. This was not the beginning of their advance on Berlin. It was a preliminary operation. Russian Poland pushes a great wedge into Germany, but the Russians cannot use it for their advance until they have cleared their flanks. They were obliged, on the north, to advance into Prussia, while on the south they dealt with Austria. These operations demanded time, and the clear interest of the Germans was to use that time to hammer the Allies in the west with all their weight and all their speed. They began well. What led them to compromise their success?

The reason, we suspect, was largely political, and it proves once more the fallacy of all militarism. It may plan its campaigns on grand lines of well-reasoned mechanics, but the human factor commonly disturbs its reckoning. Of human factors in this case there were two. The Russians did not merely advance in Prussia; they drove its civil population before them. Crowds of refugees, with the traditional German terror of the Cossack in their hearts, were pouring into Berlin. They looked woe-begone, and they told tales, partly true and partly false, like all refugees' tales, of burning towns and all the horrors of a war of hate. We suspect that this was too much for German pride. The insult of this invasion had to be wiped out. From the South we can well imagine the appeals that would come from Vienna. If Austria were a true national State, the defeat of her northern armies, partly on foreign soil in Russian Poland, and partly in her isolated, out-lying province of Galicia, would have meant for her nothing more decisive, nothing more fatal than the temporary occupation of her northern departments meant for France. But Austria is not a national State. A defeat like this, when no cement of national patriotism holds her diverse populations together, might well prove fatal. If Vienna called to Berlin for aid, it would not be merely to save her armies, but to save her Empire. This double appeal from Prussia and Austria seems to have had its effect. We can hardly doubt now that some of Germany's first line troops were withdrawn from the western to the eastern theatre. It was probably not a simple operation. The veterans and the half-trained were sent westward to replace the loss. There may have been no actual diminution in numbers. But a diminution in the effective striking force there probably was, apart from the losses in killed and wounded which had reduced the Kaiser's armies in their prodigal mass attacks. Another factor may well have contributed to this error. The Germans believed that they had put Sir John French's force out of action, and they under-estimated the spirit and the recuperative powers of our Allies. They reduced their forces in France, and they have paid the penalty.

Russian pressure has told, but the price has been heavy. Our newspapers were at first sceptical of the German claim that they had destroyed Samsonoff's army and taken 80,000 prisoners. On the whole, we think this defeat was not exaggerated. The Russians lost an army of three corps, and the whole work done in East Prussia will have to be done over again. On the other hand, everything has gone well in Galicia, and the reinforcements which were hurried up from Breslau came far too late to save the situation there. The hasty division of her forces has justified itself from Germany's standpoint only in one area of the field, and that the least important. East Prussia has been saved, but Austria's ruin (with the Serbs still successful in the South) is not to be averted, and in France the German advance has become a retreat, orderly and dignified, it is true, emphasized by no disasters, but still a decided and probably irreparable retreat. We may look forward ere long to a counter-offensive in the West, perhaps through Belgium, possibly through Lorraine, most probably through both. A month hence we may also be watching the invasion of Germany in earnest by the Russians. When that moment comes, the possility of a German triumph will have gone, and the only question will be how far her own obstinacy and the exigencies of the Allies demand that the offensive against her must be pushed.—The *Nation*.



The Secret of a Battle.

How The Russians Lost 140,000 Men.

The fullest account yet published in this country of the German victory over the Russians in the East Prussia on August 26-28 is given by the Petrogard correspondent of the "Birmingham Daily Post" in a letter which was delayed in transmission.

It should be remembered that the Russians were making a great effort to relieve the pressure on their allies in the west by pushing forward boldly the invasion on the east. Though Samsonoff's defeat ment a sacrifice of 140,000 men killed, wounded, and captured, the effort was successful in drawing off at least two German army corps from France and bringing altogether several hundred thousand German troops to the eastern front.

The correspondent of the "Birmingham Post" says:—

Hohenstein is the most decisive battle so far fought. The battle, as described to me by the slightly wounded Captain Piotr Irinoff, of the staff of the Sixth Army Corps, half of which escaped, was a very simple affair. General Samsonoff with 200,000 men, advanced into the Allenstein "Bezirk" of East Prussia, meeting practically no opposition. His plan was to collaborate with Rennenkampf, who had entered via Stallupoehnen and Insterburg, in a frontal attack upon the Vistula line. This line bristles with powerful fortresses. At the same time two other Russian armies (Russia before the destruction of Samsonoff's force had nine armies in the field) were to turn the flank of the German position, via Posen.

The Russians seem to have been over-confident and to have been misled by the current talk about Germany's extraordinary weakness in the east, her concentration of all good troops on the Belgian-French theatre, and so on. As a fact the Germans had in East Prussia about 200,000 men, or nearly half the strength of the Russians. These were mostly Landwher, but they were superior to the Russians in every factor except age. They had splendid field artillery, a park of howitzers, about twelve of the famous 42-centimetre guns used with such effect in the west, the use of their own railways (which the Russains, having no rolling stock of German gauge, could not use), and splendid automobile transport. On paper far inferior in numbers, their mobility ensured them a superiority at every threatened point.

An Aggressive Old General.

The Germans, in addition to other assets, had Hindenburg, an old man, taken out of retirement to command Landwehr troops, but an extremely confident and aggressive commander. Hindenburg is known here. He made a stir in military circles ten years ago by a series of lectures called "Always the Attack." This policy he put into force. He knows that Samsonoff had somewhat imprudently rushed into the Masurian plain, which is nothing but lake, bog, and swamp. A defeat there meant disaster.

Samsonoff was taking the offensive at the moment when Hindenburg was threatening his flanks. After occupying Allenstein, the capital of the "Bezirk" and peace headquarters of a Prussian army corps, Samsonoff set out to advance along the main railway line to Osterode and Deutsch Eylau (the last in West Prussia). East of Allenstein, on the morning of the 26th, Samsonoff met strong opposition from a Landwehr force, which though small, was powerfully backed by artillery from the Vistula line. Samsonoff never reached Osterode. Hinderburg, who held the railway line from Warterburg to Gardenen, had concentrated a very big force north of Wartenburg and Bischofstein. Samsonoff did not suspect this. The Germans advanced south, and after thirty-six hours' fighting occupied Passenheim, a town in the middle of the swamp and lake district. Samsonoff's right wing was now completely turned.

Still harder fighting took place on the Russian left wing, where the attacking Germans were weaker. The German objective was Neidenburg. The advance was from Lobau, Lautenburg, and Soldan. When Neidenburg was captured, the Russians, if they failed to break through, were practically doomed. Their main force, still fighting desperate against the German centre west of Hohenstein, had behind it nothing but lakes and swamps, and even through this country the gap for retreat was not more than twenty miles broad.

A Massacre By Big Guns.

The battle ended by the outlying Russians being driven in on their centre, mowed down as they fought in close formation by the German artillery, and utterly destroyed as they attempted to retreat. Only the First Army Corps and half the sixth, neither of which was seriously engaged, got away. The eight, sixteenth, and twenty-third, and half the sixth, numbering in all about 140,000, were wholly destroyed. The Russians killed is estimated at 11,000; the number of prisoners was 90,000. As none escaped it may be assumed that over 30,000 were wounded. These corps did not succeed in saving one gun. Most of the guns were run into the lakes or abandoned half-sunken in the swamps.

Although only Russian accounts of this battle are available, there is no doubt that the Russians fought well, and, allowing for their initial mistake, showed great skill. Their attempt to break the German left at Passenheim so as to escape north and join hands with Rennenkampf nearly succeeded. The Russians got again and again into the German trenches. The Germans on the second day were forced altogether to abandon Passenheim, and were in full retreat on Allenstein. This retreat, if completed would have freed the enclosed Russians. But the Germans at the critical moment brought heavy artillery by motor traction from Guttstadt, and began what was practically a massacre of the

dense Russian masses which were concentrated on the railway between Lake Kosno and the lake on which Passenheim stands.

A Sergeant Who Saved Half A Corps.

Captain Irinoff told me stories of the counter-attack on Passenheim which show the Russians in a highly creditable light. A private soldier named Karpoff alone marched stolidly towards the German guns after every man in his company was killed, wounded, or had retired. The Germans in amazement ceased shooting, and took Karpoff prisoner. "It is the one sporting thing they have done," said Irinoff. "They are fighting on painfully business-like, unromantic principles." A German telegram to hand via Copenhagen, says that the total German losses in this battle were only 9,000. This is a big underestimate if Irinoff's story is correct.

Russian private soldiers and non-coms. performed miracles in this disastrous battle. The half of the Sixth Army Corps, and with it Irinoff, were saved by a sergeant who is variously called Petrovitch and Petrovitsky. This man led a forlorn hope and recaptured a redoubt defending an important embankment which was the sole path of escape between two marshes. The sergeant played a clever ruse on the Germans, and got his men within bayonet reach by leading them through a covered drain. He was killed by the last German in the redoubt.

♣

Mr. Asquith's Speech.

German Chancellor's Reply.

Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has sent the following statement to the Danish Press Bureau for publication :

The English Prime Minister, in his Guildhall speech, reserved to England the *role* of protector of the smaller and weaker States, and spoke about the neutrality of Holland, Belgium and Switzerland as being exposed to danger from the side of Germany. It is true that we have broken Belgium's neutrality because bitter necessity compelled us to do so, but we promised Belgium full indemnity and integrity if she would take account of this state of neceessity. If so she would not have suffered any damage, as, for example, Luxemburg. If England, as protector of the weaker States, had wished to spare Belgium infinite suffering she should have advised Belgium to accept our offer. England has not "protected" Belgium, so far as we know; I wonder, therefore, whether it can really be said that England is such a disinterested protector.

We knew perfectly well that the French plan of campaign involved a march through Belgium to attack the unprotected Rhineland. Does anyone believe England would have interfered to Belgian freedom against France ?

We have firmly respected the neutrality of Holland and Swizerland : we have also avoided the slightest violation of the frontier of the Dutch province of Limburg.

It is strange that Mr. Asquith only mentioned the neutrality of Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, but not that of the Scandinavian countries. He might have mentioned Switzerland with reference to France, but Holland and Belgium are situated close to England on the opposite side of the Channel, and that is why England is so concerned for the neutrality of these countries.

Why is Mr. Asquith silent about the Scandinavian countries? Perhaps because he knows that it does not enter our head to touch these countries' neutrality ; or would England possibly not consider Denmark's neutrality as a *noli me tangere* for an advance in the Baltic or for Russia's warlike operations.

Mr. Asquith wishes people to believe that England's fight against us is a fight of freedom against might. The world is accustomed to this manner of expression. In the name of freedom England, with might and with the most recklessly egotistic policy, has founded her mighty Colonial Empire, in the name of freedom she had destroyed for a century the independence of the Boer Republics, in the name of freedom she now treats Egypt as an English colony and thereby violates international treaties and solemn promises, in the name of freedom one after another of the Malay States is losing its independence for England's benefit, in the name of freedom she tries, by cutting German cables, to prevent the truth being spread in the world.

The English Prime Minister is mistaken. When England joined with Russia and Japan against Germany she, with a blindness unique in the history of the world, betrayed civilisation and handed over to the German sword the care of freedom for European peoples and States.

Sir E. Grey's Answer.

The following statement was issued on the 15th September with the authority of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with regard to the communication made by the German Chancellor to the Danish Press Bureau :

"Does anyone believe," asks the German Chancellor, "that England would have interfered to protect Belgian freedom against France?" The answer is that she would unquestionably have done so. Sir Edward Grey, as recorded in the White-paper, asked the French Government "whether it was prepared to engage to respect the neutrality of Belgium so long as no other Power violates it." The French Government replied that they were resolved to respect it. The assurance, it was added, had been given several times, and had formed the subject of conversation between President Poinare and the King of the Belgians.

Belgian Neutrality.

The German Chancellor entirely ignores the fact that England took the same line about Belgian neutrality in 1870 that she has taken now. In 1870 Prince Bismarck, when approached by England on the subject, admitted and respected the treaty obligations in relation to Belgium.

The British Government stands in 1914 as it stood in 1870 ; it is Herr von Bethmann Hollweg who refused to meet us in 1914 as Prince Bismarck met us in 1870.

The Imperial Chancellor finds it strange that Mr. Asquith in his Guildhall speech did not mention the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries, and suggests that the reason for the omission was some sinister design on England's part. It is impossible for any public speaker to cover the whole ground in each speech. The German Chancellor's reference to Denmark and other Scandinavian countries can hardly be considered very tactful. With regard to Denmark the Danes are not likely to have forgotten the parts played by Prussia and England respectively in 1863-4 when the kingdom of Denmark was dismembered. And the integrity of Norway and Sweden was guaranteed by England and France in the Treaty of Stockholm in 1855.

Loyal South Africa.

The Imperial Chancellor refers to the dealings of Great Britain with the Boer Republics, and suggested that she has been false therein to the cause of freedom. Without going into controversies, now happily past, we may recall what General Botha said in the South African Parliament a few days, ago, when expressing his conviction of the righteousness of Britain's cause, and explaining the firm resolve of the South African Union to aid her in every possible way :—

Great Britain had given them a constitution under which they could create a great nationality, and had ever since regarded them as a free people and as a sister State. Although there might be many who in the past had been hostile towards the British flag he could vouch for it that they would ten times rather be under the British than under the German flag.

The German Chancellor is equally unfortunate in his references to the "Colonial Empire." So far from British policy having been "recklessly egotistic," it has resulted in a great rally of affection and common interest by all the British Dominions and dependencies, among which there is no one which is not aiding Britain by soldiers or other contributions, or both, in this war.

Military Necessity.

With regard to the matter of treaty obligations generally, the German Chancellor excuses the breach of Belgian neutrality by military necessity—at the same time making a virtue of having respected the neutrality of Holland and Switzerland, and saying that it does not enter his head to touch the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries. A virtue which admittedly is only practised in the absence of temptation from self-interest and military advantage does not seem greatly worth vaunting.

To the Chancellor's concluding statement, that "to the German sword" is entrusted "the case of freedom for European peoples and States," the treatment of Belgium is a sufficient answer.

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German Theologians.

Manifesto on their Country's Guiltlessness.

A document has reached us from American sources, says the *Westminister Gazette*, which is being widely circulated by German propagandists in the United States and other neutral countries, and, we are assured, having considerable influence in religious circles in those countries. This is a manifesto "To the Evangelical Christians

abroad, drawn up and signed by a group of German theologians, some of them men of great eminence, whose names we will give presently, protesting that Germany is guiltless of "the fratricidal war in which the Christian peoples of Europe are about to rend one another." It is written with obvious sincerity, and deserves much more respect than would ordinarily be given to literature of this kind. We, therefore, make no apology for examining it carefully in the hope that by so doing we may incite some of our leading theologians in this country to present the British case with the same fervour.

The German theologians begin by declaring that a "systematic network of lies, controlling the international telegraph service, is endeavouring in other lands to cast upon our people and its Government the guilt for the outbreak of this war, and has dared to dispute the inner right of us and our Emperor to invoke the assistance of God." From this they proceed to paint a picture of their county as devoted to peace and as having applied herself to removing or diminishing the danger of war, whenever it has arisen in other lands:

Her ideal was peaceful work. She has contributed a worthy share to the cultural wealth of the modern world. She has not dreamed of depriving others of light and air. She desired to thrust no one from his place. In friendly competition with other peoples, she has developed the gifts which God had given her. Her industry brought her rich fruit. She won also a modest share in the task of colonisation in the primitive world, and was exerting herself to offer her contribution to the remoulding of Eastern Asia. She has left no one, who is willing to see the truth, in doubt as to her peaceful disposition. Only under the compulsion to repel a wanton attack she has now drawn the sword.

Clearly these theologians are unacquainted with the works of their national historians and philosophers, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Bernhardi and others, and with the aggressive and offensive doctrines invented by these men, which we now see being put into practice in France and Belgium. There follows an account of the pre-war diplomacy, which we may assume to be that generally accepted by good and quiet people in Germany:

As our government was exerting itself to localise the justifiable vengeance for an abominable royal murder, and to avoid the outbreak of war between two neighbouring Great Powers, one of them, whilst invoking the mediation of our Emperor proceeded (in spite of its pledged word) to threaten our frontiers, and compelled us to protect our land from being ravaged by Asiatic barbarism. Then our adversaries were joined also by those who by blood and history and faith are our brothers, with whom we felt ourselves in the common world task more closely bound than with almost any other nation. Over against a world in arms we recognise clearly that we have to defend our existence, our individuality, our culture, and our honour.

There is nothing here of the ultimatum to Servia, so drawn that, to the knowledge of those who drew it, it must have been interpreted as a direct challenge to Russia; of the refusal to extend the time-limit, so that diplomacy might get to work; of the rejection by Germany of Sir Edward Grey's proposal of a Conference, of her refusal to bring any moderating influence to bear upon Austria, or of the cause which ultimately compelled Great Britain to come in. All these aspects of the matter, and especially the last, no doubt presented difficulties to the theologians, but that scarcely excuses the extreme disingenuousness with which an allusion to the violation of Belgian neutrality is slipped into a charge of atrocity against certain persons unnamed.

Unnameable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad—against women and children, against wounded and physicians—cruelties and shamlessness such as a heathen and many Mahommedan war has not revealed. Are these the fruits, by which the non-Christian peoples are to recognise whose disciples the Christian nations are? Even the not unnatural excitement of a people, whose neutrality—already violated by our adversaries—could under the pressure of implacable necessity not be respected, affords no excuse for inhumanities, nor does it lessen the shame that such could take place in a land long ago christianised.

The purpose of this passage is plain—it is to cover up that part of the case which is wholly unarguable from any moral or Christian point of view by an audacious attack upon the victims of German aggression. This passage bears internal evidence of having been invented by some official special-pleader and foisted upon the theologians, or we should be compelled to stigmatise it as a peculiarly shameless invention for ministers of the Gospel. We greatly prefer Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's blunt admission that Germany was doing wrong. There follows an unfounded assertion that natives of Africa are being led into arms against each other, and "flourishing mission fields trampled in ruin" by the enemies of Germany. Finally, the complaint is raised that "heathen Japan is now also called under the pretext of an alliance into the war which the Czar has openly proclaimed as the decisive campaign against Teutonism and Protestantism."

The concluding passage we will give in *full*, for it is written in a strain which deserves sympathy and respect, and it expresses what all Christian peoples would desire to believe about the action of their country and Government.

Our Christian friends abroad know how joyfully we German Christians greeted the fellowship in faith and service which the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference left as a sacred legacy to Protestant Christendon; they know also how we have, to the best of our ability, co-operated in order that among the Christian nations, with their competing political and economic interests, there should arise a Christianity united and joyous in the recognition of the task entrusted to it by God. It was also to us a matter of conscience to remove by every means political misunderstandings and ill-feelings and to assist in bringing about friendly relations between the nations. We have now to endure the taunt that we have believed in the power of the Christian faith to conquer the wickedness of those who are seeking war, and we encounter the reproach that our efforts for peace have only served to conceal from our people the true attitude of their enemies, nevertheless we do not regret that we have thus endeavoured to promote peace. Our people could not enter into this struggle with so clear a conscience if leading men of its ecclesiastical, scientific, and commercial life had not in such manifold ways exerted themselves to make this fratricidal strife impossible.

Not for the sake of our people, whose sword is bright and keen, for the sake of the unique world-task of the Christian peoples in the decisive hour of the worldmission, we now address ourselves to the evangelical Christians abroad in neutral and inimical lands.

We are hoping that through God there should arise from the responsiblity of the hour a stream of new life for the Christian peoples. Already we were able to trace in our German Churches the powerful effects of this blessing, and the fellowship with the Christians of other lands in obedience to the universal commission of Jesus was to us a service of sacred joy.

If this fellowship is now irreparably destroyed: if the peoples among whom missions and brotherly love had begun to be a power lapse into savagery in murderous war through hate and bitterness; if a simply incurable rent has been made in Teutonic Protestantism; if Christian Europe forfeits a notable portion of her position in the sacred springs from which her peoples should derive their own life and should offer it to others are corrupted and choked; the guilt of this rests, this we hereby declare before our Christian brethren of other lands with calm certainty, not on our people. We know full well, that through this sanguinary judgment God is also calling our nation to repentance, and we rejoice that she is hearing His holy voice and turning to Him. But in this we know that we are at one with all the Christians among our people, that we can and must repudiate on their behalf and on behalf of their Government the responsibility for the terrible crime of this war and all its consequences for the development of the Kingdom of God on earth. With the deepest conviction we must attribute if to those who have long secretly and cunningly been spinning a web of conspiracy against Germany, which now they have flung over us in order to strangle us therein.

We direct our appeal to the conscience of our Christian brethren in other lands, and press upon them the question, what God now requires of them, and what can and must take place, in order that through blindness and unscrupulousness in God's great hour of the missionary enterprise, Christendom shall not be robbed of its power and of its right to serve as His messenger to non-Christian humanity.

The Holy God carries on His work to His goal, even through the storm and horror of war, and permits no human wickedness to defeat His purpose. Therefore we come before Him with the prayer:

"Hallowed be Thy Name;
Thy Kingdom come;
Thy Will be done!"

It is not our view that Germany is guiltless of the grievous set-back to Christian cause which must follow from this struggle, and still less can we believe in the "web of conspiracy" which these writers say has been "secretly and cunningly flung over Germany" in order to strangle her. We have the record of her diplomacy in our own White Papers, we have the voluminous and elaborate German literature which proves that the doctrines inculcated by the dominant military school in Prussia are definitely and deliberately opposed to Christian ethics in international affairs. We see these doctrines being ruthlessly carried out in the official conduct of this war. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Professor Harnack and Professor Eucken are advocates of the policy which has led to the sack of Louvain, and the destruction of its university, with its priceless treasure of ancient records; and still less that Teutonic Protestantism requires the destruction of Catholic cathedrals and churches in reprisal for the real or fancied offence of a small number of the people into whose country Germany has carried her war. None the less, since the appeal is to

"imical" as well as neutral countries, we can associate ourselves with the eloquent description here given of the immeasurable evil of the strife in which we are plunged, and we can feel a far greater sympathy with the view which recognises it and deplores it than with that which exults in it and declares it to be a German necessity. Moreover, it is well that we should recognise that there are still a vast number of people in Germany who are not given over to the aggressive militarism of the Prussian Professors, and who have only reconciled themselves to this war as an unavoidable evil. With them we may argue, when the time comes; with the others there is no argument.

The names of the theologians who have signed this document are:—

Missionsdirektor Lic. K. Axenfeld (Berlin); Professor Dr. med. Th. Axenfeld (Freiburg); Oberverwaltungsgerichtsrat D. M. Berner (Berlin); Oberkonsistorialprasident D. H. v. Bezzel (Munchen); Pastor Friedr. v. Bodelschwingh (Bethel bei Bielefeld); Professor D. Ad. Deissmann (Berlin); Oberhofprediger D. E. Dryander (Berlin); Professor Dr. R. Euchen (Jena); Professor D. Ad. v. Harnack (Berlin); Professor D. Gottl. Haussleiter (Halle); Missionsdirektor P. O. Hennig (Herrnhut); Professor D. W. Herrmann (Marburg); Generalsuperintendent D. Th. Kaftan (Kiel); Generalsuperintendent D. Fr. Lahusen (Berlin); Pastor Paul Le Seur (Berlin); Professor D. Friedr. Loof (Halle); Professor Dr. C. Meinhof (Hamburg); Professor D. C. Mirbt (Gottingen); Ed. de Neufville (Frankfurt a. M.); Missionsdirektor D. C. Paul (Leipzig); Bankdirektor D. With Freiherr v. Pechmann (Munchen); Professor D. Jul. Richter (Berlin); Max Schinckel (Hamburg); Direktor der Deutsch-Ev. Mississions-Hilfe A. W. Schreiber (Berlin); Direktor D. F. A. Spiecker (Berlin); Missionsdirektor Joh. Spiecker (Barmen); Missionsinspektor D. Joh. Warneck (Bethel bei Bielefeld); Professor D. G. Wobbermin (Breslau); Professor Dr. Wilh Wundt (Leipzig).



France and the War of Revenge.*

Of all the problems that modern France has to face, the most pressing, the most tragic, is the possibility of another war with Germany. War is a constant menace everywhere: even small, wise, happy and neutral nations, like Belgium or Switzerland, even an essentially peaceful democracy, overwhelmingly rich and strong, like the United States, are not free from that nightmare. But in France the possibility is not intermittent and remote: the thought of war—the fear of war, the hope of war—is constant and paramount. Its tragic shadow has for the last forty-four years darkened every aspect of national life. It is the thought of war which is wasting the painfully hoarded gold of the French bourgeois and peasant. It is the thought of war which claims two or three decisive years out of every young man's life. It is the thought of war which colours and warps national thought, embittering the apostles of fraternity against their fellow Europeans, their peers and brothers in culture beyond the Vosges. It is the thought of war which divides the French themselves into irreconcilable sects or camps. It is the thought of war, finally, which imposes upon the country a material task that becomes every day more crushing and hopeless, a moral duty which can neither be repudiated nor fulfilled. Ever since 1871, France has been a wounded nation, body and soul.

