

A glance at these figures will show that either the Prussian losses ought to have been more, or the Saxon, Bavarian, Württemberg losses less, since Prussia and Baden include three-quarters of Germany's military strength. However, let us pass the government figures; less 33 1-3 per cent slightly wounded and returned to duty, we have definite, final losses of 1,760,000 men for twelve months, or 146,666 men a month.

From another source "F. F." estimates the German losses at 2,400,000 men, exclusive of 700,000 men returned to the front, or 200,000 losses a month. From still another source the estimate is 135,000 losses a month.

Personally, I am inclined to calculate the German definite losses at about 150,000 a month, including navy losses, prisoners, and deaths from all causes in the army. At any rate, according to their own reports 135,000 a month are the minimum German figures, and I prefer the estimate of 150,000. At that rate, up to November 1, 1915, the Germans have lost 2,250,000 men in fifteen months. They should therefore have on that date 5,500,000 men at their disposal, as against 7,750,000 on August 1, 1914.

Their armies, including guards of communication, on all fronts are estimated by "F. F." at about 4,000,000 men. This leaves 1,500,000 men still available for making losses good, a force which would be used up, at the rate of 150,000 men a month, by September 1, 1916. But adding to this force the class of 1916, about 520,000 men (650,000 less 25 per cent for death and disability), the Germans can continue at their present strength until the campaign of the year 1917, which may see the

beginning of the phase of "résistance désespérée," as "F. F." puts it.

"F. F.," relying on the more sanguinary character of the war as it is now being waged, relying also on the lower quality of the last German reserves, believes that the early summer of 1916 will mark the beginning of that phase. Kitchener once said that the war would last three years. A statistician on an American trade weekly devoted to the interests of oil, using Civil War figures, came to the same conclusion. (Incidentally he said the oil wouldn't give out). At any rate, there is reason to believe that the only resources which Germany cannot apparently replace—the resources of men—are not inextinguishable.

This war is not going to be settled in the Balkans or on the Suez Canal. It is probably going to be settled in Belgium, where it began, or perhaps on the River Rhine. And I think the English are the ones who will finally settle it. For France, Austria and Russia are losing men in a proportion not greatly different from Germany. Great Britain's losses alone, immense though they are, are infinitely less (about 500,000 to October 1, 1915). Slowly and stubbornly, but thoroughly and bravely England is learning the art of modern war in the hard school of experience. Her forces are intact. The morale of her armies is serene and strong in the face of blunders, as it has ever been. Is it too much to hope that a Marlborough or a Wellington will rise again? Is it too much to hope that in 1916 or 1917 the mettle of her advancing troops will be felt again on the battlefields of Ramillies and Malplaquet and Waterloo?

GERALD MORGAN.

## VERSE

### In Church

High on the altar candles stand  
And lift aloft their lights to Him;  
The altar candles' lights are dim,  
I see them glimmer through my hand.

Outside the fierce white sunlight throws  
Its strength upon the colored glass,  
And strives in vain to break and pass  
The barrier of blue and rose.

The choir boys all stand and sing,  
Their voices rise, their voices fall,  
And high above them on the wall  
The blurred and broken sunbeams cling.

Those beams that once were pure, instead  
Are daubed and colored by the saint  
That smiles down in her glass and paint  
From the arched window overhead.

If this, then, be a place for prayer,  
I pray you, saint, relax your smile,  
And though but for a little while,  
Take the red halo from your hair.

Drop your blue robe down to the floor,  
And all in white step to one side,  
Then fling your gaudy casement wide,  
Like the great portals of a door.

The surging sunlight in will press,  
Like joy, like strength, like a grand hymn,  
The puny candles, grown more dim,  
Will vanish into nothingness.

ALICE DAMROSCH PENNINGTON.

## Urashimatara

I dream a dream of sea delight:  
 Sea-stars, sea-fields, and blue sea-hills  
 That downward plunge through purple night,  
 Where fish go past with gleaming gills  
     In meteor flight;  
     Each strange sea-sight  
 My restless eyes with wonder fills.

A sea-cave lost to sun and star  
 Lies smooth like jade about my feet,  
 Where luminous, pale creatures are  
 Like giant flowers, wanly sweet—  
     Yet once I walked  
     And idly talked  
 With idlers, in the village street.

Close to the shore I left my boat,  
 Nor knew I why I sought the sea—  
 Her great gongs beat a glorious note  
 Sounding the wistful heart of me;  
     My temple gongs  
     Sang poorer songs—  
 I could not listen to their plea.

