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# The United States and the War

BY RT. HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER, BART.



FOR the first time in its history the United States is engaged in a World War. It must be remembered that her only wars have been with Great Britain, with the Barbary pirates, with Mexico, with Spain, and with her own population. Idealistic always, her very first war had behind it the spirit of a great people; on the whole, it was a conflict between Britons and Britons. It was the principle of British freedom and independence in action; it was the soul of Hampton and William Penn and all the democratic nobility of the United Kingdom, which under distant skies was reasserting itself, reaffirming its faith in the ancient doctrine laid down by the barons when they wrested Magna Charta from King John. No one doubts now—and great numbers of British people in the time of the war, and most important statesmen of that day did not doubt, and said so in parliament at Westminster, that the thirteen States were right in the action they took in the Revolutionary War; though great doubt is felt as to justification for the War of 1812.

Always firm and decisive, always alert and progressive, it was the United States that taught Europe how to subdue barbarism and sea-brigandage in the over-seas expedition against the Barbary pirates. Of the rightness of heart and the strength of will of the American people, their whole history has been proof. They have lost nothing of their ancient qualities, even though they add yearly to their shores a million men, of whom they absorb and train the American uses and principles the immense majority. Nothing is so remarkable as the power of the American Commonwealth to absorb and inspire alien elements and heterogeneous peoples. Is it not wonderful to think that, in one-half at least of the whole popu-

lation foreign in origin and descent, there is behind President Wilson and his Government a compact and loyal people?

And why? Because at bottom the intelligence and the spirit of the American people are idealistic, humane, and aspiring. I do not mean to say that the hundred millions of people of the United States are all moved by an immense humanitarian spirit; but I do say that the majority are, or else the declaration of war against the Central Empires would never have been received with approbation. I believe profoundly that something far deeper than national profit has moved the people of the United States to enter this war. Whatever may be thought of the motives of other nations fighting, only one thing can be thought of the motive of the United States. The Americans have nothing to gain by success in this war, except something spiritual, mental, manly, national, and human. They are in this war because they believe that the German policy is a betrayal of civilization. From August, 1914, there was a considerable percentage of the public who believed that the United States should, in the name of civilization, have officially resented the invasion of Belgium. Personally, I believe that it would have been extremely difficult for the United States to enter the war six months before she did. I was in the United States for some months on this trip. I have been from New York to San Francisco. I was at Washington when President Wilson dismissed Count Bernstorff and heard him do so, and I am firmly convinced of this—that President Wilson committed his country to this war at the right moment—neither too soon nor too late. He had stopped up every avenue of attack by the pacifists and the jurists and the pedants and the pettifoggers.

Perhaps here I may be permitted to



say a few words concerning my own work since the beginning of the war. It is in a way a story by itself, but I feel justified in writing one or two paragraphs about it. Practically since the day war broke out between England and the Central Powers I became responsible for American publicity. I need hardly say that the scope of my department was very extensive and its activities widely ranged. Among the activities was a weekly report to the British Cabinet on the state of American opinion, and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England. I also frequently arranged for important public men in England to act for us by interviews in American newspapers; and among these distinguished people were Mr. Lloyd George (the present Prime Minister), Viscount Grey, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Walter Runciman, (the Lord Chancellor), Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Cromer, Will Crooks, Lord Curzon, Lord Gladstone, Lord Haldane, Mr. Henry James, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and fully a hundred others.

Among other things, we supplied three hundred and sixty newspapers in the smaller States of the United States with an English newspaper, which gives a weekly review and comment of the affairs of the war. We established connection with the man in the street through cinema pictures of the Army and Navy, as well as through interviews, articles, pamphlets, etc.; and by letters in reply to individual American critics, which were printed in the chief newspaper of the State in which they lived, and were copied in newspapers of other and neighboring States. We advised and stimulated many people to write articles; we utilized the friendly services and assistance of confidential friends; we had reports from important Americans constantly, and established association, by personal correspondence, with influential and eminent people of every profession in the United States, beginning with university and college presidents, professors and scientific men, and running through all the ranges of the

population. We asked our friends and correspondents to arrange for speeches, debates, and lectures by American citizens, but we did not encourage Britishers to go to America and preach the doctrine of entrance into the war. Besides an immense private correspondence with individuals, we had our documents and literature sent to great numbers of public libraries, Y. M. C. A. societies, universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs, and newspapers.

It is hardly necessary to say that the work was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, but I was fortunate in having a wide acquaintance in the United States and in knowing that a great many people had read my books and were not prejudiced against me. I believed that the American people could not be driven, preached to, or chivied into the war, and that when they did enter it would be the result of their own judgment and not the result of exhortation eloquence, or fanatical pressure of Britishers. I believed that the United States would enter the war in her own time, and I say this, with a convinced mind, that, on the whole, it was best that the American commonwealth did not enter the war until that month in 1917 when Germany played her last card of defiance and indirect attack. Perhaps the safest situation that could be imagined actually did arise. The Democratic party in America, which probably would not have supported a Republican President had he declared war, were practically forced by the logic of circumstances to support President Wilson when he declared war, because he had blocked up every avenue of attack.

There were some who said—and heard them say it—that the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany would not mean actual war. My reply was: "It won't be the will of the United States to enter the war; it won't be the desire to fight. It will be the action of Germany—in stinging and lacerating the conscience of a great people." The record was a terrible one. Every one knows that the Prussian military organization had thrown overboard the rules of war which centuries of civilization had produced and imposed;



solemn treaty, signed, was "a scrap of paper," hospitals and hospital-ships were proper food for the metal of guns and torpedoes. Gas and fire were used as war weapons—to the final injury of those who initiated their use. Prisoners, not by tens, but by thousands and scores of thousands, were treated shamefully, and the Belgian people, to the number of 300,000, were driven under the lash of slavery to the mines and factories of Germany and France, to set free men who could do duty in the German armies. The chambers of the German embassy in America were the breeding-places of crimes against the civil life of the United States, passenger-ships were sunk, factories were bombed or set on fire, all kinds of tricks were used to influence American opinion in England, and innocent lives by the scores of thousands were sacrificed. In France and Belgium towns and villages were wiped off the map for no military purpose, with no strategic intention, but with a vile and polluted barbarity, to break the spirit of a people or of peoples. America was shocked at the bombardment of helpless and undefended towns of England and Scotland by airships. Her spirit was abashed and shaken by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. She endured and yet endured. She waited and still waited, vainly believing that some spirit of remorse might stir Germany and change her course of action.