It is not easy for foreigners to understand the unique character of the last Franco-German war. Why should it leave such bitterness behind? Other nations—and France herself at other times—have drained the cup of disaster. But they have gone to work again, with chastened yet unbroken spirit; and not seldom have they become reconciled with their former foes, without any thought of "revenge." England has never "got even" with the United States, or Russia with England and France, her friends of to-day. Austria is now the ally of Germany and Italy. There is no sulking in the Southern States. Why should defeat rankle for ever and poison a nation's life? France was not wiped out of existence like Poland. A few years after the war she was materially as prosperous as ever before; the loss of two provinces left her with a territory almost equal to that of her conqueror; the acquisition of enormous colonies has retrieved her prestige, and made her future as a world-power secure. Is there not some heroic and childish *pose*, some *cabotinage* unworthy of a great country, in France's expression of undying grief?

The first reason why the French cannot forget 1871 is that the Germans will not let them. I am not alluding to the innumerable war memorials erected throughout Germany: every nation commemorates in a similar way her triumphs and even her disasters. I am not even alluding to the celebration of the anniversary of Sedan, which is ungenerous and unwise. But, in less legitimate ways, Germany has tried to keep France humble and mindful of death. When a duel has been fought, and bravely fought, even if no reconciliation ensues, it seems to be the rule with individuals as well as with nations that mutual esteem should be restored. Even vanity should prompt you to honour your unfortunate adversary, thereby enhancing the splendour of your own triumph. But the war of 1870 was preceded, accompanied, and followed by an abominable campaign of slander against France. In the coarse but striking words of a French journalist, "instead of holding out her hand to her fallen foe, Germany spat upon her." France was declared to be, racially, intellectually, morally, an inferior nation a decadent nation, a rotting nation. The worst passions of mankind, envy and hatred, assumed a mask of science and religion. Anthropology, pilology, and the Bible were pressed into service to complete the work of Bismarck and Moltke. Jingoism, in its popular and brutal form, is not wholly disgusting. Mafeking night leaves no deep stain on the annals of England. But the mixture of jingoism, pedantry, and pietistic hypocrisy is unbearable. The attitude of Strauss, Mommsen, Richard Wagner, is singularly damaging to the good name of Germany. When the highest and best go so far wrong, there is something unsound in the nation's soul. This attitude of hatred and contempt spread from Germany to German sympathisers through out the world. Carlyle, in England, uttered his weighty *Vae Victis!* Bancroft, in the name of the country for which France had fought, seemed to endorse the moral judgment passed by her enemies.

Not only did France rebel against the injustice of this judgment in her own case, but she protested against the principle upon which it was based. "Whatever is, is right," "Might is Right," "Through blood and iron," "The world's history is God's judgment" ("Die Welt-Geschechte ist das Welt-Gericht") all these Hegelian and Bismarckian formulæ wounded to its depths the idealism of the French people. The rabble may worship material success for a while, but the conscious *élite* and the deep permanent instinct of the masses refuse to bow before the arbitrament of force. Mankind's dearest heroes suffered defeat—Prometheus, Hector, Roland, Siegfried, the Nordic Gods—and one greater than all died in ignominy. The miracle of Joan of Arc's career would lose its poignancy but for the final martyrdom. Moscow, Waterloo, St. Helena, wiped away innumerable stains, transfigured the Corsican into a demi-god. History is a concatenation of judgments which are for ever revised—too late.

And behind that campaign of vulgar or learned slander—which has not ceased—there were more definite facts. Bismarck did not want France to get on her feet again. He was cruelly disappointed when he discovered that he had not bled her to death with his enormous war indemnity. In 1875, without provocation, he would have renewed the war, had not England and Russia intervened. Repeatedly Germany has given France to understand that the treaty of Frankfort had given her a supremacy which she was not willing to forego or even to veil. When the rivalry between England and Germany become intense, a favourite conception with Pan-German writers was that France should be treated as a hostage; that England, impregnable behind her fleet and her coast defences, should be humbled and wounded in the person of her friend; that France should be compelled to abandon the *Entente Cordiale* and to join her forces with those of Germany in a war against "the modern Carthage." The most extraordinary of these unholy conceptions, the most galling to the sensitive pride of the French is that France should be coerced into a reconciliation with Germany. "I shall kick you until you profess to be my friend" seems to be the *ultima ratio* of German diplomacy and the world why France, the object of such flattering attentions, should remain so peevish and restive!

England and France have been bitterly unjust to each other in the past; yet the governments and the larger part of the *élite* on either side of the Channel have been tolerably free from Chauvinistic prejudices. Civilians were at the helm; war-mongers, for whom war is a profession and a creed, were loud and influential enough, but never supreme. Germany is different. France cannot ignore the existence of a huge Empire, thoroughly drilled and equipped, combining modern efficiency with mediæval principles. The Germans are not any more warlike than other nations; but their splendid achievements of 1864-1871 have filled them with pride, inspired them with blind confidence in their leaders. And what leaders! A military and aristocratic caste, which believes implicitly in Bismarckism the gospel of ruse and force. The French feel that at the first opportunity the masters of Prussia and of Germany would try again the *coup* of Frederick the Great in Silesia, the *coup* of Schlesvig-Holstein, the *coup* of the Ems dispatch. They feel that the German people, enlightened and peace-loving though they be, but inured to unquestioning discipline, would silence their private opinions and feelings at the first call of the Fatherland. France has abjured the principles of Louis XIV, and Napoleon:

* This article was written some weeks before war broke out.—ED., C. R.

they survive in Germany. In realising that danger, in resisting it with her utmost energy, France is not thinking exclusively of her own wound in 1871, or of her good name smirched by her victors; she considers herself as the champion of justice, of idealism in international affairs.

Then there is the Alsace-Lorraine question. Here again superficial foreign observers fail to sympathise with the obstinacy of the French. "The holy ground of France has been desecrated," forsooth! But was German territory any less holy when Henry II., Richelieu, Louis XIV., the Revolution, Napoleon, seized German cities or provinces? Why should the conquests made by France be legitimate, and those made against France be inexpiable crimes? The great majority of the Alsace-Lorrainers spoke a Germanic dialect: by war were they torn away from their fellow Germans; by war they were brought back into the fold.

This defence sounds plausible enough, but it does not take into account a new and all-important factor: the rise of the modern spirit of free citizenship. Under the old dispensation, conquest was law, subjects could be lost and won, sold or bartered away; they were never consulted, and but seldom was their voice heard. But the nations of Continental Europe were born anew during the great Revolution. Henceforth the essential right of men to be *themselves*, to be citizens, and not chattels, has been asserting itself irresistibly. The foreign policy of Napoleon III. may have been vacillating and tortuous; but it had one redeeming feature: it recognised the new principle of *nationalities*. Not the fate of battles or the intrigues of diplomatists, but the will of the people must decide on their allegiance. Thus were the populations of Savoy and Nice consulted when these provinces were annexed to France. Thus did Napoleon III. request, without avail, that a plebiscite be taken in Schlesvig-Holstein. Now, in 1870, the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine were French at heart. They fought heroically against their German invaders. Their representatives in the National Assembly at Bordeaux protested against their annexation to Germany. For many years, as long as they had any hope of an immediate change in their destiny, their deputies in the Reichstag were the irreconcilable opponents of German occupation. Many Germans may have cherished for years the delusion that in 1871 they had delivered "long lost brothers." No illusion is permissible at present. In 1913, after forty-two years of German rule, the ominous words were spoken by a German official: "Alsace is a *hostile* country."

Under these influences the conception of a *revanche* arose immediately, spontaneously. It remained for many years, the cardinal principle of French national life—the thought left unuttered, but even present, according to the dictum of Gambetta: "Let us think of IT always, and never speak of it." Even Victor Hugo, the prophet of peace and of the universal Republic, had to confess: "Another war, alas! Yes, it is necessary"; and of all the leaders of French thought, perhaps Renan alone was strong enough to breast the tide of popular passion. But *la Revanche* had to be postponed; the country had to recuperate, a permanent government had to be established, the army must be reorganised.

. . . Ten years went by: the clash of parties had begun to sap the single-mindedness of the nation, an aggressive colonial policy was embarked upon by a few energetic statesmen; and gradually it was realised that France had resumed her normal life, that France was prosperous, expanding—and still unavenged. The dream was fading away.

This evolution was slow, reluctant, half unconscious. France, once so fond of clear-cut situations and radical measures, has been living for over thirty years in a fog of ambiguity and compromise. We shall see how the provisional and nondescript Constitution of 1875 is impairing her political health. Her foreign policy, too, has been "Yea and nay." She no longer believes in the *revanche*, and yet she cannot give it up. Strange and tragic dilemma! Dense clouds of doubt and no star visible.

Doubt as to the material possibility of the task. The lead that Germany acquired in 1871 cannot be overtaken. France can make no effort which her neighbour does not immediately parallel, or anticipate. In spite of costly fortresses, the frontier is still gaping: the Germans hold the key to our house and Nancy, for instance, the capital of French Lorraine, could not be defended. Then there is the growing disparity of forces between the two rivals. In 1870, they were almost of equal size. At present there are 66,000,000 Germans to 39,000,000 Frenchmen. To-morrow, the Germans will be two to one. And there is the military inferiority which comes from the political *régime* that France has adopted. Democracy, especially a parliamentary and *petit bourgeois* democracy, is not favourable to the efficiency of a war machine. It distrusts its own army. The sense of blind discipline is evaporating. There is no permanency in the higher offices, no continuous policy. Prussian militarism, wrong though it may be, is well adopted to its special purpose. Passive obedience below; above a well-drilled, hereditary caste; at the head, a war Lord with unquestioning faith in his mission; all united in the worship of a cuirassed, helmeted, mail fisted Fatherland. Republican France is an amateur pitted against a professional. Marcel Sembat is right. "A King, or peace." And France chooses peace.

Doubt of one's self. This is the bitterest fruit of defeat, grown bitterer still during the long years of impotent aspiration. Do we really want war? Have we not become *afraid* of war? The adventurous expeditions of volunteers and mercenaries in far-off lands are one thing: the invasion of your own province, the bombardment of your own city, are quite another. For the French of this generation, war does not mean the same thing as it does to Germans. The old recklessness has waned: discretion born of experience. Do we shrink from the ordeal? An ugly suspicion, which cannot be ignored.

Doubt of the cause itself. We have clamoured for forty years that war proves nothing: how can we consistently appeal once more to the God of Battles? A war for the sake of Alsace-Lorraine, if it were successful at all, would have to be waged first in Alsace-Lorraine. Once more the two unhappy provinces would be laid waste. There would be Alsatians and Lorrainers under each flag. Then, supposing France to dictate her own terms, what would these be? If the two provinces were to return to France, Germany, irreconcilable and still more populous than her conqueror, would prepare her own war of revenge; and the weary round of hatred, waste, and violence would go on for ever. If any compromise be accepted—neutralisation or participation—would it be worth the terrible price—could it not be achieved in a more rational way?

France is thus in the situation of Hamlet. She is maddened by a self-imposed task to which she is unequal, and the wisdom of which she is beginning to question. The patriots themselves are infested by the prevailing ideal of peace, and dare not preach war as the nation's first duty. The pacifists, even the cosmopolitans, dare not face the renunciation which alone would make peace secure. If France were an efficient, self-confident military autocracy; if her population outnumbered that of Germany, she could afford to say: "You have done me a great wrong; but war is useless and criminal. Let us forget and try to be friends." But the resignation of the weaker would not be understood—especially by an enemy who has constantly impugned the moral character of France, and who professes to believe in nought but force.

Such is the problem which poisons the life of France and torments the soul of every Frenchman. Some have sought refuge in flippancy; they veil the feelings in universal irony and scepticism—like Lorenzaccio wearing the mask of debauchery to conceal his purpose, until the mask could not be torn from his flesh. The pacifists, the socialists, the internationalists will see nothing but waste in the craze for armaments—a race to the abyss of bankruptcy, which nothing can stop, not even a victorious war; and they protest in advance against the political reaction, the military *régime* which is bound, in France, to follow war. The patriots cannot help considering the advocates of peace as traitors who are wilfully sapping the material and moral strength of their country. Discussions which in America are academic enough assume in France an immediate and tragic significance. These conditions account, among other things, for a sentiment which many of us find it hard to understand—militant anti-patriotism. One of the first lessons that a recruit is taught in the army is the meaning of the sacred words for which he is expected to lay down his life: country, flag, patriotism. I have heard with my own ears a version of the historic reply: "Patrie? . . . ça veut dire tuer des Prussiens"—"The Fatherland? . . . that means killing Prussians." The definition is boldly elliptical, but not absolutely wrong, and the young Norman peasant who spoke those words was duly lauded by his superiors. But are they absolutely wrong either, who retort: "If it be so, *down with the Fatherland*!"?

France is thus swayed to and fro between conflicting ideals. I have seen men of my generation, young Parisians of the liberal *bourgeoisie*, sane, industrious, and kindly as a rule, pass through periods of chauvinism, scepticism, anti-militarism, and chauvinism again. When we were little, we were taught Déroulède's calls to arms; we prayed that the "great day" might not dawn until we were ready to shoulder a rifle. Then came the Boulanger fiasco, the Panama scandals, the anarchistic outrages, the crisis of discouragement and self-depreciation when France herself seemed to acquiesce in her decadence. The Russian alliance was a last ray of hope, but we were soon given to understand that it was meant to preserve the *status quo*, not to reconquer our lost heritage. The Dreyfus case damaged the prestige of the army. Anglophobia, thanks to the Fashoda incident and to the Boer War, was rife; a Franco-German reconciliation, about 1900, seemed no impossible dream. Our ideal, at that time, was social rather than national. Jaurès and Zola appeared as the burly and shaggy archangels of justice and truth. The army and navy were "civilised" and

democratised. Officers were requested to give peace lectures. Instead of the old heroic and childish names—*Formidable*, *Redoutable*, *Furieux*, *Fulminant*—the warships of the Republic were baptised *Démocratie*, *Vérité*, *Liberté*, *Justice*, and the names of poets and philosophers, *Victor Hugo*, *Jules Michelet*, *Edgar Quinet*, *Ernest Renan*, were given to very expensive cruisers too weak to fight and too slow to run away. Soon the country wearied of Radical misrule. In the conflict between Radicals, Orthodox Socialists, and Syndicalists, the dream of a vigorous social policy dissolved. All this prepared the ground for a revival of patriotism.

The *Entente Cordiale* with England left our treasure of international suspicions and hatred undivided. The conflict with Germany became intenser and broader. To the eternal Alsace-Lorraine question was added colonial rivalry, and all the fears and grievances of our new friends across the Channel. German diplomacy showed itself at its worst in the Morocco affair : clumsy, unscrupulous, and brutal, spoiling a defensible case by a series of broken promises and insulting threats. The French reared under the repeated pricks. Clemenceau left his Dreyfusism and even his Radicalism in abeyance, and for a time breathed again the fiery patriotism of thirty and forty years ago. A "grand ministry" of national defence was formed. Millerand, the Socialist, brought to the War Office his tireless and quiet energy, his power of organisation. The troops were again followed in the streets and cheered by the people. In 1913, returning to France after several years' absence, I was astounded at the change. Whether the challenge of Germany was mere bluff or meant in earnest, it had been accepted. The old reluctance and indifference had vanished. Among all classes I found men ready, willing, eager to go to battle. Had war broken out then, had the right man been found to lead the French armies, the miracles of the Revolution and the Empire might have occurred over again.

There was enthusiasm ; but there was no unanimity. The Socialists on either side manifested unequivocally their opposition to war—the Germans in more imposing numbers, the French with more violence. The pacifists of all classes and parties were not idle. The Governments shrank from the tremendous responsibility. So the critical months went by, and there is another lull in the international storm.

What about the future? War is not impossible. The sudden and formidable revival of Chauvinistic passion in a Republic which seemed to be torn by religious and social problems, cannot be ignored. For the first time, perhaps, since 1870, France has faced the eventuality of war almost cheerfully. Germany knows this ; it is one of the reasons of her immense increase in armaments. If war should break out, the odds, of course, would be against France, but the result would be by no means certain. War would in all probability mean a conflict between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance— a possibility which makes one shudder.

"War is the failure of human reason." The best minds on both sides of the Vosges, and the masses as well, realise that war breeds more difficulties than it can ever settle. Their triumph of 1871 has cost the Germans untold billions in armaments and waste of labour, and has hampered their spiritual development. And Alsace-Lorraine, as was shown by the Zabern affair, is still *unconquered*. It will not cease to be a source of trouble and weakness until the Germans, like the English in Ireland, in Canada, in South Africa, undo the work of military conquest, and leave Alsace-Lorraine free to shape its own destiny, free to use whichever language it prefers, free to manifest its regrets and its sympathies. The bulk of the German people cannot desire war; new annexations would mean additional difficulties. France has no right to desire war; the lost provinces for whom she wants to fight crave for nothing so much as for peace.

For these reasons, we hold that the French should have the courage to pluck from their hearts all hopes of a "revenge" ; that the kind of patriotism which encourages thoughts of war, which is indissolubly connected with war, is an unmitigated evil; and that France, in her public education, in her press, in her diplomacy, in her armaments, should make "Defence, not defiance," her motto. A secret diplomacy, a huge standing army are contrary to the spirit of democracy. They are not essential to the safety of a well-governed State. The countries that have suffered from their military weakness—France in 1807, Spain Turkey, Bulgaria —are those which combined misrule or arrogance with insufficient resources or inadequate preparation. The one incontrovertible cause of France's downfall in 1870 was her going to war in a fit of Chauvinistic madness. A policy of swagger and aggression must be backed by irresistible battalions. A desperado should not venture aboard unless his pistol is well primed. A plain business man can go about unarmed. And it is obvious that all the leading nations of the world—Germany in particular—are "business men," not desperadoes.

We expect that the ruinous and precarious peace of the present day will be preserved. We even hope that it will make way for genuine peace, that the inflated war budgets will be reduced, that arbitration will steadily gain ground.* When will the last step be taken; when will a genuine reconcilirtion take place?

There is no natural antipathy between the two nations, no antinomy between the the two cultures. Anthropology has sometimes been used as a buttress of Chauvinism ; but racially the great majority of the French and the inhabitants of Southern and Western Germany are brothers. Even the pure Nordic type, tall, dolichocephalic, and blond, is not foreign to France. It must be confessed that it is not easy for an Englishman to be thoroughly at home in France, or for a Franchman in England : between France and Germany there is no such abyss. A Frenchman is not out of his element in Cologne or Munich, nor a German in Grenoble, Nancy, Lyons, or Paris. Germay was all too fond of French culture for nearly two centuries ; every one of her courts was a replica of Versailles, and her greatest hero spoke the language of Voltaire. And France is not blind to the merits of Germany. From the time of Madame de Stael, idealistic Germany, the Germany of poets, philosophers, scientists, and musicians, has been known, admired, and loved on the other side of the Vosges. Michelet, Quinet, Hugo paid tribute to "our beloved Germany," "Germania Mater." Renan said : "When I first became acquainted with German thought, I felt as though I were entering a temple." The thorough assimilation of the French Huguenots by Prussia, of the Alsatian middle-class by France, shows the close kinship between the two civilisations. The hostility between the two nations is historical and political.

The first condition of this reconciliation, we have attempted to prove, is the frank abandonment, on the part of France, of any dream of revenge. Germany, on her part, would have to meet France half-way. She would have to learn international ethics and good manners. She would have to give up the maxims and practices of Bismarckism. Instead of slandering and bullying her neighbour, she would have to treat her with fairness and respect. Above all, she would have to achieve the moral conquest of Alsace-Lorraine by satisfying the legitimate aspirations of its inhabitants. As long as the lost provinces suffer, as long as they are treated like pariahs in their new home, wounded in their most natural sympathies, contemned, coerced at the mercy of a Prussian soldiery, France cannot forget, and France and Germany cannot be friends.

ALBERT LEON GUERARD *in*,
The Contemporary Rieview.

* In 1909 it was successfully practised between France and Germany, in spite of intense patriotic passion on both sides.

The Submarine.

(From a Correspondent.)

The submarine boat is older than the ironclad man-o'-war, but until, as it is reported, one torpedoed the Pathfinder recently sub marines have never damaged anything but their crews and themselves.

There is a legend, and it may just possibly be true, that James I. went to the bottom of the Thames in some sort of submarine boat invented by a Dutchman, Cornelius van Drebbel, and propelled by twelve oars. But the real father of the submarine was an American called Bushnell, who produced towards the end of the eighteenth century an under-water craft driven by a screw propeller, or something very like it and lowered and raised by another similar propeller working on a vertical axis. One man formed the entire crew, and the first operation on beginning a submarine trip was to let in enough water to submerge the boat. After that the vertical propeller was used to keep the boat at the desired depth below the surface, while the horizontal propeller gave it movement in the required direction. To come above the surface, the "crew" set himself to pump out the water. Add one more feature to it and we have in "Bushnell's turtle" the germ of the modern article—some means for damaging surface vessels. Bushnell provided this by equipping his submarine with a sort of auger, projecting from its top, capable of being twisted round by the man inside and finally freed from the submarine when necessary. The idea was to get beneath a ship and screw the auger into her timbers. To the auger was attached a rope, and to the rope a watertight box full of gunpowder. Then the submarine was to make off, leaving a time fuse in the box to do its deadly work.

There is no record of this boat ever having been put to any offensive use, and it is not improbable that there was the same outcry against the proposed use of this diabolical weapon as there

has been against every innovation in death-dealing weapons. In their turn gunpowder, cannons, muskets mines, torpedoes, and aircraft have all been called cowardly—and used. Bushnells changed his name and died unthought of.

Yet very soon other people took up the submarine as a weapon of war. In 1800 Robert Fulton, well remembered in connection with the early steamships, produced a submarine not unlike Bushnell's and designed to attack in much the same way. It was actually used by the French against British warships cruising off Brest, but it went wrong and failed. Fulton never achieved anything with his further experiments, but after his death an assistant of his is said to have been employed on a plan to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena in a submarine which was to dodge the guardships. But before the boat was ready for sea Napoleon died.

When the submarine idea next broke out it was again in America. In the Civil War boat after boat was built and tried, and, with one exception, failed to do any damage except to itself. Each one was called David, presumably because of what it was expected to do against surface vessels of Goliath size. None of these Davids were truly submarines. The earlier ones were tiny, funnelless steamboats, floating very low in the water, and with such a narrow deck that they looked no more purposeful or inhabited than a drifting plank ; and so the success of the last of the series in mining a Federal battleship hardly breaks the real submarine's record of ludicrous ineffectiveness until September, 1914. Even this last David drowned nearly forty of her own men in five separate accidents before she managed to get her mine, which she carried on the end of a long spar, against the side of the Housatonic. The explosion sank the Honsatonic, and the rush of water swamped the little David and drowned her crew of nine men. It took eight men to work the propeller, no engine having been fitted in this last David.

The Nordenfelt boats bring us to comparatively recent times, and to this side of the Atlantic—in fact to England, for Nordenfelt merely developed the ideas embodied by the Rev. George Garrett in a submarine which he tried successfully in Liverpool in 1879. All of this type were driven by steam engines, and like "Bushnell's turtle," their depth of immersion was controlled by a vertical screw propeller. They were real submarines, for they could travel some distance wholly under water by sealing up the boiler furnace and the chimney and using the reserve of steam in the boiler, which was made specially large for that purpose. Also they were the first boats to carry automobile torpedoes and to bo regularly borne on the navy list of any country. The Turkish and Greek Governments each bought one, and the Russian Government ordered a quite big one, but it was lost on the way to Cronstadt.

The submarine as we know it to-day, however, is more in the direct line of descent from the early efforts of John P. Holland—once more an American—than from any of the types already mentioned here or from any of the quite large number of boats which have not been described, such as the Lake, the Wadnington, the Goubet, and others. About I880 Mr. Holland's experiments began to bear fruit, and in 1904 the British Government purchased his designs, after having long discountenanced the submarine as being essentially the weapon of the weak. We bnilt five boats to these designs and then planned our own "A" class, embodying the experince we had gained. The most obvious improvement was the introduction of the periscope, the now well-known arrangement of mirrors and lenses in a tube projecting above water so that the navigator can see about him though his boat is just out of sight below the surface. These "A" boats are mostly of about 200 tons displacement and travel at twelve knots on the surface and eight or nine knots submerged. Our latest submarines are 176 feet long, 22½ feet beam, have a displacement tonnage of 800 when submerged, and carry 28 men and 15 tons of fuel for their 1,600 h.p., engines. The whole secret of their successful working, as in all present-day submarines, is in the fuel and the method of using it. It is oil, and burnt in the cylinders of an internal-combustion engine it leaves no tell-tale trail of smoke as the older boats did. Virtually all there is to be seen of a submarine when travelling as a surface boat is her little conning tower and a streak of the hull, and this is so inconspicuous that she may reasonably expect to sight an approaching ship long before the ship can sight her. Then she can dive and proceed with only her periscope showing until she thinks it no longer safe, to show even that. Then she goes entirely under water till out of the danger zone, or until she fires her torpedo at the ship. Her long under-water travel is made possible by the electric motor. When she dives the oil engine is stopped, so that it may not deprive the crew ef any more precious air, and the task of driving the propeller is taken over by the electric motor, which takes its current from a battery.

