

A GAMBLE ON INDEMNITIES.

A few days ago, I met G—, the American, just back from Berlin. He is a good friend of ours, and he understands his Germany pretty well. His view was quite simple. "Stick to it, keep your teeth in, and don't worry. You have only to make Germany pay her own costs and you will win this war. The German people will settle with their Hohenzollerns and Bethmann-Hollwegs and von Bülow." G— means that the whole thing is now a gamble on indemnities, and that if they fail, as they will, there will be a wholesale crash in Germany.

The above is from an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, over the signature "S"—undoubtedly the editor, Mr. Spender. We print it only for what it is worth. The main fact involved, however, is beyond question. Germany is counting upon a huge war indemnity partially to make good her immense financial losses.

On this point there was a remarkably plain-spoken utterance some days ago in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It did not attempt to conceal the severe industrial and commercial dislocation which the war had brought upon Germany. And the strain upon the Empire's finances it admitted to be very great. England's financial plight it believed to be worse, and that of France and Russia about as bad; but it argued that neither of those nations could cherish the hope which Germany has of helping to right matters by means of an indemnity. This idea has evidently been sedulously put about in Germany. "We are compelled to make heavy financial sacrifices, but keep on bravely: our enemies will have to pay a good part of the bill."

The matter recently received an official status from the German Minister of Finance. In his address to the Reichstag, at the time of calling for a new war loan of \$2,500,000,000—making a total war expenditure of \$7,500,000,000—Herr Helfferich spoke of the "gigantic burden of war" which had been laid upon the Empire. But he declared that Germany's "economic future" would be freed from this burden, since "the thousands of millions will be borne through decades by the instigators of the war, and not by us." Whatever view we may take of this, it is clearly put forward as a Government programme. The design may be to brace the German people to further sacrifices by holding out hopes that the authorities themselves know cannot be realized; but, in any case, there the thing stands. The cost of the war is frightful, but we shall make the Allies pay it all.

That there are those in Germany who regard this as illusory is made evident by the

fact that financial writers are being called upon to show that the Government is not dreaming. One of these, Herr Bernhard, addresses himself in the *Vossische Zeitung* to the "pessimists" who doubt that the Allies can be made to pay the war-bills of Germany, Austria, and Turkey. He maintains that the plan of Minister Helfferich is not so absurd as it sounds. For Germany holds large strips of conquered territory, both East and West. If these lands are returned to their former owners, "they must pay the price fixed by the victors." If they are retained, they will increase the national wealth and the "actual amount of tax receipts." This is a pretty picture—laying heavy taxes on prostrate Belgium and ravaged Poland! And we see at once how the two ideas of annexation and indemnity come into collision. Both have been dangled before the German people. But now it appears that they must give up one or the other. It might be a sop to the annexationists if the Empire could be paid seven or eight billions not to annex. Yet any such sum, sensible people in Germany must know, could never be exacted from the Allies until they had been absolutely crushed. But if nations have fought to their last man and their last dollar, where are they going to find the billions of indemnity-money wherewith to purchase the right to drag out a contemptible existence?

All this talk of indemnity is purely speculative as yet. If the German Government and the German people are going ahead upon the strength of it, then they are truly acting in the spirit of gamblers. The basis of fact for any solid hope of the kind which the Finance Minister expressed, cannot at present be found. What may appear later, no cautious man will predict; but at present no cautious man will pretend that there is any certainty at all that Germany will be able to exact any indemnity at all. Discussion of it is only part of the continued cropping out of hints and rumors of peace in Germany. Nowhere else are they heard. It is triumphant Germany who alone appears anxious for peace. The significance of this is not lost upon the rest of the world. The stories of an impending financial crash in Germany, with warnings of national bankruptcy, are no doubt put in sensational garb on their way through Amsterdam. But that there is enormous pressure upon the Government to find a way to end the war satisfactorily, there can be no manner of doubt. A part of the apprehension grows out of the heightening strain upon the national finances. Hence the prediction of a war in-

demnity, to make all good. But this, we repeat, is a sheer gamble.

