

THE Fatherland

A Weekly

(Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



ENGLAND'S PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW' ★

IS WALL STREET USING SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS FOR SECRET RUSSIAN, FRENCH AND ENGLISH WAR LOANS?

READ CHARLES A. COLLMAN'S ARTICLE FOR THE ANSWER

THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK

HERMAN RIDDER

HERMAN RIDDER will not be forgotten. He was in the vanguard of those American citizens who believe in America first, first over Germany, but first also over England. He was a good fighter and he loved a good fight. Nevertheless the abuse heaped upon the German name and the betrayal of the interests of the United States by the pro-Ally press hastened his end. The torch that has fallen from his hand has been taken up by his son Bernard Ridder. His great work will continue, even though death has called him away.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR FOUND GUILTY

HOW indiscreet of that jury in San Francisco to say in effect that the British Ambassador is guilty of the offense charged against him by George Sylvester Viereck! The British Ambassador anticipated George Sylvester Viereck by telling the State Department how guilty his foreknowledge of a certain steamship disaster must be. Mr. Viereck retorted to the State Department that the British Ambassador had guilty foreknowledge regarding enlistments. These enlistments are effected on the soil of the United States at British expense with the connivance of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador. A prosecution in San Francisco has now led a jury to find a verdict which in effect confirms what Mr. Viereck said to the State Department about the British Ambassador. Not that the State Department is at all discon-



A REMINDER TO THE WORLD

certed. Its official head affirms, without a grin, that American neutrality must be preserved, and for this reason the law under which this conviction was had will be repealed.

SKELETONS IN THE CABINET

By an Englishman

Mr. Asquith.—A clever, plodding lawyer, driven by his wife to ambition and alcohol.

Mr. Bonar Law.—A merchant, with no talents of the statesman or even of the parliamentarian. Put into the leadership of the Opposition because the wolves who had pulled down Balfour would otherwise have sprung at each other's throats and completed the ruin of the Tories.

Mr. Balfour.—"Bloody Balfour," a weak, amiable dilettante; toyed with philosophy "so far as a gentleman could." Without a spark of sympathy or imagination; tried to govern Ireland by a system of organized murder: hence his nickname. An admirable parliamentarian, he got too old for his job, and was superseded some years ago. His appointment to the Admiralty must be due to jealousy of America's record in that direction!

Mr. Lloyd George.—Demagogue and attorney. The object of the bitterest hatred of any man in England; but knows so much of the graft of his colleagues that he cannot be shelved.

Sir G. Buchmaster.—An honest man of talent and ability, who owes his advancement to the quarrels of his colleagues.

Sir John Simon.—A clever nonentity.

Mr. Long.—Typical of the old-fashioned stupid, obstinate Tory.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Like Herbert Gladstone, the insignificant son of a brilliant father. Wears his father's eyeglass and orchid: but the resemblance stops there.

Arthur Henderson.—A nonentity made leader of the Labour Party

to compose the violences of the real leaders. Outside Parliament, no one in England knows his name.

Lord Lansdowne.—Another pig-headed fossil. His family influence has kept him adrift on calm waters.

Lord Curzon.—The buffoon who made himself the laughing-stock of India, and lost it (as will shortly appear) for England.

Lord Kitchener.—Would be all right if left alone. The only man who is thoroughly trusted by the great mass of the people.

Lord Selbourne.—A cipher. Career due entirely to nepotism.

Mr. Birrell.—A "literary gent" with a turn of quiet humor. Turns awkward questions with a good-natured jest. Will be killed one day by somebody in earnest.

Mr. McKenna.—The most incompetent minister that ever held a portfolio. A creature of weak violence. Owes position to relatives, as usual.

Sir E. Grey.—One of the cleverest and least scrupulous diplomats that ever lived. May have overreached himself.

Mr. McKinnon Wood.—A mere official, painstaking enough.

Mr. Churchill.—A theatrical genius. Will not remain long on the shelf.

Mr. Runciman.—A mediocrity, useful as a sound, steady make-weight.

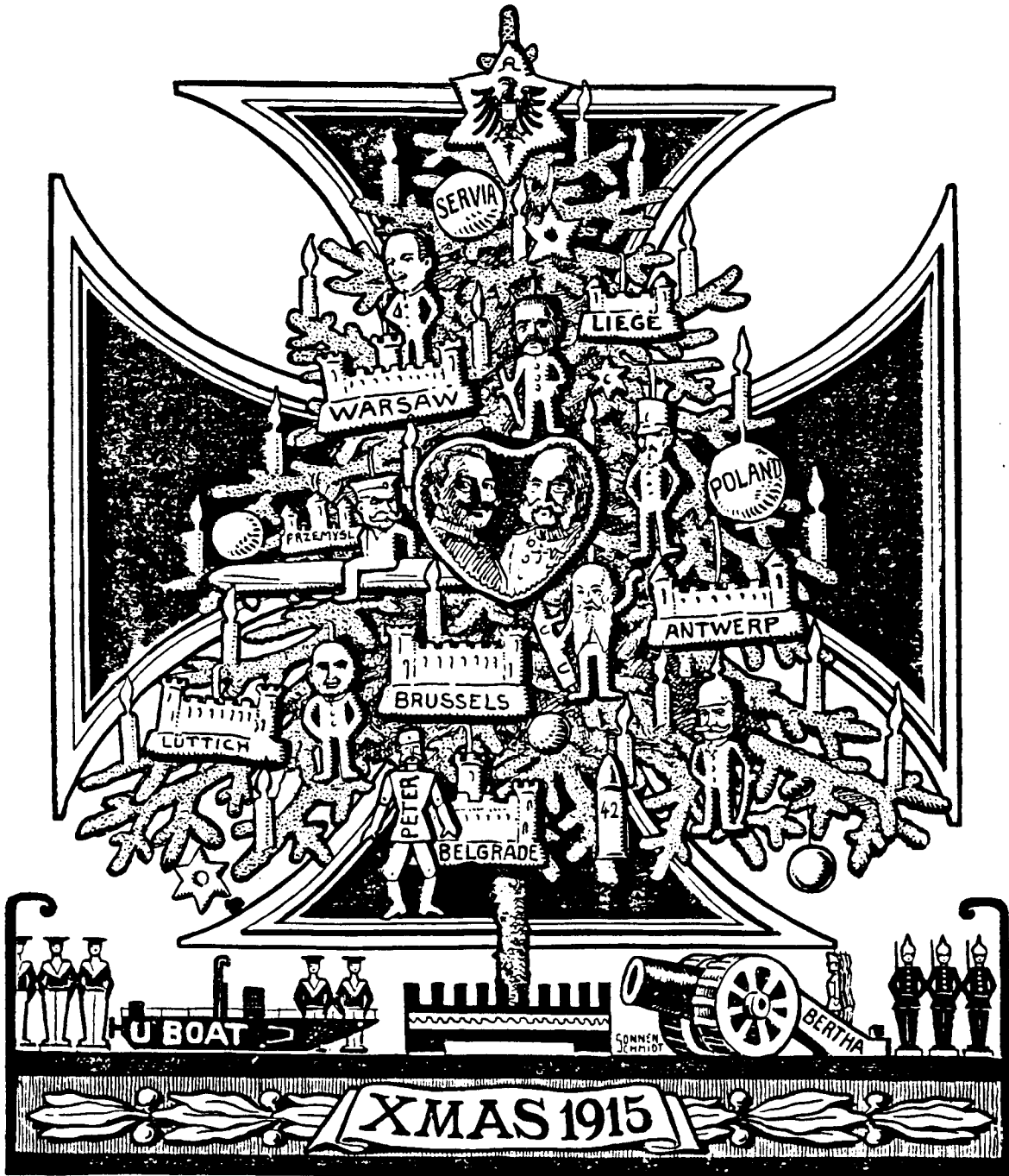
Lord Crewe.—A good enough minister where no initiative is required.

Mr. Harcourt.—All collars and cuffs. A conceited puppy. A pitiful continuation of the great Harcourt serial.

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Drawn for The Fatherland by M. Sonnenschmidt

THE GERMAN PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS TREE



A WORD WITH THE REPUBLICANS

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

other newspaper in the country is so unequivocally on the side of England. The *Providence Journal* boasts on its bulletin boards that it has achieved most of the work accomplished leading to the prosecutions of enemies of England in this country. An example of its attitude may be gained from an extract from a typical editorial, printed November 24, 1915, entitled "The Great Conspiracy," in which it says:

"When the history of the war comes to be written, not the least sensational chapter will be the one that deals with the Great Conspiracy—the Austro-German crusade of frightfulness against America. This is German "efficiency" raised to the highest degree. But it will amount to nothing in the end beyond multiplying Germany's enemies and strengthening the common resolve that a Power so unscrupulous, so diabolical in its ingenuity and thoroughness, must not be allowed to rule the world."