Thus it is mainly the general march of progress in motive-power engineering which has made the modern submarine possible. There is, however, one other feature which distinguishes the present-day boats from the older ones. Their depth of immersion is controlled by horizontal rudders instead of by propellers or by taking in and pumping out water ballast. Water ballast is used only in the first place to sink the boat till all but the conning tower is under water. After that the rudders, in conjunction with the boat's forward movement, cause this dive and subsequently control the depth at which the boat travels. This has been found to be a much handier and safer way than any other that has been tried, in spite of the fact that it becomes inoperative when the boat stops. When she stoops she rises.—*The Manchester Guardian.*

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A Reply from H. G. Wells.

To the Editor of the "Labour Leader."

Sir—When I read Miss Paget's previous contribution to your pages it did not occur to me that she was "laughing" at me. I thought she was just over-excited when she called my articles "manifestoes," and accused me, quite out of her imagination, of using the "Sword of God Tag" and so forth. I accept with regret the correction that she is in a state of merriment. This unseemly mirth is blinding her even to the precise words of the articles she is "answering." It may be great fun to say that I asked Americans to "refuse to furnish Germany with food on their neutral ships" when as a matter of fact I suggested to Americans that it was undesireable to countenance the purchase of German liners by America in time of war and their use in victualing the German Army, but such humour is not controversy. Nor is it controversy to accuse me of ignoring Mr. Snowden's pamphlet upon the "Kruppism" of this country when I have quoted it and used it in my articles, when I have made it as plain as daylight that that evil is constantly in my mind.

But my case is that the intensive cultivation of militarism by Germany, the military machine which were all (except for Miss Paget, the L. L. P. and Mr. Jim Larkin's people) doing our best to smash, has been the strength of the trade throughout the world. Miss Paget in her careless question-begging way writes that the "Krupp armament and scare mongering" business has had its "*exact* counterparts throughout the world," when the vitally important fact is that they have not been exact counterparts, but unavoidable and inferior reflections. And abuse of French "rottenness"—I do not see it—in comparison with the moral exaltation of Germany comes ungraciously in the columns of a paper that I had supposed democratic and Republican. The French, like the Americans, wash their financial dirty linen in public. It is characteristic of republics, and, on the whole, it is better than never washing your dirty linen at all. No doubt Miss Paget thinks the Kaiser a simple, poor man.

Now in the comparison of Russia and Germany, which is the gist of this argument, I am forced to declare my conviction that Miss Paget knows nothing whatever of Russia. She will not learn. It is not may own poor little observations in Germany and Russia that I would set against her opinions, opinions evidently made entirely in Germany, but the views of our friend Maurice Baring, of Doctor Harold Williams, of Mr. Hagberg Wright, of Mr. Nabokoff, the editor of the occassionally suppressed *Retch* and one of the most brilliant Liberal statesmen in Russia, of Sienkiewz, the Polish patriot novelist, of Prince Kropatkin's daughter, of Mr. Zangwill, who has been imploring people to let Russian Jews know their own business in this affair. All the people, in spite of programmes, strikes, and exile, believe in the Liberal possibilities of Russia. None of them believe in the Liberal possibilities of an unchastened Prussian militarism. All of them beg and pray Miss Paget and Mr. Keir Hardie and the German Jews of America to abandon them to Russia. Against these opinions of Russian and Pole and Jews that I have quoted I cannot, for all my respect for Miss Paget, bring myself to attack very much countervailing weight to what the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* told Miss Paget eighteen months ago about the beautiful democratic devolopments that were going to happen presently in the Kingdom of Prussia. As between the Liberalism of the private talk of the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and Prussian militarism, it is evident that Prussian militarism got its blow first.

I do not know whether I need say very much about the "strong and uncompromising reply" of Mr. Keir Hardie. I am glad to see that he has at last, a month late, picked up the idea that there is more in this business than a chance to get at that irritating person Sir Edward Grey. In compact passage he summarises most of what I have been saying in the Liberal press during the past few weeks, and tells me that is what the I.L.P. is going to "do". I doubt if the I.L.P. will. Other people will try to do it

while the I.L.P. yaps at their heels. He calls me a war-monger. Why does he not think of the meaning of words? Evidently he has read nothing that I have written about the crisis at all except my few allusions to himself. If he has, then he is either drunk or mad to say that I am "shouting with the multitude." I am working with all my being for Socialism and the peace of the world. My complaint against him is that he is doing nothing for Socialism or disarmament in this crisis because of an ignorant terror of Russia. As for his "whining"—confound it! he whines. He writes—his English is bad, but one can see what he means—"But after all Mr. Wells has a reputation not only in newspaper articles, but in his books, of taking a mean advantage of those whom he does not like." I owe that reputation to the spiteful lying chatter of the shabbiest scum of Socialism. But what a bit of dirt to aim at me! The "mean advantage" of which he complains in this case is that I described his activities and the activities of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in perfectly plain language.

Yours very sincerly,
H. G. Wells

"Facing Realities."

Or Swallowing Phrases?

(By Vernon Lee.)

The newspapers are exhorting us, for God's sake, to "face realities," at the same time, and rather contradictorily, patting us on the back for our splendid way of doing it.

Facing realities is, indeed, at all times a most useful precaution: we should not have been plunged head and ears in this war if we had faced realities a little more in the last ten years.

By all means, therefore, let us face realities. Only let us make sure that they *are* realities, not mere phrases and myths, which are so far easier to get at and so far more comforting and inspiriting. Also let us make sure that when realities are really there, it is *we* who are facing *them*; and not *they* who are facing, confronting, threatening to overwhelm, *us*. I will give a humble illustration: If—or I fear *when*—the ruin of industry, trade, and credit occasioned by this war will oblige my bankers to inform me that my dividends have ceased to be paid, it will not be I facing this reality, but this reality, and a good many other realities, which will be staring relentlessly into my puzzled, dismayed face; and into the even blanker and more helpless faces of my cook and my gardner whom those realities may force me to turn adrift.

Similarly, when our statesmen have to devise, however excellently, *marotoriums* "to prevent panics," and relief funds and relief works for thousand, orphaned and widowed or thrown out of employment by this war; and when military authorities are most, *most efficiently*, shipping off more and more thousands of men (some thousands from India now!) to cut to pieces in the defence of Northern France; and when War Secretaries are devising compulsory service for Englishmen; when all this is happening it humbly seems to me that all these thoughtful and efficient persons are not so much "facing realities" as (to use the now consecrated expression) "straining every nerve" against the reality of wholesale slaughter, the reality of verses and ruin and panic which are facing English men, women, and children considerably less eminent and therefore less responsible, with reality's grim, sardonic interrogation in reality's relentless and ruthless eyes.

For "facing realities" means understanding and foreseeing, not merely trying to minimise the evil you have not understood or foreseen when it was still time. And there is this paradoxical peculiarity about realities, that it is *they* who face *us* when it comes to the present; and that *we* can face *them* efficaciously only when we understand those realities in the past, or foresee them in the future. In the present, I repeat it, realities are running away with us like horses we have allowed to get the bit between their teeth, because we didn't know how to drive, or were thinking of something else. "Facing realities does not mean trying to save a few stray valuables when the house is on fire, even if that salvage is organised on the "most scientific principles." "Facing realities" means, or, alas! *would have meant*, refusing to accumulate inflammables (inflammables called "Alliance," "Commitments," "the *Time*-," "the *Spectator*" "the *Clarions*" etc., etc., etc.,) under our roof; and refusing to allow a number of self-important or light-hearted lunatics to get hold of the match-boxes and disable the fire-alarm apparatus, while we good people were engrossed in Home Rule or Minimum Wage, or Woman Suffrage, and all those other important items which may, or may not, be afterwards picked out of the charred and blood-and-hatred-polluted ruins of British and European civilisation.

All that is in the past. Unluckily it is! And the past is just the place where it is good to "face," to understand realities, unless we want to be faced by *them* in the shape of future wars and future ruin; since it is difficult to face realities, to understand and foresee them, in that brief moment of hurry, often of panic and of destructive salvage (destructive as when our military authorities pull down dwelling houses to defend our East Coast from the enemies who might otherwise burn them) which we call the present. Since in the past, the past which is unchangeable reality, lie the operative causes of the present which cannot, and the future which *can*, be changed according to our will; the future which can be controlled only in proportion as we understand, as we *face*, the reality which we were unable or unwilling to face when *it* was still the present.

Being myself, as you perceive, only an unpractical student of realities and their *hows* and *whys*, unable either to sew pyjamas for the wounded or to organise relief committees which will some day relieve somebody, but are at present mainly relieving the conflicting minds of their members, I have been reading two works, Mr. Brailsford's "Fruits of Our Russian Alliance." (1912) and Mr. E. D. Morel's "Morocco in Diplomacy" (1912), which I would recommend to the less busy among your readers, if owing to the reading public's inability to "face realities" except when it is too late, the first of the two had not long disappeared in the waste-paper basket which awaits all pamphlets; while the second has "gone out of print," *i. e.*, gone to line parcels of other and more successful books. From them both, from their copious collections of documents and clear chronological expositions I have learned, what my knowledge as a cosmopolitan and a demi-semi French writer had long led me to suspect, that English Secret Diplomacy, itself due to an imperfect system of suffrage, and alas! to a fearfully perfected system of party loyalty and suppression of minorities, well! that British Secret Diplomacy had for at least ten years past connived at France's military annexation of Morocco, thereby damaging Germany's commercial interests and flying in the face of the signed guarantees of Morocco's independence which, and not the "secret articles," were alone made known to the British public. I have learned likewise that, after floating a Russian loan during the worst period of Russian despotism, that same British secret, or semi-secret diplomacy, similarly convinced in Russia's military annexation of Persia, in the teeth similarly of written assurances of protection given to Persia by Britain and Russia together. I have learned also (if I had not long known it from Continental experience) that these secret "commitments" were not only reawaking France's dormant desire for *Revanche*, and keeping awake Russia's never dormant appetite for foreign territory, but, what was far graver even giving Germany every right to suspect and expect a Franco-Russian attack in which, as has just happened, Britain would (as Sir E. Grey warned the German Ambassador) "inevitably join in" (White paper Document No. 19); with the result of what is now happening over the channel, and of the "war against industrial distress and unemployment" which is being urged upon us as the natural co-relation of the military war against the "criminal madness of Prussian militarism."

All this, this butchering and being butchered, this laying colossal taxes on a meanwhile unemployed people, is what the phrase-mongers allude to as "facing realities." Had we faced the realities of Continental *Entente's* and embroilments in the last ten years we should not now be obliged to face the reality of militarism, our *own* militarism, *not* the Kaiser's which is staring us, inevitable, relentless, in the face.

Meanwhile we are helping ourselves out, as all the other poor nations are who like us have missed their chances of peace and forfeited their independence of thought and of will—we are helping ourselves out (and the French and Germans doubtless also) with self-justificatory myths and self-important phrase—for instance, that catchword about "facing realities."—*The Labour Leader*.

Battle of the Aisne.

The Official Story.

The following is the full text of the descriptive account, issued from General Head-quarters on the 18th September, of the movements of the British Expeditionary Force and of the French armies in immediate touch with it from the 14th to the 18th September inclusive :—

At the date of the last narrative —14th September—the Germans were making a determined resistance along the River Aisne. The opposition, which it was at first thought might possibly be of a rear-guard nature, not entailing material delay to our progress has developed, and has proved to be more serious than was anticipated. The action now being fought by the Germans along their line may, it is true, have been undertaken in order to gain time for some strategic operation or move, and may not be their main stand.

But if this be so the fighting is naturally on a scale which, as to extent of ground covered and duration of resistance, makes it indistinguishable in its progress from what is known as a "pitched battle," though the enemy certainly showed signs of considerable disorganisation during the earlier days of their retirement.

Whether it was originally intended by them to defend the position they took up as strenuously as they have done, or whether the delay gained for them during the 12th and 13th by their artillery has enabled them to develop their resistance and to reinforce their line to an extent not originally contemplated cannot yet be said.

So far as we are concerned the action still being contested is the battle of the Aisne, for we are fighting just across that river along the whole of our front. To the east and west the struggle is not confined to the valley of that river, though it will probably bear its name. The progress of our operations and of those French armies nearest to us for the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th will now be described:

Across the Aisne.

On Monday, the 14th, those of our troops which had on the previous day crossed the Aisne, after driving in the German rear-guards on that evening, found portions of the enemy's forces in prepared defensive positions on the plateau on the right bank, and could do little more than secure a footing north of the river. This, however, they maintained in spite of two counter-attacks delivered at dusk and at 10. p.m., in which the fighting was severe.

During the 14th strong reinforcements of our troops were passed to the north bank, the troops crossing by ferry, by pontoon bridges. Close co-operation with the French forces was maintained and the general progress made was good. Although the opposition was vigorous and the state of the roads after the heavy rain made movements slow, one division alone failed to secure the ground it expected to.

The 1st Army Corps, after repulsing repeated attacks, captured 600 prisoners and twelve guns; the cavalry also took a number of prisoners. Many of the Germans taken belong to reserve and Landwehr formations, which fact appears to indicate that the enemy is compelled to draw on the older classes of soldiers to fill the gaps in his ranks.

Fierce Artillery Fire.

There was heavey rain throughout the night of the 14th to 15th, and during September 15th the situation of the British forces underwent no essential change, but it became more and more evident that the defensive preparations made by the enemy were more extensive than was at first apparent. In order to counter-balance these, measures were taken by us to economise troops and to secure protection from the hostile artillery fire, which was very fierce, and our men continued to improve their own entrenchments. The Germans bombarded our lines nearly all day, using heavy guns, brought, no doubt, from before Maubeuge, as well as those with the corps.

All their counter-attacks, however, failed, although in some places they were repeated six times; one made on the 4th Guards Brigade was repulsed with heavy slaughter.

An attempt to advance slightly made by part of our line was unsuccessful as regards gain in ground, but led to withdrawal of part of the enemy's infantry and artillery. Further counter-attacks made during the night were beaten off.

Rain came on towards evening, and continued intermittently until 9 a. m. on the 16th. Besides adding to the discomfort of the soldiers holding open trenches in the firing line, the wet weather to some extent hampered the motor transport service, which was also hindered by the broken bridges.

Stubborn Resistance.

On Wednesday, the 16th, there was little change in the situation opposite the British. The efforts made by the enemy were less active than on the previous day though their bombardment continued throughout the morning and evening. Our artillery fire drove the defenders off one of the salient of their position, but they returned in the evening. Forty prisoners were taken by the 3rd Division.

On Thursday, the 17th, the situation still remained unchanged in its essentials. The German heavy artillery fire was more active than on the previous day. The only infantry attacks made by the enemy were on the extreme right of our position, and, as had happened before, were repulsed with heavy loss, chiefly on this occasion by our field artillery.

In order to convey some idea of the nature of the fighting it may be said that along the greater part of our front the Germans have been driven back from the forward slopes on the north of the river.

Their infantry are holding strong lines of trenches amongst and along the edges of the numerous woods which crown these slopes. These trenches are elaborately constructed and cleverly concealed. In many places there are wire entanglements and lengths of rabbit fencing both in the woods and in the open, carefully aligned so that they can be swept by rifle fire and machine guns, which are invisible from our side of the valley. The ground in front of the infantry trenches is also as a rule under cross fire from field artillery placed on neighbouring features and under high angle fire from pieces placed well back behind woods on top of the plateau.

Use of Howitzers.

A feature of this action, as of the previous fights, is the use made by the enemy of their numerous heavy howitzers, with which they are able to direct a long-range fire all over the valley and right across it. Upon these they evidently place great reliance. Where our men are holding the forward edges of the high ground on the north they are now strongly entrenched. They are well fed, and, in spite of the wet weather of the past week, are cheerful and confident.

The bombardment by both sides has been very heavy, and on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday was practically continuous. Nevertheless, in spite of the general din caused by the reports of the immense number of heavy guns in action along our front on Wednesday, the arrival of a French force acting against the German right flank was at once announced, on the east of our front some miles away by the continuous roar of their quick-firing artillery with which their attack was opened.

So far as the British are concerned, the greater part of this week has been passed in bombardment, in gaining ground by degrees, and in beating back severe counter attacks with heavy slaughter.

Our casualties have been severe, but it is probable that those of the enemy are heavier.

The rain has caused a great drop in the temperature, and there is more than a distinct feeling of autumn in the air, especially in the early mornings.

On our right and left the French have been fighting fiercely, and have also been gradually gaining ground. One village has already during this battle been captured and recaptured twice by each side, and at the time of writing remains in the hands of the Germans. The fighting has been at close quarters and of the most desperate nature and the streets of the village are filled with the dead of both sides.

Foul Fighting.

The Germans are a formidable enemy. Well-trained, long prepared, and brave, their soldiers are carrying on the contest with skill and valour.

Nevertheless they are fighting to win anyhow, regardless of all the rules of fair play, and there is evidence that they do not hesitate at anything in order to gain victory.

A large number of the tales of their misbehaviour are exaggerations, and some of the stringent precautions they have taken to guard themselves against the inhabitants of the areas traversed are possibly justifiable measures of war. But, at the same time, it has been definitely established that they have committed atrocities on many occasions, and they have been guilty of brutal conduct.

A German's Letter.

So many letters and statements of our own wounded soldiers have been published in our newspapers that the following epistle from a German soldier of the 74th Infantry Regiment (Tenth Corps) to his wife may also be of interest:—

My Dear Wife,—I have just been living through days that defy imagination. I should never have thought that men could stand it. Not a second has passed but my life has been in danger, and yet not a hair of my head has been hurt. It was horrible; it was ghastly. But I have been saved for you and for our happiness, and I take heart again, although I am still terribly unnerved. God grant that I may see you again soon, and that this horror may soon be over. None of us can do any more; human strength is at an end.

I will try to tell you about it:—On September 5th the enemy were reported to be taking up a position near St. Prix (north-east of Paris). The Tenth Corps, which had made an astonishingly rapid advance, of course attacked on Sunday.

Steep slopes led up to heights which were held in considerable force. With our weak detachments of the 74th and 91st Regiments, we reached the crest and came under a terrible artillery fire that mowed us down. However we entered St. Prix. Hardly had we done so than we were met with shell fire and a violent fusillade from the enemy's infantry. Our colonel was badly wounded—he is the third we have had. Fourteen men were killed round me. . . . We got away in a lull without being hit . . . .

On the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September we were constantly under shell and shrapnel fire, and suffered terrible losses. I was in a house which was hit several times. The fear of a death of agony which is in every man's heart, and naturally so, is a terrible feeling. How often I thought of you, my darling, and what I suffered in that terrifying battle which extended along a front of many miles near Montmirial, you cannot possibly imagine. Our heavy artillery was being used for the siege of Maubeuge; we wanted it badly, as the enemy had their's in force, and kept up a furious bombardment. For four days I was under artillery fire; it is like hell, but a thousand times worse.

On the night of the 9th the order was given to retreat, as it would have been madness to attempt to hold our position with our few men, and we should have risked a terrible defeat the next day. The first and third armies had not been able to attack with us, as we had advanced too rapidly. Our moral was absolutely broken.

In spite of unheard of sacrifices we had achieved nothing. I cannot understand how our army, after fighting three great battles and being terribly weakened, was sent against a position which the enemy had prepared for three weeks but naturally I know nothing of the intentions of our chiefs . . . . . They say nothing has been lost. In a word we retired towards Cormontreuil and Reims by forced marches by day and night.

We hear that three armies are going to get into line, entrench, rest and then start afresh our victorious march, on Paris. It was not a defeat, but only a strategic retreat. I have confidence in our chiefs that everything will be successful. Our first battalion, which has fought with unparalleled bravery, is reduced from 1,200 to 194 men. These numbers speak for themselves. . . .

German Treachery.

Amongst minor happenings of interest is the following: During a counter-attack by the German 53rd Regiment on portions of the Northampton and Queen's Regiment on Thursday, the 17th, a force of some 400 of the enemy were allowed to approach right up to the trench occupied by a platoon of the former regiment, owing to the fact that they held up their hands and made gestures that were interpreted as signs that they wished to surrender. When they were actually on the parapet of the trench held by the Northamptons they opened fire on our men at point-blank range.

Unluckily for the enemy, however, flanking them and only some 400 yards away, there happened to be a machine gun manned by a detachment of the "Queen's." This at once opened fire cutting a lane through their mass, and they fell back to their own trench with great loss. Shortly afterwards they were driven further back with additional loss by a battalion of the Guards, which came up in support.

An incident which occured some little time ago during our retirement is also worthy of record. On the 28th August during that battle fought by the French along the Oise between La Fère and Guise one of the French commanders desired to make an air reconnaissance. It was found, however that no observers were available.

Wishing to help our Allies as much as possible the British officer attached to this particular French army volunteered to go up with a pilot to observe. He had never been in an æroplane but he made the ascent and produced a valuable reconnaissance report.

Incidentally he had a duel in the air at an altitude of 6,000ft with the observer of a German Taube monoplane which approached. He fired several shots and drove off the hostile æroplane. His action was much appreciated by the French.

Airships and Aeroplanes.

In view of the many statements being made in the Press as to the use of Zeppelins against us, it is interesting to note that the Royal Flying Corps, who have been out on reconnaissance on every day since their arrival in France, have never seen a Zeppelin, though airships of a non-rigid type have been seen on two occasions.

Near the Marne late one evening two such were observed over the German forces. Aeroplanes were despatched against them, but in the darkness our pilots were uncertain of the airship's nationality, and did not attack. It was afterwards made clear that they could not have been French.

A week later, an officer reconnoitring to the flank saw airship over the German forces and opposite the French. It had no distinguishing mark, and was assumed to belong to the latter, though it is now known that it also must have been a German craft. The orders of the Royal Flying Corps are to attack Zeppelins at once, and there is some disappointment at the absence of those targets.

Sir J. French and his Troops.

The following special order has been issued to-day to the troops:

Special Order of the Day.

By Field-Marshal Sir John French, G. C. B., G. C. V. O. K.C.M.G., Commander-in-Chief British Army in the Field.

17th September, 1914.

Once more I have to express my deep appreciation of the splendid behaviour of officers, non commissioned officers and men of the Army under my command throughout the great battle of the Aisne, which has been in progress since the evening of the 12th instant. The battle of the Marne, which lasted from the morning of the 6th to the evening of the 10th had hardly ended in the precipitate flight of the enemy when we were brought face to face with a position of extraordinary, strength, carefully entrenched and prepared for defence by an army and a staff which are thorough adepts in such work.

Throughout the 13th and 14th that position was most gallantly attacked by the British forces and the passage of the Aisne effected. This is the third day the troops have been gallantly holding the position they have gained against the most desperate counter-attacks and a hail of heavy artillery.

I am unable te find adequate words in which to express the admiration I feel for their magnificent conduct.

The French armies on our right and left are making good progress, and I feel sure that we have only to hold on with tenacity to the ground we have won for a very short time longer, when the Allies will be again in full pursuit of a beaten enemy.

The self-sacrificing devotion and splendid spirit of the British Army in France will carry all before it.

(Signed) J. D. P. French, Field Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief the British Army in the Field.

The War Through German Spectacles.

The Fall of Maubeuge.

The German newspapers of last Wednesday, September 9, which have just reached us, announce that Maubeuge, the French fortress which had been holding out since the retirement of the Allies from the frontier, surrendered last Monday the 7th. If so, Maubeuge has nevertheless accomplished a great work by its resistance, for it controls important lines of railway, and its resistance has no doubt contributed to the scarcity of supplies which has helped to bring about the retreat of the German right. The official report from the German military headquarters is as follows :—

"Tuesday September 8.

"Maubeuge surrendered yesterday. 40,000 prisoners, including four Generals, 400 guns, and a great tamount of war material have fallen into our hands."

Silence in the German Press.

The German papers 9th, 10th and 11th September contain almost nothing about the battle east of Paris.

The "Kolnische Zeitung" of Wednesday has only a message which comes from Copenhagen to say that the battle had begun, but that there had been few important changes of position on either side.

Thursday's issue of the same paper appears to have contained no reference at all to the battle.

Friday's issue has a meagre official report on the attack of the Allies against the German right wing and the beginning of the retreat in that quarter. On this news the "Kolnische" comments that the German armies which were attacking the French farther to the east would soon exert an influence on the French left wing, meaning that the French would be driven back on their centre or right, and would consequently have to abandon the advance of their left. "How far," says the "Kolnische," "our right wing has been drawn back the official reports does not say, but there is in any case no question of serious retirement."

German Admission

"Manchester Guardian" and "Daily Telegraph" War Service.

Rotterdam, September 10.

Yesterday's "Colougne "Gazette" contain an official statement from Berlin which announces that to consolidate and protect the German Army the left wing has fallen back on Verdun, and that the battle is still in progress.

The tone of the German press is that the General Staff "must be trusted, as it cannot take the public into its confidence," and that "people should bear in mind that seeming reverses in the war of 1870 were afterwards found to be part of the German tactics."

A telegram received this morning from a semi-official German source says that communication between the Army of the Crown Prince and the main armies has now been restored, and that a concentrated attack by the German armies is now certain, "the result of which cannot be known for some days."

GENERALS REPLACED.

