# Why the Money Trust Wants War.

**The Curtain Raised On Wall Street's Underworld. — How the War Plants of Big Business Promise to Bring the Curse of Militarism Upon Our Country.**

BY CHARLES A. COLLMAN.

It was high noon in Wall Street on August the eleventh, of the Christian year nineteen hundred and fifteen. The Sub-Treasury stretched its gloomy length along the east side of Nassau Street, all the way from Pine to Wall. But at this hour the financial district wears its cheerliest smile.

Little typists strolled along, arm in arm, chatting and flirting; messenger boys whistled; brokers' clerks, accountants, bank runners, bond men, all the rout that makes up the workers of the Street, were pouring from their haunts into the thoroughfares of the money market.

Then a change flashed over the scene. There was a rush of many feet westward along Wall Street. A body of mounted police, with stern faces, pistols in their holsters, galloped up.

From around the Wall Street corner there came slowly up Nassau Street a long parade of motor trucks, its mounted guards on either side. The crowds that quickly gathered, looked on these guards who had driven them from the eastern sidewalk, with curious and sombre faces. They seemed to view a funeral cortege. And, indeed, something in our public life, something that was very dear to us, was buried there that day.

There were twenty-five trucks. The rear end of each was closed with a thick steel wiring. From behind each of these gratings one could distinguish the grim forms and faces of four men, with rifles and automatic pistols in their hands.

It was in this way that King George of England sent to J. Pierpont Morgan, his accredited agent, the gold in payment for bayonets and shrapnel.

And as I stood there on the sidewalk the blood welled to my face and rage surged through my heart.

For I asked myself, whom do armed men threaten on the open street? At whom do they aim those loaded rifles?

Brothers, they were meant for you and me.

It was the defiance of Morgan and his Money Trust to the silent wrath of honest men. He said: "Bow to my will, or I shall shoot you down." The pleasing masks these bankers wear had dropped, and there were revealed the hideous males, the primal brutes, cowering over the gold they had earned by the mangling of human flesh, gnashing their tusks in rage at the people whose sympathies they had thwarted, whose ideals they had crushed by the shameful trade in war munitions.

To those who dwell in the vast stretches of our country that spread far west of the Hudson River, the doings of Wall Street are an unsolved mystery. They suspect and fear. They do not know.

**Wall Street's Underworld.**

I shall draw back a corner of this mysterious curtain and disclose the workings of Wall Street's underworld. You shall read here something incredible, unbelieveable,—of men who have duped, deceived, dishonored you, and are now bent on plundering you on a scale vaster than has ever before been attempted in the history of our time.

Colonel Robert M. Thompson, a high-minded American patriot, inaugurated on June 6th the organization of the Navy League of the United States. He advocated an immediate issue by the government of $500,000,000, to be devoted to the construction of a greater army and navy. He then invited a large number of citizens, supposedly imbued with similarly patriotic sentiments, to attend a luncheon and conference on this important subject.

But hold, one moment, Colonel. Why, when you issued those invitations, did you not address them to public-spirited and disinterested men, who have the peace and welfare of our country at heart? Why, on the contrary, did you invite the members of J. P. Morgan & Co., official agents of the British government in the purchase of war munitions, and financial backers of the Steel Trust, whose products are being turned into bayonets and shrapnel for the Allies? Why did you invite to your patriotic luncheon the directors of companies making millions in the manufacture of war material, and bankers who make further millions from such concerns by selling their securities and acting as their transfer agents?

Why, when you purposed to spend $500,000,000 of the public money, without consulting the people who earn it, did you confer with the members of Wall Street's Money Trust, into whose pockets those $500,000,000 would flow?

Here are some of the gentlemen to whom that ardent patriot, Colonel Thompson, addressed himself:

J. Pierpont Morgan
Thomas W. Lamont
William H. Porter
Henry P. Davison
Charles Steele
Paul D. Cravath
Elbert H. Gary
Harry Payne Whitney
Seward Prosser
S. H. P. Pell
Cornelius Vanderbilt
Ogden L. Mills
Frederic R. Coudert
Francis L. Hine
Edmund C. Converse
Daniel G. Reid
Percy Rockefeller
Frank A. Vanderlip
L. L. Clarke.