She awoke, however, to the fact that Germany's promises of reform, given to President Wilson after the sinking of the  *Sussex*, in regard to the submarine were only given to gain time, to manufacture new types of submarines more powerful, and then with an insolence and a disdain worthy of Attila the Hun they pronounced indiscriminate attacks upon shipping within the war zone. Also, Germany declared that she could allow only certain ships of the United States to sail, and on certain specified terms and conditions—and that only after a storm of indignation had gone up from the press of the United States. This was the final act which turned President Wilson from a pacifist into a warrior. And it is wholly in keeping with the spirit of Prussianism, that the Zimmerman note to Mexico, with its evil suggestions of

treachery of Japan, and its declaration that New Mexico, Texas, and other American States and territory would be acquired again by Mexico, should have come at the critical moment when war was inevitable.

I had been in America through all these months of developing purpose and sentiment, and I had seen a whole people, who in January last had appeared to have grown indifferent to horror, suddenly amalgamate themselves, strip themselves of levity and indifference and the dangerous and insidious security of peace, into a great fighting force, which is not the less a fighting force because down underneath everything in the United States is a love of peace and devotion to the acquisition of wealth. None but a great fighting people could have, or would have, imposed conscription at the very beginning of the war. None but a skilled fighting people could have produced a Navy which silently and swiftly entered the war in the war zone within a week, and landed an army on the coast of France, with submarine-destroyers in those perilous seas, within two months of the declaration of war.

I speak of the Americans as a fighting people; I believe that this war will prove them to have everything that they have always had—courage, swiftness of conception, capacity to perform, and a lightning-like directness. The American nation has never been conquered. Like all democratic peoples, they are quick to anger, but slow to move; yet it must be remembered that out of the mass of conflicting views one great purpose can seize and hold the imagination and the capacity of the American people, just as the same elements seize and control the spirit of the people of England and France. I heard on many hands in the United States angry criticism of those in authority, but I heard it in England, and I saw it in France; and I know that England and France have renewed in this war the ancient great qualities of their peoples.

There has never been a war in the whole history of the world where so much courage was needed, and there has never been a war where so much dauntless courage has been shown. Think of



what France was at the beginning of this war! Think of what England was! Officially, France was rotten when war broke out; officially, England was supine when war broke out, with this difference, however, that the small English Army was perfectly equipped and admirably appointed. The big English Navy was in perfect condition, while in France, as Germany knew, there was inadequacy of equipment for the army, and there were political difficulties which made the task of government and fighting Germany almost impossible. Where, I ask, is the official rottenness of France or England now? The truth is that nothing was rotten at the core.

England is not a republic, but she is the most democratic nation on earth, and that is saying much. What I mean is this: the British people can turn a Government out of office at a moment's notice, and king or monarchy cannot prevent it. The same thing exists in France; but here in America, with your written Constitution, your President and his Cabinet cannot be turned out under four years. It may be that you are right in your system, but if the will of the people is the spirit of democracy, England, at any rate, is as much a democratic community as this country of the United States.

Now the United States is in the war, and I prophesy, with faith and confidence, that all that has made America great will make her do in this war what France and England have done. Let me be a little explicit. I have heard many criticisms of the American Government from Americans themselves, but my comment has always been, Judge of a Government by what it does, and judge of the American Government in time of war by what it does in time of war. It is well known that there had been no preparation on the part of the Army or Navy of the United States for entrance into the war. Yet, when war was declared, there was instant and decisive action in both departments of the Army and the Navy.

The American Navy has done splendid work in relieving the British Navy from patrol work on the western side of the Atlantic, in the conveying of freight-ships and passenger-ships, and

by sharing in the attacks upon the German U-boats in the war zone. The material assistance has been great—the moral assistance has been immense. No one could overestimate the moral effect of the entrance of the United States into the war. It must not be forgotten that she is the one nation about whose motives there could be no suspicion. She is in the war with no territorial or national ambitions—with nothing except the aspiration to fulfil the democratic principle: that all nations shall be allowed to work out their own salvation without fear or trembling—fear of punishment for right doing, and without trembling before the lash of tyranny.

The United States, true to its ancient faith, is out to defeat the loathsome purpose of Germany, which is the control of the world, the warping and suppression of small countries, and the application of the accursed Prussian doctrine of *Kultur* to all the rest of the world. The United States is in the war in the interests of civilization and humanity—for the right of every nation to live and have its being according to conscience and the laws of humanity. The United States is in the war because she believes she has the right to traverse the high seas, obeying the laws of warfare as laid down by the continued practice of many countries until the final codification by the Hague Conference. The United States is in the war in the protection of her own individual national rights; and those individual national rights are the properties of all countries; but the United States is also in the war because she believes that a republic which is the supreme democracy of the world should take her stand for the cause of civilization, which has been abused and despoiled by Germany. The United States is in the war for the cause of humanity. At the beginning she disbelieved that the German nation meant what Great Britain declared she meant. But now, after every known law of warfare has been broken by Germany, she realizes the truth. And what is the truth? It is that the German people believe that Prussia and Prussian civilization should control the universe, and that it does not matter how that control is secured so long as it is got.



No more pernicious doctrine ever moved Pope or potentate in the Middle Ages. It is, in effect, Never mind how you do it so long as it is done! On that basis assassination would be a virtue. The United States has come to understand that when Germany passed a law preserving perpetual citizenship to her people, whatever other nationality they adopted, she was aiming at the heart of civilization. I have a brother who has become an American citizen. I think I should curse him to the uttermost death if he declined to take up sword or rifle to defend the United States in a war with Great Britain. I believe that is what all Americans feel. I did not know that my brother had become an American citizen until a year ago. It gave me a pang; but he did what was right. He was not entitled to make the United States his home, live by American energy, profit by American enterprise, and remain a Briton. Think, then, of what this foul principle of Prussia is. It would have me say to my brother, "Be an American citizen, but remember that your real duty lies with the land of your birth, and when she calls, you must tear up your pledge and compact and sworn word and come back to the Union Jack."

I wonder how many Americans know that all German-Americans are still Germans by law; and if they do know it, how they must resent the iniquity of the nation that makes of the law of naturalization a scrap of paper, to be torn up, like the sacred compact for the neutrality of Belgium!

The first act of Germany in this war was an act of perfidy, and I firmly predict that the last act will be an act of shame. She may succeed against Rumania, she may succeed against Russia, she may enter Petrograd with her armies, but so did the army of France in the time of Napoleon; and when I think of the millions of people in Russia, chaotic, undisciplined, uncontrolled, and yet aspiring, I still have a grim kind of satisfaction in knowing that if Russia is to be the momentary sacrifice, it is Germany that will be sacrificed in the end.