The wireless message officially circulated from Berlin on September 11th says:—

The situation in the western theatre of the war has undergone no change since yesterday. French attacks in certain parts of the battle front continued throughout the night of September 15 and again on the 16th, but they were repulsed yesterday. German counter-attacks, on the other hand, were successful.

The retreat of the German western wing was merely a tactical manœuvre, which does not affect the strategical position.

It is reported from Paris that during the last battles the English army lost 15,000 in killed and wounded.

Messages from Paris which have been received in Ghent report that the position of the German army is unfavourable.

General Colonel von Hausen, of the Cavalry Division, has been taken ill and has been replaced. Artillery General von Schubert, commanding the Fourteen Reserve Corps, has been transferred elsewhere and his position filled by General Quartermaster von Stein. Infantry General Count Kirschbach, commanding the Tenth Reserve Corps, has been injured, and in his place General von Eben has been appointed.

German Version of the Retreat.

Copenhagen, September 11th.

The following despatch is published in Berlin :—General Headquarters, September 10.

Our troops, which had advanced east of Paris to and across the Marne in pursuit of the enemy, where attacked from Paris between Meaux and Montmirail by superior forces.

They held their opponents in a severe two day's battle, and themselves gained ground.

As the approach of new strong hostile columns was announced the German wing was drawn back. The enemy nowhere pursued us.

[A passage here has been deleted by the Censor.]

Our troops fighting to the west of Verdun are in a continuous battle.

The situation in Lorranie and the Vosges is unchanged.

Fighting has begun again in the eastern theatre of operations.

AN ADMISSION OF DEFEAT CORRECTED.

In Amsterdam on September 11th there was circulated as an official message from Berlin a telegram very similar to that given above from Copenhagen, but with one remarkable difference. About the place where the Censor has made excision in the Copenhagen message, the message circulated in Amsterdam (and stated to have General von Stein's authority) contained the following :—

"The enemy won the battle, obliging the German troops to retire. Fifty guns were captured, and some thousands of men made prisoners."

The Amsterdam news agency (according to the Central News) has since explained that "in consequence of a blunder at the German end of the wire" the official message was wrongly rendered, and has "corrected" the passage to the following :—"On receipt of the news of the arrival of a strong hostile column the left had to retire. It was not pursued by the enemy. Our (*i.e.*, the German) troops took fifty guns and some thousands of prisoners."

Newspapers Silent.

Copenhagen, Sept. 12.

A special despatch from Berlin to-night says that the newspapers there are without any news from France. They print, however, statements with the censor's permission that a decisive battle is probably progressing, stretching from Nanteuil to Vitry. They declare that is is likely to be some time before the event is decided, and that in the meantime the fortunes of war are likely to shift from side to side. "The Germans," they declare, "must be prepared for temporary defeats.

[The wireless news officially circulated from Berlin yesterday contains no reference to the position in France except the following:—

"The Crown Prince's army has captured the fortified position to the south-west of Verdun, and since last Thursday the forts south of Verdun have been attacked by heavey artillery."]

200,000 Prisoners of War.

The following war news, dated Berlin, September 13, has been officially circulated by the German wireless station and received by the Marconi Company:—

The retreat of the 1st Russian Army from East Prussia has been turned into a flight, with our troops in hot pursuit. Up to yesterday they had made more than 10,000 prisoners and captured 80 guns, as well as a number of machine-guns, ammunition, &c.

Up to September 11 about 200,000 prisoners of war were accounted for in Germany, including the following:—

French.—1,670 officers, 86,700 men.

Russians.—1,830 officers, 91, 400 men.

Belgians.—440 officers, 30,200 men.

British.—160 officers, 7,250 men.

"Enemy's Reports Untrue."

In the wireless message officially circulated from Berlin, 14th September, the following references are made to the fighting in France:—

"An official announcement states that it has not yet been possible to publish particulars of the operations taking place in the western theatre of war. Those operations have resulted in a new battle, in which the position is favourable. Reports to our disadvantage which the enemy have circulated with all the means at their disposal are untrue.

"A sortie from Antwerp by three Belgian divisions has been repulsed.

"The army of the German Crown Prince is now attacking on both sides the forts between Verdun and Toul.

"Prince Joachim (the Kaiser's son), who was wounded by a shrapnel bullet while acting as ordnance officer in the firing line, has been brought to Berlin and is now at the Bellevue Palace."

India and the War.

I

We take the following extracts from Sir Valentine Chirol's letter on "India and the War," which appeared in the *Times* of Saturday (September 12). The response of our Indian Empire may indeed well give cause, not only for immediate thankfulness and pride, but also for confidence and hope in the future. Comradeship in arms will bind Englishmen and Indians close together on the battlefield, and in India and in these islands the sense of a common danger met by a common effort will strengthen that community of interests and of sentiments which seemed of recent times threatened by an artificial growth of mutual suspicions. The whole question of the position of India and of Indians in the British Empire will be approached in a broader and more generous spirit when our Indian princes and our Indian Army have stood shoulder to shoulder through this war with British officer and British men drawn from our most distant Dominions as well as from these islands. One minor point is also worth remembering when our Indian troops come into contact with the Germans. They have never forgotten the insolence of the German contingent in China in 1900, whose favourite amusement was to jeer at them as coolies. Even so gallant a gentleman as old Sir Pertab Singh was spared no indignity that could be safely inflicted upon him by the German Headquarters under Field Marshal von Waldersee. I happened to be in camp with him at Bikanir a couple of years ago, when the former German Ambassador in London, Count Wolff Metternich, arrived as a somewhat unwelcome guest, and I remember how the inborn courtesy of the great Rajput Prince was strained to the uttermost to repress the bitter memories of those days in Peking. As he but it in his quaint English, "I like meet German on horseback, sword in hand, not 'salaam' in drawing-room. Show him then Rajput no coolie."

II

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—When Sir Valentine Chirol writes about India the rest of us may well accept the teaching of his great knowledge and experience. With reference to his admirable letter in *The Times* of September 12, I should like to ask him whether the magnificent proofs of Indian loyalty and devotion to the Empire's cause may not rightly be traced to the fact that the voice of India which speaks to-day is the real voice of the 300,000,000 of the Great Peninsula, while the voice we are accustomed to hear is that of a comparatively small section of professional talkers, whose occupation has disappeared in the face of mighty issues which are moving the real heart of the people.

Apart from the millions of Indian toilers there are very many fighters who scorn any other trade. Under ordinary circumstances the men of warlike races are never heard, but at a time like this the martial spirit of India sweeps aside every form of wordy agitation, and men who may have appeared to be the leaders of popular opinion are brushed aside and forgotten in the need for sterner work.

The voice of England to-day is quite unlike the voice of England even two months ago. It is almost too much to hope that it will remain at this high level for long. Already one hears of efforts to stop the war, to save German feelings, and to prove that the Germans are the real friends of England. Fortunately there is a martial spirit in Britain, and in Greater Britain, quite strong enough to see this struggle through to the end; but, while our spirit is usually dormant and needs almost as great an effort to rouse it as will be required to put it safely away for another time, it is different from that passionate love of battle which is now stirring the hearts of the warlike races of Hindustan.

Yours obediently

FRANK SWETTENHAM

September 12.

III

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—As one who was among the first to take steps immediately on the declaration of war by England to assure the Secretary of State for India that all classes and communities in India would be absolutely united in supporting the British cause against German aggression, may I beg of your courtesy to allow me space to explain the true meaning of the enthusiastic support of which England, apparently to her surprise, has received such signal proofs?

It is this: we wish to avert by all that lies in our power the humiliation of a change of government. We have assurances afforded to us in the history of British occupation of India, by the promises of our Sovereign and the pledges given by British statesmen on solemn occasions, that the British Government in India has a higher purpose to serve than merely the maintenance of peace and order, which any Government must secure if it is to exist at all. That purpose is to enlist by means of Western education the sympathy and cooperation of the people in the ideals of Western civilization, so that they may ultimately be fitted to administer the affairs of their own country as an integral part of the British Empire. From the Germans we can have no similar guarantees. The progress in the desired direction may have been slow in the past, but we have every hope that the pace will now be considerably quickened; this hope is greatly fostered by the recent administrative reforms with which Lord Morley's honoured name is associated and by the sympathetic attitude of Lord Hardinge, our most popular Viceroy, towards national aspirations and sentiments. We believe that by remaining within the orbit of the British Empire we shall be able sooner to realize the destiny of India than otherwise. These are cogent reasons for our sinking all differences in the face of a common danger apart from the apparent justice of the British attitude in this war.

My friend Sir Valentine Chirol in his letter which appeared in *The Times* of to-day, seems to attach a somewhat secondary significance to the whole-hearted response which the Western educated Indians have made at the present crisis. I venture to think this is due to an imperfect appreciation of the position of educated Indians and the power which they represent. Their ranks comprise the most energetic and enterprising sections of both the Hindu and Mahomedan communities in all parts of India and large and rapidly-growing numbers of Punjabis, the Sikhs and the Pathans, the best fighting races of the country; many of them are descendants of families which carried on the civil and military administration during the Mogul period, and some of them represent in their own persons ancient Sanskrit and Arabic learning, while there are few Moulvis and Pundits who are not giving their sons Western education. A fair and increasing proportion of the land-holding and commercial classes are also receiving the benefits of Western education. And, as Sir Valentine himself points out, many of the chiefs themselves are Western educated; nor should we forget that their counsellors are mostly educated Indians. I am afraid very few Englishmen properly realize the obvious fact that without the help of Western-educated Indians British administration in India could not be carried on for a day, or that these men supplied the moral force by which the influence of a bigoted priesthood over the ignorant masses has been so greatly overcome.

It is important that the English public should fully understand the significance of the unsolicited support given by educated Indians, who are the most influential leaders of the people of India.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

ABDUR RAHIM (a Member of the Royal Commission on the Public Services in India).

Hotel Majestic, Harrogate, Sept, 12.

Ordinances Applied in the Case OF MR. ZAFAR ALI KHAN.

The Foreingners' Ordinance, 1914.

Simla, the 20th August, 1914.

An Ordinance to provide for the exercise of more effective control over foreigners in British India.

ORDINANCE No. III OF 1914.

WHEREAS an emergency has arisen which makes it necessary to provide for the exercise of more effective control over foreigners in British India;

Now, therefore, in exercise of the powers conferred by section 23 of the Indian Councils Act, 1861, the Governor General is pleased to make and promulgate the following Ordinance.

Short title and extent.

1. (*1*) This Ordinance may be called "The Foreigners' Ordinance, 1914."

(*2*) It extends to the whole of British India including British Baluchistan, the Sonthal Parganas, the district of Angul, the Shan States and the Pargana of Spiti.

Definitions.

2. In this Ordinance—

(*a*) "foreigner" has the same meaning as in the Foreigners Act, 1864.

(*b*) "prescribed" means prescribed by rules made under this ordinance,

Power to prohibit or regulate entry, departure and residence of foreigners.

3. (*1*) The Governor General in Council may by order—

(*a*) prohibit, or regulate and restrict in such manner as he thinks fit, the entry of foreigners into British India; and

(*b*) regulate or restrict in such manner as he thinks fit the liberty of foreigners residing or being in British India.

(*2*) In particular and without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing power orders under sub-section (*1*) may provide—

(*a*) that no foreigner shall enter into or depart from British India, save within such period and by such route, or by such port or place as may be specified in such order;

(*b*) that foreigners shall be prohibited from entering or remaining in any specified area in British India or shall only be permitted to enter or remain in British India or any specified area therein subject to such conditions and restrictions as the Governor General in Council may impose; and

(*c*) that foreigners residing or being in British India shall remove themselves to and remain in any specified area, or if such an order is necessary for the public safety, or in the interests of the State, that such foreigners shall be arrested and interned or confined in such manner as the Governor General in Council may think fit.

Penalties.

4. Any foreigner who contravenes or attempts to contravene the provisions of any order made under section 3, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to three years or with fine or with both.

Householder to report residence of any foreigner in his house to prescribed authority in specified areas.

5. (*1*) The Governor General in Council or any Local Government may, by notification in the *Gazette of India* or the local official Gazette, as the case may be, direct that within any area specified in such notification, every householder in whose house a foreigner is residing either temporarily or permanently shall forthwith report to the prescribed authority in the prescribed manner, the name of such foreigner, and such other particulars respecting him and the period of his residence in such house as may be prescribed.

(*2*) Any householder who fails to comply with the provisions of any notification issued under subsection (*1*) shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to six months or with fine which may extend to five hundred rupees or with both.

6. Whereas under the provisions of this Ordinance the Governor General in Council of any Local Government is authorised to make any order or issue any notification in respect of foreigners, such order may be made or such notification issued in respect of foreigners generally or in respect of any class or description of foreigners, or in respect of any individual foreigner, and different orders or notifications may be made or issued in respect of different classes of foreigners.

Orders under Ordinance may be general or special.

7. (*1*) The Governor General in Council may make rules for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this Ordinance :

Power to make rules.

In particular and without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing power such rules may provide for—

(*a*) the authority to whom, and the manner in which, reports under section 5 shall be made and tht particulars to be stated therein; and

(*b*) the manner in which orders under this Ordinance shall be enforced.

(*2*) All rules made under this section shall have effect as if enacted in this Ordinance.

8. The Governor General in Council or the Local Government may at any time rescind or modify any order, rule or notification made or issued under this Ordinance, and the Governor General in Council may delegate, subject to such conditions and restrictions as he thinks fit, all or any of his powers under this Ordinance to any civil or military authority in British India either by name or in virtue of his office.

Power to rescind or modify rules or orders.

9. Nothing in this Ordinance shall be deemed to affect or derogate from any power which may be exercised under the Foreigners Act, 1864, or under any other law for the time being in force in respect of foreigners who are subjects of a State which is at war with His Majesty.

Saving of powers under existing law.

10. The Governor General in Council may exempt, either absolutely or conditionally, any foreigner or any class or description of foreigners from all or any of the provisions of this Ordinance.

Power of exemption.

11. No order made under section 3 of this Ordinance shall be called in question in any Court.

Bar of jurisdiction of Courts.

HARDINGE OF PENSHURST.
Viceroy and Governor General.

W. H. VINCENT,
Secretary to the Government of India.

The Ingress into India Ordinance, 1914,

Simla, the 5th September, 1914

An Ordinance to provide for the control of persons entering British India, whether by sea or land, in order to protect the State from danger of anything prejudicial to its safety, interests or tranquillity.

ORDINANCE No. V OF 1914.

WHEREAS an emergency has arisen which makes it necessary to provide for the control of persons entering British India, whether by sea or land, in order to protect the State from danger of anything prejudicial to its safety, interests or tranquillity :

Now, therefore, in exercise of the powers conferred by section 23 of the Indian Councils Act, 1861, the Governor General is pleased to make and promulgate the following Ordinance ;—

1. (*1*) This Ordinance may be called the Ingress into India Ordinance, 1914.

Short title and extent.

(*2*) It extends to the whole of British India including British Baluchistan, the Sonthal Parganas, the district of Angul, the Shan States and the Pargana of Spiti.

2. The Foreigners Ordinance, 1914, shall have effect as if references therein to foreigners, included references also to persons not being foreigners as therein defined, who enter British India, whether by sea or land, after the commencement of this Ordinance, subject to the following modifications, namely :—

Application of Ordinance III of 1914.

(*1*) The power to prohibit entry, conferred by the said Ordinance, shall not be exercised.

(*2*) No power under the said Ordinance as applied by this Ordinance shall be exercised, unless the authority exercising the same is satisfied that the exercise thereof is desirable in order to protect the State from the prosecution of some purpose prejudicial to its safety, interests or tranquillity.

(*3*) For the imprisonment provided by section 4 and section 5 (*2*) of the said Ordinance, the following imprisonment shall be substituted, namely, in section 4, one year, and in section 5 (*2*), one month.

3. This Ordinance shall be construed with, and deemed to be part of, the Foreigners Ordinance, 1914.

Construction.

HARDINGE OF PENSHURST,
Viceroy and Governor General.

A. P. MUDDIMAN,
Deputy Secretary to the Government of India.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA. HOME DEPARTMENT.
NOTIFICATION (POLITICAL.) No. 907.
Simla, the 22nd August, 1914.

In pursuance of the provisions of section 8 of the Foreigners Ordinance, 1914, the Governor General in Council is pleased to delegate to the civil authorities specified in the first column of the schedule annexed the powers specified in the second column of the same schedule, subject to the restrictions specified in the third column thereof.

SCHEDULE.

1 Authority empowered.	2 Powers delegated.	3 Restrictions.
1. All local Governments.	1. Powers under section 3 of the said Ordinance to regulate and restrict the liberty of foreigners residing or being in British India. 2. Power under section 7 of the said Ordinance to make rules providing for the manner in which orders made by the local Government in accordance with the provisions of this notification shall be enforced. 3. Power under section 8 of the said Ordinance to modify or rescind any order or rule made in accordance with the provisions of this notification.	The powers referred to in entry No. 1 of column 2 may be exercised only in respect of foreigners residing or being in the province administered by the local Government who are not male subject of the German Empire, 20 years of age or over but not more than 39 years of age, or male subjects of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary who are 21 years of age or over but not more than 33 years of age.

No. 908.

In pursuance of the provisions of section 8 of the Foreigners Ordinance, 1914, the Governor General in Council is pleased to delegate to the military authorities specified in the first column of the schedule annexed the powers specified in the second column of the same schedule, subject to the restrictions specified in the third column thereof.

SCHEDULE.

1 Authority empowered.	2 Powers delegated.	3 Restrictions.
1. The Commanander-in-Chief in India.	Power under section 7 of the said Ordinance to make rules providing for the manner in which orders made by military authorities in accordance with the provisions of this notification shall be enforced, and power under section 8 of the said Ordinance to modify or rescind any such rules.	*Nil.*

1 Authority empowered.	2 Powers delegated.	3 Restrictions.
2. The Adjutant-General in India. 3. Officers commanding division 4. Officers commanding brigades. 5. Officers commanding divisional areas. 6. Officers commanding internal security areas.	1. Powers under section 3 of the said Ordinance to regulate and restrict the liberty of foreigners residing or being in British India. 2. Power under section 8 of the said Ordinance to modify or rescind any orders made by them.	(*a*) The powers referred to in entry No. 1 of column 2 may be exercised by the Adjutant-General in India only in respect of foreigners residing or being in the district of Simla, and by the military authorities referred to in entries 3, 4, 5, and 6 of the 1st column, only in respect of foreigners residing or or being in the territories included in their respective commands ; and (*b*) the said powers, except the power of prohibiting foreigners from entering or remaining in any specified area in British India or of permitting foreigners to enter or remain in such areas subject to conditions and restrictions, may be exercised only in respect of male subjects of the German Empire who are not less than 20 or more than 39 years of age, or in respect of male subjects of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, who are not less than 21 or more than 33 years of age.

No. 909.

In exercise of the powers conferred by section 3 of the Foreigners Ordinance, 1914, the Governor General in Council is pleased to issue the following orders regulating and restricting the entry of foreigners into British India and their departure therefrom :—

1. No foreigner shall enter or depart from British India by sea exsept by the ports of Calcutta, Madras or Rangoon.

2. No foreigner shall depart from British India by land or sea before the 15th September, 1914.

3. No foreigner who is a subject of the German Empire or of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary shall depart from British India by land or sea before the 15th September, 1914, or after the 30th September, 1914.

4. No foreigner who is a male subject of the German Empire and is 20 years of age or over and under 40 years of age, or who is a male subject of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary and is 21 years of age or over and under 34 years of age shall depart from British India by land or sea until further orders.

5. Nothing in these orders shall—

(*a*) apply to any Asiatic foreigner ; or

(*b*) be deemed to prohibit any foreigner from entering into or departing from British India in accordance wih the terms of any permit granted by the Governor General in Council or some officer empowered hy the Governor General in Council in this behalf.

H. WHEELER,

Secretary to the Government of India.

Short Story.

Mates.

ONCE upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a King who had an only son whom he loved very dearly. Now this young Prince was very fond of pictures, so much so that there was not a single collection of pictures in the city which the Prince had not visited a hundred times, nor any private collection of pictures which he had not ransacked. What is more, when there were no more pictures in the country left for the Prince to see, the King, his father, sent for vast collections of the rarest and most beautiful pictures from abroad so that the Prince might indulge his favourite passion. Now, one day it so happened that while the Prince was engaged in looking at some very beautiful pictures from a distant country, his eye alighted on the most lovely little miniature portrait of a Princess that one could imagine! It was evidently the picture of some foreign Princess of extraordinary beauty. So charming, indeed, was the picture that the young Prince at once fell deeply in love with the face which it portrayed. From that day forth a great longing to possess the Princess came over the Prince, and he gave up all his meat and drink so mad was his desire.

When it came to the ears of the King that a strange melancholy had come over his son, he was much concerned and he forthwith sent for his trusty counsellor, the Grand Vizier, and asked his advice as to what was to be done. The Vizier said: "Sire, the Prince is evidently in love. That is a condition which I have myself experienced in the days of my youth, and I know that when that comes upon a young man he is generally very reticent, most unwilling to confide his woes to anybody, unless, indeed, it be to a bosom friend of the same age. I would, therefore, suggest to your Majesty that my own son, who is of the same age as the young Prince, and his school-fellow, may be sent to the Prince to glean the secret of his sorrow, for to no other man is the Prince likely to unburden his heart. Once the ill itself is known, it should be easy to find the remedy."

The King, approving of the advice, sent the Vizier's son to the Prince.

Now the Vizier's son, although young, was yet very wise. He found no difficulty in learning the secret of the Prince, and then, counselled him in this wise :—

"It ought to be no difficult matter to seek out the Princess you desire if you follow the plan which I am going to propose. It is this: Let us set out on the quest in great state, taking with us a large retinue and an army of artisans of all kinds, smiths, carpenters, jewellers, stone masons, and other handicraftsmen of great skill in their various arts. In the course of our progress in state, let us call a halt at every important town and city, which may lie in our way, and there let us give a grand banquet to the citizens, laying out the table with gold plate. When the feast is over let us give away to each guest the platter of precious metal out of which he had fed, and let us hang up the portrait of your Princess in a prominent place and see if any guest could tell us anything abont the strange Princess and whether he could suggest any means whereby you could obtain her hand in marriage."

This plan pleased the Prince and filled him with a ray of hope, and he fortwith gave up his melancholy and ate and drank and was happy once more. A little later, all the arrangements made, the Prince and the Vizier's son started on their quest in great state, taking with them a whole army of skilled craftsmen. Whenever they came to any city they always entertained the inhabitants to a great feast at which all the meats were served in golden dishes which were afterwards given away freely to the guests. In this way they earned for themselves a great fame among all the kings and princes for their wealth and generosity. At every feast the picture of the mysterious Princess was hung up in a prominent place, but beyond admiring the beauty of form and face, none of the guests gave the least clue to the identity of the Princess. At last one day when they had reached a certain city in Persia and given, as was their wont, a magnificent banquet to the inhabitants, one of the guests, an old man, shrivelled and bent, started on seeing the portrait as if he recognised it and laughed loudly, after which he suddenly burst into tears.

The Vizier's son who had been eagerly watching faces observed this and at once asked the old man the reason for his strange behaviour. The old man then informed him that the portrait was none other than that of the daughter of the King of Persia whom he knew very well, having been in her service when she was a child. He had laughed with joy at being reminded of his sweet mistress, but that he had cried to think of the unfortunate turn her mind had lately taken, for she had taken a solemn oath never to marry or see the face of any man, and had shut herself up in a city peopled only by women which she had founded, where no male being, whether man or beast, was allowed

to set foot on pain of death. The old man went on to say that so unreasoning was the dislike of the Princess for everything of the male sex that she caused to be shot with bows and arrows the very birds of the male sex which crossed her sacred dominions by skilful archer women stationed on the rampart of the city.

Delighted at having at last found definite news of the object of his quest, the Vizier's son proceeded to form his plans.

That night, disguising himself as a woman, he made his way to the city of the Princess and, entering her favourite garden, knocked at the door of the *malan* who was in charge of the garden. On the latter demanding who it was that knocked at such a late hour, the Vizier's son replied that it was a benighted woman-traveller who sought shelter. The *malan* let him in but warned him at the same time that the Princess, her royal mistress, did not approve of strangers intruding in her garden. But the Vizier's son by means of earnest entreaties prevailed on the woman to take him in and let him live with her for at least a few days.

Whilst staying with the *malan* he made himself so useful and helped her so well in her work, that she looked upon him as a great acquisition and thought no more of sending him away.

In those days, when it was the fashion for princes and noblemen of high degree to learn various useful trades and handicrafts, so that they might be prepared for all eventualities and be able to earn their own living if the worst came to the worst, it should not be wondered at that the Vizier's son had acquired the art of a skilful gardener. When the *malan* sent flowers to her royal mistress in the morning, he would weave them into marvellous wreaths and garlands and pretty bouquets, so that the Princess admiring the skill with which these were woven at once guessed that her gardener must have acquired an assistant.

One morning she asked the gardener who was helping her make those pretty designs in flowers. The *malan* said: "It is only a daughter of mine who does these things."

"Bring your daughter to me to-morrow" said the Princess, "I shall be very glad to make her acquaintance."