The luncheon was held. The innocent Colonel, addressing his distinguished and "disinterested" guests, broached his pet plan of distributing $500,000,000 of American money to America's armament manufacturers. To his gratification, the issue was "enthusiastically advocated," as promptly recorded in the Money Trust's organ, the New York Times.

Now let us analyze some of the activities of this assemblage of American patriots:

Messrs. Morgan, Lamont, Porter, Davison and Steele are members of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., agents of the British, French, and Russian governments for the purchase of war material, and interested in huge corporations making huger profits from the manufacture of war supplies.

The Wall Street Journal on May 6th said that "the United States Steel Corporation has been getting and will get orders for steel from concerns in this country, which have taken orders for shrapnel and other war munitions." And it added on August 3rd that "the United States Steel Corporation has obtained a Russian rail order amounting to $35,000,000." Now Messrs. Morgan, Gary and Converse are members of the Steel Trust board.

The Wall Street Journal added that "the Lackawanna Steel Company has been helped in war orders to the extent of $7,000,000 for rails and steel." Two of the invited patriots, Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Ogden L. Mills, are directors of this company.

The Wall Street Journal further related on May 4th: "The President of the National Surety Company estimates that $1,500,000,000 in war material has been contracted for. The estimate is based on the applications for surety bonds which his company has received." Strange to relate, we find among the directors of the National Surety Company the name of Mr. Frederic R. Coudert who, in the public prints, so bitterly denounces Germany every time a delicate diplomatic crisis occurs between that country and our own. Surely, Mr. Coudert does not desire to see this country go to war on behalf of his beloved France, that the National may underwrite more surety bonds?

**The Colonel Unmasked**

Again we find that on May 4th the Wall Street Journal informs the Street that "the International Nickel Company is enjoying an improvement in its business because of the increase in the consumption of nickel brought about by the war." And what do we find here? Oh, shame to tell it! Oh, Colonel, Colonel, is it thus you dupe your countrymen? Colonel Robert M. Thompson is chairman of the board of the International Nickel Company, and among the directors are Messrs. Edmund C. Converse, S. H. P. Pell, and Seward Prosser.

The Wall Street Journal further chronicles that "the American Locomotive Company's order for shrapnel amounts to approximately $65,000,000," which must be of specific interest to Mr. L. L. Clarke, one of the directors.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing is one of the deadliest of the "war stocks" on the Stock Exchange, and Mr. Paul D. Cravath is a member of its board.

Another "war stock" is General Electric, one of whose directing geniuses is Mr. Charles Steele, of J. P. Morgan & Co.

The Farmers' Loan & Trust Company is transfer agent for the General Electric Company, and on the trust company board we locate Messrs. Percy Rockefeller and Frank A. Vanderlip.

The Guaranty Trust Company is the transfer agent for the Westinghouse, American Car & Foundry, Atlas Powder Company, Hercules Powder Company, and other war munitions concerns. Messrs. Daniel G. Reid, Harry Payne Whitney, and Thomas W. Lamont are its directors.

The Bankers Trust Company is transfer agent for the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and among the directors of this concern are Messrs. Reid, Hine, Davison, and Converse.

So there, all the disinterested patriots are accounted for, yea, even the founder of the Navy League.

Why then, I ask, should not Colonel Thompson's scheme to spend $500,000,000 of government money have been "enthusiastically advocated" by gentlemen so closely affiliated with the war munitions factories? Why should they not have leaned back in their chairs at the obliging Colonel's luncheon, clinked their glasses and cheered, laughing in their sleeves over the jest they were having at the expense of their simple-minded countrymen, while they slapped their capacious pockets in the hope of soon secreting there the $500,000,000 to be spent on armament.

For, you see, the war in Europe some time will be ended, and the Money Trust's war munitions plants must not be idle. No, it is the duty of Wall Street patriots to organize Navy Leagues and National Security Leagues and the like, that the government may be urged by the great patriotic clamor to spend vast sums on war material.