So writes the British editor of the *Providence Journal*, a man of the type that President Wilson deplures, when he says: "It would seem that every man who was truly an American would instinctively make it his duty and his pride to keep the scales of judgment even and prove himself a partisan of no nation but his own."

This then is John R. Rathom, a man who has the confidence of the President and the members of his Cabinet; a man who commands sources of news that not even the highest and most powerful

departments of our Government can obtain, and which ask him to aid them in their operations.

Questions arise here that certainly will not down. If there are in this country representatives of foreign nations who are conspiring against the United States Government, why is the existing machinery of the Government incapable of handling the matter? Why are not investigations quietly set afoot, and steps taken in consonance with the dignity of the nation to bring these persons to book? Why must our Government depend on the evidence gathered by a former subject of Great Britain, whose motives are certainly not disinterested, who is using vast and secret funds, operating hosts of agents and conducting a propoganda on behalf of the country of his birth?

No, this matter will not down. Congress must probe it to its bottom. How is it possible that the President of our country, born of an English mother, with English members in his Cabinet, is willing to use a foreign tool such as this in the prosecution of diplomatic representatives of countries with whom we are at peace? Mr. Wilson, elected by a minority vote, still represents the people of this country. And the American people refuse to be shamed and humiliated by proceedings such as these.

CHARLES A. COLLMAN.

BEHIND THE FRONT

Impressions of a Tourist in Western Europe. By Aleister Crowley

IT would serve no useful purpose to tell just how I reached France. The interest begins on one's arrival.

The France one knew of old is not so changed until one approaches Paris, except for the immense numbers of English raw recruits. The government has very sensibly turned over empty barracks to the British military authorities. There everything is in order—not lodging only, but parade-grounds and all other necessities; in addition many non-commissioned officers of the French army past fighting age are being used to instruct the young English officers in their duties. There are also many bilingual English civilians employed in various capacities. The new Tommy Atkins is being taught a fair amount of elementary French, and especially the principles of their drill. He is also learning to know the general characteristics of the countryside. Evidently the British expect to be fighting on French soil for the next year or two. This being granted, one must admit that the arrangement is intelligent. I was told that when these troops are comparatively in shape, they are drafted back to England for regimentation, equipment and drafting to various points. With the exception of the few old sergeants, of whom mention is made above, there are practically no French troops visible in any of the country through which I passed, and even the unfit have been called up, unless actually disabled, and are being employed on work of secondary importance such as guarding railroads and bridges.

The feeling among the people of all classes is distinctly good. There is, of course the most intense hatred for the enemy—which in England hardly exists, as will be explained later—but with it goes a certain smiling confidence, like a prize-fighter in the 19th round of a winning mill. Their heads are bloody, but unbowed, as Henley might have said. Every one believes that the undoubted fact of the check on the charming instance of the Gallic spirit. Père Boncier, who had kept a "gargotte" for forty years, just off the Faubourg Montmartre, was sent a piece of German war bread by his son. There must have been enchantment in the loaf; the old man had the idea of his life. He bundled off to the Government and contracted for the whole supply of German bread that might be captured. Now "tout Paris" goes to feed at the horrible little restaurant in order to gloat over the misery of the wicked Bosche! It is very childish and very Parisian.

I only remained in Paris long enough to see a few old friends, and inquire how fate was treating them and theirs. My real goal was England; the contradictory accounts of the spirit of the people, and of what had actually happened in the Zeppelin raids, had excited my curiosity to the highest point.

So I took the long odds, and went over to London. As luck would have it, I missed a big raid by twenty-four hours. The moment was ideal; every one was full of the subject. British insularity, by the way, is completely abrogated; one talks to one's fellow-passenger in a railroad car as if he were one's long-lost brother. Everyone is madly eager for every scrap of news, false or true; it is one of several unexpected results of the censorship. Nobody knows what is happening; official reports may or may not be true; they are certainly doctored. When one thinks of the great outcry that was made in the beginning of the war against Wolff's Bureau, which was supposed to be disseminating false news, the joke is apparent. The Germans have acquired a reputation for truth-telling, if for nothing else. All their claims have proved true in the long run. And though even now the average Englishman will not admit it except in his most secret chamber, he has a subconscious feeling that it is so, which manifests itself in intense disquiet and distrust.

The Londoner is not really so concerned with the results of the raids on London as he might reasonably be. He is haunted by the fear of something worse which he does not know. He is afraid about the Navy. For all he knows, the big dockyards may have been destroyed, and half the ships put out of action.

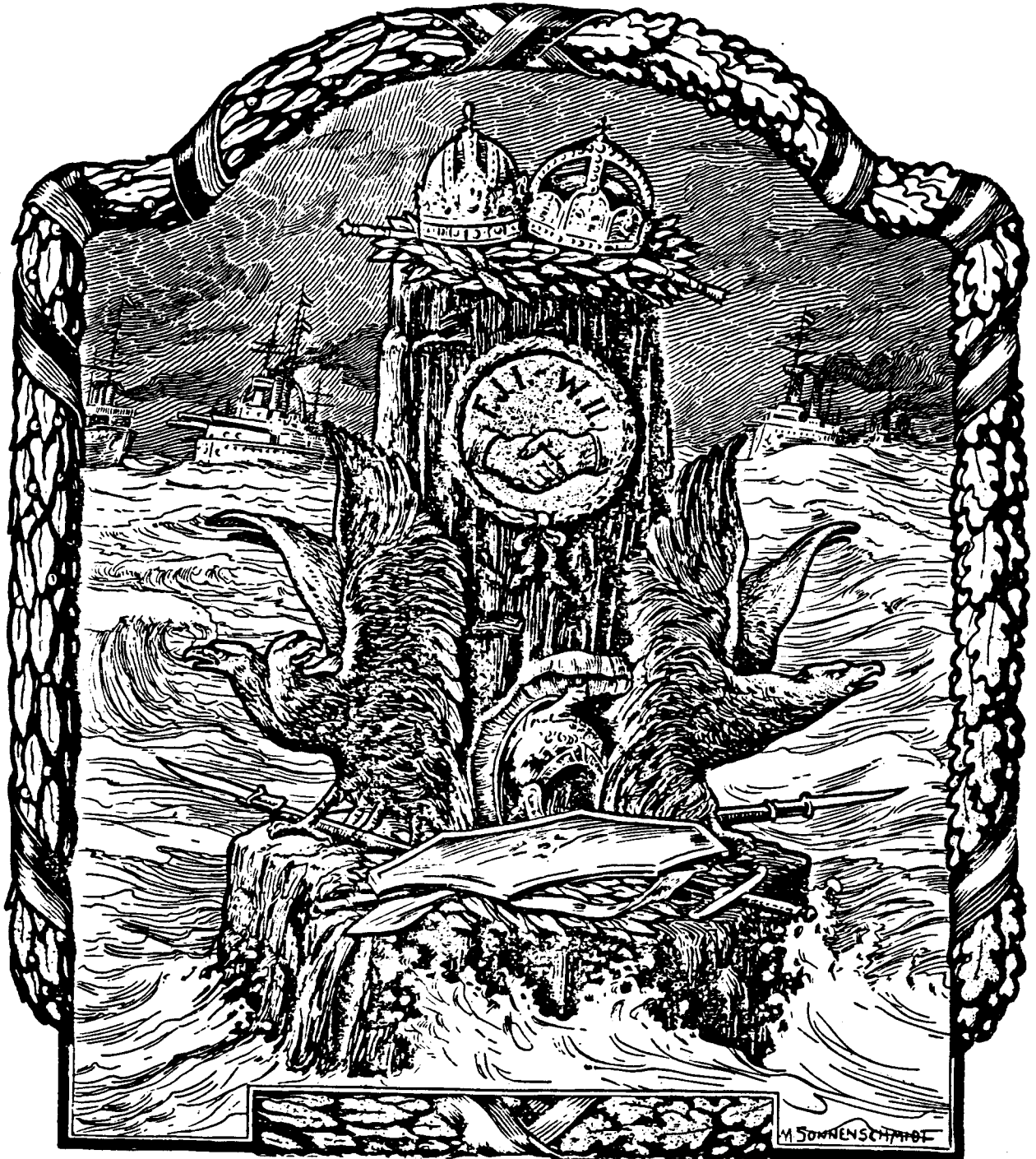
However, the damage in London itself is bad enough. Liverpool Street Station was wrecked in one raid; an attempt on Ludgate Hill Station resulted in the gutting of a block just south of St. Paul's and one high explosive bomb missed the station by a few yards only, and destroyed dozens of small shops. The attack on Charing Cross was not very successful; indeed, a bomb missed Bernard Shaw's house by about fifty yards; too cruel had they hit it! But the worst damage was in the Hoxton district. I did not see it myself, but my secretary happens to live quite close, and had been up all night watching the assault and the resulting fires when she came to meet me. There appears to have been a high wind blowing; the houses—it is a district of mean streets—caught fire and the brigade was unable to cope with the conflagration. There is a gutted patch of London five or six blocks wide, and the best part of half a mile in length. Hundreds, probably thousands, must have perished. It is not clear why this district should have been selected for attack; it seems probable that the Zeppelins had lost their bearings.