Lately I saw on a screen, at a theater in New York, pictures of hundreds of

thousands of Russians accompanying victims of the Revolution to unconsecrated graves and without religious rites or ceremonies. However depressing such a scene may have been, the really startling effect produced upon my mind by this photography was that Russian life is without system, and that the poetic aspiration for a freer constitutional life is horribly handicapped by lack of knowledge and experience and the habit of control. The faces of the revolutionary leaders have few claims to consideration.

The Duma is as yet no more than a place of oratory. It has never had power or real authority, and, however great Kerensky or any other civilian leader may be, it must first be an army leader that will discipline that great nation into form. No civil dictator will be adequate for the task. I do not know what Mr. Root's views are, save from his public utterances, but I am quite certain that he realizes the truth of what I say—that Russia is in the melting pot, and from the crucible it must be the strong hand of a soldier that will pour out the liquid of order and civilization.

During the days I was in America I saw from my hotel window in New York two processions or parades of American regiments. The main effect upon my mind was a sense of lithe fitness and splendid discipline, which is much out of harmony with the general view of American organized life. I have known the United States for a great many years, and from the standpoint of acquaintance I should be able to judge of her with fairness and accuracy. The thing that has amazed and interested me most in my whole association with American life has been a sense of undiscipline in all the ordinary movements and activities in casual circumstances. But I believe there is no nation on earth that, in unusual circumstances, can pull itself together and get what it wants with precision and definiteness more than the United States. After all, the reason for this is simple. The American hates convention and is opposed to what he considers unnecessary discipline in ordinary life, but given the necessity for discipline in hazardous circumstances,



he conforms to its rigidity with rare and manly skill.

I once stood between two Socialist labor members of the House of Commons at the Bar of the House of Lords, when King Edward VII. was opening Parliament with Queen Alexandra. One of these Socialist members had been very rebellious against the whole ritual of British legislative life, but on this occasion, at the moment when King Edward said in a quiet, conversational tone: "Pray, my Lords, be seated," and peers and peeresses in ermine and silks and coronets sank to their seats, this Socialist member turned to his friend and said, "Jimmy, this 'll take a lot of moving!"

To-day this Socialist member is a colonel in the British Army, and has bent to the logic of events all prejudice and spurious independence. His Socialistic principles are what they always were, but he has learned that traditions of a thousand years are powerful moral elements in the government of a people. So the average American. He is out against unnecessary form and discipline, but show him the necessity for it and his native independence makes his obedience to the necessity a very gallant and superbly confident thing. Democratic as the American citizen is, he bends to the pressure of events with a dignity and a vigor which make him a superb partner in international activity.

When people tell me that the United States can be of little use in this war I ask myself, "What is *use*?" If the United States had not sent a man to France, her financial support of the Allies alone would be a throat-grappler for Germany. I believe the United States is spending twenty-four million dollars a day, but only eight millions of that is for her own military equipment—the other sixteen millions are for loans to the Allies. And if the test of the belligerents is power to endure, surely the wealth and resources of the United States settle that point.

If war is the test of endurance, only three things are necessary—men, money, and equipment. Unless Germany was able to defeat England and France before December of last year (1917), the *débâcle* of that country was sure. The

United States can supply men, money, and equipment. She has over one hundred millions of people; she cannot be attacked by the armies of the enemy on her own soil; she has unlimited resources; her supply of men can be twelve millions, if necessary; her supply of money can be boundless, and there is no nation on earth that can excel her in organization for equipment.

Now, there is no chance, or there is the millionth chance, of Germany defeating France and England this year. She cannot do it in the winter-time, and when the summer has come the United States will have great numbers of men ready to take the field—probably 700,000. She has food, raw materials, and constructive skill. She has a capacity for applied science greater than any other nation fighting. I believe that with her aid the Entente Allies are as sure of winning this war as we are certain that the sun will rise and set to-morrow.

Great Britain has increased her acreage under wheat by one million acres, and all the products of her soil have been vastly increased. The United States has tremendously increased her production of foodstuffs, and when that genius for economic administration, Mr. Hoover, has been at work for another three months there will be an enormous curtailment of wastage in the Union. With one hundred millions of people, there is a saving which represents five dollars per person for a year, there are five hundred million dollars contributed to the food-supply of the Allies.

The United States has not begun to appreciate her responsibilities and the dire necessity that faces her, but there is a quickness of apprehension in the American mind which is as good as brawn and muscle and the stolid and rigid insistence of the British people. It took us in Great Britain two and half years to achieve conscription. It took the United States about two and half months. There never was any real fight over the principle, and please remember that this is a democratic country, and that when the Republic applied conscription in her Civil War there were bloody riots and an uprising of sections of New York. If it is true and I know it is, that over seventy per



cent. of the population of New York City is foreign-born, what a magnificent demonstration of democratic responsibility this application of conscription has been!

America is building ships in great quantities for the war service. She once had, proportionately to her population, the second greatest mercantile marine of the world. She lost that mercantile marine through no incapacity, but because she could make more money by investing her capital in industries and railway transportations. Now she is building 1,270 ships of 7,968,000 total tonnage, at a cost of \$2,000,000,000, and by the middle of this year she will have a really great mercantile marine. This is in addition to almost 2,000,000 tons of shipping now building in American yards which has been commandeered by the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that all her shipping and all the German shipping that was in her ports have been seized for the use of the Entente Allies. Every day that passes strengthens and solidifies the Allies' engines of attack and defense. Every day that passes accelerates the intrepidity and the force of Allied aggression. Every day that passes lessens old antagonisms between Great Britain and the United States, and deepens in the American mind an appreciation of Britain's worth and valor.

The American is beginning to understand that in 1914 France—as France—might have been wiped from the international map had it not been for Britain and Britain's Navy and her "conspicuous little Army." It is beginning to dawn upon the most prejudiced American mind that, in all the main departments of the war, Great Britain has borne, and is bearing, the overwhelming burden. France could not have fought so well without British money and British steel, British cloth, and the British Navy and Army; and Italy and Russia could not have carried on.

One does not need to say now that Great Britain was forced into the war by a spirit of honor, by the dictates of humanity and civilization, and not for commercial purposes. One does not need to say that if Great Britain had

intended war she would not have rejected during so many years Lord Roberts's appeal for a national service army. All the records published prove that Great Britain was meant to be the victim of Prussian aggression.

Does the American public stop to remember who were the people in Great Britain who declared war? The Government in power at Westminster was a peace-loving Government, which had fought military and naval preparation with constant vigor and hatred. Who is Lloyd George, the present Prime Minister of Great Britain? He is a man whose life was in danger and who was assailed during the South African War because of his anti-war sentiments. I am certain that no intelligent human being will believe that the present Prime Minister of England is militaristic, just as I am certain that no sane American would call President Woodrow Wilson a man of war.