Accordingly, the next morning, the Vizier's son, accompanied by the *malan* went to the Princess's palace. When the Vizier's son saw the Princess he became certain that she was no other than the one whose portrait has so infatuated the Prince, and wondered much at her marvellous beauty.

The Vizier's son managed to win for himself the favour of the Princess to such an extent that he ended by coming to live in the palace as one of the chamber-maids of the Princess, There he took special pains to win the confidence of an old nurse who had brought up the Princess from her childhood and in whom the Princess placed the greatest trust. The Vizier's son knew that if he was ever to gain his object it must be through the means of this nurse.

One day he asked the nurse how it was that the Princess had not married and what was the reason for her hating the opposite sex so much.

"Hush!" said the nurse, "hold your tongue! do not ask so dangerous a question. Were the Princess to overhear us she would have both of us flayed alive"!

But the Vizier's son begged her hard to put this question to the Princess, saying that there would be no danger for the old nurse as the Princess loved her so much, and that he could not restrain his curiosity. The old nurse at last gave in and consented to put the dreaded question to the Princess the next day at a moment when she should find her in a happy mood. Accordingly the next morning when the Princess was laughing and talking gaily with her maidens, the old nurse approached and timidly introduced the subject of marriage.

"My dear," said she, "it grieves my old heart to see you thus wasting your noble youth and beauty in this lonely spot. It has always been the greatest longing of my heart to see you happily married to some handsome Prince, and to see your children playing around you before I die."

The sunshine at once fled from the Princess countenance and her brow darkened. She turned to her attendants in a towering rage and said "Here, take away this impudent woman from my presence and flog her well so that it may teach her to keep a better control over her tongue."

In spite her old age and piteous entreaties, the woman was mercilessly beaten and sent away from the palace in disgrace

The Vizier's son stood quietly watching events. When the Princess' anger had cooled down he took the opportunity to say: "Poor old nurse! I am sure it was very wrong of her to say what she did, but I hope your Highness will forgive her. She is so old and feeble, and after all she meant well".

The Princess, relenting at these words, sent for the old nurse whom she really loved very much, and said: "Dear old nurse! Forgive me for my hastiness, but I lost my temper at your words. You know how I hate that subject. Come now I will tell you what you want to know, but promise first never to mention the subject in my presence again."

The nurse promised and the Princess then began:

"I clearly remember that in a former birth I was a bird and used to live together with my mate in a snug nest on a tall tree in a thick forest. One day, when we were both on the wing in search of food for our young ones, I suddenly perceived that that portion of the forest where stood the tree on which our nest was built was on fire. As we were flying at a great height, we could clearly see the flames raging round our nest. Of course you can imagine the fear and dismay that took possession of my heart. Said I to my mate: 'Fly quick and save the young ones! There is time yet and you are stronger of wing than I. You will get there in time. Speed, for Heaven's sake.' But, to my surprise, my mate hung back. 'Go yourself,' he said 'you can fly just, as I can.' I was in a frenzy of despair, but it was in vain that I begged him to save the young ones whom I had not the courage to save myself. My cruel mate only argued the point instead of taking action. He said they were my young ones no less than his and that therefore it was my duty as well as his to save them and much else besides, which I did not hear, for just then, to my horror, I saw my beloved home ablaze and my young ones perishing in the flames before my very sight.

"Then a deep rooted disgust for my mate and all of his sex took possession of my soul. I thought that they must be all very heartless and unworthy to be loved and from that moment I abandoned my mate and flew away to pass a lonely life as far away as possible from the scene of my desolation. Ages went by. I was born again, a Princess of Iran.

"As I grew up, the recollection of that former birth seemed to come back to me with a strange and surpassing vividness and I remembered how grievously I had been wronged by one of the male sex at the time when I was only a bird and the aversion of that time took such strong possession of me once more that I vowed never to marry or look on the face of a man as long as I lived. This is how I have come to my present resolution to avoid all of the opposite sex."

The old nurse listened with great astonishment to the strange story and the next day she confided it to the Vizier's son who, having now gained the information which he wanted, took the opportunity to leave the city and rejoin his master.

The Prince was delighted at the return of his faithful friend and embraced him with joy.

The Vizier's son then told the good news of having found the Princess whom the Prince sought. When the Prince heard this he showed great eagerness to see the Princess and begged the Vizier's son to get him married to her at once.

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" said the Vizier's son, "restrain yourself, my good master. It is by no means easy to secure the Princess. But I have a plan in my mind which may answer. There is a well just outside the Princess's city from which the drinking water of the Princess is drawn. Let us cause a fine city to be built near this well excelling the city of the Princess in beauty and magnificence and let us forbid any female being, whether man or beast, to enter the city on pain of death, and let us cause to be killed even the female birds that may happen to cross our city. When this is done I will devise some means of attracting the Princess' notice."

Accordingly, the very next day the army of artisans was set to work building, and in a short time, with great industry, they built a beautiful magnificent city, and furnished it with every possible comfort and convenience.

The fame of the new city, built so close to hers, and surpassing it in splendour, soon reached the Princess and roused her curiosity.

Now when the women came to draw water from the well the Vizier's son had men stationed there armed with light catapults who broke the earthen jars and pitchers of the water women and spilled all the water. The women were much alarmed, and when they asked the men the reason why they annoyed them, they simply answered that that was the order of their Prince. The women went weeping to the Princess with their broken jars and complained of their ill-treatment by the people of the neighbouring city. The Princess was very angry and she sent one of her woman to the Prince's city to find out the reason for the attack on her women. The messenger was stopped at the gate of the Prince's city and told that no woman was allowed to enter it. Upon her saying that she was a messenger from the Princess, word was sent at once to the Vizier's son who came in person and spoke to her and said "Rash woman! how dare you attempt to enter this city? Do you not know that you will lose your life if you are found inside?"

The messenger replied that she had been sent by the Princess to find out the reason why her water women had been attacked by the Prince's men and their pitchers and jars broken.

To this the Vizier's son replied saying: "That is because our Prince hates the very sight of all female creatures, so much so that he has ordered to be killed the very birds that fly over here if they happen to be of the female sex. The Prince believes that your touch makes the water of the well unclean and that your shadow which falls on our city is a curse and a blight."

The woman sped back to her mistress and told what she had heard. The Princess was utterly taken aback to find that there was actually a man who was so presumptuous as to hate woman. She who had hitherto hated all males so whole-heartedly was now consumed with curiosity to see the Prince who hated women as much quite, and she sent word to the Vizier's son to ask if she could see the Prince. But the latter at this pretended to be very wroth and sent back word saying it was quite impossible for the Prince to see the Princess as he would allow no female being to approach him.

On receiving this message the Princess' curiosity was doubly excited and she became more than ever desirous of seeing him. She sent another messenger carrying handsome presents for the Vizier's son in order to persuade him to let her have a look at the Prince and to find out the cause of his so hating womankind.

The Vizier's son at first made many excuses, and then agreed saying that if the Princess was so anxious to see the Prince, there was only one way. She should come in a closed palanquin to a certain garden at an appointed time and he would take the Prince out for a walk in that direction. The Princess could then see him through the shutters of her palanquin and he would engage the Prince in a conversation at the risk of incurring his displeasure and find out from him the reason for his hatred of women. The Princess would thus have an opportunity of overhearing the conversation.

When all was arranged the Vizier's son went to his master and told him all about it. The Prince was so pleased that he asked the Vizier's son to let him see the Princess at once. "No," said the Vizier's son, "You must be careful and act your part well or everything will be spoiled. I will take you to the garden to-morrow where the Princess' palanquin will be placed beforehand and then I will ask you the reason for hating women. You must pretend to be very angry and order me to be taken away from your presence and beaten. But after a while you must relent and send for me and tell me that the reason for your hating women is that you remember that in your former life you were a bird and that one day, when you were out in search of food with your mate you saw the jungle in which your nest was on fire, and the nest with your young ones in it was in great danger. Your mate asked you to fly to the rescue of the young ones, but she insisted that you should go alone scue hard as you impressed upon her the necessity of joint action on and-part of mates in time of danger, she remained deaf to all rea thr ing and went into fits of ill-timed anger and that through son cowardice and selfishness, perversity and strife you had the misfort he of seeing the lives you loved best lost for ever and your home burneu to ashes; the companion of your weal and woe instead of sympathid zing with you, deserting you in your moment of sorrow. Thus forsaken and broken-hearted, you roamed about aimlessly till death released you from the bonds of a wretched existence. In the next cycle of your birth you were born a Prince of Hindustan, and as you grew up a vivid recollection of your former existence dawned on you and you swore an oath never to have anything to do with women, for their cowardice and selfishness, their folly and obstinacy ruins the heart and home of many an honest man.

The Prince rejoicing at the idea of meeting cat Princess decked himself in his best clothes and perfumed his person with the choicest perfumes, and accompanied by the Vizier's son started for the place where the Vizier's son had caused the palanquin of the Princess to be placed.

There the Prince and the Vizier's son sat down, pretending not to notice the palanquin and began to talk. In the course of the conversation the Vizier's son asked the Prince the reason of his dislike for women, whereupon the former, pretending to be in a great rage, called his attendants and ordered him to be dragged out of his presence and well punished. Then soon relenting he called him again and said: "My dear Vizier, pardon me for treating you so rudely, but you talked on a subject that I cannot bear to hear; but for the sake of the love you bear me I will open my heart to you and tell you the story of my life." With these words the Prince went on to relate the story which the Vizier's son had taught him.

The Princess who could hear every word from her palanquin opened her eyes in surprise and said to herself, "Ah me! How sad, haw sad! After all it was I who was to blame! I admit it now. It was my folly. How he must have suffered when I left him. But thank God! I have got him back again!" With these words, unable to control herself any longer, she rushed out of the palanquin and threw herself down at the feet of the Prince, crying "My love! my love! forgive me and let me do penance for my past follies.

The Prince, overjoyed to see the Princess whom he loved so much at his feet, raised her up at once and held her to his heart with words of love and forgiveness.

Then the Princess went home and the Prince sent the Vizier's son to the King, her father, with precious gifts, requesting the hand of his daughter in marriage. The King received him with great honour and gave him handsome presents, but sadly said: "Alas, your suit is in vain. My daughter hates all men. However, I will send a woman to her with a message to her own city which is peopled with woman only, and await her answer. But I fear that the errand will be a fruitless one."

A woman was accordingly despatched with the message and to the great surprise of the King, a favourable answer was returned by the Princess which was received with great joy at the court of the King, and the wedding took place with the greatest pomp and circumstance. After a few months the Prince and Princess taking leave of the King, returned to the country of the Prince where his farther and mother had grown blind through weeping for their absent son. When the tidings of the Prince's return reached them they felt so glad that their eyesight returned to them, and they embraced their son and daughter-in-law. And the King said: "My dear son, I am growing old and I should like to see you on the throne of your father before I die". Then sending for his Grand Vizier he gave orders that his son might be installed on the throne in his place. The coronation was attended with rejoicings and the whole capital was brilliantly illuminated. The Vizier's son was made the Grand Vizier under the new rule and was loaded with honours, estates and titles. And so they all lived happily ever after.

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"The Comrade War Bulletin."

Readers of the *Comrade* will be glad to learn that we have been getting now for some time *direct* Reuter's *full* telegraphic service of news and our *War Bulletin* has been able to compete with the news service of every Northern India Daily on equal terms. We trust our readers will compare the hours of departure of Mails from Bankipore, Allahabad, Lahore, Lucknow, and Bombay for their own stations with the hours of departure from Delhi, and judge for themselves whether the latest news can reach them earlier from Delhi or from other stations whence Dailies are posted to them. If we reach them earlier there can be no reason for their taking in any other paper for the sake of news only. For readers of the *Comrade* who enlist *within the month of October* and pay the amount *in advance for at least 3 months*, (V. P.'s will *not* be issued for it) the subscription of the *Bulletin* is reduced to Re. 1-4-0 *per mensem*, and if the response to this appeal is as ready as we expect, the rate may be reduced still further to Re. 1 only for all such subscribers. In this way those who already subscribe for the *War Bulletin* as well as the *Comrade* will practically get a daily paper at the moderate cost of Rs. 24 per annum. Many of our readers have expressed the desire to see the *Comrade* converted into a daily paper. The difficulties of a daily paper are only understood by those who manage a daily or even a weekly paper. But they are believed to be almost insurmountable if the daily is meant to be not provincial but an all-India paper like the *Comrade*. Some of our readers are, however, of opinion that a sufficiently large number of people will subscribe for the *Comrade* if it is made a daily paper. This is the time for them to prove the practicability of their suggestion. Will two thousand five hundred subscribers enlist themselves for a daily service of news and a weekly service of views? If the response is feeble we shall be compelled to discontinue so costly a news service. We may add that the Railway Mail Service authorities to whom we have repeatedly complained of the absence of postal facilities, and to whom many of our readers too have to our knowledge complained still oftener are considering the question and we an arrangement will shortly expect be made under which the stamping and sorting of our publications will be done on our premises. We want 2,500 permanent subscribers and an agency for the sale of the *Comrade* and its *War Bulletin* in every town of respectable size. Let us see how many of our subscribers canvass successfully for us and also establish an agency in their town. This is not an appeal but a challenge, and a challenge addressed not to an undefined entity called "the reader", but to YOU! Will YOU do it?

TETE À TETE



The Capitulations in Turkey.

We publish elsewhere a communication, addressed by Turkey to the Powers in regard to the abolition of the Capituations, the Powers' protests and a few comments by the English papers on this momentous decision of the Porte. That Turkey was well advised, both for the sake of her material well-being and her self-respect, to do away with these irksome and insulting badges of inferiority would be apparent from the fair and unreserved admissions of the *Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian*. But that irrepressible "friend" of Turkey, the *Near East*, is pleased to think otherwise. It admits that the Capitulations have meant a restraint on Turkey's freedom which no soveriegn state can endure; it does not deny that they have kept her in a fiscal bondage for centuries; and it knows only too well how they have sheltered nests of intrigue against the authority of the Sultan's Government. And yet it has the insolence to warn and threaten the Ottoman Ministers, make vile insinuations against their conduct and lay down the law which no Ottoman Government shall break on pain of dire consequences. One would imagine that the Sultan's Ministers only existed to wait in humbleness and take their orders from the pack of strenuous scribes who control this impertinent and gossiping sheet. It is, as we have said, fond of posing as a "friend" of Turkey. The disguise in which it has chosen to masquerade has never deceived any one that is in the least familiar with its methods. Friend of Turkey, indeed! Its hirelings have repaid the hospitality and freedom they enjoy in Turkey by habitually abusing the best, noblest and most devoted Turkish patriots, men the latchets of whose shoes they are unworthy to unloose, and abused them in terms that they have dared not employ against the vilest public man in the meanest State of Europe. This is the measure of its friendship for Turkey. Now as regards its latest effusion, it is pleased to taunt Turkey of a breach of faith. Its contention is that the Capitulations are treaties binding alike on Turkey and on the Powers, and can only be annulled or modified by mutual agreement. Perhaps it has conveniently forgotten that the question of the abolition of the Capitulations cannot be judged except in relation to their history. They cannot be classed with treaties in general; they are, in fact, solidified conventions which have gradually arisen out of the spontaneous gifts and concessions made by the Sultans in generous tolerance to foreigners in Turkey. They cannot be claimed as inalienable rights by the subjects of other Powers, and Turkey is in every way justified in abrogating them, especially when they have been found by experience to have become the source of enormous abuses. No unprejudiced observer can fail to see that the Capitulations press heavily on Turkey in innumerable ways. They have brought into being a vast army of foreigners who, although born and bred in the Ottoman Empire, yet enjoy a unique position of favour and privilege. These foreigners or Levantines,—as they are usually called—are, according to a fair-minded English observer, not amenable to the laws of the land in which they live, pay practically no taxes to the Government which protects them, and possess advantages in commerce, in finance and in the courts of law which have probably no parallel in history. Nor do they hesitate to abuse their privileges. In a thousand and one ways they place themselves in direct opposition to the authorities, meeting all attempts at interference in the spirit of *Civis Romanus sum*. It is particularly since the Constitution of 1908 that Turkey has recognised the evil of the existing system, and that Ottoman patriots have sought to rid their country of this oppressive burden. The enthusiasm which greeted the announcement of the abrogation—an enthusiasm shared by Mussulmans and non-Mussulmans alike—is sufficient indication of the state of Turkish feeling. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes: "Before the war broke out pourparlers were on foot between the Government and the foreign missions for a modification of the Capitulations, greatly in Turkey's favour. These were almost entirely on the financial side and comprised such important measures as the increase of the 'droit d'entree,' the placing of foreigners on the same taxation basis as natives, the imposition of a suitable law to regulate joint-stock companies, and other similar measures. It cannot be said, however, that the proposals went as far as they reasonably might have done. For instance, they yielded no point on the right of the consulates to interfere in all matters between the Ottoman authorities and foreigners, an interference very irksome to the firms and entirely unnecessary when no question is in dispute, nor did they deal with the question of the foreign post offices, which are now quite unnecessary in Turkey. Probably the somewhat niggard concessions proposed by the Powers have influenced the Sublime Porte in her present step." We trust the British Government which has readily consented to the abolition of the capituations in the old Turkish territories now held by Greece, will put no obstacles in the way of the just efforts of the Turk to free himself from the deadweight of a pernicious system which had degenerated from generosity into semi-slavery. England certainly does not relish the capitulations in Egypt, and yet they are no worse there than in Turkey.

Turkey and Greece.

Little direct information is now being received in India as to the existing state of feeling in Turkey and Greece, but we know enough of the points of tension between to two to remember that it can not be very reassuring. In the beginning of September it was announced that a conference was sitting at Bucharest to go into the whole question of Greeco-Turkish differences and try to find some basis of settlement. It would seem that the conference was adjourned *sine die*. According to a Reuter's message of 12th September, it held three sittings. At the first conference the Turkish delegates proposed, first, that not only Chios and Mitylene (the two islands contested from the first by Turkey) but also Lemnos and Samos should be restored to the sovereignty of the Sultan; second, that the Sultan would grant them a local independant administration under a Christian governor to be appointed by the Sultan alone; third, that the revenues of the islands should be devoted to their local needs, with the exception of the Customs and postal receipts and with the exception of such taxes as are already devoted to the services of the Ottoman Public Debt. At the second conference the Greek delegates declared that the above proposal was inadmissable by the Hellenic Government, and made the following counter-proposal:—That Chios and Mitylene should be leased to Greece for a period of years to be fixed upon, and that the lease should be renewable, or if denounced by either party notice should be given three years before the expiration of the lease, and that during the existence of the lease neither party should have the right to make any change in the existing arrangements. The Turks stated that they would have to refer this to their Government and await instructions, and Talaat Bey left for Constantinople, leaving as his substitute the Ottoman Minister at Bucharest. The Turks asked for two explanations in regard to the Greek proposal—namely, whether Greece meant to include Lemnos and Samos in the arrangement to be come to in regard to the two other islands, and whether the leasing project entailed the flying of the Turkish flag over the islands. At the third sitting, which took place a few days ago, the Turks declared that the Greek proposal was not acceptable, and that, having regard to the present circumstances, they considered it advisable to postpone further negotiations until a more propitions time.

Mr. Lloyd George on the War.

Mr. Llyod George delivered a remarkable address on the war in the Queen's Hall on September 18th. For want of space we hold over the reproduction of the full speech till our next, but we take one small passage, in which he pours scorn over the Kaiser's utterances about himself. He said: "Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy, I advise you to buy it: they will soon be out of print and you won't have any more of the same sort again. (Laughter) They are full of the chatter and bluster of German militarists—the mailed fist, the shining armour. Poor old mailed fist: its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour: the shine is being knocked out of it. (Laughter.) But there is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. You saw that remarkable speech which appeared in the *British Weekly* this week. It is a very remarkable product, as an illustration of the spirit we have got to fight. It is his speech to the soldiers on the way to the front:—'Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His Vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.' There has been nothing like it since the days of Mahomet. Lunacy is always distressing—(laughter)—but sometimes it is dangerous, and when you get it manifested in the head of the State, and it has become the policy of a great Empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. (Cheers.)" We trust for the sake of Mr. Lloyd George and the Empire as well as for our own sake that his reference to the Prophet of Islam was intended to emphasise

the fact that what was truth in Mohamed, the Last of the Prophets, is lunacy in Kaiser William. Speaking in the House of Commons about the middle of August, 1913, Sir Edward Grey said that he would like to declare that "no Minister could speak of our relations with Mohamadan Powers without remembering that the king had many millions of Mohamaden subjects." Whatever one may say of the past we are sure no Minister of the British Crown would at this time forget to respect the sentiments of His Majesty's Moslem subjects. Mr. Lloyd George is entirely in his element when dealing with mangel-wurzels and pheasants. Let him leave Mohamed and the Prophets alone.

"The Will of William the Bandit."

While nothing can be more gratifying and admirable than the spirit in which the best classes among the Britons have entered into war against Germany, one is genuinely grieved to note occasional outbursts of temper against the enemy, which scarcely do credit to the dignity of the great British nation. War is undoubtedly the most trying ordeal for a people, and the elemental passions that it evokes find outlets in most surprising ways. All the same it provides a searching test of the moral strength and stamina of a nation. Vulgar and senseless abuse of the enemy can do him little harm, while it only shows that those who indulge in such a demoralising kind of warfare are themselves unnerved and have lost their balance. Germans are reported to have worked themselves into a state of intense bitterness against the English and their hatred has found most hysterical and clumsy expressions. If that is so, so much the worse for the Germans. We shall not surely be able to smash German militarism by imitating German manners. The German Kaiser may be a most vicious and dark symbol of evil in the universe; yet he cannot, we suppse, be suppressed by vulgar invective and jibes. We do not know what purpose the following specimen in the art of vituperation is meant to serve: "This is the last will and testament of Wilhelm the Bandit (cancelling all wills made before)—I, William the Shameless, Emperor and King of Sausage Annihilators, Savages and Barbarians, recognising that I am completley misled (though I haven't "missed lead") and mad with much pride and ambition, am making my will before my retirement to Colney Hatch or Siberia. Bequests: 1. My fortune (or misfortune) to all the widows, orphans and people of whose bereavement I have been the cause. 2. To Belgium as a souvenir of her heroic defence of Liège, the cross of honour in diamonds and the Nobel Prize for peace which was to be bestowed upon me this year, also my sword and the right to jeer at me for ever. 3. To France, (making a convenience of necessity) Alsace-Lorraine, her clocks and the billions of France's indemnity I will never see. 4. To England I give back her title which I usurped—*viz.*, 'King of the Sea.' 5. To Servia and Montenegro, I give Austria. 6. to Russia I give my Potsdam Telegraph Office with framed copies of famous 'wires.' 7. To Austria I leave my revolver and cartridge, in order that she may end the business in honourable fashion. 8. To all the countries that I have forced into mobilisation I offer my sincere regrets that I had not time to visit them with my mad dog army and demonstrate to them my now famous Parisienne 'Goose-run.' 9. To my family I leave my Almighty name and the nothing I have left. As Executors of this will I choose his Satanic Majesty and his Prime Minister, Anannias (my favourite poet), to whom I regret I cannot give my body as it is claimed by the whole world. (Sd.) Wilhelm, the Sausage King, (Late Managing Director of German and Austrian Empires, Unlimited.)" This great literay effort appeard in the *Indian Daily Telegraph* of Lucknow on the 15th instant. It has not even the merit of humour to redeem its vulgarity. We are sure every true Englishman, with his sense of the dignity of his race and its glorious traditions, can have nothing but disgust for such paltry exhibitions.

Tsar's Appeal to Austrian Races.

By order of the Grand Duke Nicholas the following appeal, drawn up in nine languages of the principal nationalities of Austria-Hungary, was sent to the districts occupied by the Russians:—"Peoples of Austria-Hungary.—The Government of Vienna declared war on Russia because the great empire, faithful to its historic traditions, could not abandon inoffensive Servia or permit her enslavement. Peoples of Austria-Hungary, in making my entry into the territory of Austria-Hungary, I declare to you, in the name of the great Tsar, that Russia, who has often shed her blood for the emancipation of nations from a foreign yoke, seeks only the restoration of right and justice. To you, peoples of Austria-Hungary, Russia also brings liberty and realisation of your national hopes. During long centuries the Austro-Hungarian Government sowed among you discord and hostility, for she knew that your quarrels were the basis of her empire over you. Russia, on the other hand, only aims at enabling each of you to develop and prosper while preserving the precious heritage of your fathers, your language and your faith, and allowing each of you, united to his brethren, to live in peace and harmony with his neighbours, respecting their national rights."

The Nine Languages.

The Russian proclamations seem destined to live as some of the most interesting mementoes of this war. And although Russia's role as liberator of oppressed nationalities and as champion of right and justice may not much impress the cynic, it is some comfort to think that the good old Muscovite ways of speech are being polished up through his close association with the great civilised democracies in this historic conflict. The proclamation to the peoples of Austria-Hungary has been drawn up in nine languages. The mere fact of this being necessary illustrates the heterogeneous nature of the Austro-Hungarian State. The nine languages are probably German, spoken by the people of Upper and Lower Austria; Hungarian, the little-used language of the Magyars, one of the linguistic puzzles of Europe; Czechish, spoken by the Bohemians; Polish, the language of the Poles of Galicia; Slovene, spoken by over a million of the inhabitants of Styria and Carinthia; Ruthenian; Serbo-Croatian; Italian, the language of Trieste, Dalmatia, and the Trentino; and Roumanian, spoken by a quarter of a million on the Roumanian frontier lands. It is odd to think of Russia issuing a document in Polish, for in Russian Poland the official language is Russian, and Polish is simply not recognised. If the thing were done quite thoroughly the proclamation would also have been printed in Yiddish!

