

# MARS AND HIS KALEIDOSCOPE

*What the Red God of War Sees Day by Day as the Hand of Fate Spins the Globe to His View*

## Foreword

WAR is now the universal passion of mankind. The nerve system of the world, built into a shuddering organism in times of peace, can no longer be kept unconscious of events by the hand of the censor. The story of the most paralyzing tumult ever known in the affairs of the world, the twenty-years' wars of Napoleon compressed into a terrible tabloid of explosives, has begun to be written. The world at large is getting the story as it never got a war story before. Up in the hinterlands of Ungava, back in the ice-fields of the Arctic and down along the barren lands of the Great Bear Lake, Eskimos and Yellow-Knives are still ignorant that the world which put the furposts on the great rivers is plunged into a cataclysm of war. Stefansson knows nothing of it. The map of Europe may be changed before he knows that a shot has been fired in the war of 1914. Somewhere in the innermost wilds of Putumayo, where the naked native strips the rubber trees for the tires and boots of civilization, there may be as yet no news of this latest chapter in the book of destruction. But the rubber the negro gathers to-day may yet find its way into the tires of an armoured motor-car that will make the knife-bladed chariots of Boadicea resemble lawn mowers by comparison.

Almost hour by hour the story shifts and the focus of the war along with it. What is called "Armageddon" began to come to a head not far from the battlefield of Waterloo. The line of battle was suddenly shifted southward to Mons and Charleroi; and still the world waited to hear what the legions of unknown warfare, of war that for generations has been kept in cold storage in that vast barbarism known as Russia, was yet to do on the eastern side of the war machine that has its brain at Berlin. At the time of writing, while the "anvil" in France and Belgium is holding back the horse-shoe of the German advance upon Paris, the "hammer" of Russia is making a few preliminary movements. It was on Thursday—the day of Thor, the god of the hammer—that the news of the Russian impact upon East Prussia woke the world from its uneasy slumbers.

The highest civilization in the world represented by England and France are now actively in league, by the death-roll on the borders of Russia, with the upcoming of the world's most colossal barbarism embodied in the Slav, to twist the great war machine of central Europe out of gear. The cool-headed Tommie in his trench, the rampant Uhlan, the restless Gaul defending his native gleebe, the ebony-headed Africander delirious for death—these are now merely the human side of the struggle that is being thrown up into vast superhuman moving pictures by the advance of the mysterious Slav.

Where and when it will all end there is no strategist or philosopher or diplomat to say. Diplomacy has gone out of business. Strategy remains, but liable to be shattered out of its boots any moment. Philosophy, that once had its headquarters in Germany, has no theories of human betterment and evolution and no analysis of the human mind left to explain what it all means. The Devil himself has begun to sit tight, knowing that for a while at least the world has no room for him.

So the world that is not actively at war is thrown back for enlightenment upon the newspapers which are now completely out of focus; when the death of a king here or a world statesman somewhere else is but the squeak of a mouse in a volcano of earthquakes. Stories and poems and novels are being generated by this conflict which, from its most cosmic dimensions down to the lock of a maiden's hair snapped into a trooper's locket, traverses the whole gamut of human experience and expression.

The individual was never so relatively small in the world as now; and never so sensitive to what is going on in the world. Life never meant at the same time so much and so little. Tragedy was never so terrible and comedy never so strange. In the weltering mass of details suddenly flung at the world that reads newspapers, no mind is capable of tracing the real sequence and sum of events. The best that can be done is to select those features of interest which to the world fighting upon the side of human liberty and against military despotism contain the most cheerful and enlightening information.

For this purpose the following pages of this paper have been frankly mapped out; that the reader who from the daily newspapers has no chance to get the focus of a week on world events at a time when even business has been put out of joint may be able to sit quietly down and as far as possible get a gentle range of the situation. The articles in these pages follow no particular sequence. They are not

intended to furnish opinions. They do not class as expert evidence on the war. They are merely side-lights that from the wings of the stage illuminate as far as possible the strange web of events so swiftly woven in the looms of headlong human history.

## Three Shrewd Spies

**What the Krupp Interests Saw and Why—In Guileless Albion**

WILLIAM WILE, Berlin correspondent of the London "Daily Mail," writes a dramatic reminiscence of an episode which to his way of thinking throws light on the warlike intentions of Germany. It concerns the visit to England only two months ago of the head of the Krupp iron interests in Germany, accompanied by his wife, to give it an



THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMY.