THE CONQUEST OF POLAND.

Brest-Litovsk is Brest in Lithuania. The fortress was part of the system of the Polish defences, but it lies across the River Bug in Russian, as distinguished from Polish, territory. Except for isolated positions on the Niemen and west of the river, like Grodno, all of the nine provinces of Poland are in the hands of the enemy. In addition, the greater part of the provinces of Courland and Kovno have been overrun, and the Austro-German armies are now pressing forward into the provinces of Volhynia and Grodno. Only along a narrow slip of Galicia east of the Zlota Lipa River do Russian armies stand on foreign soil, and their retirement in this quarter is apparently a matter of days. In just four months the Russian armies have been driven from the crests of the Carpathians and the East Prussian frontier close to the borders of old Russia, before the second partition of Poland in 1793. This has been accomplished in a campaign which, for sweep of operations, the armies engaged, and the sustained energy of the offensive, has no parallel in military history.

The middle of last April witnessed the climax of the Russian effort. In Poland proper at that time there had been a virtual deadlock for nearly two months. The battle-line ran close to the Prussian frontier in the Niemen region, swung further into Polish territory north of the Vistula, crossed that river at the confluence of the Bzura, followed that stream, the Rawka, the Pilica, the Nida, and the Dunajec, in a straight line down to the Carpathians. Here the deadlock ceased. In the mountains the fighting was continuous during the early spring. The northern passes were mastered by the Russians, who penetrated, at one point, twenty miles into Hungary. The centre of the fighting was around Uzsok Pass. With that in Russian hands, the invasion of Hungary on a broad front could be accomplished. Around Uzsok, therefore, the Austrian forces with the German armies sent to their aid, made their great defence, and in the third week of April Vienna was reporting that the Russian attack had been broken.

The Austro-Germans passed immediately to the offensive, but not at the expected point around Uzsok. Instead they hit out along what may be considered the centre of the entire line from the Baltic to the Pruth, namely, on the Dunajec front to the east of

Cracow. The attack began with an annihilating bombardment of the Russian positions around Tarnow and Gorlice in the last two days of April. It was a demonstration on an enormous scale of the new tactics of artillery concentration which the British had practiced at Neuve Chapelle. There followed, on May 1, the assault in "phalanx," which was to show that trench warfare had not reduced military operations to deadlock. The Russian line was broken, the Czar's Carpathian armies were taken in flank and rear, with a huge harvest of prisoners, and there began that great retreat which has not yet come to an end. The extraordinary German talent for system has never appeared to better advantage than in the perfect synchronization of the advance of so many great armies on so huge a front.

The routes traversed by the three main divisions of the Teutonic forces referred to in the Berlin dispatches as "army groups" may be briefly described. The southern or von Mackensen group, now comprising all of the Austrians and the Germans under von Linsingen, have advanced in the course of four months a distance of about 220 miles as measured straight across the map, from the Dunajec and the Carpathians to beyond the Bug. They marched east through Galicia to the San, and pivoted north on the left wing until Lemberg was retaken on June 22. Then the advance was almost due north by way of Lublin towards Brest-Litovsk. It has been the slowest group of the three, its average daily progress being less than two miles. This was due to the fact that they had opposed to them the best of the Russian armies, while on the other hand their own efficiency was probably reduced from the average German level by the presence of the Austrians. Temporary setbacks, such as von Mackensen's armies encountered at the Dniester and around Lublin, were not experienced by the purely German armies to the north.

The German attack from the north by the von Hindenburg group did not begin till late in June, although subsidiary operations against Libau and Courland began early in May. Von Hindenburg's armies have covered the least ground of all. From around Przasnysz, which they captured July 15, to the Warsaw-Petrograd Railway, which they have just crossed, they have advanced some eighty miles, only a little faster than von Mackensen's forces. Von Hindenburg, in turn, had to deal with the chain of great fortresses along the line of the Niemen, the Bobr, and the Narew, from Kovno to Novo-

georgievsk. Had he waited for the reduction of the forts in order to advance on a uniform front, his progress would have been much smaller. Instead he threw forward separate armies in the interstices between the Russian strongholds. So to-day the German front here bends and turns.