Slav and Teuton.

Almost every German national manifesto about this war expresses keen and bitter resentment at England's choice to fight on the side of Russia. The Germans are filled with great hatred toward Russia, not only because they regard her as essentially a huge, barbaric mass, but because of the "Slav Peril" that has recently begun to affect the Teutonic imagination. According to Petrograd reports the news of the Allies' advance in France reached the Russian capital on the day of St. Alexander Nevsky, when Russia was celebrating her great hero of the thirteenth century, the first of his race to defeat the German invaders. Alexander Nevsky is a saint unknown to any of the Western Churches. He was, in fact, canonised by the Russian Church for his services to his country and religion. It is true that he fought successfully for Russia against the Germanic peoples. His surname commemorates his greatest victory. It means "Alexander of the Neva," and commemorates his victory over the Swedes on July 15, 1240, on the banks of the Neva, which was then a Swedish river. A year or two later he defeated the famous Teutonic Knights who had established themselves in Livonia and compelled them to give up all their conquests, and he kept back the Swedes in Finland. At this time Russia was still suffering from the Tartar invasion and was tributary to the Grand Khan. Though a conqueror towards the Germans, Alexander Nevsky was a vassal, and a highly diplomatic vassal, towards the Tartars. He held his dukedom of Vladimir at their hands, and, as we are told, "humbled himself before them for the good of his country." He paid two or three visits to the Grand Khan, and on his last induced the Tartars to lower the heavy monetary tribute they were levying on Russia and to abolish altogether the tribute of military service which they had been exacting. On his way home from this last journey he died. It is curious that this centuries old war between Slav and Teuton is commemorated in all European languages by the word "slave" and its relations. The word dates from the time when the Germans supplied the slave markets of Europe with Slav captives taken in war. The Slavs themselves derive the name of their race from a word, "slava," which means glory. Gibbon has a passage reflecting on the ironic contrast between this meaning and the meaning which the national name has come to bear in other European languages. Germans and Austrians to this day are conscious that the race war between Slav and Teuton is still going on. Austrians, at least, believe that at last the Slav will overwhelm the Teuton. Fecundity fights on behalf of the Slav. From being one of a hundred small peoples in Europe, their original home a very restricted district north-east of the Carpathians, the Slavs have grown and spread, not so much by conquest as by multiplication, till now they are the most numerous single race in Europe. There are some 140,000,000 of them, and 100,000,000 of these are in Russia. If this war had never happened they were steadily conquering Austria by mere natural increase and economic competition.

"Russia of the Novelists"

Some of the distinguished English authors and publicists like Mr. H.G. Wells who are in sympathy with this war, dismiss the general misgivings about a policy that may lead to the ascendancy of Russia in Europe by declaring that the real Russia is fine of spirit and would be harmless even if she became dominant. Mr H. E. Hutchinson writing in the *Manchester Guardian* said that the picture of Russia drawn in Mr. Israel Zangwill's play "The Melting Pot" belonged to the "novelist's Russia," and Mr. Wells had justified his delightfully charming analysis of Russia's instincts by invoking the authority of the distinguished Jewish novelist. Mr. Zangwill has now himself written to the *Manchester Guardian*, and this is what he has to say about Russia:

"Mr. H. Ernest Hutchinson claims that the picture of Russia drawn in my play 'The Melting Pot', now performing at your Theatre Royal, belongs merely to the 'novelist's Russia.' If he will consult the appendix to the printed text of the play he will find evidence that I have understated rather than exaggerated. As president of an organisation with hundreds of branches all over Russia, which has emigrated 10,000 Jews from the pale of oppression, I may claim to know more about Russia than Mr. Wells, with his fortnightly return ticket, Mr. Maurice Baring, that hoodwinked pet of Russian society, or Mr. Stephen Graham, the sentimental amateur tramp, to whom a perusal of Tolstoy's play 'The Power of Darkness' may be peculiarly commended. Mr. Hutchinson has the audacity to say that the Russia of knouts, pogroms, and exiles owes its existence to a German-Jewish press bureau. Would it were so easily destructible. The truth is the reverse—the amiable Russia is a British press conspiracy in the interests of the Entente. Certainly the Russian army is indispensable to-day. But Russia did not mobilise for the *beaux yeux* of Britain. (How soon we have forgotten Chamberlain's warning or Kipling's 'Song of the Bear' !) This very day I have issued in a number of organs, English and American, an appeal to Jewish neutrals not to let the shadow of Russia alienate their sympathies from England and her holy task of crushing German militarism. But the Entente was in existence when 'The Melting Pot' was performed in London, and yet of the several Cabinet Ministers who saw it not one but expressed to me his approval. They are indeed, as Sir Edward Grey's promise to me shows, anxious that Russia's alliance with us should help to enfranchise her. But writers like Mr. Hutchinson and the trio he cites would have it help to enslave England."

A Statement of the Ottoman Ambassador in Washington.

His Excellency A. Rustem Bey, the Ottoman Ambassador in the United States, issued on 7th September the following statement to the American Press:—"According to to-day's papers, Great Britain, following in the footsteps of France, has agitated before the eyes of the United States the spectre of a massacre of Christians in Turkey and has made this gruesome picture of the immediate future, drawn with absolute disregard to truth, a pretext for requesting the United States to dispatch warships to Turkish ports. That there have been massacres in Turkey I cannot, unfortunately, deny; but the victims suffered at the hands of the Moslems not as Christians, but as political agitators engaged in undermining the Ottoman State, the while flaunting in the face of the Government and dominant race the support of Russia, France and England. Under the same provocation what would Russia have done, who has given the world the spectacle of not one but twenty pogroms against an innocent race; what France, who smoked to death in caverns the Algerians fighting for the independence of their land, who later on rejoiced in that grand production, the Commune; what England, whose punishment of the rebels in the Indian mutiny was to blow them off guns? And since a large number of American papers are siding with Great Britain and France in this affair I will permit myself to say that the thought of the lynchings which occur daily in the United States and the memory of the 'water cures' in the Phillippines should make them chary of attacking Turkey in connection with acts of savagery committed by her under provocation compared with which the economic competition of an Italian or the sniping of a Fillipino or even the outrage of a negro are as nothing. Great Britain and France have embarked upon a new campaign of provocation against Turkey, secretly hoping that as a result of it something untoward may happen in that country to confirm their sinister predictions, so that the United States will finally be prevailed upon to detach warships to the Levant and thus get mixed in the European fray on the allies' side, but I believe the administration too sagacious to fall into such a vulgar trap. It would be enough to mean war. Do the people of the United States want war? The new British move against Turkey is clumsy. It will not cause the United States to modify its attitude." We think, however, that H. E. Rustem Bey has misunderstood the attitude of England. According to the most reliable and authoritative pronouncements, England's only desire is that Turkey should maintain a strict neutrality in this war, and neither her traditional relations, nor her present policy and interest would, we believe, induce her to cause any wanton provocation to the Turks.

Turkish "Massacres".

Europe has often talked of Turkish "Massacres" as if they were the sole remaining horrors of bestial frenzy and carnage in modern times. After what is being said of the Germans in this war, the tales of Turkish "atrocities" seen now to be milk-and-water affairs in comparison. But are the Turks really the ferocious brutes that their enemies have been accustomed to paint them? They were accused of atrocities during the Balkan War, and here is what Pierre Loti has to say about those monstrous accusations. In one of his letters which he wrote in November 1912 and which has been included in his book entitled "Turkey in Agony", he writes:—"Massacres by the Turks! In heavily leaded type this accusation against the vanquished is repeated in the newspapers, over the stories of their terrible and sanguinary defeats. Of Bulgarian atrocities there has been no lack; nor are the facts denied, but their reports are only printed in small type at the bottom of a column. Massacres by the Turks. Quite so. Poor distracted Turks, betrayed and abandoned by the whole of Europe! This catchword is used as a heading to tirades in praise of the liberating mission of the Allies, the era of peace, liberty and brotherly love which is to follow their victory! During the dark days of October, 1912, in the Oasis of Tripoli, might we not have exclaimed in the same way: 'Massacres by the Italians'! And they were unprovoked invaders, they had not the excuse which the Turks can claim, hard pressed on all sides as they are. During the last expedition to China how may towns have I not seen, like Tong-Tcheon on Tien-tsin, utterly innocent of the deeds of the Boxers, reduced to a heap of ruins, where corpses of old men, women and children had been thrust into heaps with the butt-ends of rifles, among broken lacquer-ware and China. There was ample justification for saying: 'Europe, Europe who pretends to carry into the Far East her famous torch of civilisation, Europe is guilty of massacres!' And pray tell me, what excuse could she invoke? The Huns could not have done worse than us. . . . And we French, have we not during the conquest of Algeria, (to mention only that one), murdered and suffocated by *smoke* women and children? . . . There is nothing more revolting than the extent to which the Turks are misunderstood. . . . Yet I do not believe that there exists in the world a race of men more deeply good-natured, courageous, loyal and kind-hearted.' We have taken this extract only to show that those who know the real Turk can understand the nature of the terrible myths that have often been spun at his expense.

Constantinople during the Balkan War.

If ever there was a likelihood of the "fanatical" Turk bursting out in a mad fury of hate and murderous passion against the Christians of the Empire it was surely in the dark days of defeat when the Bulgarians were hammering at Tchatalja and the people of Stamboul were plunged in national mourning and grief. Yet there was perfect peace and quiet in the capital and the lives of Christians were as secure as ever. We quote below the testimony of some observers which was recorded at the time. These witnesses who were in close touch with affairs said: "From the begining of the war to the present date (March 14th 1913), not a single Christian has been molested or even insulted in the capital on account of his race or religion. Pictures of the Allied sovereigns and their armies have been exhibited on the newspaper stalls in the streets. Groups of exulting Greeks have stood around and discussed them . . . stories of massacres in Macedonia became known to the Mohamedan population. But they preserved their attitude of dignified and mournful patience. European visitors freely entered the mosques as in times of peace. Even the sacred shrine of Eyoub, the standard bearer of the Prophet, which no Christian could enter until recent years, has been visited by war-correspondents and others. Judge, therefore, of the surprise of the European residents when they receive letters anxiously enquiring whether they have escaped! And when they open the newspapers arrived from Western Europe they learn that Constantinople is devastated by bands of Kurds ravishing and massacring Christians! And all this time crime was below the average and the great town was as peaceful as a sleepy hollow in the Midlands. A correspondent, having received a request from the Paris journal which he represented for an article on the 'disorders and excesses' in Constantinople, replied by wire:—'A Greek is safer at any time of day or night in the streets of Constantinople than a respectable citizen in daylight on the boulevards of Paris.' The Powers, however, sought and obtained permission for their warships to pass the Dardanelles. Every naval 'Power' in Europe was represented. This move was not justified by the state of the capital, but was due to a desire to establish a precedent. Hundreds of armed sailors were landed, with guns, and they occupied points of strategic and other importance. But above all every effort was made to make their presence ostentatious, not to say provocative. The embassy roofs were occupied by signalmen who, night and day, exchanged messages with the ships to the astonishment of the Turk and the alarm of the Levantine. It has since become known that they were chiefly invitations to tea and dinner and reports (from Poldhu) of the results of foot-ball matches. The gates of the British Embassy were closed and an armed guard with fixed bayonets was stationed inside them. Notices were posted telling Europeans that in case of danger three guns would be fired by the fleet. One day the Russian flag escorted

by an officer with drawn sword and a marine with fixed bayonet was solemnly paraded up and down the main street. The same evening an unimportant fire broke out in a barber's shop. (A daily incident in Constantinople.) This was made the occasion for a turn out of the sailors guarding the Russian Embassy with fixed bayonets. But they found a small group of Levantines, and the fire-brigade had already mastered the fire, so they returned without the opportunity of baptising their steel. All these demonstrations effected was to scare the Levantine population into a state of hysterical alarm, but the Turkish population refused to be provoked. Nothing untoward happened. Nothing, mark you, just nothing at all. And this not because of, but in spite of the overdone precautions. Finally the Embassies were shamed into sending their sailors back to their ships."

German Rejoicings at British "Defeat."

We gave some extracts last week from German newspapers showing how all shades of opinion in Germany fully expected the capture or destruction of the British army when it was forced to retreat towards Maubeuge. A day or two later the German Staff announced that the English army had again been completely defeated north of St. Quentin, together with some divisions of French Territorials, and that several thousand prisoners had been captured and several guns taken. The German newspapers show that this news aroused throughout Germany an extraordinary outburst of exultation. It is remarkable as an indication that the Germans regard England with much more resentment than they do the French or even the Russians. The *Kolnische Zeitung*, for instance, remarks that in spite of the great German successes the public is taking a quite special interest in the particular area where the English are fighting, "for our people are filled with deep resentment against England, which might have prevented this terrible world war, and from the meanest kind of envy refused to do it. This observation might truly be made of the whole of Germany from end to end. Hence the anxiety with which we wait for news from this quarter." With what exultation the news of the supposed heavy defeat of the English at St. Quentin was received may be judged from the following passages, which describe its reception in different German cities. As to Berlin the *Kolnische* says:—"With the joy over our new success is mingled special satisfaction at the defeat of the English, not because anyone in Germany ever took the English army in the slightest degree for a dangerous opponent, but because everyone sees in the swift and shattering blow which has been dealt it as the first, and a well deserved, retort to the cunning and treacherous policy of the English Government. That the punishment has been dealt out in so rapid and full a measure causes the greatest rejoicing." At Hamburg the following scene took place:—"When, about 2 p.m., the official news of the defeat of the English army was read on the Exchange an indescribable scene of exultation broke out. Continually repeated cheers filled the chief hall, and the crowd, numbering many thousands, sang the 'Wacht am Rhein.' The news was read out from many galleries and was everywhere greeted with storms of cheers and singing. Such an experience had never before been known at the great Hamburg Exchange, hitherto devoted exclusively to business. Many church bells began to peal" . . . At Munich it appears that the people crowned the posters announcing the English defeat with laurel wreaths and flowers. "The only regret," says a correspondent who describes the scene, "is that no Bavarians had a share in the lesson that has been taught to the English." An article headed "Perfide Albion" in the *Kolnische* speaks contemptuously of the "handful of 'soldiers' whom England has sent to France, and who are partly now on their way into captivity in Germany." But the Kaiser now denies having called the English army "contemptible," and we hope for very good reasons.

British Prisoners' Life in Germany.

A writer in the *National Zeitung* gives a glimpse of how the British prisoners in Germany are faring. He imports into his account the bitterness of feeling that seems to move all Germans against the British. He makes some ludicrous attempt to pour indignation and scorn on the "paid" soldiers who are fighting for England and holds them up in contrast with the "noble" Germans, who are compelled by law to fight for their country. It seems that numerous Berliners travel daily to Doberitz, where the British prisoners are interned, although it is a pretty long railway journey, to see these handful of prisoners of whom they are so proud. According to the writer in the *National Zeitung* the prisoners number some 1,800. He says that whilst until quite recently conversation was allowed between the men and the visitors, this is now strictly forbidden, because it led to such terrible scenes as "German ladies paying money for mementoes in the shape of buttons, cockades, etc." That the German ladies should be so interested in the English annoys this gentleman and he exclaims: "These Englishmen certainly don't look fascinating." The writer goes on:—"All these remarks, however, were not made from conceit, but out of a deep and righteous anger. For the Britishers are unashamed, even in their imprisonment. They complain about the way they are looked after; they refuse to drink coffee, and ask instead for cocoa and tea, which they have partly brought with them. If asked how they are, however, many of them reply, 'We are happy.' The scene presented seems to confirm this. In a wide space surrounded by hedges and strictly watched by our soldiers are five brown, long tents, in which the prisoners are accommodated. Here they live a regular camp life, sit in groups around a fire they have themselves made, go for a stroll or stretch themselves out in the sun. The officers have special, separate quarters, and receive different food. A large part of the men are, however, employed in various ways. The Highlanders attract special attention in their national dress, especially from the astonished children, who imagine one of their Indian heroes has suddenly come to life. These Highlanders, as also the other English soldiers in brown clothes, show proud faces—partly because they live in the belief each day that the Russians will enter Berlin as their deliverers."

German Warnings.

Since the retirement of the German legions from the gate of Paris the German people have been at a loss to account for the apparent hitch to the triumphal march of their army. The German journals have since been cultivating a sense of proportion among their readers and warning them against over-weening confidence. The semi-official organ of Berlin, the *North German Gazette*, on the 20th September admonishes its readers to be patient and on no account to underrate the qualities of the enemy. "Every day," the journal writes, "cannot bring news of victory. The astonishing, one might almost say impetuous, advance of our Army in the first weeks of the war has spoiled us. Here and there it may have led non-combatants to under-estimate the value of, especially, the French Army. It is not necessary to emphasize the fact that those in command of our troops have never held such a view. Those acquainted with the circumstances foresaw that we would have no easy task with our opponents. This opinion is confirmed by the large number of men which they have put in the field east of Paris, and by the courageous resistance which they are showing there." The semi-official journal, after paying a tribute to the German troops, comforts its readers, however, by pointing out that the more worthy the opponent the greater the glory of final victory. "That the struggle is lasting longer than many people in the country thought probable is explained by the enormous masses of troops engaged on either side. Impatience among non-combatants would be an injustice towards the troops and their leaders. . . . A victory over opponents of inferior fighting quality could not give us the same satisfaction as the overthrow of an enemy who has to be taken seriously." The article concludes by declaring that it is all the more easy to be patient, as the situation of the German Army can in no way be described as unfavourable. A writer in the *Berliner Tageblatt* strikes a similar note. He impresses on his readers that the fighting in France must not be regarded as a military promenade, but as a hard struggle. German writers who, basing their opinions on the speech of M. Humbert in the French Senate, under-estimate the fighting value of the French, are warned that perpetually to proclaim victory before all difficulties have been overcome "smacks of children blowing on toy trumpets." The journal continues:—"France will defend herself to the very last drop of her blood. And we must not, right at the beginning, expect to reach our goal without difficulties. Nobody possessed of any perspicacity can doubt of our final victory both in the east and the west, but no one should be so foolish as to minimize the worth of the opponent from whom he wishes to snatch the laurel wreath. If we acted thus we should only be cheapening the garlands of victory which our troops will have merited."

German Socialist Leader's Death.

The news that Herr Frank, the socialist deputy for Mannheim and one of the leaders of he German Socialist party, had been killed while fighting in the German army near Lunéville caused profound regret to his numerous friends and admirers in Paris. Herr Frank, who was only 40, was quite one of the ablest of German Socialists, and seemed destined to play a part almost equal to that played by Jaurès in France. M. Gustave Hervé devoted to his memory the leading article in the *Guerre Sociale* on 12th September. The article, which is eloquent and touching, concludes with the following passage:—"Dear friend,—Sleep in

peace on our French soil. In our war of deliverance, which is the last of wars, we do not forget the German people. When we have broken down Prussian militarism, expelled the Hohenzollerns, subdued the junkers who oppress the Prussian monjiks, given to the German intellectuals and workers the Republic which their lack of the revolutionary spirit has unfortunately prevented them from obtaining by their own strength, we will proudly lay on your tomb at Lunéville the red flag of our International which, despite the storm that rages, remains for us the symbol of all the hopes of humanity and the emblem of the universal brotherhood of the future." The Socialist Herr Sünekum publishes some extracts from the last letter sent to him by Herr Frank. In the course of this letter the writer says :—" During this time of strain I have had a great deal of time for consideration, and have often thought of what the future must bring. I cannot get away from the conviction that the foundation for an immeasurable advance will be laid in this war." According to a Dutch correspondent in Berlin Dr. Frank, who was forty years of age, announced himself as a volunteer immediately on the outbreak of war, and arrived in the field on August 31. Three days later, in his first fight, he received a bullet in the head.

Another "Annexation."

Among the news officially circulated through the German wireless stations which has been received by the Marconi Company is the following interesting item:—"It was reported from Strassburg that during the brief duration of the French occupation of Mülhausen cartloads of French legal books, school books, and maps showing Alsace-Lorraine as part of France were brought into the city." The least that Italy can now do to return the high compliment of imitation is to follow the advice of the *Times* and act as the Turks shouldn't. She must fight, but on the side of France. But the Germans seem to be a wofully slow lot in politics, although they are the military road-hogs of Europe. They haven't yet "annexed" even Belgium. That's where the superiority of the Latin races comes.

Sweden's Attitude.

A correspondent in Sweden, in the course of a communication to an English paper discribing his experiences, writes :—" As the noisy little train that runs between Stockholm and Djursholm, that beautiful villa town, passed the village church its deep bell gave forth a solemn toll. I looked at my companions. 'It is the summons for mobilisation,' was the reply, and then I remembered that this was the hour which Sweden, panic-stricken at the war of Armageddon, had fixed for the assembly of the 'Landsturm:' Coming down from Edinburgh the other day it was hard to believe that Britain was engaged in the greatest war since Napoleonic times. It is true that outside Carlisle I noticed hundreds of young men drilling in the fields, but I saw no troops on the march, no sentries at the railway stations or on bridges. And in Sweden, even on the unimportant local railways that run to Saltojobadan and to Djursholm, there is not one large station without sentries, not one bridge that is not guarded. Everywhere one sees the 'Landsturm,' for the most part in civilian dress, with gun and bayonet and cartridge belt. And yet Sweden is at peace. The difficulty of procuring English newspapers is incredible. Even in Stockholm the supply is evidently cut off, and in the meanwhile the country is flooded with the products of the German press. The natural result is that the feeling in Sweden, always antagonistic to Russsia, shows signs of developing into Anglophobia. It is impossible to read with calmness the 'yarns' which are transferred wholesale from the German to the Swedish newspapers—England on the brink of revolution, India bursting its bonds of slavery, Kitchener's army coming in at the rate of 100 a week and drawn from the scum of the streets. This is the fare with which the Swedish public has been daily regaled. A strong article appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which has a large circulation throughout Sweden, inciting Sweden to take up arms and reconquer Findland. Officers have told me that they consider Sweden safe until Christmas. 'And after ?' I asked—to be answered by an enigmatic shrug. The Swedish fleet lies in Gothenburg ; the forts are on a war footing ; the German Military Attaché, though a General Staff Officer whose work included a scheme for the invasion of Belgium, has not rejoined. It is plain enough that Sweden is awaiting events. Something should be done to counteract the flood of lies by which Germany is hoping to sweep her off her feet."

Spies and Cigarettes.

Among the minor compensations of this war must be included the degree of zeal to which each belligerent country is permitted to indulge in the sensational game of spy-hunting. But, like, everything else under this sun, even spy-hunting is not altogether free from vexations. In France the people do not always find it so easy as they would like to distinguish between Englishmen and Germans. The results are sometimes a litte inconvenient to the Eglish newspaper corrspondents, but they have, it appears, lately discovered a talisman which has a magical effect. When the cry of "Espion" is raised the misjudged Englishman simply pulls out of his pocket a packet of a certain well-known brand of English cigarettes, shows it to the mob, and all is peace and friendship !

The Censorship.

"Corsair" in the *Near East* relates two amusing stories about the working of the censorship. He says one cannot be cross with so fatuous an institution, "patriotism and one's sense of humour alike forbid." But he is not averse to enjoying a laugh or two at its expense. He says :—"It appears that the authorities very wisely decided that no messages were to be cabled unless passed by the Censor. Orders were at once issued to that effect, and everyone trembled and obeyed. The authorities then went to lunch, for no man should embark upon a war unfed. Presently messages began to accumulate, all manner of cables, from the most harmless statements as to personal health or price of commodities to the Empire-shaking revelations of unprincipled journalists. This went on for two days, until one, greatly daring, ventured to remind the authorities that they had imposed a censorship without appointing a Censor ! It appears that the authorities were not best pleased—being authorities—at having what ill-mannered folk would call a shortcoming pointed out to them. They adjourned to lunch once more, cogitated deeply, and then appointed as Censor a gentleman whose place of residence was three days' journey from the scene where he was destined to exercise his inexorable functions. Great men the authorities. Another Censor story—by the way, some one ought to collect Censor stories against the winter evenings—is to the effect that in another portion of His Majesty's dominions the officials of one Government department sat up all night for quite a long time working out a scheme for getting some German schoolgirls back to the Fatherland. Every detail was settled, and the young women were instructed to apply to their parents by means of the post through a neutral country for the wherewithal to buy their fares. They did so, and the Censor, after sitting up all night in his turn to cope with the matter, decided that it would be safest to put the letters asking for money in the waste-paper basket. Yet I know a Censor, in fact, more than one, and in private life they are eminently reasonable men, and they all say that all the other Censors are also, privately, eminently reasonable men !"

A Mis-quotation.

