

Is It Peace or War



ARE we to have peace or war with Germany? asks Public Opinion.

Unfortunately, this question has been so bandied about by irresponsible people that anyone who now asks the question is more or less regarded as a shrieker or a fire-brand. But it would be a most disastrous thing if because the question has been so debated the issues which lie behind it were ignored by men who do not agree with the firebrand policy. If there's smoke the cause must be found out. The fire must be quenched.

Lord Cromer has given us warning, with or without reason. Lord St. Aldwyn, discussing the national finances, declared that "if the dockyard at Rosyth is not ready in the event of a possible naval war in the North sea, the responsibility would rest upon the government." At the present moment there is not a single naval dockyard on the whole east coast of this country capable of receiving a ship of the Dreadnought class.

Mr. Hyndman, in the remarkable article in the Clarion which we quote below, says war with Germany is certain within six years.

War between Germany and England without a cause is unthinkable. Preparations for a war without reason is murder. If there are causes it should not be beyond the limits of statesmanship to remove the causes and to bring about agreement and fraternity.

The Manchester Guardian is quite free of all taint of being an alarmist paper, but its measured words on this matter (July 31), which we now quote, deserve the most serious attention, and the rising of Parliament and the heat of the summer are no excuse for the neglect of the issues there set out.

"The problem of naval economies is neither more or less than the problem of a political understanding with Germany," writes the Manchester Guardian. "Other elements, doubtless, may be distinguishable. One may note and regret the disturbing effect on estimates of the growth in the size of warships; One may argue against the proposed expenditure at Rosyth, by an appeal to the principles of high strategy, as the Morning Post has done with some force; and one may compile statistical tables to show how essentially misleading are the statistical tables of the Navy League, but it is not in this way that we shall escape great increases in naval expenditure and all their accompanying risks."

The only chance is by creating between England and Germany a feeling similar to that between England and France, and compared with this every other object of English foreign policy is unimportant. Not by what its views on Macedonia or Persia or the Congo were, but by its success in establishing an understanding with Germany, will the future judge the foreign policy of the present Liberal government. The time is perilously short, considering how strong are the opposing tendencies and how soon the decision about our naval programme will be forced upon us. The problem, broadly stated, is this: how to set in motion certain pacific tendencies between England and Germany which would make it possible for this country to avoid special programmes of new construction between now and 1911.

"We say 1911, because in that year Germany should, unless fresh Naval Acts are passed, revert to the old standard of one new battleship a year. If we can hold our hands till 1911 the crisis should have passed, for even though the Government might wish to keep up the higher rate of construction, it would probably be unable to carry through the necessary legislation if the German nation were not in a nervous and irritable state. On the other hand, a great increase in our programme next year is pretty sure to foster that state and commit both countries to a ruinous rivalry of which no man can see the end. The key to the whole situation is an understanding with Germany, or the beginning of one sufficiently marked to quiet people's nerves in both countries during the next few critical years."

So far the Manchester Guardian. If there is any truth whatever in what Mr. Hyndman says in the following quotation from the Clarion, then the Manchester Guardian's contentions are unanswerable. War between Germany and England would be a crime. An eternal peace between the United States, Germany, and England must be the policy of every sane man. Fortunately the English Labor Party as a whole is in favor of peace, and a delegate of British labor men goes to Germany to say so early next year. This makes Mr. Hyndman's statements the more alarming.

Here is a summary of what Mr. H. M. Hyndman says in the Clarion (July 31): "There is not the slightest doubt that Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, is steadily making ready at heavy cost, which the German Empire at present can ill afford, for a crucial naval engagement in the North Sea, followed by an invasion of this country. This is perfectly well known to all our leading politicians, and conclusive evidence of the truth of this statement is on record in the War Office and at the Admiralty. Everything is being got ready with that scrupulous care and minute attention to detail for which the Germans have been famous in military matters for nearly half a century.

"In regard to the naval preparations no concealment whatever is even attempted. Within six years from date, it is openly admitted on both sides of the North Sea that the German fleet, designed and built specially

for this one object, will be in a condition, if we allow things to take their course, to challenge our own Navy in home waters and very possibly to win. German naval officers avowedly look forward to the day of the great engagement, and drink their toasts, even in the presence of foreign guests, to their own success in the approaching encounter. This deliberate intention on the part of Germany to fight out the question of our naval security to a finish is universally recognized on the Continent of Europe; and the most influential classes in Germany, as Englishmen who know Germany thoroughly, who visit Germany every year, and are very friendly with Germans, readily admit, proclaim that 'England is the enemy.'"

