Europe 100 Years After Waterloo---Vast Changes in Methods of War

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will be done by others in the coming era of peace. But who is going to do their work now, this coming summer, this next winter, the year following and the year following that one—during the next three years, five years, ten years—should the war last that long?

Well, the contestants to-day have a source of supply for work that was not in existence, at least was not available at the time of Waterloo, or during twenty years previous, while Napoleon was sweeping back and forth across the Continent, undismayed, all but unhindered. Then Europe very largely had to depend on herself. To-day she is drawing—at least the Allies are drawing—upon North and South America, the Orient and the isles of the sea; from whatever localities man has entered, establishing himself as a producing agent.

Germany, of course, also would draw freely upon these sources of supply if she could. Neutral business men would sell on German orders without hesitation; but herein Germany is handicapped by her antagonists, notably by the navies of England and France, which prevent supplies from reaching her. To offset this handicap the inventive genius of Germany has introduced into warfare a new element of destruction, the submarine torpedo boat.

Neutral nations are playing a part in this war which none likewise played prior to or during the era of Waterloo. The outbreak of the present war saw Belgium, in a few days, conquered. Not long afterward Germany held portions of France, which included important mines, mills, factories of all kinds whence France normally would draw supplies of arms, ammunition and various equipment for her armies. England cannot supply all the needed arms and projectiles; neither can Russia furnish such necessaries in enormous volume. Hence the Allies have sought and continue to seek, not merely munitions but horses, mules, motor trucks, aircraft and other material from various countries not at war, notably from the United States.

As a contrast to this the position of Germany reveals perhaps the most superb organization of military nature ever seen on earth. She is making a loud to-do about food supplies being cut off by England's navy, but many observers doubt whether food is measurably scarce or is likely to be in Germany. Her powers of self-support in this direction are well known. At any rate Germany has astonished the world by her ability to maintain a fighting line of some four hundred miles in the west and from a thousand to fourteen hundred miles in length at the eastern front—the length of the lines, particularly in the east, varying from time to time. The truth of the matter is that Germany was prepared; France largely prepared, but seriously crippled by sudden loss of regions containing the mines, mills, ore fields, &c., already alluded to; whereas the shock of hostilities fell with full force upon England—upon an England not prepared.

Years ago Lord Roberts saw this struggle coming; he warned his country, he begged it to make ready for the storm that was gathering. But England turned a deaf ear. To-day England knows better.

With the memory of Waterloo, with still fresher memory of the Franco-Prussian war, with full knowledge of the steady, complete, uninterrupted preparations Germany had been making for forty years, why did England fail to see the storm cloud? Britain must have known that a revolution in conditions of life since the days of Waterloo, the storm, when it burst, would burst with instant explosion. Neither Napoleon nor Wellington could rush armies across Europe at fifty miles an hour; they had no wireless for immediate despatch and receipt of orders; they had no motor trains of armed cars nor any of a score of other examples of military enginery now available. Yet England declined to heed Roberts.

