

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