"These are facts which are beyond dispute and which are the natural and, indeed, inevitable outcome of intense commercial and political rivalry, as human affairs are ordered today. The Germans also have quite as much right to challenge England's naval supremacy and to conquer Great Britain, if they can, as our fathers had to beat down the naval pretensions of Holland and France, or to conquer India and Egypt. 'I will make war upon you,' cried Napoleon, rushing up to our Ambassador in his ante-chamber on the rupture of the peace of Amiens. 'That, Sir,' said the Englishman, 'is your affair.' 'I will annihilate you,' 'That, Sir,' was the answer, 'is our affair.'"

"We are face to face today with a much greater danger than any that ever threatened these shores from Napoleon; a danger being deliberately worked up for us day after day, month after month, and year after year, in a cool, calculating fashion, such as the great Corsican had neither the time nor the means to devote to his projects."

The first article in the new Nineteenth Century, by Col. Lonsdale Hale, on "The Insecurity of Our Home Defence Today," contains this incident: "Somebody, apparently in a state of alarm, as if he had discovered something new, questioned Mr. Haldane some days ago in the House of Commons as to foreigners having been discovered engaged in reconnoitring in this country. Probably the foreigners were doing so, as other foreigners had done before them. Only a year ago an officer entering a railway carriage found it occupied by British brother officers returning home from a staff or regimental ride. They had only

one topic of conversation, the extraordinary fact that, whilst engaged in the work, they had tumbled clean and plump into a party of German officers engaged in identically the same occupation. 'The scene of the ride seemed to possess equal attractions for the military officers of both countries.'"

The most hopeful thing in the general outlook is that Labor is solid against war. In Trafalgar Square last Saturday Mr. O'Grady, M.P., declared that "the organized workers of Europe had made up their minds to a universal strike, if it is necessary, to stop war."

The resolution moved and seconded from two platforms at the Trafalgar Square meeting was in the following terms:—"This meeting of organized workers and others expresses its sympathy with the objects of the International Peace Congress held in London during the past week. It declares that there is, and can be, no cause of quarrel between the workers of the various countries, who are more and more becoming united by ties of brotherhood and good will; it therefore emphatically condemns the system of standing armies and compulsory military service by which the civil liberties of the workers are endangered; and their intellectual and economic progress impeded. It urges the people everywhere to demand the establishment of such a system of international arbitration as shall lead to an ultimate general disarmament, thereby setting free the enormous resources at present devoted to war, and preparations for war, for the development of true progress and civilization, based upon liberty and justice."

Surely we should see that the air is cleared of all these harmful rumors. And Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey could win no greater reputation than to settle this matter, and be able to say that it is settled—that Germany is our friend.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT

King George of Greece, who has been visiting the King of Italy, is very fond of traveling, and in the course of his numerous tours has had some curious experiences. On one of his visits to France, the French government took particular care to have his Majesty well guarded, as there were rumors of anarchists lurking in the King's vicinity. One day, King George was out walking in the country, and, as he was otherwise alone, a plain-clothes detective kept him well in sight, although at such a distance as not to arouse suspicion. But a vigilant peasant happened to recognize the King, and approached him before the detective could get near. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," he whispered confidentially, "but, pointing to the now hurrying plain-clothes man, 'there's one of those horrid anarchists following you. But keep your mind easy, sir—I've got my eye on him!'"

The Sultan and New Spirit in Turkey

HERE is not an impartial newspaper in Western Europe which professes confidence in the Sultan's good faith and now that he has emerged in the unfamiliar character of a constitutional monarch. It would, in fact, be scarcely overstating the case to affirm that with practical unanimity those European newspapers which have the best facilities for

has collapsed. The Army, on which he relied, has gone over to the people. Yet both may be recaptured if he will treat them fairly, and might serve as trustworthy supports of the throne. As to reforming the bureaucracy, through which his will has hitherto been asserted, that, he knows, would be an idle dream.

"If he stands by his pashas and palace favorites he will eventually—suddenly perhaps—share their fate. Abdul Hamid is no sentimentalist, with a love for lost causes. His one fixed resolve is to die Sultan, and die in his bed. Both ambitions are within his reach if he will but lend frank assistance to the new Constitution. It may bring him into disfavor with friends at Berlin. But he is not blind to the ulterior purpose of their smiles and patronage. Should he cordially and without reserve throw himself into the new movement, and prove his willingness to accept an altered

following has the slightest faith in Abdul Hamid's professions and pledges. The only solution of the problem confronting the leaders of the Young Turks is the deposition of the present Sultan. The Russian Ambassador in Constantinople is also quoted as saying that the new constitutional system in Turkey is but a sham. The Paris Petite Republique points out that Abdul Hamid has not changed his working staff in the palace and that the destinies of the Constitution are in the hands of the very court camarilla which has made Constantinople a paradise of spies. The Novoye Vremya (St. Petersburg) is attracting attention to itself by insisting that the revolution in the Sultan's capital may bring disaster upon the Christians throughout Turkey.