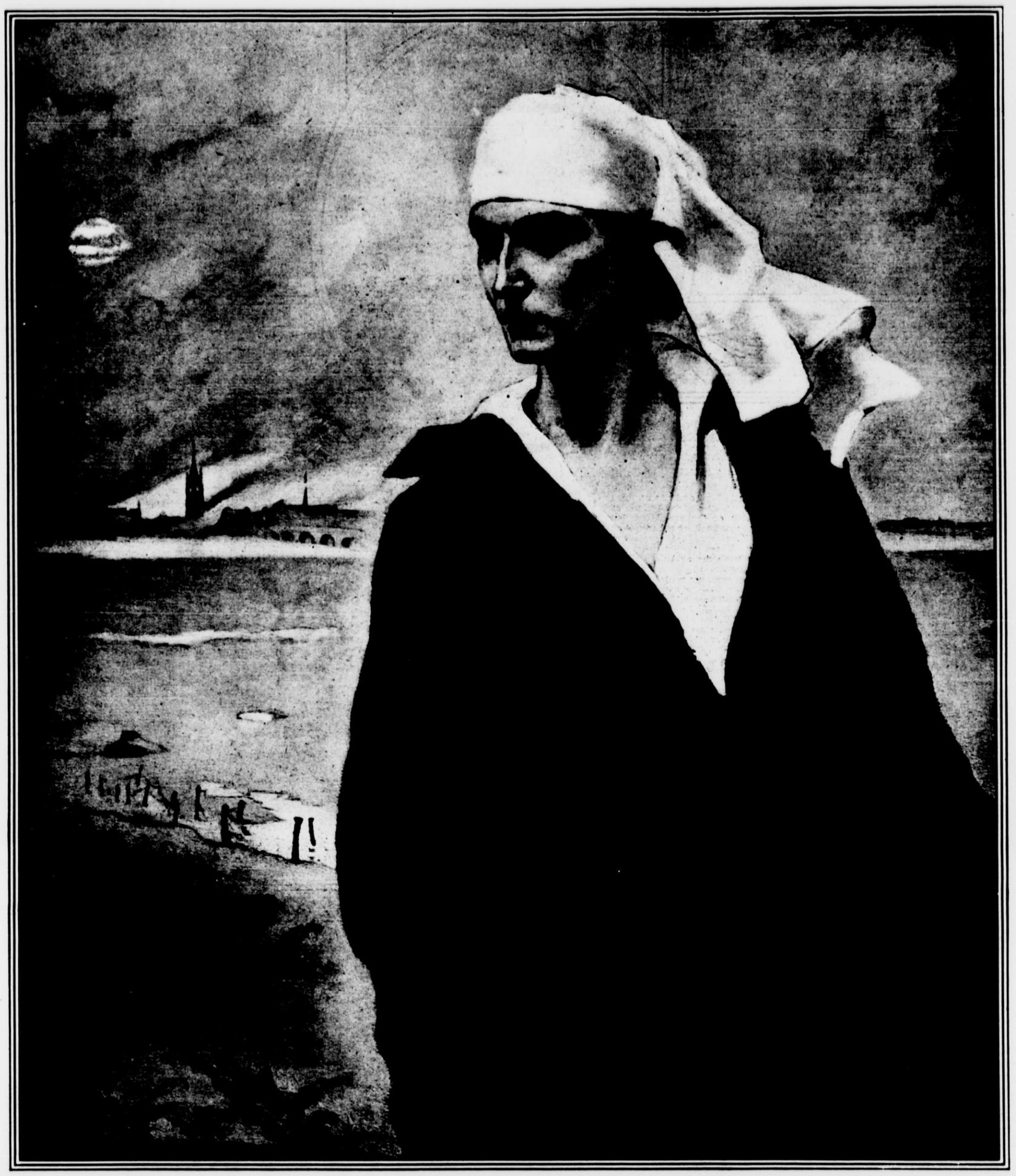
Many have asked why this neglect was possible, in view of history, as well as in view of Germany's unceasing preparations, decade after decade. One suggestion made by Seabury C. Mastick, a student of world conditions, is that for a long time the old tide of Norman blood has been gradually dying out of official England; that the leaders of thought and action in Great Britain for some years past have been men not descended from those who came over with the Conqueror; and that blood of very different kind has been flowing in the arteries and veins of modern England. To demonstrate his proposition, Mastick cites the men who have been in power in England during the past few years.

The situation was different at the time of Waterloo. When the Congress of Vienna solemnly declared Napoleon an outlaw and determined to crush him, it did so only after careful preparation. The allies did not allow Napoleon to swoop down upon them without warning. Despite Wellington and Blucher, who wanted instant action, the Czar did prevail upon the congress as a whole to defer attack on the French until he could get his Russian troops transported to the borders of France. But this agreement had to be broken by reason of that march which Napoleon ordered to be taken just one hundred years ago to-night.

Even so, Wellington was ready, and the Belgian contingent, and Blucher with his 90,000 men—ready and fully prepared, ready to wait for the Russians if nothing happened; but, also ready to strike at once if the enemy forced their hands. And they did so.

Those who base their hope of an early peace in the European struggle upon some great decisive action on one of the fronts, a Wagram, an Austerlitz, a Waterloo, will find little comfort in this contemplation of the great changes wrought in the science of warfare since the day of Napoleon. His brilliant tactics, by which he so often cut the enemy in twain and defeated each section in turn, the day when the fate of empires turned on a cavalry charge, on the holding of a British square, as at Quatre Bras, has given way to the trench fighting, a siege operation, in fact, in which victory is won by inflicting and resisting attrition.

D'ANNUNZIO ON THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE



MRS. ROMAINE BROOKS'S PAINTING, REPRESENTING FRANCE AS A CRUSADER, WHICH INSPIRED D'ANNUNZIO TO WRITE THE SONNETS.

France the Crusader

ONE of the last acts of Gabriele d'Annunzio before leaving France to take part in the Quarto monument celebrations, where his speech was to do so much toward bringing his country to definite action in the war, was to write four sonnets, inspired by a painting by Mrs. Romaine Brooks, a symbolic figure of France as a Crusader, to be published for the benefit of the French Red Cross, Pierre Loti's work for supplying clothes to the wounded and the military hospital in Paris maintained by the Italians. Reproductions of the painting and facsimiles of the poet's verses in his handwriting are now being sold in France for 20 francs ($4).

The painting will be exhibited later in America and sold for the same worthy objects. Mrs. Romaine Brooks, though born in Rome, is an American, her family belonging to Philadelphia. Her portrait of Gabriele d'Annunzio (reproduced in THE SUN, February 2, 1913) has recently been acquired by the Luxembourg Museum. Following is a literal translation of the sonnets:

I.

Have they hoisted the acrid sponge on the tip of the lance
Against her beauteous mouth elated with the sacrament.
The cross without Christ, who suffers above her breast,
Is naught but the double wound born in silence.

But her eye is clearer than clear Provence,
But her heart is gentler than spring in Messin.
She anoints with her sweetness the strength which girds her;
To her pierced feet she binds patience.