If the United States had not believed in Great Britain's *bona fides*, she would not have committed herself to this stupendous enterprise. Let all the world remember that Great Britain was the ancient enemy of the United States. Let the doubter recall that the United States has now linked hands with a nation whom at her Revolution she regarded as a tyrant and oppressor, as the ancient foe of liberty and democracy.

The War of the Revolution, that of 1812, and the American Civil War deepened the gulfs between the two great peoples, but, blessed be Providence, there are now no outstanding questions vexing England and the United States. We have settled the Maine boundaries dispute, the persistent Newfoundland fisheries question, the Oregon trouble, the Venezuela difficulty, the Civil War claims, the Panama anxiety, and now no vexed subject keeps us apart. What was accomplished at Manila toward making America a world power was exceeded infinitely there by the splendid action of Admiral Crichton and Britain's Navy in threatening the German naval forces, which drew the two nations together in a spirit of comradeship. If the United States disbelieved in Great Britain she would not be fighting in France and on



the high seas. Never, in all the history of the two countries, was there such a demonstration of understanding and friendship as when Mr. Balfour was received in Washington, New York, and elsewhere. And let it here be said that Great Britain could have sent no one who would so have won the confidence of the American Government and people in the same way or to the same extent as Mr. Balfour. Whatever else this war may do, the greatest thing done for humanity and civilization has been to make these two nations one in the brotherhood of battle. Of this let every American be sure, that the closer comradeship of the two great peoples has not a single foe in Great Britain. Jealousy, envy, and a little malice there would always be between two great friendly rivals speaking the same language, but envy, jealousy, and a little harmless malice exist between States and cities of this Union and between countries of the British Empire. Never since the War of the Revolution had a British flag been hoisted on an American official building till last spring, and never had the same friendly compliment been paid to the American flag in England. But now they have waved together over Washington's tomb and over the House of Commons. Also, it should be remembered that the Society of Pilgrims, whose work of international unity cannot be overestimated, has played a part in promoting understanding between the two peoples, and the establishment of the American Officers' Club in Lord Leconfield's house in London with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught as president, has done, and is doing, immense good. It should also be remembered that it was the Pilgrims' Society, under the fine chairmanship of Mr. Harry Brittain, which took charge of the Hon. James M. Beck when he visited England in 1916, and gave him so good a chance to do great work for the cause of unity between the two nations. I am glad and proud to think that I had something to do with these arrangements which resulted in the Pilgrims taking Mr. Beck into their charge.

I have sometimes been amazed at the hostility to Great Britain in certain por-

tions of the United States and among certain sections of the people. Perhaps the real cause of this misunderstanding—for it is nothing else—is ignorance or forgetfulness of the facts of history. It is true that George III. endeavored to impose upon the American people the Stamp Act, just as the kings of France and Spain and Holland had imposed upon their colonies impositions for revenue, but it should not be forgotten by any American that King George III. failed, not only in America, but in Great Britain, his own country. Among his greatest enemies in this wretched business were Pitt, Fox, Rockingham, and Shelburne, and the operations of war in the United States on behalf of England were conducted by German mercenaries and a handful of the British professional Army, of whom a great many officers of standing and eminence refused to serve. It was impossible to raise an army of volunteers in England, and King George dared not attempt to raise a conscript army. Pitt declared in the House of Commons, when America refused to submit to the Stamp Act, that he rejoiced she had resisted. There was as great a fight in the British Parliament over the American war as there was in America itself on the field of battle. There is no British man to-day who is not opposed to George III. in what was perhaps the most insane and unwise national task ever undertaken by a British king.

It must not be forgotten that Benjamin Franklin, the representative of the United States in Paris, was in constant correspondence with British statesmen during the Revolutionary War, and the leaders of the opposition to King George in the British House of Commons were eager to give to the United States as she was given in 1783, a status as nation and not a province on the seacoast. The United States was given the Northwest Territory and the basin of the Ohio River to the Mississippi, making possible the wonderful extension of power which has given to the American national life forty-eight States instead of the thirteen which fought King George. It should also be remembered that the Revolutionary War the United States was a struggle



British men for rights which were being fought for in the British Parliament and against the last stand of British monarchical autocracy.

The United States is a warm friend of France, and properly so; but it must not be forgotten that the greatest enemy of American development was Napoleon Bonaparte, who considered all parliaments as chattering concerns, and, having grabbed from Spain the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, with New Orleans, the Middle West from the Mississippi to the Rockies, and established a base at Santo Domingo, ordered his Minister of Marine to furnish him with a full plan of conquest, and commanded the combined fleets of France and Spain to carry a French army to the shores of Louisiana. It must be remembered that the man who planned this maneuver was one of the greatest soldiers in history, and had an army which at that time was greater than any army in the world.

What saved the United States from this attack? Great Britain, and Great Britain only. The report of Mr. Rush, the American minister in London, contained the statement of Henry Addington, the British Prime Minister, that in case of war Great Britain would take and hold New Orleans for the United States. This is history. Who was the American President at the time? It was Thomas Jefferson, the great pacifist, whose firm despatch to Robert Livingston, in Paris, contained these words: "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." What was the result of this? Napoleon decided it was better to sell to the United States what would be certain to be lost, because he believed that the British fleet, supporting the United States, would take Louisiana from France—Louisiana, which he had forced from Spain.

The main cause of the War of 1812 was not the impressment of seamen from American boats by the Royal Navy, as is generally supposed, but the fact that both France and England had forbidden any neutral nation to trade with the other, and because of England's preponderating fleet she could make her blockade effective and Napoleon could not. The United States, therefore,

joined what she considered the lesser of her enemies, France, in attacking the greater, England.

I have no doubt that many Americans regret the War of 1812 as most Britishers regret the acts of George III. which precipitated the Revolutionary War; but for nearly a hundred years the British Navy, and behind it the British Government, has been the best friend that the United States ever had in its history. What Lafayette did for the United States was great and good, and what Great Britain did in 1824 was, in one sense, greater and better. It was George Canning, the British Foreign Minister, who informed the American minister of the intention of the Holy Alliance to attack representative government in both hemispheres, and offered the assistance of the British fleet in defending institutions won by valor, devotion, and power. It is remarkable that, when the purpose of the Holy Alliance was made clear, that the high contracting powers should "use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government," the Duke of Wellington immediately left the Congress at Verona. Soon after it was announced, Great Britain and the United States proclaimed that they could not see with indifference any South American territory transferred to any Power.

Then it was that the Monroe Doctrine became an accepted fact, but the United States could not have made it a fact unsupported and unprotected by the British Navy. It is no exaggeration to say that the policy and prosperity of the United States have had a free and fair run for over the last ninety years, because Great Britain, which had learned her great lesson in the American Revolutionary War, made her Navy the defender of the Monroe Doctrine. Perhaps the aged Jefferson's counsel to President Monroe on this matter is the best evidence of what I say. These were Jefferson's words:

The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. . . . America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe. She should,



therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe.