The armies of the centre, the group of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, started latest of all. These were the forces which for half a year had lain quiet along the Bzura and the Rawka. When the wings of the Russian army had been driven back, the German centre moved. It has travelled with astonishing rapidity. From Warsaw, which fell on August 5, to Kamienetz Litovsk, where the centre armies are to-day, they have covered more than 150 miles in three weeks. Yet the several places of the army groups were so adjusted to one another that when Warsaw and Ivangorod fell and the Vistula was crossed, Gen. Hindenburg, Prince Leopold, and Gen. Mackensen touched hands for the final effort, the complete envelopment or destruction of the Czar's armies. That solid curve, like a gigantic sickle, is still sweeping east.

A NATIONAL DEFENDER FOR POLITICS ONLY.

Secretary Garrison's rebuke of Gen. Wood for inviting and allowing Mr. Roosevelt's violent harangue at the Plattsburgh camp naturally pains the Colonel. Why, he explains, he never once mentioned the President or the Administration. No, he simply attacked Mr. Wilson by covert insult, and assailed the Administration by innuendo. The fearless man! Moreover, he made his speech "outside the line of tents." This from the great hater of technicalities!

What must chiefly rankle in the Colonel's gallant breast is the official statement that he was at Plattsburgh merely as a politician, for the sake of stirring up "controversy, antagonism, and ill-feeling." Does not Secretary Garrison know that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the greatest military authorities on earth, at whose feet the bankers and merchants and city officials learning to be soldiers would be glad to sit? There is said to be in existence in New York a photograph sent to a friend here by the German Emperor. It showed Roosevelt and William at a military review; and at the bottom was written, in the Imperial hand: "Col. Roosevelt instructing the Kaiser in the art of war." Whether this tale be veracious or not, we cannot say; but everybody knows that Mr.

Roosevelt would not have hesitated to instruct Cæsar, Cromwell, or Napoleon in the art of war. And to think of treating such a man, at such a crisis, as if he were a mere trouble-maker! If the Secretary of War was unaware of the Colonel's supreme military competence, he might at least have spoken of him as a sage, as a retired statesman in whom old experience had attained to something of prophetic strain. But no such roses grow over Secretary Garrison's party wall. He speaks of the ex-President as if he had become well known as merely a Shimei, promiscuously cursing all passers-by.

We are bound to add that the great majority of Americans see in Mr. Roosevelt's present activities only an attempt by him to make use of a troubled situation in order to get a party and personal advantage out of it. He is flinging himself upon the idea of a possible war, and of preparing for it, only as the most promising political issue which he can at present see. It cannot have been forgotten that he not long ago pointed to himself as the only man who could "tear to pieces" President Wilson's foreign policy. This was put in evidence at the trial of the Barnes libel suit. Since then Mr. Roosevelt has lost no occasion to seek to embarrass and discredit Mr. Wilson. In this effort he has, it is true, made only a series of blunders. He railed at the Lusitania note, before he knew what it was, and immediately thereafter ran away and kept ingloriously silent. He rushed into print about the case of the Arabic, demanding "deeds" instant; and now has to read of the complete yielding of Germany to the American diplomatic contention, for which Roosevelt had nothing but scorn. Thus he has made a good deal of a mess of it, so far, in his endeavor to tear the President in pieces; and has the mortification of seeing the country rallying strongly to Wilson. This, however, does not obscure the animus of his bitter assaults, which is purely self-seeking and partisan. He is an improvised national defender for politics only.

