

turning toward Russia, he must have felt like a victim of that maiden of armor and spears that once executed justice on the weak.

And all this had been accomplished without sword drawn or cannon fired.

Here then stood Wilhelm, dauntless but defeated. His diplomacy had failed; his one ally was handicapped by domestic unrest; he was isolated in Europe; England was increasing her navy at a pace which he could never beat; France, with her three years' law, was promising to increase her army by 50 per cent. at a stroke; Russia was turning the flank, pushing on through the Balkans subtly and surely.

And the Kaiser answered, "I am the servant of God; I stand for peace. The Crown Prince is for war; I banish him from the Court. When I am dead let him be master; but while I live I am for peace. And let him that draws the sword perish by the sword!"

And the Triple Entente gathered closer and chuckled: Aha! he dare not fight. Let us frighten the garotte!

So Servia plots and executes the crime of Sarajevo. Austria, its aged Emperor smitten again and most foully, demands imperatively the disclosure of the accomplices of the assassins. Servia replies in terms of evasion, evasion impudently cynical. Austria stirs. Russia—and there is no pretense possible, the murder of the Archduke was either instigated by Panslavism or was a threat equally to the Tsar as to any other ruler—replies by mobilizing.

Sir Edward Grey spoke for peace, spoke of neutrality, in the House of Commons at a moment when thousands of British troops were already in Belgian waters, and the fleet, concentrated and ready for action, already held the North Sea.

France withdrew her troops from the frontier "so as to avoid any possibility of incidents which might be mistaken for aggression," while her Algerian and Senegambian troops were on the water, half-way to Marseilles.

He knew that this time there was no hope of peace. Abdication itself would hardly have saved Germany from a long-prepared, carefully-planned war, a war whose avowed object, an object in the mouth of every man in the street, was the destruction of Austria, the dismemberment of Germany. They had got him.

Even a worm will turn; even a Quaker will fight if he is cornered.

Wilhelm struck.

I write in English for those English who count, and this is the proper way to view the matter. Germany is a rich prize. We can capture German trade, German manufactures, German shipping, German colonies. We can exact an indemnity sufficient to cripple Germany for a dozen generations. We can split Germany into six kingdoms or republics, and weaken her beyond repair forever. We can double-cross Russia by insisting on the creation of a new Poland. We can destroy the German fleet, and economize on dreadnaughts. We can force our proletariat to accept conscription and stave off the social revolution. We can drown the Irish question in Lethe; we can fight a general election on the war, and keep the present gang of politicians in office.

And, best of all, we can achieve all this in the name of Honor, and the Sanctity of Treaties, and the Cause of the Democracies, and we can ask the blessing of God upon our arms in the name of Liberty, and Civilization, and Prosperity, and Progress.

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From an open letter of an Englishman:

R. L. ORCHELLE to H. G. WELLS:

At the first sign of Continental hostilities the yellow rags began to yelp for war. All the poison of hate instilled into the ignorant people by alarmist scribes and the mongrel war-mongers of the gutter—generalissimo Harmsworth was set to boil. And at last even the liberal government yielded—yielded to the scrofulous patriotism of the yellow press, to the pressure of jingo politicians and the jealous dolts of our merchants and manufacturers, and declared war upon a power with which we had never had a quarrel, which in no wise threatened nor attacked us (save commercially where her efficiency was greater than ours)—a nation already at a terrible disadvantage and beset on all sides. All Englishmen who were once