Lord Kitchener's latest picture—taken as he left the War Office to attend his first Cabinet meeting as Minister for War.

informal turn, by Dr. Ehrensberger, the Krupps' chief technical expert at Essen, and by Herr Von Bulow, once the Krupp representative in London.

This trio of gun and armour-plate experts in the employ of the Kaiser visited Birkenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Barrow-in-Furness and Sheffield. The visit was said to be "private and unofficial." It was made with the intention of inspecting establishments in Great Britain making articles of destruction and defense similar to those made by the Krupps. Request for this informal privilege was made, not to the British Government, but to the individual firms in the Government's employ. The requests were handed on to the naval and military authorities, who replied that such informal hospitality need not be denied to the German experts. The trio made a shrewd inspection of the various works, and with their trained habits of observation, in spite of the most diligent precautions by the managers of the works, they saw—well, a million times more than such a posse of experts from any country, let alone

Germany, ever would be permitted to see in Great Britain again.

England was kind to the visitors. England is always hospitable. She is not deeply versed in the spy system. That the door was locked after the horse was stolen is given some air of likelihood by what happened afterwards. Herr Krupp Von Bohlen went direct from his tour of inspection to Kiel, where by accident he met the Kaiser just then extending one of those glad-hand receptions for which he has been so famous, to the battleship and light cruiser squadron of Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrenden, now second in command of the Home Fleet ambushed in the North Sea and awaiting to give the ships of the Kaiser an altogether different reception.

By the same kind of accident the Master of Essen and of death-dealing machinery met at Kiel that very day the Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz, who at present is waiting on his flagship near Wilhelmshaven to see what the British fleet intends to do. The Admiral listened very intently to what Herr Krupp had to say to the Kaiser.

The day before Gabriel Princip shot the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo, Mr. Wile, the "Mail" Berlin correspondent, asked for an interview with Herr Krupp Von Bohlen at Kiel, concerning the Krupp visitation to England. At that time the correspondent knew nothing of what was in the air. He did not see Herr Krupp. Instead, he got a message from a polite young secretary to say that "the nature of Herr Krupp Von Bohlen's visit to England made it quite inappropriate for him to discuss it in public."

When the war broke out Herr Krupp went hurriedly from Essen to Berlin to take part in the grand conclave of the Kaiser with his military and naval chieftains. What he had to say at that council has never been made public. But by that time—well perhaps he had forgotten England.

## A Guest and a Foe

**An English Poet's View of the Kaiser on His Visits to England**

KAISER WILHELM has been a frequent visitor to England. He was present at the Diamond Jubilee of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, in 1897; again at the Queen's funeral in 1901; at the Coronation and funeral of King Edward in 1901 and 1908; and again at the Coronation of King George in 1911. He has always been made as welcome as any other monarch or prince or potentate at the centre of the world's greatest Imperial spectacles. Less than a year ago King George paid a friendly visit to Berlin and rode in the same carriage with the Kaiser at the wedding of the German Crown Princess.

But if the word of a British poet is to be believed, never again will the Kaiser, no matter what be the outcome of the present war, be welcomed as a guest in England. In a poem published on August 14th, in the London "Daily Chronicle," William Watson says:

"When to yon fabric grey in fame,  
That Windsor lifts against the sky,  
In martial cloak the Kaiser came,  
We did not dream it cloaked a spy;  
Yet there he sat, as now we know,  
A guest, a kinsman, and a foe.

"France was a gallant foe and fair,  
That looked us proudly in the face,  
With her frank eyes and freeborn air,  
And valour half-concealed in grace.  
Noblest of all with whom we strove,  
At last she gives us noble love.

"But he that took our proffered hand,  
Thinking to take our birthright too,  
He, in this hospitable land,  
Bore him as only dastards do.  
Here, where the Earth still nurtures men,  
His hand shall soil not ours again."

## Fear of the Russians

**The Slav Machine May be Harder on Germany than the Allies' Power**

ONLY one enemy really strikes fear into the heart of Germany. France is only a worthy antagonist on land, but not at sea; Britain is a dangerous foe on the sea, but not on land; Serbia and Belgium are merely mosquito