Colonel, I have a further word to say to you. You are a personal friend, I believe, of Mr. James Gordon Bennett,* owner of the Herald, who, I see, subscribed several thousand dollars to your singular scheme. Mr. Bennett is an expatriate, who is cabling frantically to this side of the water that the United States must join the war to rescue his adopted country, France.

Colonel, if the people of this country wish to have a larger army and navy, they will not consult the chairman of the International Nickel Company, nor Bennett, the Franco-American, nor your friends, the makers of shrapnel. Their representatives in Congress will attend to that. And the government will build its own armament plants. It will not buy the idle ones of the Money Trust when the war has ended.

So much for the Navy League.

**Still Drawing Back the Curtain**

Let me draw back this mysterious curtain further and disclose to view the great spider's web that has been spun in Wall Street.

Wall Street financiers are far-sighted men. From the very nature of their business they look ahead, ever far ahead. These men, presiding at their board meetings, are authorizing vast extensions to their armament plants. What do they mean to do with these great new plants after Europe's war is over?

Let us look into this phase of the question for a moment.

Bridgeport is making such strides in the manufacture of arms and munitions and war machinery, that predictions are freely heard on all sides that it will grow to a city of

* They are cronies. Both have broken their country's laws. James Gordon Bennett was fined $10,000 in the Federal Court for sending obscene matter through the mails. Colonel Robert M. Thompson was fined $5,000 by Judge Hoit in the Federal Court, August 4, 1915, for violating the Sherman Law in cornering cotton.

half a million population within the next few years. In the transformation of Bridgeport into the American Essen, the Remington Company and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company began to branch out and put up great buildings that dwarf those used in the past."—(Sunday newspaper.)

June 18th.—Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company, will build the third factory for the manufacture of shrapnel.

August 22d.—Following the recent trip here of Charles M. Schwab, with British and Russian army officers, it is announced that the Bethlehem Steel Company will build a large factory near its shell proving ground at Cape May Point, for the making of powder and shells.

August 12th.—The Dupont Powder Company has begun the work of staking out the building on the fourth addition to the Dupont plant at Carney's Point. The addition will be larger than any of the other three plants now in operation. When the war began, the company had only one plant, the others having been added in quick time as orders increased. August 20th.—The Dupont Company is to distribute $58,000,000 in new stock in a new corporation.

August 11th.—The plant of the Smith & Wallace Company, manufacturers of electrical supplies, has been leased to an association of New York financiers and will immediately be converted into a war munitions factory.

August 11th.—The Bethlehem Steel Company has purchased the modern plant of the Detrick & Harvey Machine Company. The manufacture of munitions of war will be begun as soon as possible.

May—29th.—The Atlas Powder Company has secured control of various powder mills on the Pacific coast. Stockholders of the company have authorized $5,500,000 6% cumulative preferred stock for necessary financing.

Here is a faint conception of the tremendous new enterprises of the Money Trust. Now I shall quote the Wall Street Journal of July 19th:

"Will the demand for war material outlast the conflict? Will the great industry that has been established in so short a time end with the war? It is noticeable that those concerns that are erecting plant extensions or new plants to take care of the war business, are not providing temporary and inexpensive structures. They are building modern and permanent structures of brick or concrete and steel.

**More Wars to Come**

"If the war continues or is followed by others, the munition makers would be in a position to reap enormous profits as a result of having the plants ready."

Yes, our far-sighted financiers will see to it that this war "is followed by others." And they will "reap enormous profits."

But who, at the dictum of the Money Trust, will toil to pay for those untold millions to be spent by our country on armament, for the upkeep of the new war plants? Who, at the dictum of the Money Trust, must shed their blood in the wars that are "followed by others"?

Brothers, you and I.

Yes, my thoughtless brothers, and then we, too, shall echo the bitter groans we have heard emitted by despairing millions, staggering under the military burdens of Europe's monarchies.

