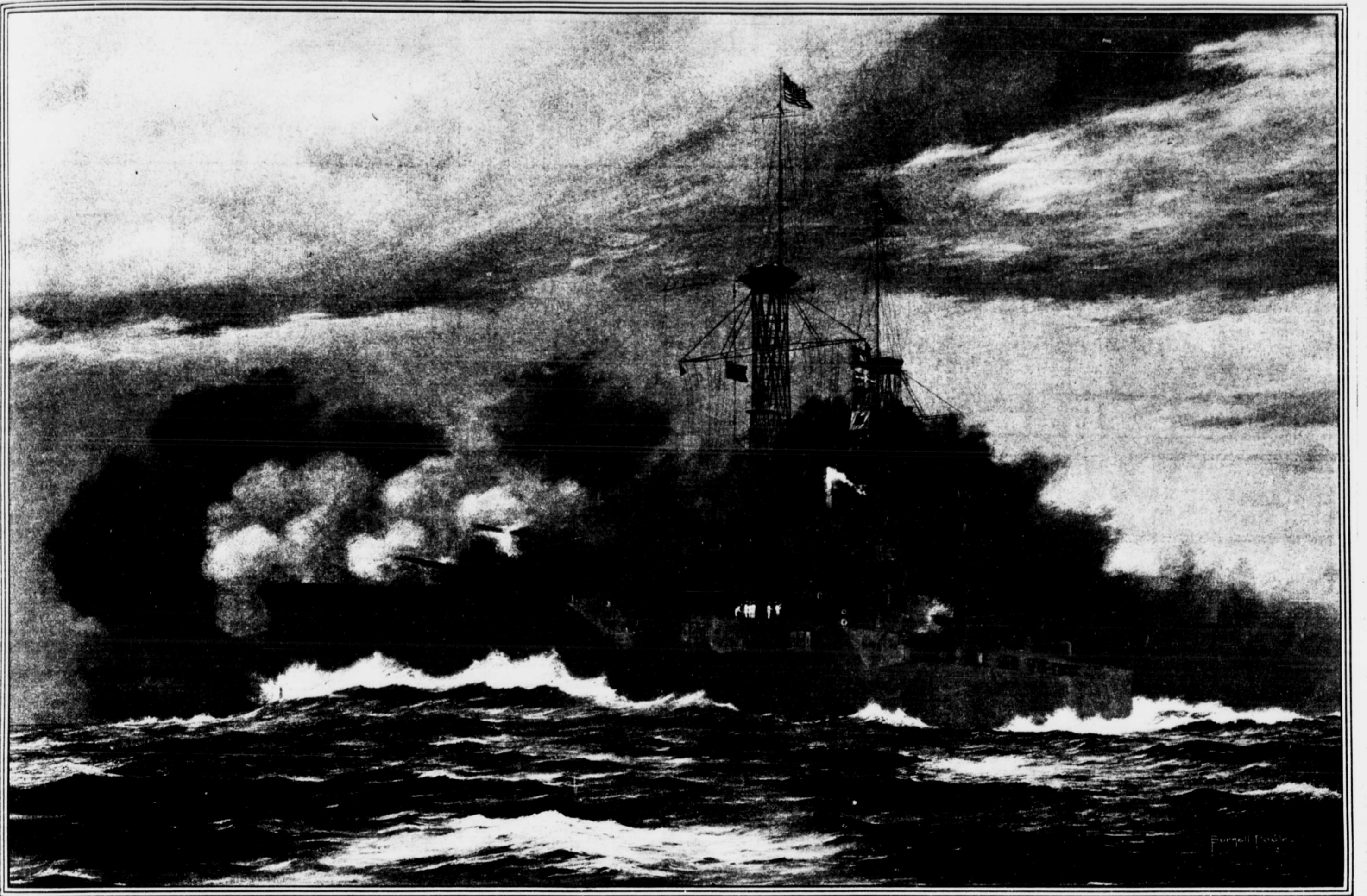


AS THE NEW YORK WOULD APPEAR IN ACTUAL BATTLE



The above reproduction of a painting by Burnell Poole depicts the United States superdreadnought New York, the most powerful fighting unit in the world, as she would appear leading a fleet into action at full speed under a forced draught and firing a broadside salvo of her ten 14 inch rifles. The picture is unusual because it shows as far as it is possible, the actual conditions existing during the opening of a naval engagement, when the ship is absolutely cleared for action, all boats having been put adrift, and flying the national ensign at all peaks, which is traditional in the service. When in target practice Uncle Sam's battleships never entirely clear ship, nor do they fly the ensigns.

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION IN MEN, WOMEN AND NATIONS OF EUROPE CAUSED BY WAR

BY DR. BELA SZEKELY.

THE name of one of the war's dead is to be found in no casualty list. It is the cynic. No longer is his loud voice to be heard in the streets and he has ceased to make sport of sacred things in the columns of newspapers. In society he is no more the terror of the well bred. He is dead and buried.

Life was real and earnest before the war. There were economic disturbances, poverty, political conflicts, industrial unrest and tragic events. But in the disturbing mirror of the cynic everything appeared as insignificant, contemptible and grotesque. Nothing was left enough to stop him from destroying the fence of reverence and dragging it down where it might become a fit subject for mockery.

He would check enthusiasm with monotonous remarks. His withering sarcasm would expose private misery as well as public misfortune to the laughter of his satellites. To his mind calculating egotism, love of pleasure and mean successes were the aims of life. Gradually the poison of cynicism began to permeate the body politic and social.

But at a stroke fifteen million men were mobilized, and thereupon three hundred million men and women underwent an amazing change. Cherished habits, grown out of a thousand instilled feelings and actions constituting daily life and routine, were suddenly swept aside. The unexpected danger sent a powerful, purring shock through the hearts of people. They stepped out from their isolation, learned how to see, to hear, to feel, to act honestly and with devotion. A new spirit of self-sacrifice was born.