The effect on London was not great; Hoxton was a place which it was the truest kindness to destroy!

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THE FAITHFUL ALLIES

ENGLAND'S CRACK OF DOOM

By CHARLES A. COLLMAN



Cary, like his associate member Stafford, reads THE FATHERLAND. He is looked upon as a reliable neutral and a sound American, for he voted against the repeal of the clause in the Panama Canal Act, exempting American ships and stood up gallantly for American interests. His seat is now being contested by a Social Democrat named Gaylord. Speaking of the Canal Act, he said:

"This humiliating act, together with the proposition for this country to join in the celebration of a hundred years of peace with England, I always thought were the first efforts of the Anglomaniacs in this country, aided by the big trusts and their subsidized press, to bring about an understanding with Great Britain, and I think the events of the last year have proved that I was right in my contention. There are quite a number of us in the House here that are not controlled by the Money Trust, the criminal Ammunition Trust nor the English coterie and their Tory American sycophants, and I shall always be ready to do anything in my power by voice and vote to keep America from entangling foreign alliances and honestly and fairly neutral."

Tories Approve of England's Shutdown on Humanity

About the worst thing the Administration has to face at this writing is the refusal of England to admit Red Cross supplies of medicines to Germany. I doubt whether this inhuman policy is making a deep impression on the Tory and stand-pat element. Most of them are perfectly pleased to see the German wounded, and the women and children exterminated, if thereby England wins the war. The New England contingent and Wilson's immediate followers are not moved by the death of Miss Emma Duensing, of the American Red Cross, who died from the effect of septic infection at the hospital

at Oppeln, Silesia, November 5th, because prevented by the British Order in Council from obtaining rubber gloves. When the case was explained to Lodge, of Massachusetts, he turned away with one of those cynical smiles for which he is noted.

But the order stopping the shipment of medicines and medical supplies to the American Red Cross is very likely to start trouble throughout the country among people who are not yet body and soul a part of Great Britain. Whenever there is an outburst of public sentiment it is nipped in the bud by a note of protest to England. There the matter rests peacefully for all times.

It is tragic to find how few members of Congress take the trouble to inform themselves on the way the Administration is aiding England in making war on women, children and wounded. They express astonishment when told that there is a milk famine and that the Administration is doing nothing to make England let parcel-post packages with condensed milk for German infants pass unhindered, nothing to admit cotton for the making of bandages and absorbent cotton for the maimed. As near as any one can judge, the Administration is more concerned in sending a peremptory and insulting note to one of the Central Powers for torpedoing the *Yasaka Maru* because one of the rescued passengers claims to be an American, although born in China and a resident of London for many years, than to aid the Red Cross in obtaining medicines for their charges in Germany.

It is anything to beat Germany, and Wilson regards himself the heaven-ordained American President to pull England out of her degradation and to go down in English history, which is the only history he knows, as one of England's greatest sons.

FREDERIC F. SCHRADER.

BEHIND THE FRONT

Impressions of a Tourist in Western Europe. *By Aleister Crowley*
Part II

FOR some reason or other in their last Zeppelin raid on London the Germans appear to have decided to make the damage as widespread as possible, instead of concentrating it in one quarter. A house close to my lawyer's office in Chancery Lane was entirely destroyed, and the *Morning Post* Building and several banks were seriously damaged. There is good hope that a certain building was destroyed which contains the only evidence of my owing somebody 5,000 pounds. Further afield there was a great deal of damage to the docks, and still more to Woolwich Arsenal. Owing to the capital importance of the position the greatest secrecy was observed about it. I took special pains to inquire on this point, and though, of course, it was impossible to gain access to the arsenal itself, the immense amount of mourning in the districts where the workmen live indicated that many men must have been killed. An anti-aircraft battery at Enfield was destroyed, and it was rumored that the small arms factory there had been hit. A great deal of damage was done at Croydon, especially at its suburb Addiscombe, where my aunt lives. Unfortunately, her house was not hit; otherwise I should not have to trouble to write this article. Count Zeppelin is respectfully requested to try again. The exact address is Eton Lodge, Outram Road.

Much more important than any material damage is the general effect of the war upon the morale of the people. As a professional psychologist I regarded it as my special task to investigate this. I am compelled to say that I found a good deal of difficulty in dealing with my friends, who completely failed to understand my attitude in the war. It will hardly be believed, but I was actually called upon to prove that I was the only patriotic Englishman alive. I had to quote the Bible to them, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." If I had been at the Foreign Office, as I ought to have been, there would have been no war at all. England would have stayed out, and insisted on France staying out. Germany would have been left a free hand to deal with Russia. This policy would have been in accord with that of every English statesman since 1830. England backed the wrong horse. Similarly, most of my subsequent remarks, which have excited such disapproval, were said (subsequently, but not so well) by Lloyd George and other responsible people. Strongly, however, as I urged these points, I cannot pretend that I con-

vinced my friends. It is the stupidity of England which is losing this war for her. However, they were too busy hating the government to care much what I said. I do not think that I have ever seen such intensity of black, impotent, speechless rage, as one and all displayed. There was a subconscious feeling that the whole thing was a ghastly blunder, and that the details matched the ensemble. None of the known politicians was trusted; such hope as existed was based on outsiders like Lord Derby. The eternal squabbles of the cabinet and the press aroused infinite disgust. During the whole of my visit the *Daily Mail* was attacking the government with an animus which went altogether beyond the bounds of criticism. It was evidently based on personal hatred and ambition. Every one felt this, loathed the situation, and was reduced to a nervous wreck by the feeling that it was impossible to do anything. There was also a terrible quarrel about the recruiting. Furious campaigns were being waged about the sex problem: "Should married men be called out?"

There was also a deadly fear that the impossible would happen, that England was really being beaten. Unless one has lived in England for a long time, it is impossible to realize how the conviction that England is invincible is part of the national consciousness. It is for this reason that the alarmists have never obtained a hearing. Even people like Lord Roberts, who were respected as experts on every other point, and who would have been listened to attentively if they had laid down the law in any other fashion, were reviled and contemned in the most decided manner whenever they suggested that England might be in danger. The Boer war itself was always thought of as a little war. The issue was never doubtful in the mind of any one in England. Even now, such confidence as exists is largely due to the systematic way in which disasters have been minimized. Mons, Antwerp, Loos, Neuve Chapelle, the Dardanelles even, are looked upon with the same sort of annoyance as would occur in America, if the trusted third baseman of the Red Sox dropped a catch. It is still not conceivable that England may really be smashed. And yet, there lurks in the mind of every man the unspoken fear that "der Tag" may really have arrived. There is something of Belshazzar's Feast about every dinner party.

I think the slow-riding dogged courage of the English was sapped

by victorianism. It exists, but only in certain limited classes. Too many people are living on their nerves. There is a sort of nightmare effect very largely distributed. The military situation will be discussed, until it is almost discussed away; but just as complacency begins, the thought suddenly arrives. But what about the government? What about the workingmen? And the scaffoldings are knocked away from under the optimist. Militarism had made every one so discontented, so miserable that there does not seem so much to fight for. No doubt the greatest errors were made in the original advertising campaign, with its wheedling and its insults. It rubbed the Englishman up in exactly the wrong way. Advertising is a tradesman's dodge; and England being a nation of shopkeepers, every one knew that it was cheating. Had there been a government in the country at the beginning of the war to seize the



SIR ROGER CASEMENT

Whose startling article on Sir Edward Grey in "The International" for January has created a sensation. Copies of "The International" may be procured through THE FATHERLAND. Fifteen cents each, one dollar fifty for the year.

reins of power, declare conscription immediately, and shoot unhesitatingly any one who objected, there would have been no trouble. Every one would have said: This is the spirit of Cromwell and of Wellington. But all the people in power were temporizers, men of words, vote-catchers, nearly all of them lawyers by profession. In any crisis the only man who can do anything is somewhat, practical personality. The very qualities which bring a man to the front in ordinary times are those which make him useless in an emergency. The history of every nation is full of such examples, and, of course, from the nature of the case, it is impossible in times of peace to arrange for a supply of such men to be on tap.