And now are we to be the dupes of Wall Street "patriots"?

If we investigate the patriotism of the members of the Money Trust we shall find it to be thin-skinned, indeed. Their ambition is to amass great fortunes, and then to seek their homes abroad. They choose new homes in France and England for reasons such as to escape unpleasant public inquiries, or that they may lead lives that would not be approved by their fellow countrymen.

I refer to expatriates such as James Stillman, one-time president of the National City Bank; James Hazen Hyde, of insurance scandal fame; William E. Corey, of the Steel Trust, and James Gordon Bennett, of unsavory name. I refer to men like Henry James, who renounced his country; to men like Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir William C. van Horne, who sold their American birthright for a foreign title.

But when the day of trouble comes, such fine gentry troop back home, as these have done. And then they read us a lesson in patriotism, and tell us that we must fight for the countries of their adoption.

Yes, they say that to us; we, the millions who stay here and toil and suffer for our country's good; we, who are descended from races other than the English; we, whose fathers tilled the soil in pioneer days, and shed their blood in all our country's wars.

They tell us that we must fight for England, these expatriates, these lip-patriots, their pockets fat with British gold—we must fight for England, the hereditary enemy of our land, for her against whom our fathers fought, for England, our worst enemy to-day.

"If I am asked what I mean by a 'reasonably possible enemy,' I reply—any power except Great Britain."—Former Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte, at a meeting of the National Security League in Carnegie Hall on June 15th.

I say to you, you Forty Gentlemen of Wall Street's Spider's Web:

Gentlemen, many of you were born of gentle blood. Most of you have all the money you require.

Gentlemen, you are standing with foreigners against your own countrymen. You are defying the sentiments of millions; you are outraging their highest and holiest beliefs.

I ask you to arise in your board meetings and protest against this bloody trade. I ask you to help us with your great influence to check this fury-mad pro-British crew that seeks to hurl our country into a foreign war in which it has no share.

If men of your type remain quiescent in this hour of danger, then our country has sunk to a low pass indeed. Thousands of years ago men, such as we, founded republics very much like ours, in Greece and Rome. But they succumbed to plutocrats.

Gentlemen, are there those among you who have courage and no fear?

Some among you I know well. I can see them lean back and sneer: 'Oh, I don't care what is published about me in The Fatherland. The Fatherland is bought with German gold,' and then they laugh and wink and jingle in their pockets their British gold made in a shameful trade.

Do you know why this is published in The Fatherland? I shall tell you. I can point out among you and your Wall Street friends the names of men who are part owners of the great New York dailies, who finance them, and dominate them with their advertising. Small wonder that the Money Trust has poisoned the public mind with the tainted syndicate news services sent broadcast throughout our country.

The New York newspapers know that what I write about the Money Trust is true, but they do not dare to print the truth. And that is why it is printed in The Fatherland.

**Brothers, these men have wealth and power, but they are few. We are many, and as Edwin Lawrence Godkin truly said: "In the voice of the majority there is all the majesty of doom."**

**You, who love your country, join us, work with us, for "the dark night cometh when no man can work."**

(The Fatherland.)

## Britain's Commercial War on the United States.

The United States government is officially informed by one of its trusted and capable representatives that Great Britain, while shutting off American commerce with the neutral nations of northern Europe, is increasing its own exports to those countries. The merchandise that Americans are not permitted to sell is now sold by British exporters, thanks to the fraudulent blockade. In some commodities British exports have quintupled during the last year, while American exports of the same commodities have been diverted to British ports.

Under the pretext of necessity, Great Britain is preventing American goods from going to Holland, Denmark, Norway or Sweden. All cargoes are subject to detention, and most of them are detained in British ports. When the Americans make an extra clamor their cargoes are purchased—at its own price—by the British government. Then British merchants send word to the waiting consumers that the American cargoes have been held up, but that British goods are available. Thus the trade of the neutral countries named is being taken over by Great Britain, all in the name of "military necessity," and with the smug suggestion that "our American cousins will sympathetically understand our necessities."