And the cynic had lost his audience.

That such a transformation in the public mind could have occurred so suddenly seems almost inconceivable. It is the logical answer of life to the social political systems. What has become of the social forces which presumably inspired the psychology of the masses and threatened to undermine or overthrow the existing structures?

Herman Wendel, the Socialist leader in the German Reichstag, who not long ago closed a speech on the brotherhood of man with the exclamation, "Vive la France!" reported to the colors as soon as war broke out. How great must have been the patriotic repentance of the champion of the Internationale that he flung his Marx to the ground and joined the rank and file of those who were fighting France, the classic land of individualism and international socialism.

As if by magic war obliterated all differences among political parties, creeds and nationalities. Renouncing their own policies, they fervently joined the compact unity of their country.

Following the declaration of war on the German and Austrian Socialist parties

suspended their activities, Jules Guesde, the revolutionary Socialist leader, who never could forgive Jaures for his compromising attitude, accepted a portfolio in the French Ministry.

In Ireland they drilled recruits to help the English.

In Prague, which more than once on account of the feud between Germans and Bohemians had to be put under martial law, the quarrelling factions fraternized, jubilantly marched through the streets of the city and together sang the Austrian hymn.

In Hungary the leader of the restless Rumanians declared that his people were determined to prove that their love of their Hungarian fatherland was as strong as that of the Magyars themselves.

Small wonder that in this intoxication of patriotism the eagerness to fight and the spirit of self-sacrifice reached the nature of a mania. Michael Kovacs, a farmer in Arad, Hungary, reported for military service despite his seventy-three years. Of course he was not accepted. Kovacs said nothing, went home and hanged himself. On his table the following was written with chalk: "At a time when everybody goes to the front it is impossible to remain home and live."