"It seems clear," to quote the Rome Tribuna, "that the world has witnessed only the beginning of the Turkish tempest. The strongest winds have yet to blow."—Translations made for the Literary Digest.

A CEMETERY

Walk round the big kennels and you will see neat little marble tombstones commemorating dead-and-gone favorites of the Queen; nothing foolishly extravagant, but just the name and age and the record of "twelve years' friendship," or whatever the period may have been. The daily visit is an invariable habit of



The Sultan—"This has to go over or I have to go under."
—Fischetto (Turin).

situation, he could, beyond question, render himself secure on the throne and, perhaps, dictate the succession. For the leaders of the Young Turks, and the experienced statesmen, such as Said Pasha and Kiamil Pasha, who have agreed to co-operate with them, would serve no useful purpose either by deposing Abdul Hamid or introducing a Sultan whose future action must be, more or less, a matter of speculation. On grounds of ordinary prudence they would prefer to work with the present sovereign, since he, more quickly than any other, can legitimize the situation. None more efficiently could deal with recalcitrant pashas, more thoroughly make a clearance of corrupt officials and useless administrators.

"If he chooses, we believe, he might wreck the new system, but in the ruin that would follow he might himself be involved."

The prevailing suspicions of the good faith of the Sultan have not been quieted by the recent utterances of his nephew, Prince Sabah-ed-din, who is quoted in the Paris Gaulois as saying that neither he nor his Young-Turk

A Love Romance



R. W. R. NICOLL tells, in the British Weekly, the story of "the great devotion" of Ruskin's later years—"his love for a young Irish girl, Rosie La Touche," for whom Ruskin wrote his "Sesame and Lilies." He takes his facts from the new edition of Ruskin's works which Mr. E. T. Cook has edited.

"Ruskin was born in 1819. He first saw Rosie La Touche in 1858. He was thirty-nine, and she was ten. Her mother was a friend of Louisa Lady Waterford, well known by Mr. Hare's biography, and it was through her introduction that Mrs. La Touche came to write to Ruskin about the education of her daughters in drawing. Here we turn to the golden words of 'Praeterita.' In the part 'L'Esperance,' Ruskin describes the mother and the two daughters Emily and Rosie. 'Rosie came in, quietly taking stock of me with her blue eyes as she walked across the room; gave me her hand as a good dog gives its paw, and then stood a little back. Nine years old on Jan. 3, 1858, thus now rising towards ten, neither tall nor short for her age; a little stiff in her way of standing. The eyes rather deep blue at that time, and fuller and softer than afterwards; lips perfectly lovely in profile, a little too wide and hard in edge seen in front; the rest of the features what a fair, well-bred Irish girl's usually are; the hair perhaps more graceful in short curl round the forehead, and softer than one sees often in the close, round tresses about the neck.'"

"I thought you so ugly," Rosie told Ruskin afterwards. The great critic took charge of the drawing lessons with both the girls, and Rosie became a great favorite immediately. After some deliberation, she christened her tutor Crumpet; then, impressed by seeing his gentleness to beggars, she canonized him as St. Crumpet, or shortly and practically St. C., which he remained for ever afterwards. The result was that about 1860 a new epoch of life began for Ruskin. Rosie in heart was with him always, and all he did was for her sake.

"The friendship grew closer and closer. The mother and her daughters were often abroad; but even when they were, Ruskin continued his correspondence and his letters. He studied Greek and Latin in order to instruct her. When she was at her home in Ireland in 1860 he stayed at Boulogne instead of going on to the Alps, taking a little bedroom and parlor under the sandhills north of the pier, and writing con-

tinually to Rosie, receiving from her one letter every week. When she was dead he wrote: "If only I were back again in the bright little room at Boulogne—with a Rosie letter on the table—and for all other companionship a shrimp or a limpet in a bucket—she herself taught me to catch crawfish in the Liffey—what a story of streams and words we could have written together!" When Mrs. La Touche was in London, Ruskin would call and spend an afternoon with the children in the schoolroom, telling them stories or drawing pictures. In 1861 he paid his first visit to her father and mother in Ireland. Rosie was but thirteen, but she had such queer little fits sometimes like patience on a monument. She walked like a little white statue through the twilight woods talking solemnly.