No more cold-blooded, rapacious conspiracy was ever concocted than this robbery of American commerce under the guise of legitimate war operations.

Recently Great Britain has made cotton contraband, so that it may be seized without compensation to the owner. At the same time British exports of cotton to countries adjacent to Germany are rapidly increasing. Heretofore cotton cargoes were paid for; now they are merely robbed on the high seas.

The United States government has delayed making an effectual protest to Great Britain against this high-sea piracy because of the complications arising from the Lusitania, Arabic and similar horrors, which fixed public attention upon the questions affecting life rather than property. In the meantime, the British policy of destroying American trade relations with Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden has been pursued with the utmost diligence. It is time that the United States should call all offenders to account. The commercial war that is being waged against this country calls for decisive action, unless the United States is willing to become an adjunct to the British commercial system.

(Washington Post.)

Wenige Stunden nachdem Frank Granco, der in Snow Hill bei Cambridge, Md., drei Menschen ermordet hat, an Bord eines nach Baltimore bestimmten Dampfers gebracht worden war, stürmten 125 Lyncher von Snow Hill das Gefängnis in Salisbury und waren bitter enttäuscht, als sie unverrichteter Dinge wieder abziehen mußten.

— Allerdings. A.: „Du sagst, Du lügst nie, aber neulich, als Du Dich von einem langweiligen Tee-Abend drücken wolltest, schütztest Du, obwohl Dir nicht das Geringste fehlte, Schwindel vor!"

B.: „Nun, das war doch auch — Schwindel!"

## Phrasenbrescherei.

**Die Cadornaschen Kriegsberichte trefflich geißelt.**

Wenige haben die Italiener in ihrem brennenden „heiligen Kriege" nicht zu verzeichnen, aber was ihnen in dieser Hinsicht abgeht, das ersetzt der Oberbefehlshaber Cadorna durch einen kombatischen Wortschwall, der d'Annunzios Feder alle Ehre machen würde. In einem elenlangen Communiqué erklärt Cadorna, die energische und entschlossene Offensive durch die unvergleichlichen italienischen Truppen müsse das Vaterland mit Stolz erfüllen. „Die österreichischen Gefangenen", sagt er, „anerkannten auch die unbezähmbare Tapferkeit unserer Linientruppen, namentlich ihren dann im Bajonettsturm bewiesenen Mut und die heldenhafte Haltung der Offiziere, welche zu der taktischen Methode der österreichisch-ungarischen Offiziere in schärfstem Gegensatz steht". Er rühmt die Solidarität im italienischen Heere und ruft emphatisch aus: „Welcher Unterschied zwischen dieser brüderlichen Solidarität, welche eines der schönsten Merkmale unseres Heeres ist, und dem Schreckensregime, mit welchem das feindliche Heer zusammengehalten wird". Er spricht von einer Unzahl von Siegen und Gefangenen, ohne auch nur eine konkrete Angabe zu machen, und all das sagt er in einem Tone, als ob die österreichisch-ungarische Armee bereits aufgerieben wäre. Cadornas schwulstige Tiraden wirken umso komischer, als die Italiener bekanntlich in Wirklichkeit nicht den geringsten Erfolg aufzuweisen haben.