Kanamiki, long ago  
 I loved you in the lantern-light,  
 Because your throat was drifting snow,  
 Because your eyes were stars of night;  
     Your image white  
     Has fled my sight,  
 Now that around me no winds blow.

But there is one with emerald scales  
 Who sings forever in my ears,  
 Her violet hair, like clinging veils,  
 Wraps me about and drowns my tears;  
     With wreathing arms  
     She lulls and charms  
 Vague questions and forgotten fears.

And you, my village, you were fair  
 Where sounded flute and samisen,  
 But all your gods, they brought despair  
 And never happiness to men!

What was Japan?  
 A sword, a fan,  
 A mountain, pictured by a pen?

I still remember light of day,  
 Though here blue twilight steep the eyes,  
 For time no longer fleets away,  
 And ocean chanting never dies:

What was the earth?  
 Since my sea-birth,  
 I, like the child, am inly wise.

Then let me dream of sea-delight,  
 Sea-stars, sea-fields, and blue sea-hills,  
 Where in a realm of purple night  
 A sea-queen all my thinking stills:

The sea began  
 The earth for man,  
 The sea creates, and the sea kills.

FREDERIKA PETERSON.

## One Captive

"And she, a nursling of captivity,  
 Knew nought beyond those walls, nor what such change  
 might be."

It was not that she begged,  
 She did not plead;  
 Though blind men might have guessed  
 Sufficient need.

She shivered as she stood  
 In His white snow,  
 Her hands, poor little things,  
 Blue-cold, I know.

Mittens are cheap to give,  
 And clothes; not this  
 Stole my smooth fur-lined warmth,  
 My well-fed bliss.

But that she seemed to ask  
 No better thing;  
 Had her ears never heard  
 A dream-bird sing?

No dancing vision filled  
 Expectantly  
 Her eyes. They knew no more  
 Than poverty.

M. E. CROCKER.

## The Rug-Weaver

From his sunny corner in the Syrian quarter  
 The old rug-weaver walked eastward slowly.  
 "I wish to see the Temple," he said,  
 "Where these strange foreigners worship God."  
 He came to the iron gate of Trinity churchyard,  
 He wandered past the graves of the forgotten Americans,  
 Sleeping peacefully these hundred years.  
 Through the great bronze doors he passed  
 And came into the quiet church,  
 With its wealth of amethyst, amber and gold  
 Streaming through the stained windows.

"But where are the worshipers?" he asked,  
 For the church was empty.  
 "They neglect their God, these strange foreigners," he said.

Still further eastward he took his way.  
 None noticed him in his shabby clothes.  
 He passed along Wall Street.  
 "Everyone is going somewhere in a hurry," he said,  
 "Perhaps they are going to prayers.  
 "I will follow them!"  
 With the crowd he entered the Stock Exchange.  
 He saw the mad rush of the brokers,  
 He heard them shouting.  
 "This must be their Temple," he said.  
 "So they worship God, after all,  
 "These strange foreigners,  
 "But in a strange foreign way."

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

## After the Play

NOT the most interesting play produced in New York last week, but the most interesting event—that is about my notion of “Overtones,” by Alice Gerstenberg, given at the Bandbox by the Washington Square Players.

Miss Gerstenberg, who is young, lives in Chicago, and has dramatized “Alice in Wonderland,” has not told the public, so far as I know, how her play first suggested itself. One guesses that she may have hit upon it in the form of a question—why not embody, incarnate, anthropomorphize the subconscious?

Wherever she began, she ended by choosing to incarnate the self which we are fully conscious of and as consciously wish to hide, and whose promptings are strictly relevant to what we are saying and hearing.

Not many years ago, when Harriet was a young woman, she fell in love with a portrait painter who loved her. Because he was poor she threw him over, and married a rich man she did not love. The painter married Margaret, and they are happy in desperate poverty. Margaret comes to see Harriet by appointment. What Harriet hopes to gain by this interview is an opportunity of seeing the painter often and winning his love again. She wants also to emphasize the fact that she is rich and to hide the fact that she is unhappy. Margaret's object is to save her husband and herself from starvation by getting an order. She wants also to emphasize her happiness and to hide her poverty.