As the trading classes, they express the utmost patriotism, but it is of a rather peculiar kind. It has struck them that the war is doing them immense harm, and they know full well that a peace concluded now would complete their ruin. So they are unanimous for a fight to a finish. They would go themselves if they were not so busy; in the meanwhile, they are volubly indignant with the working classes for not going. In point of fact, the need is no longer men or money or munitions; it is morale. The British Tommy will only follow a gentleman; and most of these have been used up, or belong to the stage-door class. The soldiers' trade has been too long despised in England; it has been fine to be an officer, but to know anything about soldiering has been disgraceful. Those who took their profession seriously have been hazed in the messes. Result: plenty to follow, and none to lead. You can make a very

fair private in six months; but a non-com. or a subaltern cannot be turned out in two years, especially with no elder men to instruct them. So the new armies are composed of keen eager men, muddled over until they are perfectly sick of the incompetence of their superiors. They are also disgusted to death at the utter hopelessness of the strategists. The Flanders' proposition was intelligible; but the Dardanelles' folly has made much discontent. Wounded men are full of gristly tales of that disaster; no food, no ammunition, no shelter, no hospitals, "no ruddy nothing," as one Sergeant told me. They were flung out, like shooting so much rubbish, on the shore. Further, they are annoyed at the limitations of the fleet. The average man seems to have thought that the whole peninsula could be blown away by a few hours' bombardment.

The working classes as a whole are far more really patriotic than the bourgeois. But socialism and self-interest have rotted them far more than in Germany, where the party is on paper far stronger. The murmur of the English slave is silent. I talked with many of the revolution. All would welcome any change, but none had any idea of constructive revolt. And at heart I think nobody cared. They were too dull with suffering. Many, however, were whining personal woes, usually something about three and eightpence farthing which they would have if there were a God in heaven or justice on earth. Thousands have enlisted because it seemed at least a quick way out, or offered a sort of chance. But there is nowhere a particle of real enthusiasm in the soul; how can there be, when poverty and puritanism have whittled away the soul for three generations? Can you imagine a British workman going to the Nibelung-ring, as the German does in his millions?

And the wretched treatment that he has been getting all these years of peace and "prosperity" is only accentuated by the war. The big promises are not being kept; he is too ready to find it out; and if anybody would suggest a real remedy, however mad, he would try it. While waiting, he is glad, on the whole, to get peppered.

THOUGHTS OF A "GENTLY HAZED" AMERICAN

WILSON may be a Virginian, but his first note to Austria-Hungary lacked politeness.

Asquith has postponed the boycott of German commerce until after the war; but is less considerate of American commerce which is being destroyed every day.

There is considerably more firmness in the famous notes of the Administration to France over the stopping of American ships in American waters than in the notes to England over the destruction of our commerce.

The price of coal on the seaboard rises steadily while the railways are monopolized with ammunition shipments for the Allies.

Even the Turks will refuse to vote the Democratic ticket next November.

Roosevelt's big stick never looked so big to the President as now.

A lot of statesmen are performing marvels on the political slack wire these days trying to be both pro-German and pro-Ally and looking for a soft spot to land on without breaking their necks.

The venerable Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to London, delivered another speech at a Pilgrim luncheon, last week, in which he suggested that we get ready to stand manfully by Canada in her troubles. The ancient post-prandial toast master has never forgotten that he was permitted to appear at the Court of St. James in silk stockings and knee-breeches and to catch a smile of royalty. He is a valiant champion of liberty and civilization which, he says, is threatened by Germany, but his autobiography does not inform us that he set his fellow-citizens a good example during the Civil War by shouldering a musket when his own country was in danger, although he was 29 years of age at the outbreak of the war and 34 when it ended.

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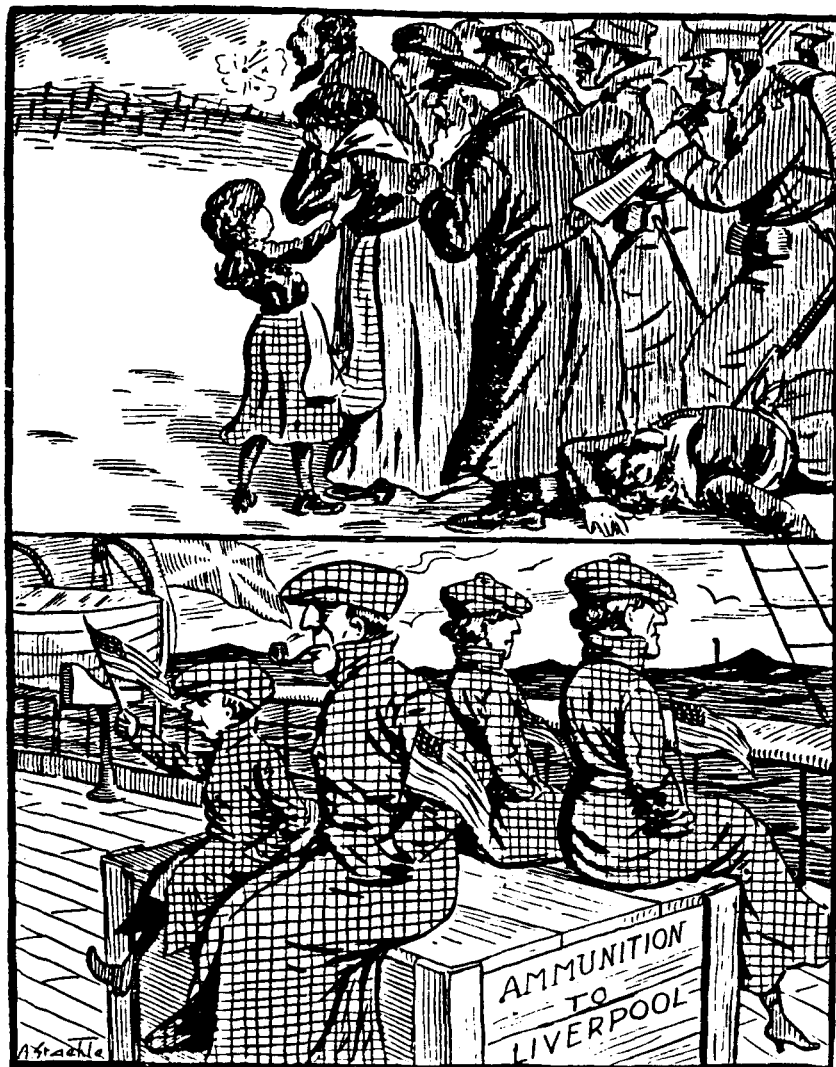
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HUMAN SHIELDS OF THE ALLIES

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE CAPITAL

By Frederic Franklin Schrader

LIFTING THE MASK FROM ENGLAND

By Aleister Crowley

THINGS are by no means pleasant, either between the Allies themselves or even between the heterogeneous components of "Kitchener's Kippers." The English despise and distrust the French; the old story about the rout of Mons being caused by the non-appearance of two French armies is still current. The reason of it is variously given as treachery resulting in the shooting of two French generals, failure to receive orders, and various other causes. But the feeling remains that the French did fail to support them, however it may have happened. And as the British expedition was pretty well wiped out, one can understand the soreness of the feeling. On the French side is the deep-seated, inherited distrust of "perfidious Albion." Every Frenchman knows instinctively that if a moment should ever arrive when it would be to England's interest to quit or change sides, she would not hesitate for a moment.

There is also infinite jealousy between British and Colonial troops. The Colonials are contemptuous of discipline and "boiled collars," and each man fancies himself a hero. The British retaliate by contempt of the provincialisms of the Colonials. But worse than all this is the absolute conviction of Scotch, Irish and Welsh troops, as well as of all the Colonial troops, that they are deliberately sacrificed in battle, in order to spare the English regiments. History, of course, abounds in instances where this has been done. In some cases Celtic regiments have been deliberately shelled by their own artillery. You cannot expect men to fight if they suspect this sort of thing. The feeling in South Wales among the miners against conscription is almost entirely due to the idea that the Government would be very pleased if their numbers were reduced by 50 per cent. or so. The feeling in Ireland is, of course, well known. It is this absence of solidarity in the nation, or rather nations, which has been the eternal stumbling-block. This more than any other is the reason that conscription has become necessary.

Another reason for the unpopularity of the service was the complete incompetence and even carelessness shown by the Government in the early days of the war, with regard to providing creature comforts for the men. The usual red tape has also been employed to a devastating extent in the drawing of allowances. Women who can hardly read and write have been bombarded with forms which would puzzle a college professor, and expected to fill them out satisfactorily. The restrictions on drink have caused even greater trouble. Similar remarks apply to the questions of sexual morality. It is no good to appeal to people on the ground that they are high-spirited patriots, possessing all the virtues, when at the same time you are treating them as if they were the lowest criminals, wallowing in every possible vice.