Mit unnachahmlichem Humor glossiert die österreichisch-ungarische Heeresleitung diesen Cadornaschen Bericht. „Selbst eine Schnecke, so langsam sie sich bewegt, kommt", so heißt es in diesen Glossen, „wegen der Stetigkeit ihrer Fortbewegung im Laufe der Zeit ganz beträchtlich weiter. Cadorna, der zwei Monate hindurch die Nennung von Ortsbezeichnungen sorgsam vermied, um das Geheimnis des Tempos „stetigen" Fortschrittes zu verhüllen, fühlte sich am 25. Juli, also bei Beginn des dritten Kriegsmonats, endlich doch gedrängt, der allgemeinen Spannung Rechnung zu tragen. Was seine Landleute hofften und wünschten, die Ueberwindung der Isonzofront, konnte er allerdings nicht berichten, nicht einmal die Einnahme von Görz, dafür tischte er andere Triumpfe der siegreichen Waffen auf". Von diesen Erfolgen ist aber nur einer ein wirklicher Erfolg: die Eroberung des Monte dei sei Busi, und auch dieser überlebte die Verlautbarung der Berichte Cadornas nicht, da die Italiener beim Abschluß der zweiten Görzer Schlacht aus diesen Stellungen wieder hinausgeworfen wurden. „Wie wir Cadorna kennen gelernt haben," so fahren die Glossen fort, „wird er sich indessen auch über diese schwere, blutriefende Niederlage zu trösten wissen. Ein Schwall von Phrasen wird auf das italienische Publikum niederprasseln und in dessen Seelen vollbringen, was der tagelange Geschoßhagel bei unseren Truppen nicht zu erzielen vermochte. Das Geschick will es eben, daß die Italiener trotz erdrückender Ueberzahl sich, statt mit Eroberung der österreichisch-ungarischen Stellungen am Isonzo, mit „stetigen" Fortschritten zufrieden geben mußten — zur Erleichterung Cadornas, der bei einem wirklichen Siege verlegen würde, wie er seine bisherigen Berichte überbieten könnte".

Fürwahr eine köstliche und wohlverdiente Abfertigung der großmäuligen Phrasendrescherei des italienischen Oberfeldherrn!

— Der Fernsprech-Verkehr in Paris leidet unter dem Kriege ganz erheblich. Vielen Geschäftsleuten ist es fast unmöglich, die Fernsprechanschlußgebühr von 400 Frank zu zahlen. Der Kleinhandel ist deshalb bei der Post- und Telegraphendirektion vorstellig geworden, Einzelgesprächsgebühren einzuführen, wodurch auch die Fernsprechverwaltung eine tägliche Einnahme hätte. Diese Erscheinung wirft ein grelles Licht auf die darniederliegenden Geschäftsverhältnisse in Paris.

— Aus Königsberg wird berichtet: In wenigen Wochen wird sich nun auch hier an dem schönsten Platz der Stadt, dem Paradeplatz, ein eiserner Wehrmann erheben. Die Lokalhistoriker waren entschieden dafür eingetreten, als Gegenstand der Darstellung Hans von Sagan zu wählen: jenen wackeren Schuhknecht, der durch sein besonnenes und tapferes Verhalten die im Jahre 1370 den Heiden gelieferte Schlacht bei Rudau zu gunsten des deutschen Ordens entschieden haben soll. Man hat sich aber in den ausschlaggebenden Kreisen schließlich für einen „eisernen" Roland entschieden. Etwas Gutes wird in jedem Fall entstehen, da die künstlerische Ausführung des Nagelungdenkmals von dem Bildhauer der Königsberger Kunstakademie, Prof. Stanislaus Cauer, übernommen worden ist.

Die Littauer haben für „lieben" und „bewirten" ein und dasselbe Wort (mylěti).

# MOLOCH AND MR. KIPLING.

**By R. L. ORCHELLE.**

Day after day I meet Germans of all degrees, from the simple workman to the highest official, diplomat or professor, and always am I amazed at the almost superhuman tolerance, magnanimity and understanding these marvellous people display towards their enemies, French, Russian, English. There appears to be almost no animosity against the two former, and even against England the resentment shown is comparatively mild. It is often a mixture of sadness, surprise, perhaps horror and pain, rather than hate. The 'Hymn of Hate' made famous by England, is deprecated, and apart from a few postcards, I have scarcely seen, much less heard, that phrase which, as England scribes would peransade the world, spinttere from every German's lips:—'Gott strafe England!' Chauvinistic writers are frowned upon; in everything the real and the kindliest interpretation is sought. Never has the profundity of the German soul nor the exaltation of the German character been seen to greater advantage. The philosophic calm, the essential mildness of the Teutonic nature, which is one of its greatest virtues as well as one of its greatest dangers, seems to have triumphed over all the unholy passions aroused by the great Crime and Conspiracy. Italy calls forth a contempt that lies at too cold and low a level to rise to the dignity of hate—England's meaner acts evoke disdain rather than rage.