One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the one nation which can do us the most harm of any one on all the earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to unite our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause.

It is wonderful to think that after these ninety-odd years the hope of Jefferson has been fulfilled. We are at last fighting once more "side by side" in the same cause on the battle-fields of Europe, and against an enemy whose whole ambition has been to establish German control in the Western Hemisphere, as in Europe and in the East. No one knows better than President Wilson, who is a historian of high capacity, that what I say here is true. Monroe's letter to Jefferson, again quoted by Mr. Page, clearly indicates the initiative of Great Britain in the matter of the Monroe Doctrine. These are President Monroe's words:

They [two despatches from Mr. Rush, American minister in London] contain two letters from Mr. Canning suggesting designs of the Holy Alliance against the independence of South America, and proposing a co-operation between Great Britain and the United States in support of it against the members of that alliance. . . . My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government.

Well, the Monroe Doctrine has been a success, and, at the tomb of Washington, Mr. Arthur Balfour, in effect, reaffirmed the friendly doctrine of George Canning, in which the British nation has as much interest, and for which it has as much honest affection, as the hundred millions of population of the United States.

I repeat that Great Britain is a friend of the United States in all that matters, and I believe that the present war, if it failed in everything else, will succeed

in this—it will bring shoulder to shoulder with a handclasp of understanding and a spirit of co-operation two great peoples without whom there is no real future for democracy in the world. The monarch of Great Britain has infinitely less power than the President of the United States, so far as the policy of his country is concerned. He is the head of the clan, as it were, the patriarch of the tribe, but his power is limited to a point where even Socialism says, "This man cannot hurt his people politically; he can only hurt them socially and morally by his example." It is impossible to discuss here the merits of our two systems of government; but one thing is clear, that the British Constitutional Monarchy is as democratic as the republican Constitution of the United States.

Of this thing I am sure: that the days of wilful misunderstanding between Great Britain and America are gone forever! And I like to think that when these banners of war are rolled up, and the terms of peace are signed, that the two most democratic nations on earth, the two most advanced in civilization and enterprise, will be working hand in hand for the political good of all the world.

For some months I saw the United States from many corners of the compass, and I state with unvexed confidence that a new spirit has entered the mind of the American people where Great Britain is concerned. They realize that England's severest critics are within her own borders; that her sternest monitors are patriotic Britons; and that the burdens she has borne in this struggle to preserve civilization from disruption are beyond all comparison with those of the other belligerents. The thousand years' traditions of Great Britain belong also to the United States, because the foundations of American liberty and freedom had their origin in the principles embedded in the British Constitution. That is why members of the British Empire to-day can be proud of Washington, glad of Alexander Hamilton and Jefferson and Adams and Franklin, and be the faithful friend of President Monroe, whose doctrine could never have become valid and continuous without the British Navy. I feel bold



ough to say that there is not a home in Great Britain that is not happier because the United States, the chief republic of the earth, is linked with us in the struggle for freedom and the small nations.

I was in the United States when all the great missions of the Allies arrived—Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, and now Japan. *And now Japan!* I emphasize these words because east and west in the United States, in San Francisco, in New York and Washington, I had found until very lately the most consuming distrust of the Government at Tokio and the people of Japan. It is, however, comforting to think that this mission of friendship from Japan is the direct result of the Zimmerman note. Whatever Japan's purposes may be—laying aside all other considerations—it pays her better to be the friend of the Allies than the friend of Germany. I say it pays her better only because there are those who think that Japan in the politics of the world is out for gain. What could she gain by becoming the enemy of the United States, and, therefore, the enemy of England? Because, let this be understood, Japan knows her treaty of alliance with Great Britain does not include the possibility of war with the United States on the part of this Oriental Power. Japan occupied the Pacific coast, her immediate foe would be Great Britain, because British Columbia is on the Pacific coast, and Great Britain could

not permit Japan or any other nation except the United States to seize or hold any portion of that littoral.

I believe that the anxieties of America have not been well based. I believe that the Japanese nation is as friendly to the United States as she is to Great Britain; and I also believe that, even on the lowest grounds of material benefit, Japan is true to her friendship with Great Britain and the Allies in this war. Far more dangerous is the German menace against the United States than the Japanese menace. And it must not be forgotten that the American Navy, whatever it is, exists to-day because Mr. William C. Whitney, the Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, saw in German commercial invasion of South America a peril to the United States.

What the United States will do in this war is being shown from day to day—and this thing is sure, that even the German-American no longer believes that Germany is fighting a war of defense; but rather that she precipitated the war, and is only "defending" herself because she failed in her first enterprise. I do not know to what extent the activity of the United States will expand, but I do know that if the war continues for another year the pinch of administration and losses in the field will stiffen the backs of the American people to the greatest effort that has ever been made in the history of the world.





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THE MONUMENTS OF YESTERDAY—AND MEN OF TO-DAY

## War-Time Washington

BY HARRISON RHODES

**T**HE arrival by railway at the nation's capital used to take place in a cloud of eager and smiling blacks, cheerfully called "Red-Caps," who competed for the privilege of carrying your hand-bag. Under the station's portico numerous lolling taxicabs, circling like gray doves, waited to bear you to hotels behind the skirts of which suave clerks welcomed you with semi-Southern hospitality. "Other times, other customs!" You tote your own grip now. And while you

wait, in the far hope of securing a taxicab, or a part of one, you can make acquaintances and swap stories concerning the incredible difficulties, dangers, and delays of the pilgrimage Washingtonward. It was here recently that two happy youths were encountered who had come back to the station for their suitcases, having, after a four hours' search through twenty-two hotels and boarding-houses, by the grace of God, found a room in a Turkish Bath which they were to share with only three others! Those who actually sleep in bedrooms of their own in Washington hotels seem like a

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THE WHOLE NATION HAS DETERMINED TO LIVE IN WASHINGTON

race apart, fabulous, like the gods. Important arrivals often only secure cots in the ladies' parlor or under the telegraph counter, while less great people are glad of a go at the billiard-table when the balls are silent and the lights low.

The congestion in private houses is equally notable. A friend in need is always a friend indeed, but a friend in Washington—Washingtonian hospitality is stretched almost to the breaking point. Exhausted hostesses rush to the peace and quiet of New York for a few days' rest and come back, only to find that in their absence friends have occupied all the spare-rooms, having forced themselves upon defenseless butlers left in charge, who had known them as honored and welcome guests in earlier less aggravated days, and scarcely dared turn them out to sleep in the near-by parks or gutters. There is a story—doubtless untrue—of one woman at bay who is actually having the workmen in

to tear down partitions and reduce radically the number of bedrooms in her house. She expresses the fear, however, that her friends will merely convert the enlarged quarters into dormitories and come in even greater numbers. Every American who can must now live at the capital, every one who cannot must constantly visit there. Washington is now the nation's housing problem, its congested district.