During my stay I was naturally the centre of a great deal of interest, as having spent so long in America. Every one was anxious to know the real attitude of the American public toward the war. I explained that the national characteristics had not in any way been altered by the Atlantic. The Anglo-Saxon was all volubility, sentimentality, and slop. Snobbishness, hypocrisy, and money-bags were the three persons in his trinity. The Irish were jubilant, feeling that the hour of revenge for their long martyrdom had struck at last; but were content to wait and work in the dark for a little longer. The Teutons (I continued) said little. If one judged from the volumes of talk one would imagine that nine Americans in ten hated Germany. But the Teuton, realizing that acrimonious conversation does no particular damage, keeps his breath to cool his porridge. I said I regarded it as certain that America could not openly enter the war without political disruption, possibly of a very violent character. The more thoughtful of those who discussed the matter with me seemed to regard these considerations as an excuse for President Wilson. There was also the argument that America was helping the Allies more by staying out, than she could do by going in. But everywhere I met the same ingrained assumption that there were no two sides to the question; and those who, being incapable of anything but the most superficial thought, reacted simply to facts without consideration of what they might imply, merely overflowed with vulgar abuse.

I found one man, however, who appeared fairly well acquainted with the real situation in America. "The whole affair," he said to me, "is evidently politics and graft. Wilson does not mean to get into trouble at any price, because he knows that it would mean his political ruin. He sends these idiotic notes to us and the Germans, merely in the hope of catching votes. The fatuity of his whole proceeding is obvious. Neither we nor Germany are foolish enough to take any notice of him. The old dog has no teeth; and if he had, he would not dare bite. Why do not the Teutons avoid these tedious diplomatic exchanges by painting their torpedoes in plain letters: 'Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Men,' 'I should hate to be misunderstood,' 'With the compliments of the season,' 'To show our affection for America,' and re-christen the U-boats 'Oscar III,' 'IV,' and so on? What the Yankees do not understand is, that this little scrap with Germany is only a family quarrel. We are mostly of the same blood, our royalties are closely related, our languages are cognate, our interests are not particularly conflicting. We shall very soon kiss and make friends and proceed to recoup ourselves—by taking over North and South America as going concerns. Wilson's blundering diplomacy has given both of us every excuse for making war when it suits our convenience. The British and German Navy are both entirely unimpaired, neither of us have lost a single capital ship, and if necessary we could send over an invading force, not of a few hundred thousand men, as their alarmists diffidently suggest, but of just as many million as might be necessary to reduce the whole continent to the status of a conquered province. In any case, that is the only natural state for them. They have lost all idea of liberty. Look at their Blue Laws and their Lizzie Laws. Look at how they permit themselves to be exploited by people with no moral or social superiority, but merely greater skill in robbery. Look at the way in which they endure our impudence, which is far greater than any Germany has given them. Trust me, we'll make another India of the U. S. A." The ignorance and bad taste of these remarks are positively alarming, when one considers that the man who uttered them has an international reputation as a thinker. Evidently the war has been too much for his poor mind.

I had only been about ten days in London when my psychological studies were definitely interrupted in a manner wholly unexpected. I asked an old friend named Carruthers to join me in a chop at the Club, and we had reached the coffee (fortunately) before the waiter appeared and informed me that a gentleman was waiting to see me on business. I guessed that the blow had fallen, and went out as a sheep to slaughter. I was right. A very polite individual introduced himself as Inspector Simpson; but instead of placing gyves upon my wrists, he merely hoped that I was well, and could he have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with me? I was, of course, only too delighted. He then said that the Government was not at all angry with me; they did not wish to prosecute me, oh dear, no, far from us he any such thought! I realized for the fifteen-hundred-and-forty-first time in my life the inestimable value of family connections and close friends in high places. I told him, however, as in duty bound, that I should glory in suffering for the truth. He reminded me that this was England, and that the truth would never appear. I had no further remarks to make. Well, I said, "What can I do for you? If you don't want to prosecute me—what is it? Do you want to make me Foreign Secretary? You might do worse. I would have the boys out of the trenches by Easter. It only needs a little give and take, a little common-sense." No, he said, the position was this: Averse as they were to any public scandal, the press would certainly get wind of my presence in London, and embarrass the Government by insisting upon making a fuss. He therefore proposed to call for me in his automobile at eight o'clock the following morning and wish me Godspeed.

I asked him whether he could not postpone the journey for twenty-four hours, as I had some very important business to settle

with my lawyer the following morning. His paws retracted for a moment, exhibiting the claws beneath, still in a half hidden way. He was very sorry, he said, but his orders were formal. He was sure that I would not put him to the inconvenience of getting them changed. There was such a lot of red tape about these trifles. . . . I knew what he meant, and agreed. So I excused myself to my guest, took a taxi down to my lawyer's home in the country, and spent the night settling up my business. In the morning Simpson took me down to Tilbury in his car, and put me on to a transport, one of six. There must have been fifteen to twenty thousand men aboard. Our little flotilla steamed out of the Thames, and the following morning I was put off on to a fishing smack which took me into Flushing. I was terribly puzzled at the time, to know what on earth these ships were doing sailing north. But the mystery is now clear, from information received. It appears that there are still so

many spies in such places as Calais and Dover, that they do not care to send transports through the Channel, as their presence is sure to be reported to the enemy; they therefore send them around the north of Scotland into the Atlantic where their destination could not be spied upon.

As for me, I went to stay with a good friend of mine near Amsterdam, where I was joined by someone from Berlin who had a special desire to hear my news, and communicate his own. A small and selected part of the very interesting conversation which I had with him may form the subject of another paper. He went back after three days, and as for me, once more I concealed myself and sailed for the Land of the Free by the *Ryndam*, where my knowledge of English was increased by the personal instruction of Father Neptune as to the meaning of the term seasickness.

WILSON WANTS WAR

Why Henry Ford Was Snubbed by the President

By George E. Miller, Staff Correspondent of the *Detroit News*

("All the imps of hell never devised a more infamous lie than the declaration that has been made that President Wilson wants war," declared Representative Pou in the course of a recent debate on the McLemore resolution in Congress. We feel justified in pou-pouing the statement of Mr. Pou. For it appears now on corroborative evidence that Mr. Wilson made his bellicose statement not only to numerous members of Congress but to Mr. Henry Ford before the latter embarked on his pilgrimage for peace. The author of the following article is one of the ablest newspaper correspondents in Washington. Is Mr. Pou willing to brand both Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. George E. Miller as "infamous imps of hell" in order to save the President's reputation?")

JUST what was said by the President to throw Congress into a riot of apprehension, and to keep it in a turmoil of doubt ever since, representatives and senators in their rage are revealing right and left. They charge the President with saying:

"It would be a good thing for humanity for the United States to get into this war. By doing so the war would be ended in a few months."

Practically everybody who attempts to quote the President's language uses these words or their equivalent. It was the circulation of this statement among the members of Congress which caused the excessive excitement of last week and led to the introduction of the resolutions notifying American citizens to keep off armed belligerent merchant ships.

Discovery a Shock

It is this same statement which fills members of Congress with distress and doubt over the President's demand for a vote of confidence. The discovery that the President is fervently on the side of the Allies came as a shock to many of the statesmen, although it was not news to some other people.

One man to make the discovery as long ago as last November is Henry Ford, of Detroit. On the twenty-third of that month he called at the White House to enlist the President in the cause of peace. The President was the first man to whom Mr. Ford revealed his purpose of sending a peace ship to Europe. He hoped to make it the official ship of the United States operating under the direction of the President, as he had reasons to believe the other neutral nations would join willingly if the United States led the way.

Ford Tells of Conference

Mr. Ford related the conference with the President to me as soon as it was over, and I immediately set it down with the understanding that I was not to cripple the peace ship project by printing it at that time.

The interview between the President and Mr. Ford revealed two things on which these men agree, but differ wholly as to the method of accomplishing the same. They agree that this war is the most ghastly horror of all the ages and that to end it would be the greatest blessing that could now be conferred upon mankind. That is one thing. The other is that all nations should disarm.

Differ on Methods

In discussing methods they were in total disagreement. Mr. Ford insisted that the quickest method is the best; that the disinterested neutral nations ought to set up a high court of arbitration in the

shape of an international peace congress and that body to work without ceasing until peace is secured.

President Wilson saw no chance to stop the war by that method at this time, and did not believe the moment would arrive until the militarism of the German Empire had been crushed. Mr. Ford was startled by this unexpected revelation of the President's sympathy for the cause of the Allies. He held stoutly to the opinion that to disarm the Germans would be so much better than to crush them that the entire civilization of the world ought to be marshaled to that end. He was bitterly disappointed that the President could not see this in the same light.