"Though there was half a life between them the child treasured his letters, and told him so in words wonderful and lovely for a child of thirteen: 'I got your letter,' she wrote, 'just as I was going out riding. So I could only give it one peep, and then tucked it into my riding-habit pocket and pinned it down, so that it could be talking to me while I was riding. I had to shut up my mouth so tight when I met Mamma, for she would have taken it and read it if I'd told her, and it wouldn't have gone on riding with me. As it was, we ran rather a chance of me and pocket and letter and all being suddenly lodged in a stubble-field, for Swallow (that's Emily's animal that I always ride now) was in such tremendous spirits about having your hand writing, on his back that he took to kicking and jumping in such a way, till I felt like a Stormy Petrel riding a great wave, so you may imagine I could not spare a hand to unpin my dear pocket, and had to wait in patience till Swallow had done "flying, flying South," and we were safe home again.'"

"But a shadow came over the idyll. At that time Ruskin abandoned the Evangelical faith of his youth. I suppose it is true to say that he was always religious, and in the end he came back to Christianity. But there was a time of great darkness, and Rosie La Touche was intensely Evangelical. She wrote to him: 'I was sitting on my table opposite the window where I looked straight at the dark night, and one star, Venus, glowing straight in front. When I leaned my head a little, I could see the long line of lamplights, with a sort of bright haze over them, getting smaller in the distance, but Venus was the brightest light of all. I did not see Orion or any other star, only her. And then I was thinking of you; it made me think of the guide of the Wise Men His star in the East; only this shone in the west. She looked down so brightly over the gaslights as if it was intended we should see how much purer and brighter, though at such—such a distance, is the Heavenly Light if we would only look for it, than our rows of yellow gaslights that we think so much of. Yes, we have a strange Peace on earth because earth-our inhabitants do not all of them like the peace that our Prince can give, do not all want it, do not all believe in it. Some think that Peace is Peace and seek it for themselves; some think that following Satan is Peace, and some think there is no peace given on earth, that God gives work to do and strength to do it, sore with sorrow and pain, but Peace is only in Heaven. . . . But they are ready to give up their lives in His service and live without joy if it is His will. They are faithful, noble souls. But though they could die for God, they are beaten back and tossed with the waves of temptation and sorrow; they will not believe in the hope and joyful parts of Christianity, and by rejecting God as the Comforter they reject all peace. I believe we do not believe in that Peace rightly—then she went on to send him a selection of texts, and in after years he often derived comfort and support from 'Rosie's texts' in a Bible which she had given him."

"At last in 1866, when Ruskin was forty-seven and Rosie was eighteen, he told his love. It was agreed that he was to wait for three years, when she would be twenty-one, and would give her answer. But as she grew up a certain restlessness and a constant desire to change betokened a neurotic tendency. In 1870 she published a little devotional volume, entitled 'Clouds of Light,' in which a distinct strain of melancholy appears. When Ruskin's probation was over, she was still irresolute. Sometimes she held out hopes; at other times she would not even see him. She was affrighted at the thought of being yoked to an unbeliever."

"The mental strain was terrible on both sides, though in 1874 there was an interval of sunshine. But by the autumn of that year Rosie's health gave ground for great anxiety, and in the end it turned out that she was dying. He had the consolation of tending her in her sickness, which ended in May, 1875. Ruskin did not die of a broken heart, but no doubt all this was one of the chief elements which contributed for a time to overthrow his mental balance. As the years of waiting lengthened, the stinging sorrow became something like a sober joy, and to some Ruskin was able to speak freely of his love and his hope. God be thanked that Ruskin's love-letters to Rosie are not in existence! 'A letter from Rosie to him—which he specially valued—he used to carry in his breast pocket between plates of fine gold. After her death he kept them all—his to her and hers to him—in a rosewood box. On a day in autumn Mrs. Severn and Professor Norton took them to the woodland garden above Brantwood, and gave them to the flames.'"

—Public Opinion.



Making It Clear

"Just what is a parliament?"
"The people's representatives in the game of graft."
—Floh (Vienna).

Queen Alexandra, whether guests are staying at the house or not. Those favorites whose turn it is to be taken out—every dog has his day at Sandringham—scamper back with the Royal ladies and remain until after the two o'clock luncheon.