There is a feeling in Washington that if the excess tax upon war profits properly adjusted it will be the real estate agents of the capital who will be almost the greatest part. They themselves admit that a month's business now is worth what a decade's was. The crush for houses, furnished or unfurnished, and the prices paid for them have been astounding. One Washingtonian who had just moved into a charming but modest new residence which cost her \$30,000 to build, was sorely tempted by an offer of \$15,000 for it for this p





A PROFUSION OF OUR OWN UNIFORMS AND THOSE OF OUR ALLIES

winter's season! Prices were not so fantastic last spring; *terque quaterque beati* those who heard the call of the capital in April and closed with the owners then. As winter set in and in a passionate November the whole nation determined to live in Washington, house-hunting became a strenuous game. The forgotten, sleepy, pleasant parts of the town which lie toward the Capitol from the haunts of fashion were invaded. The lovely older city across the ravine was remembered, and "combing Georgetown for houses," as it was technically termed, became a leading outdoor sport—fashionable ladies hunted a home as in other days a fox. And some, touched with hysteria, even spoke of the possibility of living in those unexplored districts northeast and southeast of the Capitol.

Any one having a furnished house to let is strategically in a very strong position, and can demand things of prospective tenants which are not ordinarily

considered in these dull transactions. Three young men from Chicago were last autumn taking an apartment from an agreeable woman, who said to them with a light, coquettish laugh, just as the lease was to be signed:

"Of course you understand that I'm to be hostess at all your dinner parties."

They, laughing too, took up the joke.

"Oh, of course," they answered. "Of course."

"But I mean it," she went on. "And it's been put in the lease."

And she did mean it, and they refused to sign and did not get the flat!

If the impression has been given that Washington now consists wholly of people who came there last week to live, this is exactly what is meant. The old Washington and the old Washingtonians now swim like the debris on a spring flood. Some, of course, having let their houses advantageously, have retired on a competence and are gone altogether.



But though the others are here still they cannot in this tumult successfully put forth any claim to be aristocracy of the *vieille roche*, for to have had a residence in Washington as far back as May, 1917, is quite enough to give one this spring the feeling and character of an early settler.

The town has jumped in population like a bonanza mining-camp. Even now, though the pace is slackening a bit, the regular increase is five thousand a

the New York way. Inhabitants of that provincial seaport who had migrated to the banks of the Potomac may have flattered themselves that this was done so that they should not feel homesick, but it was merely another authentic note in the metropolitan picture. In such a place the housing problem is indeed no joke. There is talk of the Government's building, down by the Potomac, huge barracks to shelter, for example, fifty thousand young lady sten-



EROS IS NOT DISTURBED BY MARS

month. This makes a metropolis fast and provides a "floating population" beside which the famous "floaters" of New York almost sink into insignificance. Washington has never been thought a "theater-town." But this last winter, while the playhouses elsewhere have been sparsely patronized, those of the capital—one almost writes "the metropolis"—have been continuously and profitably filled. The audiences are cosmopolitan and competent. Will the day ever come when they "try it on the dog" in New York before they risk the Washingtonian verdict?

In other ways the capital has become agreeably metropolitan. Just as soon as she felt she could risk it, Washington began to tear up the streets—quite in

ographers. And equally monstrous accommodation will be required for every kind of helper in the great governmental machine of war.

Just now Washington is swamped. Its inconveniences and inefficiencies are an endless tale. The telephone service is chaotic, sometimes almost non-existent. The company does not exaggerate when, appealing for operators by placards in the street-cars, it assures young women that work in the exchange is a genuine patriotic service to one's country. The street-cars, contrived with a cruel ingenuity for close-packing, are crowded in a way that would do credit even to New York's rush hour in the Subway. The express companies are distracted goods confided to them may be consid-





Drawn by George Wright

EVERYWHERE ARE TENDER MEETINGS AND MORE TENDER PARTINGS



ered as put in safe-deposit rather than set in motion. The battle for food in the hotel restaurants is bitter. The churches are not absolutely congested yet, but they admit to having been considerably "sped up" since the war began. Indeed, if proof were needed of the extra works of righteousness entailed by this new influx, it need only be said that the usual vast, low wooden tabernacle was put up by the railway station, and Mr. Billy Sunday tried to catch red-handed the vicious as they arrived. There is no smallest vein or artery of the Washingtonian social body which has not been stimulated by the arriving hordes. Even the gentleman who has always wound the White House clocks and many of the

most fashionable clocks in the town says that the number of clocks in Washington has increased so that his business threatens to overwhelm him! But there is no need to go on with the list; there is, in Washington, not enough of anything except incompetent people.

How far are we already from the day when a proud



A "SLICKER"



A HERO FROM VERDUN

New York servant in a registry office, besought by a frantic mistress to come to Washington for the winter, replied coldly: "I don't know, ma'am, as I should like the life, not being what I'm used to. Could you tell me, ma'am, is Washington near any large city?"

If on your arrival at the station—that is to say, when you have been a Washingtonian for not more than five minutes—you should be moved to complain of the absence of Red-Caps and gray taxis, you will find that you have said quite the wrong thing. You discover at once that the inconveniences are rather a matter of pride in Washington; they prove how the war has made of Washington a big city at last. You must not abuse the poor telephone operator because she is the worst in the world—the war times and this is the nation's war capital and she is the nation's war operator.

The deep thing behind the Washingtonian pride in the



town's confusion is the fact that here at least the war is the only thing which is being talked of, thought of, done. To this condition many of us believe the whole country must and will come. But meanwhile Washington is, as it has never been before, the nation's real interest incarnate, the real center, the real beating heart of us. The phrase on everybody's lips is that "America has

older buildings of the Government have taken on a new look of solidity and age, and the white shaft of the Washington Monument seems to pierce a newer, higher blue. And all American history wanders by upon the breeze.

Centralization for war purposes has only just begun, and yet, returning from the capital, the Chicagoan, the Bostonian, the Philadelphian, even the New-



THE TELEPHONE OPERATORS ARE IN A STATE OF PERPETUAL SIEGE

a real capital at last." Some, who have known the old village of Washington, ask doubtfully whether it will go on being the capital when peace shall have come. But no one denies it that title now.