That this is not an isolated judgment of Col. Roosevelt may be seen from the article by Dr. W. J. Tucker, formerly president of Dartmouth, in the last *Atlantic*. He is writing of the development of the social conscience in this country, and pays an adequate and even warm tribute to Mr. Roosevelt for what he did to rouse public attention to public wrongs. But he feels compelled to touch upon what he calls the "moral limitation" of the man, which he finds in his insatiate desire to push himself forward,

and in his monumental "egoism." Moreover, Dr. Tucker goes on:

He is the sportsman in politics. He follows the game. He plays the issue which has the immediate political effect. He has his eye constantly on his antagonists, who for the time are his "enemies." These must never be lost sight of, though principles may be retired from view.

Recent events must have confirmed the justice of this analysis, in the mind of multitudes of Americans who could not before bring themselves to believe it. But they have now sorrowfully seen the evidence. They have observed the course of a man upon whom they had heaped high their honors. In a year of great national stress, they have witnessed him restlessly scheming, not only to thwart and decry the Government of his own country, but to imperil the peace which the President and the great mass of the people have been so anxious to maintain. And all this in a desperate striving to score a point against a party opponent, and to contrive, by any means within reach, to get himself once more at the front of the political line of battle. This is the pity, this the shame, of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct. Fortunately, it stands so plainly revealed to the gaze of his countrymen that his power to do mischief, except to his own reputation, is rapidly being reduced to the vanishing point.

"LET US NOW BELITTLE GREAT MEN."

Thus should the quotation be modified for the warring nations. Each is discovering that its antagonists, despite strange traditions to the contrary, have always been barren of geniuses. Some might expect Germany, nursing her own culture and hatreds, to traduce the foreign great more vehemently than the Allies, who insist upon their liberalism; some might expect the insular British or impulsive French to be more extreme. But when we see the same astigmatism in all, the motive apparent is each nation's consciousness of the necessity of blackening its opponent in order to fight with a good heart. It is not possible for a German lover of British literature, or a Russian admirer of German scientists, to smite with the zest of one who despises the smitten; and the very grotesqueness of many of the slanders makes it incredible that they are believed in except as moral narcotics. Others are evidence of the purest spleen.

Where contemporaries are concerned, and no generalizations made, the evil is at a minimum. Little harm is done when the Germans state that D'Annunzio is a monkey,

and Henry James a literary cuttlefish discharging his ink-pot, or when the French declare that Haeckel and Ostwald have no backs to their heads and cannot help betraying the fact. It is when the cudgels are laid about in those literary arcana supposed to house the securely great, and the moral is drawn that the entire history of a nation shows it decadent, that rancor becomes dangerous. Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, for example, has recently informed readers of the London *Times* that Schiller, "the most German of German writers," was "only a milk-and-water Longfellow"; that Heine was a Jew, and "regarded the Germans as barbarians"; that Kant was more than half Scotch, and that "it is difficult to say what the Hegelian philosophy would have been had the German language been more cultivated."

The Teutons, to be sure, wandered earliest and most blindly along this path; it was they who instituted *Volkerpsychologie*, by which historians, geographers, and ethnographers explained the superiority of the Teutonic race over all others, and by which Mommsen, brushing aside Shakespeare and Dante, wrote fifty years ago that "the Greeks and the Germans alone possess a fountain of song that wells up spontaneously; from the golden vase of the muses only a few drops have fallen on the soil of Italy." Treitschke, with an indulgent liking for Molière and Mirabeau, found abundant opportunity to jeer at the great of the nation where all were "Baconians, shallow utilitarians, narrow and selfish islanders, hypocrites with the Bible in one hand and a pipe of opium in the other." But no nation has failed to pay some heed to the voice of mingled national arrogance and international jealousy, as we can see by going back to our own relations with England a century ago.