Miss Gerstenberg has brought these two women together, and two more—the suppressed self of each. Harriet can hear and see her own suppressed self, and Margaret hers. We, the public, can see and hear both of them as each prompts the woman it is suppressed by. We hear the insistent “Tell her we have an automobile” repeated to Harriet. We hear, as plainly as Margaret hears, the hungry raving cry, “We are starving.” In the end the invisible is seen, the inaudible is heard, and the suppressed selves fly at each other like dogs.

“Overtones” is amusing, now and then exciting, interesting all the time. It is also odd, and not quite odd enough, not quite inventive enough. When once you have grasped Miss Gerstenberg's formula you cease to be surprised. A certain deductive unimaginative literalness prevents your surprise from being renewed and kept going.

But the formula itself, I believe, is new. It is obviously of importance to the stage. It points the way to other new things. Miss Gerstenberg's success will incite other dramatists to try their hands at plays in which the suppressed self is also at moments the irrelevant, and we shall be the richer by droll scenes of contrast between what a man says and the superficially unrelated things he is thinking about. Perhaps some dramatist, master of a more learned and curious art, and working with a producer who knows the use and value of the half-light, will even persuade the subconscious to appear above the threshold.

And suppose you had written a play with scenes in which the things your characters thought were more significant than the things they said. Suppose you were earnestly desirous of having your audience attend with unaccustomed divination to these unspoken thoughts. What better prelude could you wish, what apter preparation, than a curtain-raiser made after Miss Gerstenberg's recipe?

Now you know what I mean when I stop November 8th, 1915, as it goes by, and tell it not to forget it was the birthday of “Overtones” at the Bandbox.

Of course we could easily get too many plays about the self-consciously suppressed or about the subconscious. It is

equally true that we are never likely to get enough one-acters as good as two of the other three plays given by the Washington Square Players. “Literature” is the one short play most likely to please people who like Schnitzler and people who usually don't. “The Honorable Lover” is Bracco at his best, isn't it? Mr. Ralph Roeder's translation of “The Caprice” reveals a fine sympathy with Musset's use of words. And the sets? They make you wonder how long the people who prefer realism in all stage settings will stay a majority.

“The Great Lover,” given at the Longacre and written “by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederic and Fanny Hatton,” is a play sure to please everybody and a few other people. It begins behind the scenes of an opera house, in the manager's office, where there is a most amusing babel of egos, all shameless and clamorous. Into this turmoil comes Mr. Ditrichstein as Jean Paurel, composed, correct, very urbane, monocled, grayhaired, awfully well turned out. Petulant he is a moment later, when the manager crosses him, but cool in his petulance and witty. When he makes love to order he does it with a proper spirit, with none of that weary acquiescence in routine which gave feature to the hero of “The Concert.” He treats the younger generation, when it knocks at his door, to a demonstration of candor in jealousy, and the demonstration has a real beauty of candor. Here, and at many other points, the play rises out of its class, giving the character of Jean Paurel a human likable variety which must be a result of fineness in observation. He is winning in his vanity, and he is many other things. Mr. Ditrichstein plays the part flexibly, with color and fineness, and lightly where lightness is needed. So, you think, it might have been played by a Richard Mansfield who had cured himself of the trick of being sinister. Mr. Ditrichstein is extremely good even when the play turns to pathos of a dismally familiar brand. Near the end it is sticky with renunciation. But at the very end there is a wholesome touch of tart cynicism. The play is well worth seeing for its sheer amusingness, for the much-above-the-average delicacy with which Jean Paurel's character is modeled, and for Mr. Ditrichstein's acting. Its pathos can be borne best by those whose memories are shortest.

Miss Grace George is not only a comedian skilled to disguise her nicest calculations as engagingly fresh impulses, nor only a good producer and good manager. She is a sound judge of revivable plays for the Playhouse. “The New York idea” is an American classic. Time has done less harm to “The Liars” than to anything else by Henry Arthur Jones. Its moral outlook is upon a world in which you say to the husband, “If your wife is beginning to love another man take her to a restaurant and let the dinner be good”; to the wife, “If you run away with another man nice people will cut you and you'll have to live on the Continent in second-class boarding houses”; and to the other man, “Give her up, your country needs you.” But this moral outlook seems no older now than in 1898, when “The Liars” was first given here. The 1840 moral code for married persons was as quaint in 1898 as it is in 1915. All that seems older in the play is a slight elaborateness in some of the speeches, and the presence of a *raisonneur*, Sir Christopher Deering. The art of story-telling on the stage is always new, and how many living writers understand this better than Mr. Jones? Within two minutes after the play begins it has already lost the air of beginning. How easy it all sounds and is not!

Q. K.