

foreboded universal slavery; the anti-German smiled with infinite hope. Every Allied country which helps to win the day, while the despotic empires go down, will begin a better time for itself. Let me suggest how this may be, taking some similar crises in world-history to guide our reflections.

In the War now raging England and Italy have it well in their power to renew the ancient bonds. We Italians know, and we often speak "con qualche coscienza e qualche conoscenza"—not unwittingly nor without feeling—of "almighty England, the inexhaustible." We cannot but look up to the great nations chosen "regere imperio populos"—to found many-peopled empires—and if our first admiration is naturally directed to our Roman forefathers, our second is for Britain. That is one reason why such old friends, now in alliance, should realize how sound in mind and body, how enduring, generous, and resolute, is this new Italy of ours. From Adowa to Tripoli, from Tripoli to the War of Wars, the advance has been maintained. Italy is now seeking, and she will surely find, the future that she requires, that alone she can deem worthy of her age-long renown.

Germany's Big Brain

POPULAR opinion this side of the Atlantic if asked whether Hindenburg or Ludendorff is the real energizing brain of Germany, would at once say—Hindenburg. H. L. Meneken, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, thinks otherwise. When Germany decided on the policy that drove the United States into war, says Meneken, it was Ludendorff that turned the trick. It was a military party and Ludendorff was the host. Of course Bethmann-Hollweg was there, and so were the Kaiser and Kaiser Karl of Austria. All three of them hesitated. But what chance did they have in the face of Hindenburg and Ludendorff? Ludendorff is worth six Bethmann-Hollwegs, or ten Kaisers or forty Kaiser Karls. Once his mind is made up he gets to business at once. Hindenburg is the idol of the populace. Ludendorff is the brains. All Hindenburg asks for is an army and an enemy. But Ludendorff has a capacious mind. He has imagination. He grasps inner significance. He can see around corners. He enjoys planning, plotting, figuring things out. Have you ever heard of him sobbing about the Fatherland; or letting off pious platitudes like Hindenburg? Of course you haven't. He plays the game for its own sake and he plays it damnably well. Ludendorff is the neglected factor in this war—the forgotten great man. Yet the 1914 edition of the German Who's Who does not mention Ludendorff at all. At the time it was published he was a simple colonel on the General Staff, detailed to work out routes of march for the army in case of war.

To the populace, of course, Hindenburg remains the national hero and beau ideal; nay, almost the national Messiah. His rescue of East Prussia from the Cossacks and his prodigies in Poland and Lithuania have given him a half-fabulous character; a great body of legend grows up about him;

he will do down into German history alongside Moltke, Blucher, and the great Frederick; monuments to him are already rising. His popularity, indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Nothing of the sort has been seen in the United States since the days of Washington. He not only stands side by side with the Kaiser—he stands far above the Kaiser; ten of his portraits are sold to one of Wilhelm's; a hundred to that of any other general. But the further one gets from the people and the nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff. Two years ago Hindenburg was given all the credit for the astounding feat of arms at Tannenberg—the most extraordinary victory, surely, of this war, and perhaps one of the greatest of all time. Legends began to spring up on the day following the news; they made the battle no more than the delayed performance of a play long rehearsed; Hindenburg was said to have planned it back in the nineties. But now one hears that Ludendorff, too, had a hand in it; that he knew the ground quite as well as his chief; that it was he who swung a whole corps—by motorcar, a la Gallieni—around the Russian right to Bischofsburg, and so cut off Samsonoff's retreat. One hears, again, that it was Ludendorff who planned the Battle in the Snow—another gigantic affair, seldom heard of outside Germany, but even more costly to the Russians than Tannenberg. One hears, yet again, that it was Ludendorff who devised the advance upon Lodz, which wiped out three whole Russian corps; and that it was Ludendorff who prepared the homeric blow at Gorlice, which freed Galicia and exposed Poland; and that it was Ludendorff who found a way to break the Polish quadrilateral, supposedly impregnable; and that it was Ludendorff who chose the moment for the devastating Vormarsch into Lithuania and Courland, which gave the Germans a territory in Russia almost half as large as the German Empire itself. Finally, one hears that it was Ludendorff, bent double over his maps, who planned the Roumanian campaign, an operation so swift and so appallingly successful that the tale of it seems almost fantastic. In brief, one hears of Ludendorff, Ludendorff, whenever German officers utter more than twenty words about the war; his portrait hangs in every mess room; he is the god of every young lieutenant; his favourable notice is worth more to a division or corps commander than the *ordre pour le merite*; he is, as it were, the esoteric Ulysses of the war. Curious tales are told of his omnipresence, his omniscience. He devised and promulgated, it is said, the Polish customs tariff. He fixed railroad rates, routes, and even schedules. When it was proposed to set up branches of the great German banks in Warsaw, Lodz, and Wilna, he examined the plans and issued permissions. When Americans came in with relief schemes, he heard them, cross-examined them, and told them what they could and could not do. He made regulations for newspaper correspondents, prison-camp workers, refugees, Dirnen, Jews. He established a news-service for the army. He promulgated ordinances for the government of cities and towns, and appointed their