There are statistics in plenty of the work being done and the workers summoned thither to do it. But it is not the purpose here to deal at length with them. The point to be made is that the fact that there is a new Washington and a real capital is in the air; you feel it everywhere, as you just walk the streets, or cross the great squares that face the White House and the Capitol. It is in the air as spring is in the air, this new sense of power and pride. The lovely

Yorker, can already genuinely feel that his own town is provincial. The fires of patriotism may burn bright there, and these great cities may be doing vast and noble work for the war, yet at Washington is the central flame in which, so we hope, everything may be fused to that one great achievement of victory. It seems as if half the men you knew at home were now in Washington — and two-thirds of the women. Yes, it is the real capital. And it is the only simon-pure American city, for, thanks to the police regulations of the District of Columbia, it is the only one where there are no Germans.

At the very moment that we went into the war adepts in the pleasures of the





SOME WARRIORS AND OTHERS

social life, many of them ladies of the highest fashion, saw at once that Washington was from then on the rendezvous, the country's center. Decency forbade that any one should say that the season

there would be "fun," but it was quite permissible to prophesy that it would be "interesting." (Never, it may be asserted, has one word done more valiant service than this. Speak to a lady in



drawing-room or stop the first stranger whom you meet in the street and you will be told that Washington is "interesting.") All through May and June of 1917 it was bewildering to find what a multitude of reasons there were which made residence in Washington during the year that was to come imperative.

Some ladies had lost their husbands, or had mislaid or divorced them. Some were recovering from nervous break-downs. Some were just going into mourning for a favorite maiden aunt, some just coming out of it for a third cousin by marriage. Some wanted to redecorate their houses and thought it wise to move to Washington to get out of the workmen's way. Some felt that it might be cheaper at the capital, some that it might be dearer. Some longed to work, others needed a complete rest. Some had children convalescing from the measles. One reason was as good as another for moving upon Washington.

There were, of course, so people who legitimately had to be there. And the result was immediate.

Washington replaced Newport as the summer capital in the twinkling of an eye. (Even now it is the only place where there are men enough for social purposes. In New York four queens of society were known last winter to go to the opera with only one man.) It was discovered last year that in agreeable and interesting society even Washington's heat was not quite intolerable. In the town, every one has always known, it is to be of an enchanting leafy beauty in the late spring. The great drives and walks by the soft green-gray waters of the Potomac, bordered by plantations of iris and wild azalea, are comparable in our land. You can swim in the river—this was an agreeable surprise—you can canoe upon it. And only a few miles up-stream lie the forgotten Great Falls of the Potomac, which

figured magnificently in all early nineteenth-century albums of the natural beauties of America, but had for many decades poured neglected down their rocks until the first war-summer rediscovered them. Indeed, the great rediscovery that came with the warm summer nights was the half-forgotten

beauty of Washington itself. To stand on the terrace of the Capitol by moonlight is for any American a thrilling experience; you are stirred by the sheer beauty of the white-domed building itself and by the cloud of memories which shimmers in the air about. There is no pleasanter place to be an American in.

Summer passed and the town became even more crowded. Lads in khaki began to appear, not more of them, indeed, than strolled through other cities' streets, yet, seen by Washingtonians—at least so they imagined—in a whiter light, as soon to be part of that firing-line to which all this huge machinery which was slowly coming into movement in Washington was only supplementary and servant.

Everywhere the sight of the young, gay, and gallant and beautiful, risking death for the sake of those left behind, makes the spectator proud and happy through his tears. But perhaps later, when the huge machinery was found to be going too slowly for the safety of youth in camp and in the trenches, the sight of a slim, straight boy in khaki crossing a pretty square, more in Washington than anywhere else, sent a sharp pain through the heart.

Our own uniform there was in profusion. But those of our allies, too. Each great mission from abroad seemed, as it went, to leave a few soldier-men behind. English in smart, easy-fitting brown, with an occasional scarlet band around the cap. French and Italians in the gayer colors they permit themselves upon parade. They make the picture



ONE INDUSTRY THE WAR  
HAS NOT AFFECTED



livelier and more cosmopolitan. This new, hastily assembled metropolitan Washington is, less than the old village, accustomed to foreign ways. A whole theater audience has been held spell-bound during an *entr'acte* watching a dashing French officer make his way to a box and there bend over and kiss a lovely lady's hand. How the Atlantic narrows at such a sight in one of our own American playhouses!

There are other uniforms, too, and they grew more numerous as the season advanced. They are worn by what might be termed the civilian or non-fighting army and navy. Intelligence department people, Y. M. C. A. men, transport officials—all have trim suits which to the untrained and bedazzled eye seem like those worn by the bravest of fighting men. These are worn by brave men, too, and true, giving their services freely and devotedly. And the wearing of uniforms is not the individual choice of those clad in them, who are for the most part modest Americans to be proud of and to ask to dinner, at which feast their costume is a picturesque and desirable feature of the *mise en scène*.

Even to speak of the evening meal seems to bring back the old Washington of dinner parties. And here it seems inevitable that there should be an interlude dealing with the driving of the Demon Rum from the District. But the subject, treated exhaustively, is epic. Here it may only be said that prohibi-

tion, as elsewhere, has ruined the club and made the home; for the homes of Washington had cellars—well stocked, so it proved. And for a long time to come crusty gentlemen, formerly genial only by club bars, will hurry thirstily from them to the beloved and alcoholic domestic fireside. You may dine out almost anywhere in Washington without fear of any unusual flood of ice-water.

No one has dinner parties now, but everybody has people in to dine. There is a difference, and it is an admirable change. You go out to dinner only secondarily to amuse yourself (though incidentally you do amuse yourself more than of old). You go out to talk about the war and the day's war news and the night's war scandal.

It is out of the question that any one even the lightest-minded, should talk of anything else. There are, it is true, dark rumors of an old unregenerate gay set, relic of ante-bellum days, which still meets to talk nonsense and accomplish folly. But these reunions, if they do take place, are as secret as the meeting of the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome—though doubtless otherwise far different. No, as—thank God!—should be, the warp of Washingtonian social existence is the war and, more than that, America's part in it.

The country's going to war has, almost paradoxically, accentuated the capital Americanism. The sense that the country is at last definitely part of the great world has made everything that has

do with the count seem more worth while. Young men from the embassy are, of course, in fashion as always but not *all* the fashion. Congressmen were never so well thought of, and indeed any one from any department of the Government in demand who can give one bit of information, add a line to the great picture of the last war. Every one



A LITTLE BETTER THAN SITTING UP ALL NIGHT



is caught in the rising wave of the new patriotism. How antiquated already seems the story of the sweet Philadelphia debutante of only a few years ago who studied French diligently all summer because her family were taking her to Washington for the coming winter and she imagined she "would speak so little English there"!