Impossible is the picture of the Germans which the English have created for themselves. It is one with the monstrous imaginations of malformed and murky brains that flare up with hate one moment, then are choked with inky fumes the next. On reading the English papers one asks oneself, half in horror, half in a sort of stunned amusement, whether it be possible that human beings could accept as real the ghastly caricatures and incredible monsters they have made of other human beings? The belief of the Bushman in his grotesque chimeras is as nothing compared to the belief of the Britisher in his Monster German. In the days of Napoleon the ignorant Britisher firmly believed that "Boney" ate women and children; in our day the educated Britisher believes as firmly that the Germans slaughter them. In the same way we must measure the profound debasement of a man capable of uttering such low and revolting words as those recently spoken by Rudyard Kipling—"there are but two creatures in the world today—human beings and Germans" (cheers.)—by what they disclose of the speaker and not by what they preposterously declare.

"Therefore we and our Allies must continue to press through fire to Moloch till Moloch perishes." (cheers).

Moloch! How came this incredible German to take root in the British brain? How was it possible to make sane men accept as real the crimson devil which the slanderous British press painted in such horrid hues upon the firmament? From what wicked sorcery and poisonous fumes did this hideous flamboyant genie arise in the dull imaginations of an easy-going and no longer heroic race? That is a psychological puzzle for those whose minds can probe national morbidity. But its mere existence is damning not only for the English—but for that petite nation of virulent and fanatic gamins, the French.

The pendulum swings constantly from one extreme of madness to another—from shrill jeers of contempt at the weakness and despair of Germany to frenzied screams of terror at her power and cold-bloodedness. As I have more than once pointed out, the mud-cemented, rotten-timbered House of Lies which the Allies reared to shelter their so-called "Cause", cracks, totters and melts away under the slow but elemental attack of Truth. Hence desperate, furious, embecile attempts to prop it with further struts and lashings of lies—like the Bryce Report of German atrocities. The falsehoods men believe accumulate to a mountain within their sight. And this mountain in the imagination of the real barbarians becomes in time a mythical monster. That monster is Germany as seen by the feverish, war-maddened eyes of her western enemies.

There is, to be sure, one deeplying psychological reason for this. The achievements, the victories, the colossal physical power and moral strength of Germany are by a peculiar process of perverted thought re-translated into evil attributes by the obsession in the brains of her enemies. In other words white is deliberately transformed into black because one sees nothing but red. The inevitable results of modern war waged in the most scientific and energetic and intelligent way in the enemy's country, are converted into black "atrocities" by her foes—who have not a single positive achievement to show. The conviction of this truth,—which must at times steal over such reason as is left in the hands of the Allies, produces in turn that ill-balanced, impotent fury that finds no outlet save in coarse abuse, or brutality against the helpless, or in torrents of indiscriminate slander that bespeak the illness of the nausea at a nation's soul.

When the inky pall that hangs before the eyes of these nations shall be lifted and the clean cool wind of a sweet reasonableness blow once more over the hissing lava of their bewildered minds—the true character of the Germans, that grandest of all modern nations, will emerge stainless, serene and strong. White will be white again, and black black.

The atrocious attempt to hold up the most cultivated, peaceful, kindly, industrious and law-abiding people in the world as Molochs and monsters merely because the same superior intelligence they display in the pursuits of peace, guides them in the conduct of war, will collapse like a rank, uprooted weed.

Shall I declare to you why, in the word of the Allies, white is now black and black white?

The Germans kept the peace of Europe for 44 years—so they were accused of lusting and plotting for war.

They are the kindest, most humanitarian folk in existence—so they were described as blood-thirsty demons.

Their love of home and children is historical—so they were called destroyers of the one and murderers of the other.

There is no land that displays a deeper, more sentimental love for antiquity, art and literature—so they were accused of destroying cathedrals and libraries.

Germany was the only land that had never waged war upon small nations for the purpose of aggression—so she was charged with a desire to dominate the world.