It is even pretended that there may be a benefit in these campaigns of belittlement, as being declarations of the cultural independence of a nation. When a Russian gravely writes that the Germans have produced not a single great sculptor, and have only borrowed foreign architecture and spoiled it, the Russian builder—unless he is provoked to laughter—will take courage to employ his own styles. When an Englishman declares that Bach and Mozart are the sole warrant for Germany's claim to musical greatness, and that "it is agreed that the Germans are now surpassed in music by other nations," it is thought that the way is paved to a national school of composers. Fetiches alone have stood in the way of

self-expression. But it is clear that the highest intellectual declaration of independence can be built only on full knowledge and correlation of what intellectual leaders in other lands have accomplished. The liberal spirit behind a full recognition of other intellectual lights is in itself a prerequisite. The true leader of an independent movement could hardly be blind to fundamental interdependences. Emerson's "American Scholar" was the product of the same period as the "English Traits," which has a noble enthusiasm for the geniuses dead and living to whom we were then in leading-strings; and it would be hard to point to men of more broad and humanistic feelings than Herder, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, who gave Germany her first full mental independence.

The violence of this genius-baiting is a token of its brief life and of the special purpose for which it is employed. The contradictions are too palpable. In conflict the French must realize they are using German drill tactics, and the Germans that their wireless is Italian, their Dreadnoughts English, their aeroplanes, automobiles, and submarines perfected chiefly by the French. It is impossible to vilify Goethe without vilifying Carlyle, or to minimize Curie without minimizing Hertz. In the first reaction following the end of the struggle, it is easy to believe that the nations which are on record with the fewest utterances of such a tenor will be glad to call attention to their comparative generosity.

SHOULD ONE LOVE AUNT SARAH?

This question, which millions of little boys and girls have puzzled over, and frequently decided in the negative, is raised to the dimensions of a social problem by a writer in the *Atlantic*. It is one phase of the broader problem of the relations between the younger and older generation. For the latter our author has very little use, though, without mentioning the fact, he probably recognizes that the older generation does serve a purpose in propagating the younger. Otherwise the seniors are a nuisance. Here is one count in the long indictment:

The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of what may be called canalized emotions: One is "supposed" to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being "unnatural." One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. . . .

It is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals which are not brimming, no duties which are not equally loves.

Loving Aunt Sarah, in other words, should be like the resistless march of the tides, and not like the Gowanus Canal. Solicitous inquiry after Aunt Sarah's rheumatism should be dictated by M. Bergson's vital urge, and not by a stupid sense of duty.

Canalization is vexation. Aunt Sarah is only one example of our thoroughly canalized society in which love, duty, loyalty are made to flow through sharply defined channels. Radical youth is fond of its own vocabulary, which changes with the seasons. It works its pet words hard. Until very recently, for example, life in the progressive vocabulary was usually described as "reaction." You reacted to the social impulse, you reacted to a sunset, to Caruso, to an endive salad. Reaction is now making way for canalization. One imagines the fashion began a year ago with the outbreak of the war when military writers spoke of the fortresses on the French frontier as intended to canalize the flow of German invasion. The word caught on. Where formerly to be only moderately forward-looking was to be stagnant, to-day it is to be canalized. There is something impressive about stagnancy. There is no excuse for a sluggish, humdrum flow between definite containing banks. Yet canalization is a good word, and there would be no reason to complain, if the very fondness of the young for pat phrases were not itself an index of the irresistible human tendency to canalize. The radical indictment against society tends to the same painful sameness as the society which it criticizes.

The fact is, of course, that canals are a very useful invention. Marshes have been drained and made fit for human cultivation by canals. Life in New Jersey will be made really worth living when enough ditches have been built to wash out the mosquitoes. The great upheaval of the tides is not enough. The tide pours in and leaves pools behind for the enemy of mankind to breed in, whereas a scientifically planned system of canals permits the tide to pour in and out again, carrying with it one of the most pervading of contemporary anti-social elements. It is the same with the dry lands of the West. Up in the hills lie the brimming reservoirs of saving water. They can work only through the irrigation canals. Sometimes the ditches are permitted to brim over. Some-

times a mere trickle is enough for the great purpose which is to render the desert fruitful. A young person who acted only when the emotion seized upon him would be an unsafe gate-keeper at the Roosevelt dam. In itself there is nothing immoral, nothing essentially anti-social, about a network of canals.