Some of our Anglo-Indian contemporaries, that have seldom seen eye to eye with us, have the wholesome instinct of excluding everything they dislike in the *Comrade* from their purviewing vision, and when on some rare occasion the doubtful honour of quotation is conerred upon us, we invariably feel like a well-known Liberal statesman lest we should have said anything particularly foolish. Recently our attention was drawn to a so-called extract from the *Comrade*, which appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore and we were naturally anxious to know what it was that had earned for us the flattering attention of our contemporary which has never paid us the compliment of placing us on its exchange list, and which we can be sure, regards us as incorrigibly seditious in the same way that it believes in the existence of the deity, having seen neither. It was, however, an infinite relief to us to find that we had done nothing to deserve such distinction, and it must have been equally some relief, not perhaps unmixed with disappointment, for our contemporary that by an unconscious process of the elective affinities it had been led only to quote its own great prototype, the *Times*. The quotation seems to have had the run of some other papers as well, including the *Times of India*, which has this advantage, at least, over the *C. M. G.*, that it has loved and lost us, instead of never having loved us at all. We would only call the attention of these papers to the following letter which the editor of the *Comrade* had sent to the editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* :—" Sir, I note that in your issue of the 11th instant you reproduce an extract from the leading article of the *Times* on 'The Choice of the Turks,' published in its issue of 29th August and reprinted in the *Comrade* of 26th September, as if the extract in question was from an article of ours. As we could not take the credit for anything just or useful said on rare occasions by the *Times*, we have no desire to be discredited by being now supposed to have said anything so unjust and mischievous as what the *Times* says in its leading article from which we have reproduced the above mentioned extract. Kindly correct the error in an early issue and oblige us." We are told that the *C. M. G.* has corrected the error, but evidently in some obscure corner, so that it is as difficult to trace the correction as to find a needle in a haystack, or the *Emden* on the high seas.

The Comrade.

The Alternatives.

We have to say some plain things, and howsoever unpleasent it may be, we fear the time has come for plain-speaking. We are not dealing with the foreign politics of the Empire nor with the internal politics of India, nor even with the domestic politics of the community to which the majority of our readers belong, so that there is no particular need of reticence to meet the demands of an all too exacting expediency, except such as is dictated by our personal regard for the feelings of those whom we are about to address. It is to be a even less than straight talk between the paper and the reader, and much as we would have preferred private correspondence to the publicity of aleading article, when it is realised that practically half of our readers are involved in the matter to be dealt with, it would be understood that the possibility of maintaining privacy is even less than the necessity for t.

As we shall say some unusually harsh things about some of our readers let us begin by saying that we acknowledge our own guilt to the full. No paper in the world is perhaps so irregular as ours in the matter of the time of its issue. Throughout the Balkan War it appeared on Tuesdays though as usual it bore Saturday as the day of issue. Then it got into the worse habit of missing a week and coming out next week as a double number. Occasionally even a triple number was not wanting. Readers with regular habits must have been exasperated with these payments in the lump, so to speak, at irregular intervals. We know that a good many precisionists were greatly chagrined even at the regularity of the *Comrade's* appearance on Tuesdays while it claimed on the face of it to be a Saturday paper. The printing too was sometimes far below the standard which we had set up for ourselves and has never been as high during the last two years. The Manager's office has also been much less prompt in following the instructions of the subscribers in the matter of changing their addresses than they had a right to expect, and certainly it could not cope with the heavy work of acknowledging letters of complaint about the irregularies of publication and promising a reform which it was itself powerless to effect. We acknowledge all this regretfully, and if any counts are missing in this charge-sheet we shall submissively plead guilty to the charge of having added to our many sins of commission yet another sin of omission.

Before attempting to explain our conduct let us recall the fact, which those who have been subscribing to the *Comrade* for more than two years could not have forgotten, namely, that it was not always so with us. We too once walked in the garden of Eden in our native innocence before our fall, and our Calcutta contemporaries would perhaps rejoice in this description of the former abode of the Government of India. For close upon two years no complaint was ever heard of irregularity of publication, and, in fact, ours was perhaps the only journal that never once took a holiday. We used to bring out the *Comrade* a day or two earlier when a holiday was about to fall on the usual day of issue. A small clerical establishment was sufficient to attend to our subscriber's correspondence with promptness. As for the quality of printing, the *Comrade* had set up a new standard which most of the journals even under European management found it difficult to attain. The reading matter, too, was full of refreshing variety, and occasionally telling cartoons piquantly illustrated our comments on men and affairs.

As for the shortcomings of the management of the paper as distinct from those of the press, our readers can have no idea of the bog into which we have fallen through our whole-hearted participation in the extraordinary series of events concerning the Mussalmans in India and abroad. One man can generally do only one man's work, or at most the work of two. But if he attempts to do the work of a dozen, or rather if the work of a dozen is thrust upon him, he is lucky if he does not mismanage the work of all. It is not for us to say how we managed the work which was not primarily our own; but we trust we shall be pardoned if we say that perhaps our greatest fault has been that we relegated our own affairs to the very last rank when important public affairs came to the front and demanded instant attention. We do not want, and have never wanted, to have a monopoly of work for the public. But when no one has come forward to do work which was urgently needed in the public interest, we have repeatedly rushed in where our immobile angels have feared to tread. To-day we are paying the penalty of all this, and there is nothing so very strange in it; what puzzles us is that those who are exacting that penalty form us happen to be no other than just those whose work we have hitherto tacitly been expected to do in preference to our own.

As for editorial irregularities, and the lack of variety in what we publish, need we recall the circumstances which have overwhelmed us along with those for whom we speak? We are no mime that is in no way affected by the words of his part, nor a bawd past her prime who excites the passion she does not herself feel. Nor have we reached the height of the world-famous creator of tragedies of whom it has been said that he was unhurt by his own flame. We have felt every pang that we have described and have been burnt by every flame that we were supposed to have kindled. While we were still in Calcutta, Persia, not being worth the bones of a single British Grenadier, gradually lost her independence, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's "currency of international statesmanship," and nobody protested when something no less sacred than the cathedral of Rheims was bombarded. Albania was instigated to revolt against the Turk with a view to secure autonomy, which she has not yet got. Morocco passed under the virtual rule of France and partly of Spain as if the doctrine of "small nationalities" did not exist. And Tripoli fell a prey to unprovoked aggression and barbarities which lost none of their hideousness merely because they were committed against Arab dwellers of the desert guiltless of Congo's blood. In India herself, the Partition of Bengal had been unexpectedly modified in a manner which, to say the least of it, did not commend itself to the Mussalmans. The Moslem University movement, revived at the same time that the *Comrade* came into existence, had become paralysed by the decision of the Secretary of State; but the scheme of the proposed Dacca University with a College for Mussalmans and a special course of Islamic Studies had been formulated. Everyone of these affairs had taken from us the toll of much anxious thought and labour. But what were these preoccupations and distractions to the absorbing character of the affairs which magnetised will and energy since we transferred ourselves to Delhi? A cloud on the Balkan horizon no bigger than a man's hand when we left Calcutta in the middle of September, 1912, developed into a storm that deluged the entire Moslem word in suffering and misery. Before the Balkan War had come to an end troubles nearer home assailed us with no less force, and decided the editor to undertake a journey to England in order to restore the affairs of the Mussalmans to their normal posture. A year and a half of restless and feverish activity forced upon us by circumstances of surpassing magnitude and gravity at the very outset of our career in our new surroundings overwhelmed every faculty, and dislocated and unhinged every organisation that we had been able to create at Calcutta. We claim no tribute to the success of our endeavours, for there are many more among us who can claim that with greater justice. But would it be equally unjust if we claimed that our endeavours were perhaps more varied, more sustained and more exhausting than those of many others?

And what of the psychological storms through which we passed during the first eighteen months of our stay in Delhi and through which we are passing again to day? In the tempestuousness of the seas over which our bark has tossed our experience is perhaps unique. It has not yet found a haven, but even if it finds one speedily, what a wreck it would be by the time it reaches that refuge. Do we ask too much if we beg you to consider all this also when you consider, as you must, the offence of calling "Saturday" "Tuesday," or the lumping of more than one loan when repaying them in the current coin of our heart and brain? We have given you of our best as and when we could manage to do it, and now that we are about to give you the last piece of ourselves, may be the one nearest to the heart, let us ask you to consider also what *you* have given to us.

We frankly and gratefully acknowledge that the press which we had to establish at Delhi if we came here—in *your* interest—was almost entirely financed by your generous loan, and we also acknowledge that you have without demur permitted us to grant ourselves a moratorium for the payment of the interest which must be a consideration at least to some of you. But you have been told oftener than we care to remember that the *Comrade* has never paid its way. In the first year of its existence a little more than a quarter of its total expenditure was contributed by a few generous supporters. But even then it made up only a little more than half the deficit of that year. The same would have been more or less true if the second year of the *Comrade's* existence had ended as it had begun. But towards the last quarter of that year we migrated to Delhi and were forced to neglect our own finances in looking after those of Turkey and her war-sufferers. The only paper belonging to a Mussalman that lost through that war was the *Comrade* and for a time we allowed unusually long credit to our subscribers, believing that the war had made too severe encroachments on their resources, and hoping that they would not neglect our claims when their finances recovered from the effects of that drain. Well, our expectations did not materialize, and in addition to the recurring deficits, which increased in volume as the courage if not generosity of some of our wealthier supporters shrank, we have accumulated a stock of "bad debts" which must now exceed fifteen thousand. With great reluctance the names of numerous defaulters were removed from the subscribers' register and intimation of this fact and of the amount of subscription due to us was sent to each in the hope that we would not for long be deprived of our dues even if the defaulters did not enlist again as subscribers. But that hope too was belied, and fearing that the removal of a defaulter's name led merely to the conversion of arrears of subscription into bad debts, we have recently been doing what would now be called throwing good money after bad. We have continued to supply the *Comrade* to those sturdy

defaulters so that it may act as a periodical reminder of our existence, and possibly of their debts, and some stray article may make them relent and pay. Alas for the vanity of human wishes, for this device has succeeded no better than others and has gone the way of all flesh. The *Comrade* has repeatedly been sent to them per V.-P. Post, and what have been the results?

The following statement will show how many V.-P.'s were issued from the office, what amount was intended to be realized, how many were accepted, what amount was thus realized, how many were refused and what amount was left unrealized :—

Month.	V.-P.'s Issued.		V.-P.'s Accepted.		V.-P.'s Refused.	
	No.	Amount.	No.	Amount.	No.	Amount.
		Rs. As.		Rs, As.		Rs. As.
February ...	889	5,344 12	431	2,481 13	448	3,147 6
March ...	777	4,635 12	293	1,683 15	474	3,538 13
April ...	471	2,126 9	414	1,610 9	255	1,285 0
May ...	488	3,210 10	264	1,226 2	313	1,770 4
June ...	746	4,224 14	225	1,218 8	272	2,374 2
July ...	880	4,471 5	507	2,228 1	355	1,931 7
August ...	665	4,371 9	267	1,414 6	448	3,284 10
September ...	775	5,079 15	198	1,147 2	516	3,695 2
October ... (1st to 20th)	480	2,414 15	258	871	290	1,372 10
TOTAL ...	6,141	35,880 5	2,857	13,792 6	3,471	22,399 6

This statement should not be lightly passed over, but read carefully, and not once but a hundred times. If 2,857 V.-P. packets have been accepted in the course of about nine months, no less than 3,471 have been refused by our readers. While Rs. 13,792-6-0 has been paid to us for the packets accepted, as much as Rs. 22,399-6-0 has been left unpaid. In other words, out of every hundred sent only 45 packets were accepted and 55 refused. What is more important, out of every hundred rupees due to us only 38 rupees were paid to us and as many as 62 rupees were left unpaid. We wonder whether our readers realize the meaning of all this. To believe that they deliberately did this would be to credit them with something so discreditable that we refuse to believe it. The most charitable interpretation to place on these very ugly facts is that when a reader refuses to accept the V.-P. packet, or—what comes to the same thing—leaves it unclaimed too long in deposit without paying his dues to us, he thinks that we shall not miss his twelve rupees or three rupees or whatever he has to pay, and allows the V.-P. packet to return to us, like bread cast upon the waters, "after many days." But is this slackness in any way less disadvantageous to us in its results than deliberate fraud? Is not this a very fair test of a people's sense of honour? It is related that once upon a time a king wished to test the sense of duty of his numerous courtiers, and asked each of them to go and pour a jug of water at night into an empty tank in the royal gardens. Every one of the courtiers thought that his particular jug of water would never be missed by the king in such a large tank when the rest of the numerous crowd of courtiers had nearly filled it with theirs, and no one would notice at night whether he went there or not. The result was that next morning the tank was as empty and dry as overnight, and the king learnt the meaning of a courtier's loyalty and obedience. But what did the courtiers do? None of them considered the silent rebuke of the King to be applicable to himself, but every one upbraided the rest for not having done *their* duty and thereby having exposed his own failure to do *his*. Is the ethics of that court now going to be the ethics of our readers who are in default? Will each of the defaulters now blame the rest because we get only six annas out of every rupee that is due to us? Do you, who read this, not realize that if you are a defaulter even to the extent of a single rupee, this deplorable state of affairs is due to YOU?

And do those who complain of our irregularities realize the extent of the irregularities of our readers? Let us compare the two and see on which side the scale leans. We have frankly confessed the full extent of our irregularities which commenced only after our migration to Delhi. But the worst period of our irregularity began in August last, and leaving out of consideration this number, the following statement would give an idea both of the irregularity of our appearance and the bulk of each issue. The dates on which the various issues actually appeared often do not tally with the dates printed on each issue, which is at least an indication that the delay in appearance was not deliberate but accidental and unavoidable.

No. 5	of	1st	August	had 21	pages of reading matter.
,, 6	,,	12th	,,	,, 23½	,, ,, ,,
,, 7	,,	19th	,,	,, 22½	,, ,, ,,
,, 8	,,	26th	,,	,, 21	,, ,, ,,
,, 9 and 10	,,	12th	September	33½	,, ,, ,,
,, 11 and 12	,,	26th	,,	,, 39¾	,, ,, ,,
,, 13 and 14	,,	10th	October	,, 39	,, ,, ,,

This gives for the 7 issues (of which 3 were double numbers) a total of slightly more than 200 pages of reading matter in two months and ten days, during which, in the ordinary course, there would have been 11 issues, with 176 pages of reading matter, (16 pages in each issue.) The net result is that while we have saved postage on a single issue, and have been unpunctual in bringing out the various numbers, we have penalised ourselves to the extent of printing 24 extra pages during this time, which equal an issue and a half in size. Is that not enough, particularly in these days when paper has considerably gone up in price, and even in England newspapers have been compelled to reduce their size? The saving in money over the postage has been less than forty rupees, while the cost of preparing and printing the equivalent of an extra issue and a half has been over a thousand.

Lest our readers run away with the idea that, although we have have severely penalised ourselves in money, we have spared ourselves in personal labour, by using scissors and paste more than our brains and our pens, let us hasten to assure them that the selections from the British Press that we give are not made haphazard, but involve more labour than the writing of leading articles and editorial notes. About twenty times as much matter as we print is read (not merely *glanced through*). Be that as it may, original writing has formed no mean proportion of each issue. The articles on the "Campaign" are long enough in all conscience, and if such self-revelation is not considered vulgar between comrades, however unconventional it may otherwise be, may we tell our readers under what circumstances a leading article over 15 columns in length, which appeared in a recent issue, was written? It was written all in one sitting, lasting about 40 hours uninterrupted by sleep or rest. It was revised in another twelve hours in the intervals of receiving a large number of visitors who had come to offer their condolence on a brother's death. And the man who had written that article had himself risen just then from a bed of sickness—the "first bell" for the final journey—which would have in an other man's case taken a week at the outside, but in his case had taken over a month. He too once had a robust health. But then he was not that abject being, a journalist. No, dear reader, we do not often have time to rest in the midst of roses or lie in the lilies of life. Some of us have not known for four years what it is to have a holiday. And if as the result of these conditions, none of which are of our making, we are called upon to pay the penalty of breaking all the ten commandments of the science of living and health by compulsory immobility, are we to be treated as if we were bootmakers or tailors who had failed to deliver a pair of boots or of breeches on the promised date? Even tailors and bootmakers who generally give the longest credit draw the line at getting six annas in the rupee. You complain even under such abnormal conditions that the *Comrade* is not issued "every Saturday". With fifty-five defaulters out of every hundred readers, and six annas paid out of every rupee due, do you not think you should thank God, if not us, that you get it at all? How long can any business last at this rate? Nearly four years of recurring deficits only partly relieved by the generosity of a few benefactors of their people, "bad debts" reaching five figures, and, on top of it all, the payment of a beggarly six annas in the rupee this year—we ask you, what is our "irregularity" to yours? Collectors and Commissioners and occasionally even mightier "Presences" have found a copy of the *Comrade* on some school or college library table and have just casually remarked—ah, yes, only *casually*, you know—"I see, you get the *Comrade* here," and thereafter we had one subscriber the less. Political Officers on visits to Native States have noted that the State Club, if not the Ruling Chief, takes in a copy, and have asked, "Is this a complimentary copy sent to His Highness?" and after this innocent query the *Comrade* is seen no more in the Club nor within fifty miles of that Ruling Chief's dominions. "What do you think of the *Comrade*," is asked by the head of the department of the young graduate who is a probationer and hangs between hope and fear whether he will be confirmed. The reply is—a post-card sent to us to discontinue sending the paper to that probationer, and his young brother studying in a Primary School a couple of hundred miles away becomes a subscriber three days later. An undergraduate living in a college hostel has been an enthusiastic reader of the *Comrade* for two years, but in the third year has his name removed from our books. On the same day another student of the same college and of the same year living in the city with his parents does not find a single copy sufficient for his needs and orders another. A Deputy Collector works hard during a famine but fails to get the step on which he had been counting. But another, who was seven

years his junior is sent to do Settlement work with a special allowance. One copy of the *Comrade* is posted less to that district till the next King's Birthday arrives and the senior Deputy Collector discovers in the solatium of a Khan Bahadurship that he has already reached the highest grade that he is ever likely to attain in the service and can hope for nothing more. All this we know and much besides, and we do not complain of it at all. This is the tribute that virtue must always pay to power and we do not grumble. But who is the Machiavel that has hit upon so effective a device as this, of making half of our readers take in the *Comrade* but refuse to pay for it? All else had failed to discourage us, but we confess ourselves absolutely beaten by this. If the paper is bad, irregular, unreadable, or extremist (as one Government official informed us—on a post-card), then by all means ask us to discontinue it. But is it honest of you to refuse the one copy that goes to you by the V.-P. Post and go on quietly accepting the dozens that go to you otherwise? If the paper does not satisfy you, say so and make an end of it. But to grumble and refuse to pay for it and yet read it greedily enough when it comes to you are tactics which deserve a harsher qualifying phrase than even we have ever yet used in commenting on public scandals.

Hitherto we have talked strictly of business. But *you* know that the *Comrade* was never run as a business concern. The man who could start such a concern for profit must be the biggest gambler. And the man who could carry it on under these conditions must be a lunatic. Newspapers also pay and people do make fortunes out of them. The *Guide* of Khudabad and the *Madrasee* of Madras may be combining profits with propaganda. But what is that to *you?* Do you know how much was sunk in them before they became paying? Do you realize what those in whose interests the *Guide* and the *Madrasee* are conducted do realize, that the *Guide* and the *Madrasee* can *never* be losing concerns because they pay the people a hundred times over in a thousaud and one ways what they cost in money? The *Comrade* has always aimed at being the comrade of all and partisan of none, and it is not ashamed of its share in the advocacy of India's claims. Nor is it partisanship to espouse the cause of a community that has practically no advocates in the press of the country when that cause is just. And there is no shame—and there can be no shame—in admitting openly that the sympathies of the *Comrade* coincide—as they must coincide—with its ideals, and that those ideals are no other than those placed before the world more than thirteen centuries ago by the Last of the Prophets. This is the full extent of our "sectarianism" and "bigotry." But even if it fails to satisfy our so-called Nationalists, the Mussalmans at least cannot accuse us on that score. We regret to have to say that far fewer Hindus subscribe for the *Comrade* than Mussalmans who subscribe for papers owned and conducted by Hindus. But is that any reason why the Mussalmans must offer it such scanty support? We hate the idea of parading our "services," a vulgar device only too commonly adopted, and a "tribune of the plebs" though we be, we are as obstinately aristocratic as Coriolanus in our detestation of the trick of showing our "wounds" to the people and winning more voices. But there are worse things in the world than vulgarity, and let them that have silently sacrificed their time, health, labour, peace of mind, and—for the poor more than all these—their money, cast the first stone at him who has done so and then, instead of smiling like patience on a monument, vulgarly brags of his "services" and displays his "wounds." In fact, self-advertisment pays so much better in these days than silent sacrifice that if vulgarity receives a rush of recruits in these days no one should be surprised. Whatever the character and quality of our work, the magnitude and variety of our labours and the daily risks to which they have exposed us, we do not ask you to run your eye over these items of our accounts. But we must ask you, and do ask you, to remember that whether you get the *Comrade* every week, or every fortnight, or every month, you get not only a number of pages with printer's ink laid over them in varying designs, but you also get every time a piece of our heart.

من قاش دروش دل صد پاره خوشم

We count not the cost of it to us in cash, nor the labour that goes into the preparation of an issue. But we do ask you to consider the cost of each issue to our emotions and our health, and you must be the simple ones of nature if after all these four years you have not been able to discover whether this currency of feelings is genuine or debased. Punctuality is great virtue, and to the extent that we lack it we admit and deplore our failing. But punctuality in publication is no worse than punctuality in payment, and we, at any rate, have not yet come down to the notorious "pachpan-paintalis ka bandobast." Even if irregular in payment we do not pay six annas in the rupee. We have paid to you every pie that we owed to you and we have generally repaid it to you with interest.

But bankruptcy has been the order of the day, and evidently it is no shame to close one's doors against all creditors. You yourself have set the example and if we follow suit we pay you the extreme compliment of imitation. We have now been forced to offer you the only alternatives that are possible under the circumstances. The *Hamdard* is a paper that addresses itself in the main to the people. Their education is the first charge on us and so long as we can afford to do so we shall continue it. But the *Comrade* was chiefly meant to be an advocate of the people, an interpreter between them and their rulers, the dragoman not only of the popular voice but also of popular feelings, of their expressed wishes and of their unexpressed and even sub-conscious thoughts. Because the medium has not proved refractory it has long been condemned by many among our rulers. Because the interpreter does not allow the listener to put words into his mouth as if they were the speaker's he has received the extremely precious testimonial of being considered unreliable. The *Comrade's mizajdani* of the people has left it no chance of being a *mizajdan* of their rulers. It has lacked for long that inestimable quality to which kings owe an intelligent anticipation of their wishes by their courtiers. So one party at least does not want it to exist. As for the other, the brief of the advocate is still there, but the "refresher" has ceased to be paid, and after Mr. Norton's characteristic generosity clients evidently insist on being paid for their upkeep and their education in addition to a free advocacy of their cause. So long as we could abide by these unique terms we have done. But we can do so no longer. Therefore, unless our dues are paid considerably before the expiry of this period, and the paper put on a sound financial basis, the *Comrade* will cease to appear at the end of this year. This is to us a painful alternative as perhaps even you can realize. But it is the only one that is possible and it is no use regretting the absence of the impossible. After four years of vigorous living we shall not regret the task of writing our own obituary, for one can live intensivaly as well as extensively, and we have lived in four years as much as some do in forty. We have played our part at least to our own satisfaction, and we shall bow ourselves away cheerfully enough when the curtain is rung down.

The Case of Mr. Zafar Ali Khan.

At the commencement of the War we had of our own accord stated that all civic controversy must now cease, and so far as we are concerned this sllf-imposed obligation has invariably been kept in view. We find much to object to in the conditions attached by the Punjab Government to the grant to the Lahore Islamia College. Again, the action of local officers in some places in connection with the Haj proposals of the Bombay Government is in our opinion open to severe criticism. Similarly, the judgment in the Delhi conspiracy case deserves a searching review. Besides many other matters of greater or less importance there is the tragic blunder of Budge Budge. But in view of the preoccupation of Government in the supreme task of the defence of the Empire we have refrained from making any but a passing reference, and that too only to some of these matters. Even matters directly connected with journalism, such as a review of Government action during the four years in which the Press Act has been in force, details of which have at last been furnished in reply to an interpellation by the Hon. Mr. Qamrul Huda, have been left untouched. Nor have we questioned the action of the authorities concerning our foreign mail not all of which reaches us. When war is over and peace once more reigns supreme, and we hope reigns for ever, all outstanding questions will be taken up, and our readers may be sure that they would then be taken up as vigorously as ever.

But there is a matter which if not handled judiciously at once may react adversely on the present situation, and has therefore to be taken up forthwith. Happily it is not of so tragic a character as the Budge Budge incident, so that the same reticence is not demanded. Moreover, we have reason to believe that there is at least one man in authority in India who has no illusions about the Budge Budge affair, and as he happens to be that astute man of affairs who is the representative of His Majesty in India, we can safely leave the sequel of the voyage of the *Komagata* in his hands. The hour has happily also found in Lord Hardinge the man to deal with its needs and difficulties. We feel confident our Sikh fellow-countrymen will not misunderstand our silence, and the Viceroy will know how to deal fairly and wisely with the unfortunate passengers of that now historic ship, even if by some mischance the recently appointed committee of officials and non-officials, in the Indian members of which not all their fellow-countrymen have equal confidence, does not deal with them equally fairly and wisely. Had the Viceroy dealt directly with Mr. Zafar Ali Khan also we would have observed the same reticence in his case even if we were not satisfied with His Excellency's decision. But the action taken against the luckless editor of the *Zamindar* is once more, on the face of it at least, the action of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, and we have not been so convinced of the wisdom of His Honour's dealings with the *Zamindar* in the past that we could now say 'Amen' to his recent decision.