Pay No Attention

While the President agreed fully with Mr. Ford that all nations ought to disarm, he held to the opinion that the United States was not in a position to propose such a thing and would not be until it also was armed to the teeth. At present, with the limited forces at the command of this republic, the President appeared to believe that the heavily armed nations would not pay attention to a disarmament proposal from the United States.

Mr. Ford tried to impress upon him that the negotiations of a peace at this time necessarily must involve a disarmament agreement to which all nations on earth would become a party. He pointed out that the nations at war are killing and maiming at least 20,000 men a day, perhaps more; that this formed the most potent disarmament argument ever offered for the use of civilization; and that he saw no hope of world disarmament if this slaughter were to be continued deliberately, under the patronage of the greatest neutral nation, until one of the belligerents was crushed. Mr. Ford and the President split hopelessly on this point.

Financial Ruin

Mr. Ford tried to tell the President that if it was to be regarded as necessary for the United States to spend half a billion dollars at once for armament to force the world ultimately to disarm, it would accomplish more in the direction of world peace to offer the money as a part of the peace proposal by agreeing to spend it in the construction of homes for the people made homeless by the war. Also, that to continue to spend money in this country for armament until the United States would so preponderate in arms as to be able to overawe all other nations and thus compel disarmament simply meant financial ruin for some nations, if not for all. For of course they would try to keep peace with the United States as far as humanly possible. But he could not perceive that he shook the President in his position.

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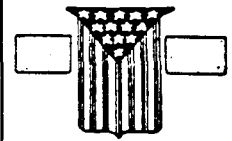
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“YOUR MOVE”

GENTLEMEN: STATE YOUR TERMS—By George Sylvester Viereck



The Fatherland



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DELEND A EST BRITANNIA

(Being a prologue and epilogue to "The Vampire of the Continent")

By Aleister Crowley

(In previous issues of THE FATHERLAND we have commented upon Count Ernst zu Reventlow's masterpiece, "The Vampire of the Continent." Our comments represented the opinion of Americans on this remarkable work. We herewith publish Aleister Crowley's analysis of the book. Mr. Crowley is an Irishman, a member of Cambridge University and a poet of fine distinction. Frederic Harrison, Editor of the "English Review," stated some time ago that Mr. Crowley was the first metrical artist in the English language since Swinburne.)

COUNT ERNST ZU REVENTLOW'S extraordinarily lucid and cogent work on historic English policy has one fault from the point of view of the philosopher—he does not begin his history early enough, or derive the piracy of England from necessity. Will the distinguished publicist pardon us if we attempt to fill the gap?

It is notorious that mountaineers are necessarily brigands. In their rocky fastnesses wheat will not grow, sheep will not grow fat. They are condemned to rough cereals like oats, to small and stringy sheep and goats. The dwellers of the plain care nothing for the products of the mountain, and will not surrender their goods except by force. The highlander consequently becomes a cateran or brigand. The mountain districts of every country in the world—Scotland, Spain, India, China, or America—prove the correctness of the theory.

A similar proposition may be made with regard to islanders, as opposed to continental powers. The natural first industry of islands is fishing, in itself a piratical occupation. Just as mountaineers become hardy and desperate through the necessity of battling with the elemental forces of nature, so do fishermen. And when continental settlements begin to ship their merchandise by sea, they soon excite the envy of the fishermen, whose hardihood and desperate poverty emboldens them to become pirates.

IN course of time the continental powers find it necessary to build a navy, to wreck these nests of pirates in self-protection, and the usual result is, that the island is annexed to the continent, and its people properly policed, become tranquil, they may even be turned into excellent citizens, since they possess the material of courage and energy in that degree which originally started them on their piratical career.

But where the island, while retaining in the full its insular characteristics, is large enough and strong enough to develop into a sovereign state, the sporadic piracies of its aborigines become incorporated in the policy of the nation. A nucleus is formed, usually upon the banks of some great river, and the central authority is not slow to perceive that the welfare of its increasing population depends upon sea-power. The history of all island nations illustrates this view. Islands form the natural stronghold of every lawless race. However extended a sea coast may be, it may yet be turned; if a hinterland exists, the pirates can be suppressed by overland attack. Thus we see that the Vikings soon lost their power, the Danish ships of war were ultimately conquered, not upon the sea, but by attacks upon their base. Venice was destroyed from the rear. The sea power of Holland fell, not so much because of British victories on the North Sea, but because the country itself was unable to resist internal pressure. We know how easily England herself was turned out of France; and to this day she has never been able to make good her footing in any country requiring an army to defend it. India is practically an island, owing to the impossibility of invasion from the north. Yet India has always been un-

derstood by England as her weak point. Egypt, by reason of deserts, is almost an island, yet there again is a weak point. Canada is politically an island, owing to the inveterate pacificism of the inhabitants of the United States. Gibraltar is only joined to the main land by a bare and narrow neck, which can easily be swept by the gunfire from the rocks. But since the range of modern artillery has increased so greatly that Gibraltar can be shelled from the hills beyond Algeciras, it has been recognized by military authorities that the fortress is indefensible, and proposals have actually been made to abandon it. We can see England's new fear of Spain in her policy towards that country, in her haste to place an English princess in the arms of the successor of Charles V. Further east we find Malta, an island—Aden, insulated by many miles of the most inhospitable desert in the world—Ceylon, the naval base of India, an island—Penang, an island—Singapore, an island—Hongkong, an island. When England obtained possession of Wei-hai-wei-she was compelled to abandon it without a struggle after a few years. Similarly the English outposts in the Pacific and in the West Indies are all islands. British Honduras can hardly be called a British colony at all, the conditions there are very exceptional.

TO turn to other island powers, history shows us the same picture. All successful Corsairs have been invulnerable by land. The islands of the Mediterranean have always been strongholds of pirates. The situation of Japan in the east is singularly like that of England in the west. Rome only beat Carthage after the destruction of her sea-power, by dint of using her command of the Mediterranean to land an army in Africa and attack Carthage by land. The power of Spain was not destroyed by the dispersion of the Armada, but by her disasters in the Netherlands.

From all this we perceive easily that England is not at all to be blamed for her piracies. Her situation compelled it. We must further remember that not only were the original inhabitants of Great Britain of a predatory disposition, but the invaders who conquered England in part and mingled with the inhabitants were all sea-rovers: the Norsemen, the Danes, the so-called Saxons, and the Normans, were all brigands who were being pushed off the continent because their ravages had become intolerable to civilized people. It is therefore criminally unthinking in us to blame England for her policy of piracy. She is of necessity a pirate, by situation and by heredity. It would be equally absurd to blame the crocodile or the tiger. Even England's hypocrisy must not shock us. It must be regarded in the light of a tribute paid to continental virtue. . . . Perhaps we might even be optimistic enough to suggest that it represents the beginning of a conscience. This much being conceded, we must no longer regard England with detestation and contempt. To do so is unreasonable, and therefore immoral. We must not shed crocodile tears over the crocodile. But on the other hand, we cannot tolerate the crocodile. We need to cross the river, in the pursuit of our peaceful avocations, and we must find the

weak spot in the armor of the crocodile and give him to our handmaidens for a play! This weak spot is evidently to be found in Ireland. When Ireland becomes a sovereign, independent state, a good deal will have been done. But this is not nearly enough.

THOSE politicians who are so soft-hearted, or soft-headed, that they talk of peace with England must be utterly blind to the lessons of history and geography. "Britannia est delenda" should be the one motto of every continental politician. Does not France understand that the strangle hold of 1814 has only become the embrace of 1914 that it may turn again into a strangle hold in 2014? Count zu Reventlow is admirable beyond words in his demonstration that England has never been bound by blood or sentiment or honor, but only by business considerations. England is already considering at this moment whether it would not be better to throw over France and come to an agreement with Germany. The only thing that restrains her is her fear of the German fleet. Such political insight as I am proud to share with Count zu Reventlow declares that any peace concluded between England and any other nation is a Judas kiss.

There is only one solution to the problem of English piracy: the sovereignty of England must be destroyed once and for all. England herself has understood this with admirable, if devilish, clarity. It is for this reason that she has not only destroyed the sovereignty of Ireland, but deliberately ravaged and depopulated it. She must be made to swallow a dose of her own medicine. England must be divided up between the continental powers. She must be a mere province, or, better still, colony of her neighbors, France and Germany.

Peace with England, at this time would be a crime against humanity. The British fleet is unassailable; in spite of German valor it has remained practically intact. While this is so, England, at any moment, without giving any other reason but moral indignation (which is her principal industry and never likely to run short),

can throttle the whole world. Those who talk of peace at this time must therefore be unhesitatingly suppressed. No matter what may be our sufferings and sacrifices, we must go on to the end. We must die, that humanity may live.

