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 deplores, 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 propaganda 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 necessaries; 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!