

criticism on Germany that they could not be neutral, even when they desired it." He proceeds:

"The question is yet further clarified by the last provocation actually offered to America—the proposal to treat the self-defense of merchantmen as piracy. This theory is so plainly an insanity that it is not even a sophistry. It has nothing to do with any international understandings, but with the elementary ethics of cause and effect, of responsibility and reason. It is precisely as if a magistrate were to pay a band of official highwaymen to stab and rob all pedestrians, and then hang the pedestrians for rioting if they resisted. With this enormous idiocy modern Germany loses her last link not merely with civilization, but with the human mind itself, and merely barricades herself in a mad-house. And the moment of that loss is the moment of the entry of America, which may truly be described as the entry of mankind. It is even, as I say, like the entry of unborn mankind. We have talked too much of America as 'a daughter nation,' and have tried too often to patronize a daughter when we ought rather to have respected a very distant and very independent cousin. But in this sense there is truth in the tag—the Western democracy speaks for our daughters and our sons even more than for ourselves. The youth of the world has found pacifism impossible because it has found Prussianism intolerable; it is the rising generation that is knocking at the door of Potsdam, and knocking with a battle-ax; it is the babe unborn that stirs and cries against the Herod who has slain so many babes.

"President Wilson, in his great speech, was truly and worthily what somebody was once called fancifully—the orator of the human race. There was a powerful impersonality in his very eloquence which was all the more human because it was not individual, but rather like the mighty voice of a distant but approaching multitude. The simple words with which he ended were among the sort of historic sayings that can be graven on stone. There is a moment when man's moral nature, apparently so wayward, finds its path with a fatality like that of doom. 'God helping her, she can do no other.' That is the answer of humanity to all possible preaching about the inhumanity of war, to libraries of loathsome realism, to furnaces of ghastly experience, to the worst that can be said, to the worst that can be endured. There comes a moment in which self-defense is so certainly the only course that it is almost superfluous to say it is the right one. There is nothing else, except to commit suicide; and even to commit suicide is to connive at murder. Unless a man becomes the enemy of such an evil, he will not even become its slave, but rather its champion. In such an extremity there enters at last an awful simplicity; and we share something of that profound spiritual peace which always possesses the armies fighting in the field. God helping us, we can do no other; for God himself will not help us to ignore evil, but only to defy and to defeat it."

REMEMBERING FRENCH ARTISTS—More than a thousand of the artists of France have fallen on the field of battle. Many others have been crippled or lost their sight. So there is a great opportunity to aid those who are looking helplessly into an uncertain future. There is a peculiar debt of gratitude imposed upon the American artist, says Mr. Will H. Low, the painter, in the *New York Evening Post*, and the exhibition of which the picture opposite forms a part is an expression of that gratitude. Mr. Low writes:

"Of the many appeals for relief of the illimitable suffering caused by the world war, few have had earlier response or more continuous devotion than through the activities of the American Artists' Committee of One Hundred. It began as soon as the devastation of Belgium and the invasion of France made evident the claims of the dependent families of our French brothers in art who were called to arms, and has continued without pause or relaxation until to-day, with prospect of its prolongation into the uncertain future. Representing at home a limited class, whose importance in the scale of civilization has seldom been measured in terms of dollars, our artists realize fully the hazards of the vocation, and above all know intimately how infrequently provision for the future can be made in the earlier years of an artist's practise. Especially is this true in Europe among the very class which first answered the call for the defense of their country. The loss of life among these younger artists of France has been appallingly great, and the dependent mothers, wives, or children thus left without re-

sources have found such relief as they have had through the ministrations of the *Fraternité des Artistes* organized in Paris for this purpose, in close cooperation with our American Artists' Committee of One Hundred."

THE AMERICAN "CAMOUFLAGE"

A NEW SLANG WORD, which is an equivalent for our longer phrase of "throwing dust in one's eyes," comes from France, coined in the war. More literally, the new word, which is *Camouflage*, means raising a smoke to fool the enemy, and the men who engage in this fascinating pursuit are the artists who fight the enemy with their brushes. As imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, our artists, that is, those who are in the ranks above the illustrators, have formed themselves into an American *Camouflage* to serve the national colors by means of their own colors. Deceptive coloration is the principle at the basis of this war-measure, and it is interesting to recall that one of our distinguished artists, Mr. Abbott Thayer, is the author of the most scientific work on the subject of this principle as it is to be observed worked out by nature for the protection of animals. A hundred American artists have organized themselves into a committee and have already advanced their preparedness by frequent correspondence with artists of the French *Camouflage* and by arrangements with officials of the Government. Mr. Ernest Peixotto, a member of the American committee, gives in the *New York Evening Sun* some details of the work in France which enlarge on the account we furnished our readers on an earlier occasion:

"At the beginning of the war, the French artists went into the lines, did effective work, and many were killed, as happened with the men of every class and vocation. Later, the older men were detailed to do cartoons and make posters to stir the spirit of the country. A group of these men turned their hand to making war-supply depots, wagons, motor-trucks, and trains invisible. Under almost any conditions, whether in woods or in open country, this deceptive art was found to be successful to a great degree. It is almost impossible now for aeroplanes to locate the French batteries. There has been some success in concealing moving trains, and standing trains have been effectively painted out of the landscape.