NOW, there is only one way to destroy the power of England: the country must be conquered. And before it is conquered it must be invaded, or starved into surrender, such surrender to involve the destruction, or handing over, of her whole fleet. Now, before England can either be starved or invaded, her fleet must be either destroyed or rendered impotent. There is only one way to do this: it is by ruthless prosecution of submarine warfare. While England's fleet exists, trade with America could always be stopped, when it suited British policy to do so. The only thing for Germany to do is to concentrate the whole of her intelligence and power upon the building and manning of submarines, in such numbers, and of such excellence, that England is starved, and her fleet destroyed. If it takes ten years—or a hundred years—it must be done. From the broadest standpoint of humanity, nothing else is really worth doing.

Let Germany make peace with France and Russia—if we must talk peace. Let her give up, if necessary, the territory which it has cost so much blood and treasure to take and hold. Let her do this, that she may be able to concentrate her whole power against the vampire.

Count zu Reventlow has found the word of the situation: that word "vampire." Let him look therefore to tradition. It is not enough to kill a vampire in the ordinary way. Holy water must be used, and holy herbs. It must be severed, limb from limb, its heart torn out, and a charred stake thrust through it. If one precaution is omitted, the vampire lives again, to prey upon the innocent and the just. *Britannia est delenda.*

("The Vampire of the Continent" may be procured through The Fatherland, price \$1.35 postpaid, per copy.)

ENGLAND BREAKS ANOTHER PACT

To the Editor of THE FATHERLAND.

Sir:

In the issue of October 18th in an article written by Mr. C. A. Collman THE FATHERLAND drew attention to the scandalous robbery going on in Nigeria where German property, real estate, warehouses, factories, wharves, residential sites, etc., etc., are to be forcibly sold by auction.

The immorality of this transaction has been amply pointed out by Mr. Collman. It is typically English. In Europe Great Britain presents to the world the mask of angelic purity suited to her rôle of upholder of international law and defender of international treaties. But in Africa, where nobody gives much thought or attention to what she is doing, England pursues her old historical course. What she is doing in Nigeria is not necessitated by any vital interest. It is not an act of self-defense as was, for instance, Germany's invasion of Belgium for which England professes so much moral indignation. It is an act of wanton robbery and as such contemptible. But it is more than that, it is a direct breach of England's pledged word, one link more in the endless chain of British broken promises. It is a violation of a solemn international treaty.

There is a treaty called the Act of Berlin, a solemn covenant of some ten powers, the United States among them, signed on February 26, 1885. Its fifth chapter treats of the navigation of the river Niger and here, in Article 30, par. 4, Great Britain pledged her word as follows:

"Great Britain undertakes to protect foreign merchants of all the trading nationalities on all those portions of the Niger which are or may be under her sovereignty or protection as if they were her own subjects, provided always that such merchants conform to the rules which are or shall be made in virtue of the foregoing."

And further in Article 33:

"The arrangements of the present Act of Navigation will remain in force in time of war."

Thus in 1885 England promised to treat all foreign merchants even in time of war on a par with her own subjects. And in 1916 she

tears up that scrap of paper and robs the German subjects of the fruit of many years of labor and industry.

What is almost worse than this act itself is her impudence in advertising the sale in the United States of America. When reading that advertisement I was at first at a loss whether it denoted her brazenness of the inured criminal or the cowardice common to thieves and which makes them crave for accomplices. I now incline to take the latter view.

That any decent American who knew what this "sale" means would bid to secure any property stolen from German subjects even England cannot assume. Her advertisement in the American papers of the sale aims to entrap the unwary; it is designed with the purpose, through the improvident action of some individual American, to entangle the United States in this dirty business so as to have us on her side when the day of reckoning comes. It is to be hoped that American investors have been too busy placing their money in decent American undertakings to even give Nigeria a thought.

At the same time it is to be deplored that, as far as I have seen, with the exception of THE FATHERLAND, not one single newspaper or periodical in the United States has had a word of comment such as England would have deserved for her dark doings in the dark continent.

KENNETH M. MARTIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1916.

CHICAGO'S Health Commissioner, John Dill Robertson, has discovered how to eat on 40 cents a day and stay thin.

EVERY time an American ship is sunk by a German submarine somebody in England experiences that sinking feeling.

THE FATHERLAND cover of this week was inspired by a popular postal card printed in Germany and sent to us through the courtesy of Mr. Simon E. Koedel. The only difference between the cover and the postal consists in the generals. For since the publication of the German cartoon practically all the *Entente* chief commanders have been removed. But Hindenburg is still on the job.

Viereck's



The American Weekly



A PLEA TO THE PRESS

Special Attention of City Desks

GENTLEMEN of the Press: There has been a difference of opinion among newspaper men regarding the ethics of the world-war. The majority of papers have, however, since the beginning, espoused the cause of the Allies as against that of the Central Powers—while a small minority took the opposite view.

This was before the entry of our country in the capacity of a belligerent. From now on it is the expressed, plain duty of all loyal citizens to consider the interests of America solely.

Up to this point our fellow editors will unanimously agree with us.

Now, however, the time has come for publishers, as well as citizens, to prove the depth of their sincerity as patriots. Viereck's Weekly is one of the small minority group which vigorously opposed the entry of America into the international conflict. When an adverse decision was rendered by the high tribunal of national demand, we completely withdrew our opposition **BECAUSE WE CONSIDER IT TO BE THE OBLIGATION AND DUTY OF A PAPER TO AVOID ADDING TO THE DIFFICULTIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT** at a time when that Government needs the undivided support of all its sons.

Some of you, for reasons of prejudice, some from conviction, have taken, throughout the progress of the war, an anti-German standpoint. We are at last finally at war with Germany and we shall obtain, by force of arms, redress for the indignities we have suffered at her hands.

This should be sufficient to satisfy the bitterest enemies among us of the German Government. We think that now all newspapers should unite in aiding our country to cope with the situation ahead; and this aid is badly rendered when a newspaper wastes its valuable space in seeking to keep open old wounds, or in trying to sow prejudice, dissension and distrust at home, here, against our German American citizens and neighbors. The newspaper which pursues this policy is doing our country and the fair name of American justice an irreparable injury.

We honestly believe that the majority of our fellow publishers who have been—and are still—guilty of this conduct, are actuated by the most patriotic of motives. But if, to-day, an individual, or newspaper editor, professes to believe in the principles of true Americanism and undivided patriotism, then we think that these words, proclaimed only a few days ago by our President, should go to his heart and guide, in the future, his tongue and pen with more fairness: "We are, let me say, the sincere friends of the German people . . . we shall happily still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions towards the millions of men and women of German birth who live among us . . . they are most of them as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other felity or allegiance."

When President Wilson sets such an example we think that none need be ashamed to follow it.

The same apathy which characterized the situation on the floor in general marked the reception of the speeches. Applause at best was scattered, and the absence of patriotic display was noticeable. Members were in a serious mood and talked and voted with great solemnity. Kitchin, before delivering his stirring anti-war speech, had spent six hours in consultation with proponents and opponents of war, and decided to oppose the resolution only after he had carefully weighed his action.

The only member from Texas who voted against war was Representative McLemore, the author of the famous McLemore resolution, whose adoption was intended to forestall the possibility of war with Germany.

In the House, the opening speech against the resolution was delivered by Representative Cooper, of Wisconsin, who made an eloquent plea in behalf of his contention that the United States should proceed against England as well as against Germany, as both had equally acted illegally and indefensibly in violating American rights. If we had cause for war against one, we had

as just cause against the other offender. Mr. Cooper is the ranking Republican member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House.

The only vote against war from Ohio, out of a total of 24 in both Houses, including Nicholas Longworth, the son-in-law of Theodore Roosevelt, was cast by Representative Sherwood of Toledo. He enlisted in the Union Army April 16, 1861, as a private and was mustered out as Brigadier-General October 8, 1865; was in 43 battles and 123 days under fire, and was six times complimented in special orders by commanding generals for gallant conduct in battle; commanded his regiment in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign, and after the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., upon the recommendation of the officers of his brigade and divisions, he was made brevet brigadier general by President Lincoln for long and faithful service and conspicuous gallantry at the battles of Resaca, Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. He is a member of the Loyal Legion and the G. A. R. He is no slacker.

England's Blind Spot

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

FIVE years ago any Englishman who felt in need of indulging the more diabolical type of national pride had only to cross a strip of water, very choppy most of the time, but well worth crossing. He could then hear the most sincere of fulsome flattery about the Machiavellianism of "perfid Albion." Any travelling Germans, Russians, or Italians who happened to overhear could be relied upon to swell the chorus of approval; growl as it was, it sounded like divinest music in British ears. For its refrain was that the Englishman was the most devilishly clever diplomat in the world. He was the Mephistopheles of politics. If the continent had had the Anglo-Saxon trick of following its opponents in fiction, the British spy would have been to it what the German spy, the Japanese spy, the Mexican spy are to our modern movie fans.