It is the same with Aunt Sarah. In the course of evolution it has been found more useful for the race that it should love its aunts rather than hate them; though it is, of course, a matter of degree. People perhaps began by loving their children, their parents, their brothers and sisters, and gradually extended the internal waterways of their affection so as to include aunts and grandmothers. It is true that in the course of evolution a function or an organ may outgrow its usefulness for the race. It may be no longer necessary to love our aunts. It may not be necessary, for that matter, to love our mothers and offspring. Love spontaneously pouring itself out on any one is undoubtedly the ideal. But the human habit of canalizing affections is still very strong. One may not feel the obligation to love one's aunt, but then it is very likely that you will love the member of your trade-union. Free yourself from the sense of compulsion to love your mother and there will still exist the obligation to love your fellow-members in the Fifteenth Assembly District Local of the Socialist Party. Or is there to be no obligation there, either? It may be. Only one imagines it will be rather hard to keep intact the organization of trade-unions and party locals if the members feel at liberty to dislike one another. A certain amount of canalization is necessary.

The final question remains whether the "notorious Victorian era" of which our writer speaks was really as completely canalized as he supposes. One imagines that the Victorians recognized the existence of tidal waves and recessions, and allowed for them. Not to love Aunt Sarah may have been described as "unnatural," but the Victorians knew that it was very natural for little boys and girls to be unnatural in that way. When Aunt Sarah sent down big Christmas boxes, when she organized picnics in the grove with many sandwiches thickly buttered, when she told stories at bed-time, we loved her. When she insisted on a very thorough washing behind the ears, when she put prying questions about school, we were unnatural, and she grimly acknowledged the situation; perhaps not so grimly after all. The Victorians said "unnatural" as the young generation

now says "canalized"; because it was the fashion. They had no illusions as to the real status of aunts. Does the writer in the *Atlantic* recall what one Victorian wrote of aunts?

Oh, that the gracious powers would send me an old aunt, a maiden aunt, an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage and a front of light coffee-colored hair. How my Juha and I would make her comfortable!

This has a fairly uncanalized ring; it sounds almost modern.

Foreign Correspondence

THE FATE OF WATERING-PLACES—THE CASE OF THE ISLE OF MAN—SPAS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

LONDON, August 10.

The scriptural prediction that, in times of national turmoil, "the one shall be taken and the other left" applies in these days not only to persons, but to places. Within the United Kingdom the effects of the war have been felt with marked inequality in various towns and districts. To some it has brought, for the time at least, exceptional prosperity, while others have been suddenly reduced almost to privation. During the present holiday season, the experience of the best-known pleasure and health resorts has provided many examples of this diversity.

One of the worst sufferers has been the Isle of Man. Normally, the island derives its main livelihood from its visitors. With a population of 50,000, half of them resident in the town of Douglas, it is accustomed to welcome every summer a quarter of a million outsiders. This year the number of its friendly invaders has dropped to zero. Douglas is a desert, and its magnificent promenade, with two and a half miles of boarding-houses, is as bare as in December. There are no boats running regularly to and from the mainland, the steamers of the Isle of Man Packet Company having been commandeered by the Admiralty. The occasional activity of German submarines in the adjacent waters would in itself have been sufficient to discourage holiday travel.

A public-spirited Wesleyan Methodist minister, the Rev. C. Copeland Smith, has been making an effort to meet the emergency. He was himself once employed in a Leicester hosiery factory, and he has been using his special knowledge of the business to introduce the manufacture of hosiery as a local industry. He has obtained a War Office contract for a quarter of a million socks, and is organizing the supplying of private purchasers as well. Mr. Smith is also attempting to revive an old Manx industry which in recent times has become almost obsolete—the fate of traditional occupations in so many other pleasure resorts—because the catering for visitors has been found to pay better. In the days when every Manxman was a fisherman, every Manx woman used to spin and weave wool and make garments. An association has now been formed to obtain an adequate supply of yarn, and to give the technical training necessary for the restoration of this ancient handicraft.

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