

upon the possession of preponderant military power over religious "rivals." In our day a people's prosperity is deemed to be dependent upon the possession of preponderant military and political power over economic "rivals." When it is realized that mere political power, preponderant force over others, is, in any positive sense, as ineffective to the ends of promoting prosperity and welfare as to the ends of promoting religious truth, we shall be within distance of making wars between the political groups as obsolete as are wars between the religious groups. And just as the realizations to which we owe the disappearance of the religious wars were the result of a change of mind and attitude due to widespread discussion—largely the indirect work of the Reformation—so by the dragging of international problems into the arena of normal political discussion, by the growing perception that those problems are an integral part of all social problems—which socialists have always realized—we may get a corresponding change of mind and attitude in our international relations. And then—and probably by no means which does not include this process—will the "inevitable" conflicts be made avoidable.

NORMAN ANGELL.

From the Paris Embassy

The Note-Book of an Attaché, seven months in the war zone, by Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Co. \$1.60 net.

IF men were machines the best idea of a war could be derived from the officially minded. A book like "War and Peace" would not be fundamental. But since men are flesh and blood and since war is supremely a human experience, the records which most of us are still seeking of the present struggle are those which see war with the human eye and feel it with the human heart. Among such books, very few of which have appeared, "The Note-Book of an Attaché" deserves particular attention.

It is hardly the author's fault that as his volume progresses it becomes less significant. His notes were a by-product of his personal activities in Europe, and as those activities were diplomatic and social after the poignant first three months they naturally lose in drama. One could, indeed, have well spared the record of his stylish visits in Hungary, his pheasant shooting and his meals with Countesses. But if the latter chapters come as an anti-climax, despite the military appendix and the report on the disgusting prison camp at Döberitz, there is enough in the earlier narrative to make it richly contributive.

It took courage to remain in Paris during the German advance. Mr. Wood is candid about the panic that was precipitated. He describes ambassadors and consuls "white of face and perspiring with nervousness." "Not a single British hero was to be found in the diplomatic corps with nerve enough to risk the inconveniences of a siege. The Ambassador of another country, who fled with the crowd, left in spite of orders from his King absolutely directing him to remain." At the cry, "The Germans are coming," the potential authors of imposing green, pink, blue, yellow and white papers were evidently green, pink, blue, yellow and white with fear. "Mr. Herrick," the young American notes, "looks on with calm amazement."

"The truth of the matter is, we got damn well licked." That is the way an English officer, "grimy, dirty and sweaty and greatly embarrassed thereby," told of the retreat from Charleroi. "His men shot and shot and shot

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until they became sick of killing, and the Germans kept coming, always coming, their ranks riddled and smashed by bullets and shells. The British all agree that the German troops have an unflinching, dogged, brutal courage, which nothing seems to daunt."

Those words, "smashed by bullets," took on sharp meaning when Mr. Wood a week later "walked silently among the dead." "We counted seventeen bodies within a circle thirty paces in diameter." It was the battlefield of the Marne. "The combined casualties of the two sides were close to two hundred thousand on a front of something over twenty miles and a depth of about fifteen miles." And Mr. Wood illustrates the word "casualties." "In their last retreat the Germans had dragged their desperately wounded into halls and doorways . . . We looked into one hallway only. Here amidst a stifling stench, five Germans were propped up; three were dead and the other two barely alive; all were covered black with flies and the living and the dead were eaten by white, weaving masses of maggots."

In his analysis of the battle of Marne, written after his visit to the battle in company with Colonel Allen and Captain Parker, Mr. Wood declares that the French won this desperate and crucial battle "because their field artillery was superior and because, man for man, they outfought the Germans." What "outfought" means may in turn be deduced from one little description. "The sole survivor of the fatal cross-fire was a boy with a tiny black moustache. Undaunted, he had charged alone in among the Germans and had received many bayonets in his heroic body. He lay on his back among the German cartridges fifty yards ahead of the row of his dead comrades."

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