Such cases of exuberant manliness were not scarce. Officers as well as privates who had been assigned to local services begged earnestly not to be thus humiliated, but to be permitted to go to the front. This is no longer the showy patriotism which we knew in times of peace—the desire to be exhibited, brushed and polished on festive occasions. It is the patriotism of action. Misunderstood, self-contained persons who had kept their eagerness for exploits a secret of their hearts have been carried away by the momentous events which opened up unlimited opportunities for valor and adventure.

But patriotism is not always the pure crystal of self-sacrificing love. Now and then the reverse of the medal is revealed by bloodthirsty hatred of the enemy. In war times this animosity is a necessary complement of the love of country. For with love alone no war could be waged. Of what use would be the soldier in the firing line were he to become conscious of the fact that yonder too there are fathers and brothers, husbands and sons? How could he pull the trigger sending the bullet on its deadly mission were he to reflect that his shivering target, huddling up in the enemy's trench yonder, is innocent of this awful war, of the politics which caused it, of the wiles which prepared it, while its real authors coldbloodedly await the outcome of the drama in some comfortable corner?

Hatred blinds the soldier to all these considerations. No war could stand on its own legs—the assistance is needed of the crutches of hatred. Those who

excite it by systematic machinations are moist with tears when in a moment's root from work the thought of their children came to their mind. They would grumble whenever on returning home their slippers and pipe were not handy. They feared the least little draught lest it might endanger their precious health. And now the reservist, well over 30, and the Landsturmann in his forties, lie day and night in swampy trenches, without changing their muddy clothes for weeks at a time. They are men whose eyes would grow

and cabbage stumps, enduring privations unknown to savages. Divested from their comfortable business suits, clad in coarse military garb, transferred from a comfortable home to the life of an earthworm, their exacting bourgeois wants are extinguished. They are nourished, strengthened, encouraged, galvanized by the one thought, to fight, to kill, to destroy. The bashful and timorous have turned heroes.

No creed performs greater miracles than fire baptism. A generation which

had been taught to value life now flirts with eternity. We always thought that the higher civilization rises the greater becomes the value attached to human life. And yet what do we see? The sons of nations which represent the highest culture in Europe fight with lion's courage and charge the enemy's position with contempt of death. A great French composer, Albert Magnard, shot two passing uhlans from a window of his summer home when the town had been taken by Germans and suffered death for his act.

What tremendous physical and psychic changes has mankind undergone that have given body and soul the hardness of steel?

In war times real mourning is unknown. Many thousands have lost their dear ones. Their grief, however, is softened by the knowledge that all share the same fate. Losses caused by universal necessity are endured more easily.

When Conrad von Hotzendorf, Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Staff, received the report of his son's death on the battlefield he was overcome by grief. "My dear Herbert!" he murmured. But his mourning was brief. "Gentlemen, let's continue our work," he said.

Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria learned on the battlefield of the death of his little son whom a crown awaited. Suppressing his own grief he wired thus to his father, the present King: "Duty commands now to act and not to mourn."

The one thought of war fills the mind and heart of everybody in the warring countries. Early in the morning the newspapers are devoured. But rare are the days when the ravenous appetite for comprehensive news can be satisfied. Official reports are terse and private despatches censored. In a brief quarter of an hour all is over, there is nothing left to read, yet the heart is aching for something more—for news of how everything is going, of where the country really stands, of how the army is faring, of what the prospects are, what may be hoped, what must be feared.

Reports answering these questions are almost always contradictory, and the soul trembles with anxiety and prayer. Writers and theatrical managers, devoted at other times to the business of making people forget their daily troubles, are condemned to idleness. Silent meditation is now the lot of artists and poets. Gone are the many colored lights of fancy, the brilliant flashes of caustic which enlivened the uneventful days of yore.

Authors and poets confine themselves to being patriotic as everybody else. Nothing is permitted to distract attention from the one great topic. Some of the theatres are closed. In others war plays are shown. In these each allusion to current events is received with enthusiasm. And should the manager appear before the footlights to announce a great victory, the poorest show can then go on amid rejoicing.