The passion for "inside information" which has always been Washington's, is now more violent than ever. If at an evening party you see the very silliest and most flirtatious lady present luring a member of the Upper House to some secluded and cozy nook you can be sure that it is only that she may, bending toward him with her very soul in her eyes, say, "Oh, dear Senator, do tell me an interesting secret about the war!"

The secrets that are bandied about every day are not very secret secrets, but they are interesting ones. To catalogue them, even to enumerate them, would be to write the history of the war. Various sorts of governmental activity have their vogue as the months pass by. Food conservation has enormously the rage at present, some houses saving, others with pretty humor attempting to see how many kinds of food could be piled on one plate so that the three-course dinner could be as wasteful as the old seven-course. Then the housing problem came into fashion, interest in it being probably stimulated by the Government's threat of billeting stenographers and telephone girls upon the private residences of the town. Then for a while scientific methods by which "defectives" are weeded out of the National Army occupied leisure hours. The examination questions were put of an evening to guests eager to test themselves. As to results—fortunately, no American hostess has ever dared run the risk of weeding defectives out of dinner parties.

To vary things there were, of course, spy stories, high officials found drugged near mysterious telephone wires over which, so the order was, any question on the most secret subject would receive from the War or Navy Departments an immediate and complete reply. From time to time, too, you would be solemnly assured at tea that So-and-so had been shot as a traitor, only to meet him that evening at dinner.

There would be trifling stories, too, of hints and suggestions sent in from people in every nook and corner of the land. Some one tried, for example, to get to the Surgeon-General's ear the interesting story of how a woman in Michigan froze both her ears, but by holding them in corn-meal mush for three days saved them! Not very useful to Pershing on the winter firing-line perhaps! And ludicrous; yet touching, too, when you think that by sending this information to Washington some one somewhere was trying to do his bit.

The gossip of the great enlisted and drafted army as it came in to the capital was endless. It made the picture of war preparations

human, humorous, and pathetic by turns. It also gave to people gathered in a well-regulated, sophisticated town like Washington a new sense of the extent of their country and of how the new army was drawn from unknown or forgotten corners of the vast land. One boy from the Florida Everglades was reported to have supposed when he arrived at Norfolk in Virginia that he was already in France, and to have asked eagerly at once to be led against the Germans. Another, a mountain boy from one of those inaccessible valleys of Kentucky or Tennessee, was said to have lived in such remote Arcadian ignorance that when asked who was now the President of the country allowed it might most likely be Mr. Lincoln. It is perhaps permitted one to believe, without *lèse*



THE HEAD WAITER ALONE  
RETAINS HIS ANTE-BELLUM POISE





IT IS UNFASHIONABLE TO COMPLAIN OF INCONVENIENCES

*majesté*, that a man might fight as well under the one leader as under the other. The boy knew he was American, and was ready for any fighting which that entailed.

After war began, it soon became evident that we had during the long years of peace developed at Washington a system of "red tape" which went quite beyond anything of the sort which we had been accustomed to laugh at in the effete countries of an older world. Everything was referred up or down through a long chain of officials and then, after due deliberation, majestically sent in the opposite direction to the original inquirer, the average time consumed in the movement in either direction being between two and three weeks. As if the old red tape were not enough, strange, new, twentieth-century officials were invented, called, it is believed, liaison officers (though this statement is made without confidence), whose business it was to intervene between department and department, official and official, and transmit, with even greater pomp, the wishes of one to another. The total result was, to the simple, unorganized outsider, *opéra bouffe*. Indeed, a wit of the capital staged, for a delighted if scoffing audience, what would happen and what time would be consumed under the present war régime if the Governor

of North Carolina wished to transmit to the Governor of South Carolina his well known observation.

For a long time, during the early part of the war, when all parties had agreed to bury the hatchet, and all criticism of the Administration was voluntarily stifled, anecdotes of confusion and incompetence were lightly, almost cynically, told. Washington seemed almost callous to the presence of old men seeking jobs they could never fill, and young men hunting posts they should never want, while the Army and Navy called for recruits. Having made up the name "slicker" for these latter and finding that it compared favorably as a humorous invention with the British "slacker," Washington rested content. It commented with amusement on the standard of social eligibility which seemed to prevail in certain branches of the service, and the various ways in which Government work seemed valued as a stepping-stone



FORMERLY OF THE PRESS—NOW OF THE "INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT"

triumphs in the world of fashion—on developments all these in a fight make the world safe for democracy.

At one time you searched in vain what might be termed Administrative circles, circles in which it was enthusiastically believed that all was going well and being well done. You could find people who thought they were doing their own jobs pretty creditably,



they generally knew that the man around the corner was making rather a fool of himself. Even the man in the street-car talking to his neighbor had his comic anecdote—it was there that it was heard asserted that a certain new department or committee or commission had found it necessary to have a “board of grammarians” to correct the letters as dictated by the heads of the department—or committee or commission. The man in the street-car laughed, yet he went so far as to suggest that it would be better if the “board of grammarians” dictated the original letters. These were the days when, for example, it was satirically announced that somebody in ship-building had finally rushed the anchors through so that they would be ready at least a year in advance of the ships.

You came away from Washington in those days feeling that everything was going wrong. Away from it, you got a perspective which at the capital itself you were too close to everything to see. Perhaps even on the train you met some man who told you of a marvelous building which the Government had actually erected, twenty-eight acres under one roof, and the foremen directing the construction on horseback. Or you would learn of some unknown port upon the Gulf of Mexico where thirty ships were on the ways. A little distance away

from the capital you realized that probably at no period in the world's history has any governmental machinery been so suddenly called upon for such a gigantic increase in its working power. Never before has there been so much to do, or so much money to do it with. Is it strange that for a time no one in Washington could think in anything less than millions? There was a whirlpool of confusion and an orgy of spending. Yet with it all, the great current of destiny moved on.

And Washington itself when, as winter came, it began to set its house in order, sounded a deep note of shame, abjuration, and a determination at last clear-eyed to be a worthy capital of an embattled nation. You caught again the sense that here by the Potomac, as of old, there throbbed the country's heart. You felt that Washington *was* the country, and was to be roused and brought fully into action as the whole vast land was roused. And you knew, somehow, that as the country slowly shook itself and swore by its memories of Washington and Lincoln and of all the line of great men whose ghosts might be watching their beloved Republic it would win victory against the evil thing that threatened the world, so Washington the city, white in shining coat of war, would lead the attack.

## Defeat

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

ALL the gifts I did not ask  
Life came and brought to me,  
Until I stood amazed before  
Such prodigality;

And yet I failed in my one task,  
In my one enterprise—  
I could not keep the fire alight  
Within your eyes.