officials. He proclaimed compulsory education, and ordered that under-officers be told off to teach school. In brief, he reorganized the whole government, from top to bottom, of a territory of more than 100,000 square miles, with a population of at least 15,000,000, and kept a firm grip, either directly or through officers always under his care, upon every detail of its administration. Hindenburg has no taste for such things. He was, and is, an officer of the old school, impatient of laws and taxes. So the business fell to Ludendorff, and he discharged it with zest.

All this was nearly two years ago. Last summer came Hindenburg's promotion to the supreme command, and with it a vast increase in opportunity for Ludendorff. Hitherto his power,

and even his influence, had stopped at the German border; now his hand began to be felt in Berlin. His first task was to speed up the supply of munitions; the Allies on the West front had begun to show superiority here. The plans evolved by General von Falkenhayn, Hindenburg's predecessor, were thrown out as inadequate; entirely new plans were put into operation. When I left Germany, in February, results were beginning to reveal themselves. New munitions factories were opening almost daily; the old ones were spouting smoke twenty-four hours a day. An American correspondent, taken to one of these plants, returned to Berlin almost breathless. He swore he had seen a store of shells so vast that the lanes through it were seventeen kilometres long.



BOOKS YOU WILL READ by Wayfarer

NEW IDEALS IN BUSINESS. By Ida Tarbell. The Macmillan Co., Toronto. \$1.75.

IN her studies for her history of the Standard Oil Co. and her books on the Tariff, Miss Tarbell travelled far and wide over the industrial field and was brought into contact more closely than might otherwise have been with the relations of employer and employee. When opportunity permitted she decided to devote the necessary time to a more careful and systematic study of this problem, and interviewed hundreds of men and women from presidents and directors of companies to the most humble of wage-earners. The result of this study is now set forth in the book under review. The whole matter is dealt with in so sane, so unbiassed and so hopeful a manner that we unhesitatingly recommend that the book should be read and pondered over by every employer of labour and, since the future status of capital and labour can only be settled by careful co-operation between both parties, it should be as carefully studied by every labourer.

THE DAWN OF A NEW PATRIOTISM. By John D. Hunt. The Macmillan Co., Toronto.

A VALUABLE contribution to the rural life problem in Canada in which Mr. Hunt points out the duty each member owes to the community in which he lives, the manner in which that duty may be brought home to each individual and the means to be adopted for the performance of that duty, first to his own community, then to the country as a whole, and finally to the Empire of which we form so important a part. Properly carried out the lessons he inculcates must make for a nobler citizenship and a richer and fuller life.

ONE YOUNG MAN. Edited by J. E. Hodder Williams. Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto.

THIS is an interesting account of a young Englishman, a sort of Bible Class young man, who realized that citizenship meant more than the enjoyment of security and happiness,

and deemed it not only his right and privilege but his duty to God to fight for the preservation of everything we hold sacred. It is a well told tale, moving and poignant, all the more so because of its simplicity and freedom from heroics.

THE SHADOW LINE. By Joseph Conrad. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., Toronto. \$1.75.

A YOUNG sailor, in one of those fits of utter irresponsibility which come to many men who live adventurous out-of-doors lives, threw up his job as first mate on an Eastern liner, with no definite plan in mind but that of going home. In the very moment, almost, of his doing so he receives the appointment of master of a British sailing ship whose captain had recently died. With that profound knowledge born of actual experience, and with that wonderful mastery of the English language which has brought him to the fore-front of English novelists, Mr. Conrad proceeds to unfold a tale of the sea which holds one fascinated to the very end.

BINDLE. By Herbert Jenkins. William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.25.

YOU must get to know Bindle. He is a real philosopher and a genuine humorist—but he is far more of a humorist than a philosopher. Through all the ups and downs of life he keeps smiling, and, what's more to the point, he keeps you laughing. There are a few books that I keep at hand for the "blue" days. To this number I have gladly added "Bindle."

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MYSTICAL VERSE.

MANY a man has written a poem or two which have the correctness of technique demanded by the most exacting critic and the heart-throb which appeals to the man in the street. The output may be too small to be published in a volume by itself or the quality of the rest of the poet's work may be so far below even the popular conception of real poetry that it would be a waste of money to buy the volume and a waste of time to read its con-