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### The Real Cause Of Russian Retreat

It did not need Mr. Lloyd George to tell us that the Russian defeat in Galicia is mainly attributable to lack of munitions. Of men, despite enormous losses in slain and prisoners (there are said to be something like a million captured Russians in Germany to-day), there are plenty; the leadership of the Grand Duke and his Chief of Staff as has been proved more than one in the earlier stages of the war, is not unworthy to be pitted against that of Von Hindenburg and Makensen. But the factories of Russia are comparatively insignificant and with Archangel icebound during the winter, the only source of supplies was by the trans-Siberian railway from Vladivostok. When Japan began to hold up munitions for her own possible use against China, the Russian retreat was made inevitable.

The only question now is when will it stop and what is the Russian capacity for offering further resistance? It seems probable that the end of the Teutonic drive in Galicia is in sight. Supplies are going forward by the trans-Siberian route, and Archangel is open for traffic. Doubtless it will be several weeks before the full effects of the rein forcement of munitions can be felt, but not so long that the Teutonic allies can safely divert any considerable forces from the eastern front. The Russians will be doing their part in the war if they can continue to occupy the attention of some two million of the enemy's troops, and this task should not be impossible. Lombard, gravely threatened as we write, is likely to be abandoned, but on the Dug River is a strong line of defence, which, when a time considerably shortened, the Russians may be expected to hold until the steady flow of munitions is once more resumed.—The Nation.

ROME June 17.—As a mark of its confidence and admiration the municipality of Rome has decided to confer the freedom of the city on Premier Salandra.



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## IS WAR, WAR? THEN, HIT BACK IF GERMANS WANT FRICHTFULNESS LET THEM HAVE IT

In view of the last and worst outrage of the German Pirates—an outrage which has sent a wave of horror throughout the world—Mr. Bottomley's forcible appeal for reprisals—and such reprisals as shall make even the Kaiser's myrmidons pause in their murderous careers—will command widespread approval. There can be no more excuse for sentiment in dealing with such a ruthless enemy.

(By Horatio Bottomley, Editor of "John Bull.")

Until the month of August last, we were all under the impression that, is between civilized nations war was looked upon as the final abatement of defeated statesmanship—an appeal to that Force which, in the ultimate resort, is the scrutiny for all government—and, in its awful conduct, an honorable test of naval and military supremacy, respecting the lives of non-combatants, and the claims of humanity on the part of the wounded—with chivalrous consideration for prisoners, pending the end of hostilities. Looting, ravishing, torture, piracy, and the use of any but fair means of fighting, were by common consent, and by solemn covenant, foresworn; and untortured towns and unarmed civilians were to be immune from attack; whilst the integrity of neutral nations was to be respected. That was up to the month of August, 1914. In other words, the leading nations of the earth resolved to minimize as far as possible, the horrors of war, and in that way to mollify their consciences when civilized government breaks down and the world is thrown back upon its primeval instincts.

And now look at the picture which one of these great nations—cultured, scientific, philosophical, musical, poetic Germany—has painted for the affliction of mankind. Blood and flame in the foreground, backed up by torture and rapine; piracy and murder on the high seas; asphyxiating gas-tubes and poisonous shells—every instrument and device of cruelty which savage ingenuity can invent. "Frightfulness" it is called—and "necessity." In other words, a revival of the old axiom that "war is war," and that everything and anything is permissible against the enemy. And all we do is to "protest" through the United States—and reiterate our intention of still fighting like gentlemen! I confess that this high-souled attitude does not appeal to me. I am far from certain that it persisted in it may not involve our ultimate defeat; but I am quite certain that in any case it means the sacrifice of thousands of lives which might otherwise be spared, and the prolongation of the war. There is a point at which resistance to provocation ceases to be a virtue and becomes contemptible. "War is war," say the Germans. Very well—so be it. War shall be war.

