

Edward VII spoke English with an accent; and at the first hour of war with Germany we found the first Lord of the Admiralty a German Prince!

Until this year England has never been at war with Germany in the course of history since the Conquest. Our very speech, half German, betrayeth us.

All this is finished. The German is a Hun, and a Vandal, and a monster, and a woman torturer, and a child-murderer, and runs away in his millions at the sight of a Territorial from Hoxton. And the British Army has won victory after victory against enormous odds, some sixtyfold, and some eightyfold, and some an hundredfold, and has retreated (for strategic purposes, luring the hosts of the Kaiser to their doom) nearly as fast as a frightened man can run, and exactly as fast as a victorious host can pursue them.

Algerians, not only Arab, but of negroid and even negro stock, have been hurled into line: India has gushed out a venomous river of black troops; the desperate Ghoorka, whose kukri is thrust upward through the bowels, the Pathan, whose very women scavenge the battlefield to rob, murder, and foully mutilate the dead, the fierce Sikh, the lithe Panjabi, the Bengali even.

Against the Boers we Englishmen did not dare employ savage troops. Europe would have risen in arms at the abomination.

To-day we do it, because all armed Europe is already either for us or against us.

And, with all that, we use the Japanese! Can we complain if the German papers say that the Kaiser is fighting for culture, for civilization, when the flower of the allied troops are black, brown, and yellow "heathens," the very folks whom we have stopped from hook-swinging, suttee, child-murder, human sacrifice and cannibal feast?

It is a lie. The Kaiser has always been, and is to-day, a man of peace. He has indeed lived up to the maxim *Si vis pacem, para bellum* and, loaded with the legacy of hate which the impolitic annexation of Alsace-Lorraine had thrust upon his shoulders, he could do no less without offering the breast of Germany to the ravisher. A lamb to the slaughter, indeed, with La Revanche in every mouth! What would he do, with men yet alive who remembered Jena, and the ceaseless raids and ravages of Bonaparte?

But in a hundred crises he kept his head; he kept the peace. He had plenty of chances to smash France forever; he did not take them. An ambitious prince might have put a relative on the throne of Louis XIV while France was torn by the Boulanger affair, the Panama scandal, the Dreyfus horror, when Diogenes might have gone through France with a modern searchlight for his lantern without finding a single man who was not a traitor to his country, or at least to the Republic. The Kaiser never stirred.

It would have been easy to destroy the Russian menace at the time when Japan was straining the sinews of the Tartar giant, or when the Moscow Revolution showed that the Tsar could not trust his own soldiers, and the Imperial Guard, hastily summoned from St. Petersburg, shut up the garrison of Moscow in the Kremlin, trained their own guns upon them, and disarmed them. The Kaiser did nothing.

Surely the Russo-Japanese war and the Boer war showed plainly—if any fool there were who could not see it *a priori*—that the greatest, widest, best, and only impregnable military base is the sea. Such a power is the supreme strategic advantage. Is it then so treacherous and aggressive if Germany, threatened by an alliance (hypocritically described as an entente) of powers outnumbering her six to one, sought to keep open a path toward that universal base of operations?

Even the stolid Teuton nature must tire of the perpetual squeeze of Russia, the spurs of the French chancleer struck ever and anon in his hide.

Agadir was a fresh humiliation; for a few acres of uninhabitable jungle on the Congo he had to surrender all interest in Morocco, a country he had nursed for years.

It is still a diplomatic secret, and I must not betray it. But who financed Italy in her Tripolitan adventure, and why?

Austria still blocked in the Adriatic, Italy alienated from the Triple Alliance, the Slav expanding everywhere, Constantinople itself threatened, Roumania (even)