

Suppose now that we button-hole one of the believers in this creed, and ask him for some necessary explanations :—

‘Why, my friend, do you not take at once the ten millions of Germans now subject to Kaiser Francis Joseph of Austria? These are infinitely more suitable sheep for your fold than Flenings, Dutchmen, or Swiss or Eastern Frenchmen.’

‘Well,’ says Herr von Potztausend-Götterdämmerung, ‘we do not mention these, at present, of course not; Francis Joseph is a very old man and . . .’

‘Nor do you, I observe, mention the several millions of Germans, whose ancestors wandered out (it is your own word for emigration) and settled in the present Baltic provinces of Russia, who gave Russia, in fact, all those bad German traditions of government which she is only now shaking off?’

‘Well, no,’ he replies, ‘we do *not* mention these people; to do so would raise problems for the solution of which even the German Superman is at the moment hardly prepared.’

‘Nor the twenty millions whom you have “lost” in America?’

‘For America,’ he replies, ‘we Germans have the very greatest respect and reverence; she cannot be called an effete nation, though, of course, it is deeply to be regretted that her success (a quality which in itself we adore) has come to her from the arts of peace rather than from the only true art, war; but at least these twenty millions, if they are to be irrevocably lost (which perhaps they will not always be), have spread the ideals of German culture through that vast and young continent. As for the few millions of us who have emigrated to South America, they are rapidly attaining supremacy