This estimate was a good one. England, with minuscule resources, has always managed to outmaneuver the cleverest enemies, against incredible odds. The policies of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of Pitt stood as the David-Goliath victories of all time. There is no parallel in history. Greece resisted Persia by superior valour; Rome grew by conquest and assimilation; England's Empire, alone, is the creation of sheer statecraft.

But just as Herod in his pride was doomed to be slain by the smallest of all God's creatures, so England. Infernally clever as she is in all other respects, in one point she is more stupid than one could think possible. That nation is Ireland. It is not a story of one foolish minister; it is a tale of seven hundred years of consistent imbecility. King after king broke his shins by stumbling against the Irish bog-oak; Richard II. lost his crown, and plunged England into a century of civil war, over his Irish wars. Statesman after statesman lost his reputation and his head, over Ireland; general after general buried his fame there. The Stuarts foundered there, even they; but for Strafford and the Irish tangle, Charles I. would have been be "Beloved"; and Cromwell, astute and unscrupulous as he was, could do nothing in the Green Isle but massacre. Since his time the British policy has been one of frank extermination. 125 years ago the population of Ireland was greater than that of the United States; the ratio is now as 4 to 100.

THE English deliberately laid Ireland waste by land laws which made agriculture economically impossible, so as to force an emigration; in the Black Year the relief ships were held upon

technicalities that the people might starve. One can buy an estate of many thousand acres with a fine house in Ireland for five to ten thousand dollars. It was a commonplace of my boyhood to say that the Irish question could be settled easily by putting the island under water for 24 hours.

The official English apologist of these best years, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, has shown up an indictment of British rule in Ireland which makes the alleged German atrocities in Belgium read like harmless practical jokes, and he excuses England by saying that it was not "England, but only England's hired Prussian soldiers" that were responsible. The British are sometimes almost too ingenious!

Now all this trouble is only a trouble of temperament. It is a profound misunderstanding. I—moi qui vous parle—can trace back my Irish blood on the father's side to the Egyptians, my English blood on the mother's side to the Phoenicians; so I understand where the mischief lies. Vigorously pro-Ally as I am in the present juncture, I cannot place the whole blame of the recent revolution in Ireland upon the Irish.

ON July 3, 1915, I proclaimed the Independence of Ireland at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. But I did not intend to interpret that "independence" as "dependence on Germany!" The German temperament is surely the one thing more antagonistic to the Irish than the English temperament. There is no sense of what a German would call order in the Irish mind; all Irishmen have genius in its worst form! Hence it was utterly ridiculous of the English to try to prove that the martyrs of last Easter were "bribed by the Germans." For one thing, you can't bribe people whose action, if successful, gives them control of the wealth of a whole country, whose failure dooms them to the gallows. But British stupidity never hesitated. While all America, even violently pro-Ally America, was vomiting with horror and disgust at the murders of Pearse, Conolly, Skeffington and the rest, she calmly proceeded to vilify her victims. She did not even have the sense to see that the mere date of the Revolution—Holy Week—would inevitably link Pearse in the Catholic mind with the hero of the "World's Tragedy," and so make his name a rallying-cry of anti-English sentiment for the lifetime of Christianity.

Not content with hanging Casement in cold blood, though every one even in England knew him for a harmless idealist with a

touch of the crank in him, she branded him by secret slander—not daring to publish the alleged evidence against him—as “immoral” in a particular sense which to all informed memories merely recalled the theft of the Crown Jewels of Dublin Castle by the servants of the crown.

TO attribute what the French call “le vice anglais” to Casement was too funny. If they had laughed, it would not have been so bad; but they kept the veil of hypocrisy upon their faces, not knowing what word some rude little boy had written there.

For an Englishman not only “never knows when he is beaten”; he also never knows when he is found out. It is difficult to say how far this may be an advantage; but he has lied so long that he now lies in all sincerity; he has lost the sense of what truth is.

Therefore I do not say that the English were not sincere in their denunciation of those lofty souls who heard the clarion call of my Declaration of Independence, and sprang to arms. The tragedy of it is that they were. They had not imagination enough to put themselves in the place of any Home Rule Irishman. Let us give a sketch of the history of the movement.

1. It goes on rather hopelessly for 50 years or so after the treacherous destruction of Graham's Parliament.

2. Parnell takes hold, and forces the government to offer a measure. The government splits rather than pass it.

3. Parnell renews his efforts. This time, despite his own fill, the bill goes through the Commons. The Lords throw it out.

4. Another rally. The veto of the Lords is destroyed, principally in order to pass Home Rule.

5. The bill passes. Sir Edward Carson revolts, drills men, runs guns, with the Government and the army for his accomplices. England, even the anti-Home-Rule section, is aghast.

6. The King signs the bill. General relief; “Oh well, that's done with, thank God! It's law now; *but we needn't enforce it, need we?*”

But now? Yes: even now a frank acceptance of the Law of England might save England. Let Dublin Castle be abolished; perhaps no other act would be necessary. Ulster and Rebel Cork have learnt to understand each other in the last two years, to some extent. Home Rule is now possible as never before. At least a fair trial would be evidence of England's good intentions.

Or is her Blind Spot “a spot that is always barred”? Oh William Schwenck Gilbert!

Major John Bigelow's Remarkable “Study in History and Diplomacy”

MAJ. JOHN BIGELOW, U. S. A., retired, has made a specialty of the study of phases of American history often buried in State papers and documents of anything but easy access. As a close student of our history he has made some valuable contributions to our knowledge of the past in his “American Policy,” “World Peace,” etc., and he has now added to the obligation under which we rest to his industry in intelligent research work, by an admirable volume of timely interest and permanent value, entitled “Breaches of Anglo-American Treaties.”

Major Bigelow's work is indeed “an important contribution to the evidence entering into the ground work and the frame work of a correct answer to the vital question of the day.” The pity is that it did not appear upon the market a year ago. It is a sincerely patriotic effort, backed by exhaustive proof, to defend the United States from the aspersions of being a treaty-breaking power so often leveled against us by English statesmen and writers.

Only a few years ago, incidentally to the public discussion of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the United States was arraigned by the British press as lacking in the sense of honor that holds a nation to its promise. The *Saturday Review* could not expect “to find President Taft acting like a gentleman.” “To imagine,” it said, “that American politicians would be bound by any feeling of honor or respect for treaties, if it would pay to violate them, was to delude ourselves. The whole course of history proves this.”

The London *Morning Post* charged the United States with various infractions of the Treaty and said: “This is surely a record even in American foreign policy; but the whole treatment of this matter serves to remind us that we had a long series of similar incidents in our relations with the United States. Americans might ask themselves if it is really a good foreign policy to lower the value of their written word in such a way as to make negotiations with other powers difficult or impossible. The ultimate loss may be greater than the immediate gain. There might come a time when the United States might desire to establish a certain position by treaty, and might find her past conduct a serious difficulty in the way.” More recently, and presumably with more deliberation, a British author (Sir Harry Johnston, “Common Sense in Foreign Policy,” p. 89), says: “Treaties, in

fact, only bind the United States as long as they are convenient. They are not really worth the labor they entail or the paper they are written on. It is well that this position should be realized, as it may save a great deal of fuss and disappointment in the future.”

The most remarkable chapter in the book deals with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Major Bigelow shows how the British Ambassador spirited a spurious document into the files of the State Department. This spurious document has had an important bearing on the interpretation of our treaty with England affecting the Panama Canal.

Major Bigelow has devoted his study to determining the relative trustworthiness of two great nations as indicated in their conventional intercourse with each other. Beginning with the treaty of peace as the end of our war of independence, it considers all the treaties, conventions and similar agreements negotiated between the United States and Great Britain that may be regarded as broken by either of the contracting parties, sets forth and discusses the infraction in each case, and ends with a summarizing of the records on both sides and a balancing of the agreements.

The work is not a “war book”; it was not written with a view to forming public opinion on any phase or feature of the present world war. It was begun, and but for some revisions and amplification, was finished before this unprecedented contest commenced. The six divisions of the book embrace the first treaty of peace (1748-84) and the Jay Treaty of 1795; the second treaty of peace (Treaty of Ghent, 1815), convention for indemnity under the award of the Empress of Russia (1823), Rush-Bagot Agreement (1818), convention respecting fisheries (1819); the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850—the Mosquito Coast—the negotiations; the Protectorate under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, concluded, Belize or British Honduras, the Bay Islands; the Treaty of Washington 1871, general conclusions; Appendices, Bibliography (very full), index and three maps.

The book consisting of 248 pages is published by Sturgis & Walton Company with subtitle of “A Study in History and Diplomacy”; price \$1.50 net. Orders will be filled by VIERECK'S WEEKLY.