To be sure, there are those who believe that art has become superfluous. The world historical atmosphere weighs so upon their mind that they live in a nightmare. They cannot, will not arouse themselves from their wretched melancholy.

Women have undergone a touching change. Those of the leisure class have become nurses and industrious knitters. And as it is impossible, even in most critical moments, to divert the eye from the contemplation of beauty, one discovers that the snow white and dark blue garb of the nurses, with its severe and homely cut, has created new types. The cheerful, ruddy complexion, which heretofore, no fashion and no artifice could bring out into pleasing relief, now surprises one with its refreshing and ennobled appearance. Everything fascinates that shows warmth of heart or reminds of higher duties. All forms of inconstancy, flightiness, giddiness, have been banished.

The chief of police in Munich requested the women of that city to refrain from wearing conspicuous dresses in public. This, though it might at first seem a bureaucratic fancy, indicates how far officialdom invades public and social life in Germany. But consideration for the feeling of others demands that women leave their finery at home and appear soberly garbed.

No man could have foreseen either the momentous events or the psychic changes in men and women of Europe. To a woman, and to a French woman at that, must be given credit for having foreseen and announced a year ago—in her horoscope for 1914—that this year will bring about the rebirth of Europe.

Strange this Parisian atmosphere which permits such an astounding outlook upon the future! It was not the first time such a thing had happened. During the last years of the ancient regime a certain Cazotte entertained Parisian high society with his visions, in which he not only outlined all the horrors of the great revolution but forecast with extraordinary detail the fate of the Duchess of Grammont, of Condorcet, of Champfort and of Malesherbes.

To understand how it happened that no European chancellery had foreseen the events which tangled political threads in every part of the globe where they have not been broken it must be borne in mind that no sane man in Europe believed that such a war as the present one was possible. It was regarded merely as a bogey to be held up by one country to frighten another when other diplomatic arts had failed.

It was universally believed that no country would dare to incur the risk, as on the very first day of the war everything would collapse, every bank would close and every business fall, while the masses would revolt rather than go to war.

NEUTRALS

By Julian Hawthorne

I.
Once, in a lofty hour,
Our fathers pledged their lives,
Fortunes and sacred honor to be free;
God gave their weakness power,
He broke the tyrant's gyves,
And raised us up to be
Thenceforth a refuge for all men
For freedom's sake oppressed, as we were
then.

II.
Now, in God's time, behold
Another mightier need
To finish the great task we then began!
The serpent curbed of old
(Albeit of other seed)
Still coils to strike at Man,
And honor claims the sacred right
Our kindred blood to shed in freedom's fight.

III.
Ours is the blood of those
Who stood at Bunker's Hill:
Large as the peril let our succor be!
Stay not to mark how goes
The battle—well or ill!
Shall man be bond or free?
So runs the challenge, stern and deep:
The world's aflame! must we still fold our
hands in sleep?

IV.
Hark what reply:—"We spin,
Plough, forge and trade; our choice
Is dove eyed peace, barter and usury;
King, Kaiser, Czar may win
Or lose: we nor rejoice

Nor mourn; their penury
But swells our thrifty earnings;
Neutral, we watch and wait, with no imprudent yearnings!"

V.
May History blot the page!
Our strutting Pedagogue,
Our unctuous Charlatan speak not our
thought!
This is the huckster's age;
But, o'er the low hung fog,
Still rise, remote, unbought,
The stainless peaks of virgin snow
That guard the ancient faith our sires
pledged long ago.

VI.
Brothers, at grips with death,
Have patience with our shame!
Forget these base excuses—not our own!
Forgive our stifled breath!
Liberty's reverend name,
Besmirched by knave and clown,
Ere the sands run, shall stir
Our laggard strength to stand with you for
her!

VII.
Man's soul is at the flood!
Shall we, who led the van
Of liberty's white fleet, our privilege yield?
That vow of fortitude
From age to age that ran
On Armageddon's field?
Who pules of peace when, far
Beyond these strivings, God and Hell make
war?