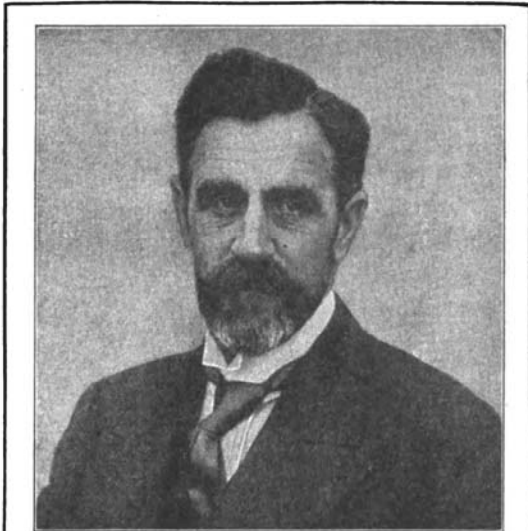


by victorianism. It exists, but only in certain limited classes. Too many people are living on their nerves. There is a sort of nightmare effect very largely distributed. The military situation will be discussed, until it is almost discussed away; but just as complacency begins, the thought suddenly arrives: But what about the government? What about the workingman? And the scaffoldings are knocked away from under the optimist. Victorianism had made every one so discontented, so miserable that there does not seem so much to fight for. No doubt the greatest errors were made in the original advertising campaign, with its wheedling and its insults. It rubbed the Englishman up in exactly the wrong way. Advertising is a tradesman's dodge; and England being a nation of shopkeepers, every one knew that it was cheating. Had there been a government in the country at the beginning of the war to seize the



SIR ROGER CASEMENT

*Whose startling article on Sir Edward Grey in "The International" for January has created a sensation. Copies of "The International" may be procured through THE FATHERLAND. Fifteen cents each, one dollar fifty for the year.*

reins of power, declare conscription immediately, and shoot down unhesitatingly any one who objected, there would have been no trouble. Every one would have said: This is the spirit of Cromwell and of Wellington. But all the people in power were temporizers, men of words, vote-catchers, nearly all of them lawyers by profession. In any crisis the only man who can do anything is some rough, practical personality. The very qualities which bring a man to the front in ordinary times are those which make him useless in an emergency. The history of every nation is full of such examples, and, of course, from the nature of the case, it is impossible in times of peace to arrange for a supply of such men to be on tap.

As to the trading classes, they express the utmost patriotism, but it is of a rather peculiar kind. It has struck them that the war is doing them immense harm, and they know full well that a peace concluded now would complete their ruin. So they are unanimous for a fight to a finish. They would go themselves if they were not so busy; in the meanwhile, they are volubly indignant with the working classes for not going. In point of fact, the need is no longer men or money or munitions; it is morale. The British Tommy will only follow a gentleman; and most of these have been used up, or belong to the stage-door class. The soldiers' trade has been too long despised in England; it has been fine to be an officer, but to know anything about soldiering has been disgraceful. Those who took their profession seriously have been hazed in the messes. Result: plenty to follow, and none to lead. You can make a very

fair private in six months; but a non-com. or a subaltern cannot be turned out in two years, especially with no elder men to instruct them. So the new armies are composed of keen eager men, muddled over until they are perfectly sick of the incompetence of their superiors. They are also disgusted to death at the utter hopelessness of the strategists. The Flanders' proposition was intelligible; but the Dardanelles' folly has made much discontent. Wounded men are full of gristly tales of that disaster; no food, no ammunition, no shelter, no hospitals, "no ruddy nothing," as one Sergeant told me. They were flung out, like shooting so much rubbish, on the shore. Further, they are annoyed at the limitations of the fleet. The average man seems to have thought that the whole peninsula could be blown away by a few hours' bombardment.

The working classes as a whole are far more really patriotic than the bourgeois. But socialism and self-interest have rotted them far more than in Germany, where the party is on paper far stronger. The murmur of the English slave is silent. I talked with many of the revolution. All would welcome any change, but none had any idea of constructive revolt. And at heart I think nobody cared. They were too dull with suffering. Many, however, were whining personal woes, usually something about three and eightpence farthing which they would have if there were a God in heaven or justice on earth. Thousands have enlisted because it seemed at least a quick way out, or offered a sort of chance. But there is nowhere a particle of real enthusiasm in the soul; how can there be, when poverty and puritanism have whittled away the soul for three generations? Can you imagine a British workman going to the Nibelung-ring, as the German does in his millions?

And the wretched treatment that he has been getting all these years of peace and "prosperity" is only accentuated by the war. The big promises are not being kept; he is too ready to find it out; and if anybody would suggest a real remedy, however mad, he would try it. While waiting, he is glad, on the whole, to get peppered.

#### THOUGHTS OF A "GENTLY HAZED" AMERICAN

WILSON may be a Virginian, but his first note to Austria-Hungary lacked politeness.

Asquith has postponed the boycott of German commerce until after the war; but is less considerate of American commerce which is being destroyed every day.

There is considerably more firmness in the famous notes of the Administration to France over the stopping of American ships in American waters than in the notes to England over the destruction of our commerce.

The price of coal on the seaboard rises steadily while the railways are monopolized with ammunition shipments for the Allies.

Even the Turks will refuse to vote the Democratic ticket next November.

Roosevelt's big stick never looked so big to the President as now.

A lot of statesmen are performing marvels on the political slack wire these days trying to be both pro-German and pro-Ally and looking for a soft spot to land on without breaking their necks.

The venerable Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to London, delivered another speech at a Pilgrim luncheon, last week, in which he suggested that we get ready to stand manfully by Canada in her troubles. The ancient post-prandial toast master has never forgotten that he was permitted to appear at the Court of St. James in silk stockings and knee-breeches and to catch a smile of royalty. He is a valiant champion of liberty and civilization which, he says, is threatened by Germany, but his autobiography does not inform us that he set his fellow-citizens a good example during the Civil War by shouldering a musket when his own country was in danger, although he was 29 years of age at the outbreak of the war and 34 when it ended.