

BERNHARDISM IN ENGLAND

love. Notice that this writer enjoys telling us that war will never end so long as human nature continues to be human nature ; that is to say, so long as we continue to be no better than we are at present. For him, too, internationalism is a horrid disease of peace ; which means really that peace itself is a horrid disease. It is healthier to be conscious of the difference and hostility between nations than of their likeness and friendliness. Insist upon the fact that you are an Englishman and that a German is a German, rather than upon the fact that both are human beings ; and welcome war because, during war, the enemy is an enemy, and there can no longer be any nonsense about trying to treat him as a friend. All the hollow politeness and artificial restraint of peace are at an end. You can now tell the German what you think of him. You can exult in the failure of the sentimentalists and their deputations of friendship, in the end of that dreary time during which it was necessary to behave to Germans like a civilized human being. Now you can shake your fist in their faces. If any of them, by industry and ability, have won good places in England, you can clamour to turn them out and feel that your jealousy is patriotism. There is, too, an end of all that nonsense which we used to talk about desiring peace. Now it can be said openly that ' the spirit of war is native to the British race ' ; as indeed it is to every race and to every human being who would like to have more than he has got. But in time of peace there is a peace-convention