"The work is founded on the theory of the Indian who painted himself so he would be lost in the desert when hiding from animals or pursuers. The trick is being used to conceal outposts and observers who are stationed at dangerous points. Many false posts have been constructed for observers. I have been informed in complete detail of how an outpost that proved of great service was substituted overnight for a dead horse in No Man's Land. The dead horse lay between the lines on a bit of rising ground. During the night the dead horse was removed and the sculptors made a fake horse, which was put out with a man inside. His business was to remain there during the day and come back to the lines at night to report. As his post was above the German trenches, he was able to keep close watch on the enemy's movements at that point.

"Among many instances showing the extent to which deceptive coloration may be of service, the one in which a village street was actually faked is very striking. It was desired to pass soldiers from one part of the front to another past the end of a village street which was within sight of the German glasses and easy range of their guns.

"The artists painted a street, prolonging it by perspective, and made it seem that there was still an empty street. Behind this muslin scene soldiers passed all day long without detection and undisturbed by the enemy's guns. Such work as this has its elements of grave danger, of course, as the least indication that one side is attempting to conceal what is going on at a certain point draws a concentrated fire from the other.

"It has been possible to construct fake roads of painted muslin to draw the enemy's fire while important movements of troops and supplies were being carried out elsewhere. Painted nettings hung over the batteries conceal them successfully by making them look like their surroundings. The possibilities of effective deception have proved almost unlimited."

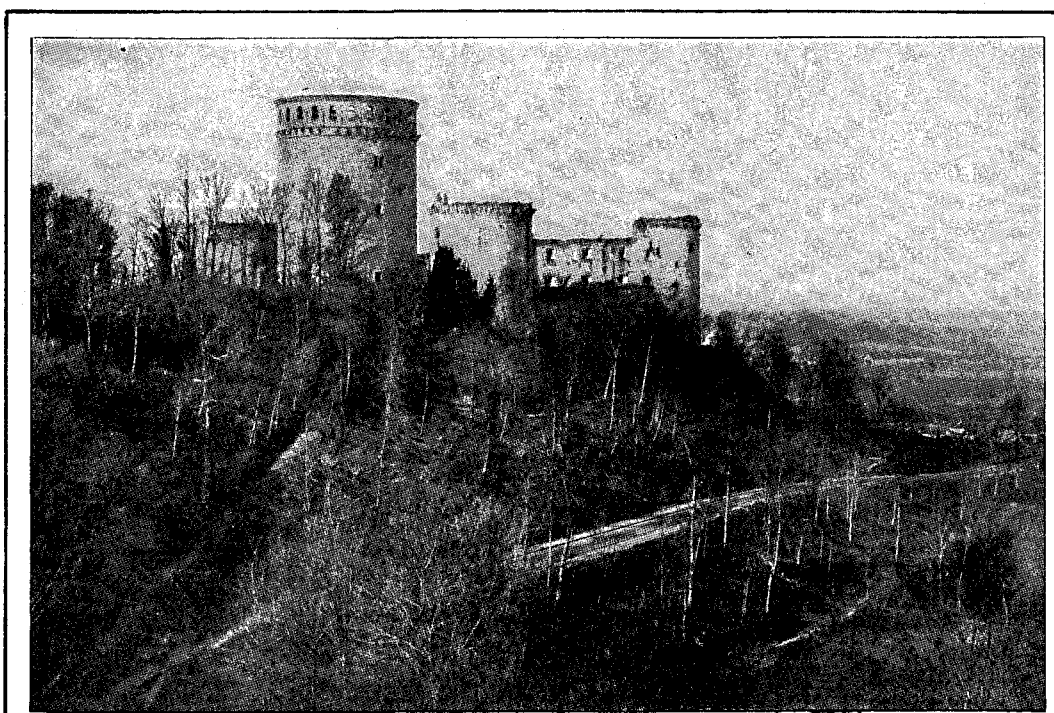
To carry out the plans of the American Committee, there will be needed the cooperation of scene-painters and house-painters. The organization might ultimately number as high as 7,500.

Such as are already enrolled number well-known names like E. H. Blashfield, George de Forest Brush, Barry Faulkner, William A. Mackay, Abbott Thayer, Daniel French, J. Alden Weir, Herbert Adams, Paul Dougherty, Cass Gilbert, and Bertram Goodhue. This word is added:

"There is a great deal of work that will need to be done as soon as America is active in the war. Some of our men who are accustomed to handling paint on a big scale have been able to mix colors in such delicate tones and so scientifically by the analysis of light and use of the impressionist's theory of vibrating color that the successful solution of the most important problems in deceptive coloration can be safely predicted."