Have we no chemists? I warrant that my friend Professor Crookes could at short notice produce an even more wonderful tube than that which at present bears his name—more wonderful, at any rate, so far as its contents were concerned. Let the order be given to him now. Have we no fighting men available amongst the native races of our Empire—men who have been reared on the doctrine that "war is war"? What are the Zulus doing? Where are the Basutos? And what about the thousands of superb fighting men in Rhodesia? Mr. A. G. Hales tells us that as an infantryman the Zulu never had a superior on this earth. In his blood lie untold ages of military discipline; whilst his mode of attack, his formation in advance, is not unlike that of the Germans. I am assured that in a few weeks he could be taught the use of the Layonet in lieu of his native assegai, and that, led by British officers there is no Prussian brigade that could stand up against a Zulu one. The Basutos, too, are warriors by breeding and by instinct—even their women being trained fighters and they never fail to push a charge home. The Rhodesians are all familiar with military forms, exactly adapted for fighting the Prussians. And there is not a man amongst these warlike forces who would not joyfully respond to a summons to the field. "Frightfulness" they want, do they? In the name of our Empire and of its splendid sons who have already been murdered by the Huns, and of the women and children of brave Belgium who have been foully outraged by their drunken officers, let them have it. And what of the Japs? They are spoiling for a fight. They have an enormous quantity of rifles and ammunition, and they could teach the Germans better tricks than poisoning the enemy with gas. Come, then—Zulus, Basutos, Rhodesians! come to the service of your Emperor King; show the Prussians that you appreciate the privilege of living under his protection and his sway. And come, ye Men of the

But will the politicians block the way? Let me tell them plainly, one and all, that for the moment they are not wanted. The man in the Street—the men in the Trenches—the man in the Camp—has no use for them. He has implicit faith in Kitchener and in Fisher, and, rightly or wrongly, he has an idea that these two great men are being hampered and handicapped by Ministerial hesitancy and control. He keeps repeating those words of Kitchener's, "and then he remembers the aphorisms of Lord Fisher—"Moderation in war is imbecility"—and "Hit first, hit hard—hit anywhere," and he fails to see their application to the present situation. As story after story of German atrocities comes through from the seat of war he wants to know how much longer we are "going to take it lying down;" for that is the way he puts it. He knows the difference between a "friendly" and a fight and he is growing impatient. He is beginning to insist that the finish of the job should be left to the soldiers and the sailors.

The business of effective reprisals is not for the politician. Indeed, he is not needed any further at present. When every outrage has been avenged; when the Kaiser and Emperor Francis Joseph and the Sultan are prisoners of war; when Tirpitz and his fellow-pirates have been hanged at the yardarm of a British Dreadnought; when King Albert is back in his Brussels home; when the Allies' armies are quenching their thirst in the beers halls of Berlin; when the Prussian and Austrian forces have been annihilated, and their fleets either captured or sunk to the bottom of the sea—then will be the time for the Cabinet and Parliament to meet and make out the bill and settle, in conjunction with our Allies, the Terms of the Peace Treaty. But till then it is Kitchener's job and Fisher's job. They must have absolutely free hands—with all them on, and all the munitions, and all the money they want, and "no questions must be asked," and every prattling peace-monger, whether parson, pedagogue, politician, or publicist, who hampers them in the conduct of the war, must be carried off to the Tower and shot at day-break. "War is war," you see, say the enemy. Again, so be it.

Deliberately did Germany make this earth a Hell; deliberately has she carried on the traditions of the Inferno, in all the phases of her org-

slaughter upon civilization and human life. Without scruple, without pity, has she translated her gospel of "Frightfulness" into deeds at which Heaven stands aghast. The corridors of God ring from end to end with her intonations. An officer returned from the front tells me that his troops were recently ordered to clear a certain wood. They found neither sight nor sound of living thing (the Germans had been apprised of danger and had vanished)—but soon their eyes fell upon something which transformed them into infuriated devils. There, high up on a tree—pale, cold, stiff and drawn in death agony—was the body of a brother British soldier, a humble Tommy Atkins—mutilated and crucified! And your Keir Hardies, and Macdonalds, and Pensonbys, and Snowdons, and your Archbishops plead for "love" and mercy for these hounds, and talk about religion—turning it into "a rhapsody of words." Here is a bit of religion for them. In the old legend of the Christian faith Christ was crucified to save sinners. His sacrifice and His anguish proved, after two thousand years, so unavailing that a mighty Pagan empire threatened to overrun the world. Someone had to be crucified not to save, but to annihilate that godless, soulless people. I know not the name of the poor soldier. Would that he had been my brother or my son!

Postscript.

And now come the news of the Lusitania massacre. I warn every German now in Britain to get away sharp—never mind how long he has been "naturalised." You cannot naturalise an unnatural beast—a human freak. But you can exterminate it. That is all I say here at present. But I am in grim earnest.

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