Germany has shown herself to be one great inspired, living intellectual organism—she is therefore invariably described as a blind and ruthless "machine."

Germany furnishes to the world a model of justice, order, clean government and democratic efficiency—she is therefore represented as a harsh autocracy.

To-day she stands unshaken upon the granite plinth of her righteous cause, calm, noble-browed, magnanimous, in the face of her delirious enemies—she is therefore denounced as "The Mad Dog of Europe."

But quite apart from conventional morality, there is an immortal tenacity in Truth. And because it is immortal it is terrible. This iron law is the everlasting Nemesis that hangs above the paper tents and naked tongues of the armies of falsehood and hypocrisy.

Can they bind the cluster of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?

Perhaps this quotation may come home with a peculiar light to the soul of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with its flair for the Biblical? Perhaps he will recall the sentiments of his "Recessional" and give us a new definition of hypocrisy? Perhaps he will not refrain from claiming a gift for true prophetic analysis when rereading the warnings of his "Islanders?" Perhaps he has not forgotten those days when he lay ill in America with a fever from which he seems never to have entirely recovered, and Moloch inquired after his condition in hourly telegrams?

One of the fatal signs of the darkness that has overtaken a press-poisoned people is the peculiar blight that seems to gnaw at the minds of England's foremost thinkers and gifted men. Their tongues are wryed and what they utter is as sand and gravel. Their brains ring as hollow as the vibrant leather of the recruiting drum. For all this is the fatal, dreadful and inevitable result of the attempts to defend a cause begotten in iniquity, delivered in darkness and nursed upon lies. It has slain genius and numbed the sinews of logic.

I am sitting here in the clear German sunlight, amidst the rustling of the German lindens and the song and laughter of healthy, beautiful German children playing in one of the splendid, flower-decked parks of this bright and peaceful Barbarian capital. All about me I feel, as though it were an electric current, the gigantic throbbing of the heroic German heart, the masterly, deep, harmonious rhythm of this people's soul. A thousand evidences of their innate kindliness blossom up before my eyes—the kindness to children, to dogs, to the aged, yes, to their very enemies, as I saw yesterday at Doeberitz with my own eyes. This deep solicitude for the poor or helpless is but a spark from that wonderful and imperishable fire that towers to heaven in Love of Fatherland. Here are soldiers that fought in Belgium now playing with the children, or lost in sentimental rhapsodies with their sweethearts. And he who says these magnificent men were guilty of the horrible cruelties begotten in Belgian brains and sown broadcast by the Franco-British press, lies in his heart of hearts.

I have three newspapers in my hand—a German, a French and an English. The German, like nearly all German newspapers, is quiet, restrained, seemly in its tone, a reflection of the true values of the gentleman which this war has proved as residing more deeply in the German nation than in all others.

The second is Le Matin. It reads as though written by maniacs and men possessed of devils, the revelation of a people gone raving mad with the red lunacy of war. Its muddy prints swarms with the mouth-missiles of the French—hysterical shrieks of "les Boches"—ridiculous, impotent yells of "les Barbares!"

But the darkest depths of brutality and malignity are reached with the English paper. Here, black upon white, in the pure sunlight pouring from these blue heavens, I read these words in the London Times of June 19th. They occur in an article entitled "A Tour Through the Trenches." "Yesterday one of our brave soldiers captured a German and plunged his bayonet into his body with the words: "This is for the Lusitania!" Then, after a short pause, he transfixed him for the second time; "And that's for myself." No love is left between us and the enemy. Not long ago a German came toward us shouting: "I am a Christian." The answer was: "Are you really a Christian! All right, we'll make an angel of you." A bullet ended the life of a German scoundrel."

Without shame, without one sign of recognizing the enormity of its words, the leading English newspaper lays bare something that men have hitherto striven to hide in the deepest depths of their souls.

You are right, you proud and honorable Germans: there is no need to lie about your enemies. The inexorable law of things has brought it about that even out of their own mouths they must inevitably reveal the truth about themselves.

(The Continental Times.)