WHAT COUCY REVEALS

GERMAN CRIMES AGAINST ART show that this people excel in "pure, wanton destruction." The phrase is written by Mr. Cortissoz, art editor of the New York *Tribune*, who reviews the series of these offenses crowned by the destruction of Coucy-le-Château. We quote



From "L'Illustration," Paris.

LIKE MANY-TOWERED CAMELOT.

The view of Coucy-le-Château, in eastern France, was one of the charms of the landscape. It was as shown here that the castle had been seen for centuries dominating the surrounding country.

what he says because it affords a fine contrast with the dignified and measured acceptance of their wounds by the French themselves. The Hun, says the American critic, "began his crimes against art with the conflagration at Louvain. Then came the bestial violation of the cathedral at Reims, projected with insensate malice at the beginning and periodically revived ever since the same stupid meanness. . . . Probably this exercise of dull spite will continue until the Hun is kicked out of range; he will not otherwise stay his hand. And very recently he has wreaked himself upon Coucy-le-Château, with characteristic futility, as the event showed, in a military sense, but doubtless to the gratification of his feeling of hatred for a thing of mere beauty. That is all that Coucy was—a great monument of the historic past, a majestic ruin. But the Hun passed that way and it had to go." So does one speak who feels himself with the real owners a coinheritor of the great spiritual gifts of the past. The country bleeding from this new wound speaks thus in the pages of *L'Illustration* (Paris):

"The photographs taken of the Castle of Coucy on the arrival

of our troops, compared with the *ante-bellum* aspect of the historic château, well known to the archeologists and tourists, show the results of the barbarous havoc so maliciously and gratuitously wrought by the savage Teutonic hordes. The inspectors of the Bureau of Monuments will in due time draw up a detailed report of the damages done.

"But so much is certain even now that, on account of the crumbling down of the towers, it will be impossible to reconstruct the castle such as it appeared, seen from the Chauny road. This romantic view is lost forever.

"In his study of the Castle of Coucy, which appeared in the 'Petites Monographies des Grands Édifices de la France' (Short Monographs of the Great Buildings of France), Mr. E. Lefevre-Pontalis has fortunately fixed for all time to come the characteristic traits of this masterpiece of military architecture of the Middle Ages. We learn from his sketch that the castle was built between 1225 and 1230 by Enguerrand III., lord of Coucy, on the spot and over the ruins of a fort which had been erected there at the beginning of the tenth century by Hervé, Archbishop of Reims. In its original plan, the new construction was four cylindrical towers 35 meters tall and a turret which, by its dimensions, was reputed to be the widest tower in the world.

"Divided in three halls superposed by galleries and ribbed vaults, this famous tower had a diameter of 31.25 meters and a height of 54 meters. On the ground floor, the thickness of the wall was 7.46 meters. We believe the *Vorwärts*, of Berlin, when it tells us in a semiofficial note that the German engineers needed 28,000 kilograms of explosives to perform their dastardly work of destruction.

"This is not the time and place to recall to memory the long and brilliant history of the sieges and assaults endured by the Castle of Coucy. But at least we may be permitted to quote here the proud device of the lords of Coucy:

*Roy ne suys
Ne prince, ne duc, ne comte aussi,
je suys le sire de Coucy.*

(I am neither king nor prince
nor duke nor count,
I simply am the lord of Coucy).

"Dismantled by Cardinal Mazarin in 1652, the ruins of the castle were utilized as a sheer, inexhaustible quarry by the masons of the neighborhood until the Government declared it, in 1856, a state domain. At the initiative of Viollet-le-

Duc, the giant turret, which was in danger of falling to pieces, was girdled with two iron rings at the height of the corbels and recovered with a roof, while all the cracks were repaired with the greatest care.

"To-day nothing remains of this donjon, whose characteristic silhouette imprest itself so deeply upon the mind of the observer, but a monstrous heap of stones. The German mines have, indeed, fully succeeded; the whole castle is one pitiable wreck. The four angular towers have disappeared; the falling stonework felled the beautiful trees which were part of the historic scenery.

"Should we anew point out the military uselessness of the now doubly historic castle? From its ruins this is our consolation, we see Noyon already ours, and Laon, which soon will be delivered from the enemy's clutches."

A captain, says a cable dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, was the last Frenchman to see Coucy in its perfection:

"As he looked there came from the midst of the castle a blinding blaze of flame. The keep and the battlements flew asunder and for the moment everything vanished under an impenetrable cloud of dust and smoke.

"When, after many minutes, the cloud cleared away, keep