We reproduce elsewhere the notifications of Government, including the Foreigners Ordinance (No. III) and the Ingress into India Ordinance (No. V) of 1914, according to which Mr. Zafar Ali Khan's movements have been confined to his village home of Karamabad. Section 11 of Ordinance III makes it clear that Mr. Zafar Ali Khan has no legal remedy, and if—as we think—wrong has been done to him, and if—as the world knows—for every wrong the British constitution provides a remedy, then the only way to have this wrong remedied is to appeal to the sense of justice and to the sagacity of Lord Hardinge. Had Mr. Zafar Ali Khan's being at liberty been a source of danger to the safety and tranquillity of the State it was open to the Government to deal with him through the law courts. If even Government felt that these were anxious times, in which the intervention of the law courts was not the fittest measure, there was the notorious Regulation III of 1818 which gave to the Governor General in Council the fullest power to deal with such a danger. The law that has actually been applied has such a remote and accidental connection with Mr. Zafar Ali Khan that we feel convinced this meassure of the Punjab Government does not owe its inception to Lord Hardinge whose statesmanship has favoured broad measures rather than the subtleties of pettifogging lawyers.

A fortnight after the commencement of the War, Ordinance III was promulgated. It was designed to prevent mischief from foreigners, for in crises of this character man's instinct of self-preservation predominates over all other considerations, and, as in primitive societies, a stranger comes to be regarded as no better than an enemy. To such a law nobody could possibly object, and we did not care to offer any comment. A fortnight later another Ordinance was passed. By this the application of Ordinance III was extended, with some modifications, to all persons who were not foreigners but entered British India after its commencement. Thus for the purposes of Ordinance III all British subjects became foreigners provided they entered British India after 5th September. When Ordinance V was promulgated we believed that it was intended to deal with any emissary of Germany who may happen to be a British subject, whether European, Colonial or Indian, who had been sent out to disturb the peace of India and embarrass the Government. In such matters official sources of information are more reliable as well as more numerous than non-official sources of information, just as in matters relating to the internal condition of the country we have repeatedly found official sources of information to be less reliable as well as less numerous. Relying, therefore, on Government's superior knowledge, we did not think it right to question the propriety of labelling His Majesty's subjects, even if only for the purposes of the Ordinance, as "foreigners."

Reuter's Agency and the *Standard* had publicly credited the passengers of the *Komagata* with seditious motives, and although we know by experience how little reliance can be placed on European interpretation of the character and motives of Indians, we could at least understand why these unfortunate people had their liberty restricted immediately on their arrival in India. But what was there to suggest that Mr. Zafar Ali Khan harboured "some purpose prejudicial to its safety, interests or tranquillity," to protect the State from the prosecution of which, and for no other other reason, the powers conferred on Government by the Ordinances are to be exercised? On the contrary, it is possible that it was "in order to protect himself from the prosecution of some purpose prejudicial to his own safety, interests and tranquillity" that he had migrated to England. When he felt sure that his paper had lived down its earlier reputation in official circles he decided to return home. Unless we are to believe that he was in the confidence of the murderers of the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, and of Count Berchtold as well as of the German Emperor, not to mention the Tsar of Russia, the French Cabinet, the German General Staff, the King of the Belgians and Sir Edward Grey, we cannot attribute his resolve (declared to many of his friends and acquaintances early in July) to leave England before the end of that month a "purpose prejudicial to the State's safety, interests or tranquillity." Had he been able to act on his original resolve the Ordinances would have had no application in his case, for he would have been in India by the middle of August before even the Foreigners Ordinance had been promulgated. But simply because he and two other distinguished Mussalman public men, Khwaja Kamaluddin and Qari Sarfraz Husain Sahebs, who trevelled with him, could not secure passages before the 29th August Mr. Zafar Ali Khan is to-day a foreigner in his own country and his movements have been confined to his village home.

Even if it is believed for argument's sake that Mr. Zafar Ali Khan is a German emissary who has been bound over by the Kaiser to disturb the peace of India, surely our Criminal Intelligence Department would have scented mischief from afar, and the Government of Bombay, that is the Gate-Keeper of India on the sea, would have exercised the power conferred on it on the same day as on Sir Michael O'Dwyer to compel Mr. Zafar Ali Khan to remove himself to Karamabad, or even Ahmadnagar, and remain in a specified area. But this latest German emissary defied the detective abilities of the entire C. I. D. when he landed at Bombay on the 18th September, and the two Punjab officials who drove him in a motor car to Karamabad on the 17th October failed to give him a fitting reception as the Boat Train steamed into Lahore on the 20th September. Our contention is that if Mr. Zafar Ali Khan was not a German emissary on the 29th August when he left London, nor on the 18th September when he landed at Bombay, and that if the all-changing atmosphere of the Punjab did not transform an Indian into a foreigner between the 20th September and the 15th October, then Mr. Zafar Ali Khan was no more a German emissary on the 16th October than the most "loyal" Punjab title-holder or the most dutiful Punjab official.

But if there is anything in the record of Mr. Zafar Ali Khan since his return which makes him a source of danger to the safety of the State or its interests and tranquility, whether it be his speeches in the Shahi Mosque, or the *Zamindar* articles on the "Procession of the Cow"—as some unsuccessful members of his profession have been suggesting—or the probability of an early declaration of war (if it has not already been declared) between Turkey and one of the Allies or their *protégé*, Greece—as Lahore rumours favour—the law applicable to Mr. Zafar Ali Khan was the notorious Regulation III of 1818 and not Ordinance V of 1914, read with Ordinance III, which was designed, as its very name indicates, to deal with the "ingress" into British India. What difference can there be in the eyes of the law between the editor of the *Zamindar* and the editor of any other paper if the actions of both are the same? Yet if the editor of that other paper belongs to the stick-at-home variety and has never stirred out of the place of publication of his paper, it is certain that even the Government Advocate of the Punjab could not venture to suggest that he could be sent to his particular Karamabad and made to remain there. Mr. Zafar Ali Khan's crime consists in having gone out of the Punjab and then returned to the Punjab *after* the 5th September. Had he either never gone to England to fight for the repeal of an obnoxious measure, or never returned to India in the belief that his misfortunes were now over, he would not have come under the new Ordinances. And who says it is a superstition to travel only on certain auspicious days and avoid others? Superstition, indeed! If Mr. Zafar Ali Khan had left London on the 14th August instead of the 29th, and landed at Bombay on the 4th September instead of the 18th, he would have still been a thorn in the side of the editors of two and a half contemptible contemporaries of the *Zamindar* and several dozen title-holders of the same genus in the Land of the Five Rivers.

We have been told by numerous visitors and correspondents that Mr. Zafar Ali Khan's confinement means that the dogs of war have been set free from the leash on the frontiers of Turkey. We are even asked to believe that drastic action may also be taken any moment against an important educational institution of the Mussalmans. We refuse to believe this, and for very good reasons. In the first place, the Government of Lord Hardinge is not prone to panics nor is it likely to invite popular ferment by being the first to disturb the tranquillity of India. Had a large number of Indian Mussalmans been guilty conspirators, hatching plots and throwing bombs and awaiting the first opportunity to throw off the oppressor's yoke, or at least to exchange one yoke for another, we would have been the first to suggest that every leader of Moslem opinion should be spirited away to Mandalay at the outbreak of the War in order to keep him out of mischief and strike terror into his followers. But he who attributes these things to Mussalmans is a pernicious liar; and if there is any sincerity in the public statements of Government the man who suggests such things deserves to be taken to the highest hill in Simla and dropped into the deepest khud. Surely statements that had no vestige of truth in them were not worth the suggestion of sending copies thereof to the Kaiser. But we have no reason to suspect that the Government of India's recognition of Indian loyalty is like the poet's faith in heaven who wrote :

ہمکو معلوم ہی جنت کی حقیقت لیکن * دل کی بہلانے کو غالب یہہ خیال اچھا ہی

(We know the reality of heaven, but it is an excellent device, O, Ghalib! to beguile the heart.)

So long as the war is a secular one and the Mussalmans' ability to guard their Holy Places from falling into non-Moslem hands is not endangered, Indian Mussalmans can be trusted to know their duty to their King and Emperor even if cruel fate brings the Sultan's armies into collision with British forces. Be this as it may, we confess we can understand even the panic which makes the rulers suspect the people when they do not deserve suspicion, and then makes them terrorise them. But to be a Nadir Shah one must be as thorough as that tyrant. Half measures are worse than no measures at all, and if a Government sits between two stools it ought to know where it is finally going to sit. Much as we fear compromises between the policy of Lord Hardinge and

that of some of his colleagues, we know by experience that Lord Hardinge is fully capable of over-ruling even a majority of his colleagues if his own superior insight into the minds and motives of men dictates a course different from one that suggests itself to them. He must know by this time that some of them to are habituated to look upon everything from a narrow and traditional point of view. But even if Lord Hardinge had failed to rise to the occasion, he would have himself taken action against the leaders of Moslem opinion and not left it to Sir Michael O'Dwyer to deal with only one of them. The fact that only the Governor General in Council is empowered to use Regulation III. of 1818 and that that power has not been delegated to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab as the powers of the Governor General in Council under the Ordinances have been delegated to him, suggests the inference that Mr. Zafar Ali Khan once more owes his misfortune to the unaided judgment of Sir Michael O'Dwyer. We regret to have to criticise any official in these days, and still more so the head of a Local Government. But no other way is open to us to endeavour to remedy this wrong, and we appeal to H. E. the Viceroy not to be too sensible of the unpleasantness of offending the susceptibilities of a Local Government when matters of such Imperial importance make an urgent demand on his sagacity and sense of justice.

Mr. Zafar Ali Khan desires a change of Government or the reign of anarchy in India no more than the journalistic and other hounds that have for years been on his trail. His confinement to a restricted area has created excitement where none existed before, and it is more dangerous than the popular resentment at his previous misfortunes inasmuch as it is running underground. No meetings will now be held for his release; but are not the pent-up feelings of the multitude more dangerous in the end than the setting at large of an individual whose mischief, if he ever meant it, never resulted even in a nose-bleeding? We stand by the stainless record of those within the orbit of Mr. Zafar Ali Khan's influence, while those who have proved such determined enemies of his stand by nothing better than blown surmises which they have themselves created. If Mr. Zafar Ali Khan needed a personal warning he has had it now, and we trust Lord Hardinge would now restore him to us, and win not only his own but his community's and his country's gratitude.

Under the circumstances we do not think it advisable to press this request repeatedly. But if His Excellency has any doubts about the universality of the people's grief we can prove it to the hilt by inviting an expression of the people's will in the customary way. Nevertheless, if it is really necessary in the interests of the tranquillity of this country that leaders of popular opinion should be deprived of their liberties, or even of their lives, there are others also besides Zafar Ali Khan who would willingly surrender their liberties and their lives in such a cause.

چہ بود نصیب دشمن کہ شود شہید تیغت * سر دوستان سلامت کہ تو خنجر آزمائی

(How could it be the good fortune of the enemy to become a martyr to thy sword? May the heads of thy friends remain safe that thou mayst test on them the sharpness of thy dagger.)

After the War.

We have set forth in some detail the point of view which the Allies are being loudly and persistently urged to adopt when the time for the settlement of the final terms of peace arrives. The theory underlying this standpoint must be constructed in well-defined words to show how far it is consistent with the solemnly-declared objects of the British ministers and more particularly with the hopes and aspiration of the earnest, high-spirited workers in the paths of peace who have accepted this war as a hateful, though unavoidable, necessity in the cause of civilisation. The basis of this standpoint is that Prussian militarism is a curse to Europe and a negation of the noblest ideals of humanity. It must, therefore, be crushed out of existence. But, since this militarism draws its sustenance from the whole intellectual and moral energy of the German nation, the nation itself should be humbled to the dust and rescued from its terrible obsession under the shock of disillusionment. The Allies should not, therefore, stay their hands until not only German militariasm but its causes and its effects are destroyed once for all, and the institutions and forces that have fed and nourished it are smashed up beyond hope of repair. If "every man in the German Empire believes sincerely and honestly today that the war is one of self-defence against the hostile encroachments of Russia, France and England," then "every man" must be disillusioned.

To achieve this great consummation the military and naval forces of the Germans have got to be completely destroyed first of all, and their power of resistence broken so entirely as to make it easy for the Allies to impose their own terms of peace. Our purpose is not, of course, to discuss the military possibilities of the success of this tremendous task, but to point out that a "fight-to-a-finish" cry is sure to nerve the Germans to fight to the uttermost limit of their resources and power. Both Germany and Austria have a population of about 120 millions. They are equipped with enormous forces for a fight for existence. They are purposeful, efficient and well-organised to sustain the drain of the war for a considerable time, and when literally fighting for life, they would shrink from no sacrifices that their patriotism and devotion to their own ideals and culture would demand in such an hour of peril. Even if the Allies win, as they have every reason to hope, it would be at a tremendous cost, and the effects of their combined exertions would be felt acutely for generations. Such a strain, such waste, such sacrifice must obviously postulate some dire necessity. Does the end justify the employment of such colossal means?

It has been said that it is a conflict of ideals. The right ideal of international law, nationality, civilisation and human development must be enforced. And for such an end no price can be too heavy. This is, it must be stated, the prevailing attitude of the classes in England who are clamouring for a fight to a finish, and they include some of the most prominent English thinkers and men of note. We are fighting, they say, for right because right is our supreme interest. The new German political theory enunciates that "our interest is our right." England stands for the idea of a public law of Europe, and for the small nations which it protects. All this may be very true, but unfortunately the Germans too profess to have taken their stand on similar principles. They say that they are fighting in defence of their freedom and culture and in order to repel the aggression of Russia whose triumph would, in their opinion, spell utter ruin to the civilisation of Europe. And according to all accounts the whole German nation is united in this view. What is then to be the test of the right ideal, of the worth and genuiness of the moral inspiration that is at the back of this conflict? The Germans may be wrong, but none can deny that they believe in what is called "Germanism" with all the fervour of faith. Even the Socialists of the Fatherland share this belief with an energy of conviction that is little short of amazing. Is then the argument of the stricken field to proclaim the triumph of an ideal? Is might to be the test of right?

Let us, however, grant that in the ordering of this world the sheer weight of physical force provides the moral basis and that the survival is not only of the fittest but of the loftiest. Is then Prussian militarism such a horror? Lest, however, we may be guilty of mere verbal casuistry, let us squarely face the whole group of the fight to-finish arguments and push them to their logical conclusions. The fundamental fact is that the whole German nation is united in this fight. Its mind is said to have been debauched by the perverted teachings of its professors and military chiefs. The task before the world is to stamp the German psychology out of the German mind. Will a military defeat achieve it? Will an utter material exhaustion and moral affliction alter the mechanism of the German mind and pass a complete sponge over German traditions, thought and history? It is impossible. The only alternative is to wipe the German nation out of existence, an alternative that is not only unthinkable, but also impracticable. To enslave it is out of the question, for it would militate against the widely professed principles of the Allies. The fight-to-finish cry simply amounts then to the exasperated fury of vengeance which would seek to strike Germany to the last verge of impotence. Even if Europe succeeded, with an impotent and stricken Germany, to find a new and safe equilibrium,—a rather doubtful supposition—Germany herself would never forgive those that would have wrought her ruin and downfall and would prepare for generations, if need be, for the inevitable day of revenge, and prepare under the sway of a more desolating doctrine than even the Prussianism of to-day. Those who are in sympathy with this war in the spirit we have analysed are sowing, unconsciously perhaps, the seeds of more terrible cataclysms than this.

Even the French Socialists and Republicans are against a fight-to-a-finish war. The *Guerre Sociale* publishes a long and important letter from the veteran Republican M. Alfred Naquet, who has attained a great age and is suffering from an incurable malady. The general interest of the letter consists in the proposals for a settlement after the war which M. Naquet says are made by a large number of Republicans. M. Naquet is much concerned about certain "ridiculous proposals" which he says are beginning to be circulated, and which are calculated "to revive all that we are trying to suppress." These proposals, which he attributes to foreign influence, are to destroy the unity of Germany, annex in part to Belgium and in part to France the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, revive the old German independent monarchies of Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, etc., impose on these States collectively a war indemnity of such magnitude that it will take them a century to pay it off, and they will not be able

even to maintain in modern conditions the army of 40,000 men which Napoleon allowed to Prussia. Prussia would be made an independent kingdom, and, the Hohenzollerns having been expelled, the throne would be given to a member of the Cumberland family.

M. Naquet declares that such a settlement would discredit the French protest against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and would be a retrospective justification of the annexation on the principle that might is right. It would degrade Belgium from her lofty moral position, and bring about a racial conflict from which she would emerge exhausted and diminished. Morover, as the separated States of Germany would be pushed by popular aspirations, they would be obliged to come together again, and their unity would be more solid than ever. A Cumberland monarch would be as unpopular in Prussia as were the restored Bourbons in France, and would soon be dethroned. In conclusion, M. Naquet appeals to Germany to avert these dangers by herself dethroning the Emperor and establishing a republic, and says that such action on the part of Germany would mean the end of the war. The importance of these remarks lies not only in the eminent position of the writer, but also in the fact that they are representative of a considerable section of French opinion.

Recent speeches of leading English politicians and recent declarations in certain English papers have referred to the desirability of continuing the war for two or three years if necessary. As to this, says the Paris correspondent of the *Manchestor Guardian*, it is not a question open to discussion so far as France (and Germany also) is concerned. For France or Germany to continue such a war as this for two or three years is a material impossibility. That is recognised by everyone in Paris, whatever some papers may say. Of course if Germany is threatened with national extinction in any case, she might as well be extinguished by war as by a treaty of peace, but the French people is not prepared to accept national extinction for the sake of extinguishing Germany. Well-informed people declare that the French casualties up to the last week of September amounted to at least 300,000. It was then exactly seven weeks since the general mobilisation was ordered in France. Let us estimate the French casualties at 200,000, a figure, supposing them to continue on the same scale, that would mean about 1,500,000 casualties a year. It is hardly necessary to ask whether any country could stand such a loss, to say nothing of the economic results of the war, which are already disastrous. "It is well that it should be understood once and for all" says the correspondent, "that while the French people are prepared to fight to the bitter end to avoid defeat, they will not be prepared to continue the war indefinitely merely to make victory more crushing, for a war of even one year would ruin France. It is also desirable that those in England who desire a settlement on some such lines as those proposed by M. Naquet, which do not represent merely his own personal opinion, should combine for common action with those of the same opinion in France."

What the guiding principles of the final settlement should be have been clearly set forth in a striking manifesto by the Union of Democratric Control, a recently founded organisation, which includes among its members men like Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald, Charles Trevelyan, Norman Angell, E. D. Morel and Arthur Ponsonby. The manifesto says that if the turn which the military situation has happily taken is maintained, the situation of the public will inevitably be directed more and more to the problem with which so many writers and public men have already dealt, which indeed has been widely discussed since the beginning of the war—the problem of the principles which must govern the final settlement, so as to make this war not the mere seed of future wars, but one that will give us a better and more secure Europe. Mr. Churchill has been the first member of the Government to furnish an indication of the broad lines of the settlement, and has very rightly warned people against the danger of repeating the mistake which Germany made in 1870 in disregarding the principle of nationality and in rearranging frontiers without regard to the wishes of the population concerned. He has well said that "whatever we do we must fight for and work towards great and sound principles for the European system."

Mr. Churchill has, says the manifesto, indicated here the feeling which animates all that is best in our people; but it is unlikely that this aim will be realised unless behind the statesmen there is the push of a well-defined public opinion, insisting that whatever the date and details of the settlement may be, at whatever stage of the military situation it may be deemed advisable to bring it about, certain well-defined ideas shall shape the final settlement. In order to ensure the maintenance of these ideas, the Union of Democratic Control deems it necessary to insist that the following policy shall inspire the actual conditions of peace, and shall dominate the situation after peace has been declared:—

(1) No province shall be transferred from one Government to another without the consent by plebiscite of the population of such province.

(2) No treaty, arrrangement, or undertaking shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament. Adequate machinery for ensuring democratic control of foreign policy shall be created.

(3) The foreign policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating alliances for the purpose of maintaining the "balance of power," but shall be directed to the establishment of a Concert of Europe, whose deliberations and decisions shall be public.

(4) Great Britain shall propose as part of the peace settlement a plan for the drastic reduction of armaments by the consent of all the belligerent Powers and to facilitate that policy shall attempt to secure the general nationalisation of the manufacture of armaments and the prohibition of the export of armaments by one country to another.

The signatories to the manifesto believe that these points will be found to embrace most of the recommendations that have been made by those who have written seriously on this subject since the beginning of the war, independently of what their political associations may be. They regard it as of the utmost importance that the mind of the public shonld be fixed upon these points, so that public opinion shall not at the crucial moment be taken by surprise and be unable to formulate a definite policy of any kind. In that case the British Government would be left without public support or direction, and by reason of the absence of such be overridden by elements in the future European Council of Peace which do not give the weight to certain inciples which the British people have always placed upon them. Without depreciating in any way the value of these suggestions we may ask if even the lesson of such a great cataclysm can teach us to set up nothing less parochial than a Concert ef Europe only if even such a complete failure of materialism can induce us to devise nothing more spiritual than "the democratic control of foreign policy." The union would save the nation and increase the power of democracy. But has not democracy proved as blood-guilty as any other form of society and Government, and is not an intruse nationalism and race feeling at the very root of this tremendous disaster? Is it not time to supplant the nation with the super-nation, just as the tribe has long ago been supplanted by the nation? In short, is not the path clear for a God-fearing and a God-sustaining theocracy?

SUMMON FOR DISPOSAL OF SUIT.

(*Order 5, Rule 1-5.*)

IN THE COURT OF Small Causes, Ajmere.

CIVIL SUIT No. 1804 OF 1914.

Har Nath Singh s/o. Dhokal Singh Rao of Ajmere .. *Plaintiff.*

versus

(1) Mr Z. A. Bronsmiche.
(2) L. F. Bronsmiche, Ticket No. 810 and Dept No. 6 Loco Shop, Ajmere. ... ... *Defendant.*

To Mr Z. A. Bronsmiche residing at Delhi.

Whereas Har Nath Singh has instituted a suit against you for Rs. 200. you are hereby summoned to appear in this Court in person or by a pleader duly instructed, and able to answer all material questions relating to the suit, or who shall be accompanied by some other person able to answer all such questions, on the 24th day of October 1914, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon, to answer the claim; and as the day fixed for your appearance is appointed for the final disposal of the suit, you must be prepared to produce on that day all the witnesses upon whose evidence and all the documents upon which you intend to rely in support of your defence. Take notice that, in default of your appearance on the day beforementioned, the suit will be heard and determined in your absence.

SUMMONS FOR DISPOSAL OF SUIT.

(*Order 5, Rule 1-5.*)

IN THE COURT OF Judge Small Causes Ajmere.

CIVIL SUIT No. 1767 OF 1914.

Seth Mohammed Esmail, General Merchant Ajmere ... *Plaintiff.*

versus

Mr. F. Leonard, Fireman Railway station, Ludhiana ... *Defendant*

To Mr. F. Leonard, Fireman, Ludhiana.

Whereas Seth Mohammed Esmail has instituted a suit against you for Rs. 86 3-6, you are hereby summoned to appear in this Court in person or by a pleader duly instructed, and able to answer all material questions relating to the suit, or who shall be accompanied by some other person able to answer all such questions, on the 28 day of October 1914, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon, to answer the claim; and as the day fixed for your appearance is appointed for the final disposal of the suit, you must be prepared to produce on that day all the witness upon whose evidence and all the documents upon which you intend to rely in support of your defence. Take notice that, in default of your appearance on the day beforementioned, the suit will be heard and determined in your absence.

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OPINION.

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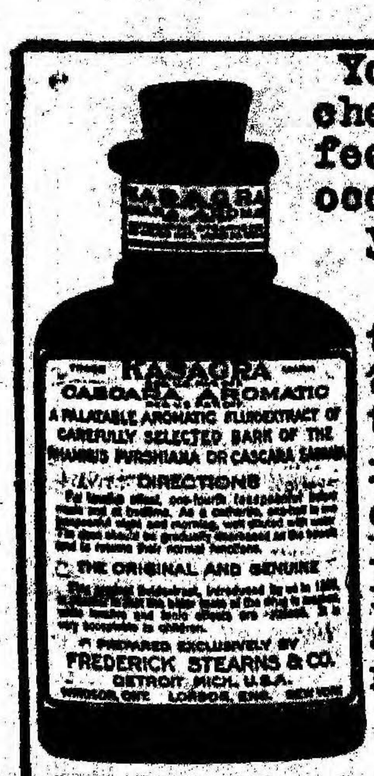
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