And the wind of the struggle, the gold of the young day
And golden morns unseen, the love of love
And unsung songs live in her breath.

The chaste bandolet on her brow is a white
Fire which leads the dead. And on the plain is seen
Falling from her mantle the great shadow of a god.

II

O face full of ardor, O pity without sleep,
Courage which never refuses the chalice,
Strength which gives thy flesh to the sacrifice
And thy scarlet blood as thy libation!

On what pyre, under what sign, for what awakening,
To what Advent sang thy faith during the torture?
Higher than the lark at the dawn of the Solstice
Soars all at once thy heart toward the sun.

For the good race lifts up in thee,
There, among the nine valiant knights, Du Guesclin
Through visor bars smiles at thy male grace.

In thy holy vesture thou hast taken the sacrament
Under the form of the soil. But, crowned with lint,
Thy brow seems to suffer from a future star.

III.

France, sweet France, among the heroines
Blessèd, love of the world, ardent under the cross
As 'neath the walls of Antioch when Godefroi
Felt beneath his casque the crown of thorns.

Upright with thy God as at the bridge of Bouvines,
In thy glory on thy knees as on Roeroi field,
Immortally fresh as the grass that grows
On the edge of thy tombs, in the depths of thy ruins.

Fresh as the lustre of thy white poplar
That to-morrow thou canst in garlands weave
For the songs unsung of thy young pleiade.

Resurrected in Christ, thou who makest of thy shroud
A gonfalon of light, crusader's coat of mail,
"France, France, what a world without thee!"

IV.

Now comes the springtime of our love.
Exult in thy blood, at the end of thy sorrow rejoice,
Even hadst thou no other flower to gather
Than the hero sprung from the mystic root.

"I shall sound the olifant," said the Ancestor. O tumult
Of thy oaks! O wind of immense clamor!
High are thy peaks, deep thy vales. They are dying, they are dying;
And in thy beauty each of thy dead is sculptured.

Hear the signal, soldiers! soldiers!
Souls taken from bodies like the springtime from the vine,
Like the sword from the hilt, the banner from the mast.

Roland the Count sounds the call; it burns everywhere.
His mouth bleeds, his temples burst—
"Strike, Frenchmen, strike! 'Tis my command!"

March 5, 1915. GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Story of the Sonnets

IV.

Et voici le printemps de notre amour. Exulte
dans ton sang et jubile au bout de ta douleur,
quand même tu n'aurais à cueillir d'autre fleur
que le héros jailli de la racine occulte.

« Sonnerai l'olifant » dit l'Ancêtre. O tumulte
de tes chênes! O vent de l'immense clameur!
Hauts sont tes puys, tes vaux profonds. On meurt, on meurt;
et chacun de tes morts dans ta beauté se sculpte.

Entendez le signal, combattants, combattants,
âmes prises aux corps comme aux caps le printemps,
comme aux poignées les fers, les bannières aux hampes.

Roland le comte sonne; et tout en est fumant,
et en saigne sa bouche, en éclatent ses tempes.
« Frapper, Français, frapper! C'est mon commandement. »

5 mars 1915

Gabriele d'Annunzio

One of the sonnets autographed by d'Annunzio.

Making Friends Through the Air the Pastime of Radio Amateurs

"TICK, tick, tick-tick, tick," went the boy's pencil on the table.

"Do stop that noise!" exclaimed the father impatiently; "at least while visitors are here."

"I am doing my home work," replied the boy.

"Home work! Do you want to be smart in company?"

"It is my home work," persisted the boy. "I am practising my code lesson for to-morrow. We're taking up wireless."

"Wireless!" growled the father. "What next! Anything more useless for the average boy? They'll take up Eskimo grammar next."

The visitor, however, showed interest.

"It doesn't seem likely ever to be of use to you," he suggested, after the father had gone out.

"I am not expecting to be an operator," replied the boy, a New York high school pupil. "We're not taking it up especially for that aim; it's a social accomplishment."

"A new drawing room fad?" demanded the visitor incredulously.

"No," continued the boy seriously; "but it's more fun than baseball. A friend of mine has a station next door, up in the garret, where nobody bothers us. We spend the evenings there—and we're always meeting new people."

"You hold gatherings there?"

"No, only we two are in the garret, but it's more social than a club house. I'll take you up, if you're interested."

The visitor was, so the two went through the back garden into the next house. From the top floor they climbed up a ladder into the garret. Another boy, slightly older, was sitting at a table, on which were arranged a number of instruments, with what appeared to be a telephone receiver to his ear. After the boy had introduced the visitor, they turned to the apparatus.

"It's pretty simple: the whole outfit only cost me about $11," explained the older boy. "Of course, I can't send out a message more than ten miles, but I can receive them from as far away as Florida."

"But I thought you had to have a license to operate a wireless station?"

"So you do, but that's as simple as the rest. You pass a free examination at the navy yard, and they give it to you. There are nearly 300 amateurs within our circle."

"Within your circle: is it a club?"

"No; most of us have never met. I mean within the ten mile radius. That's about the limit of an amateur apparatus."

"There must be a horrible babble when all are going at once."

"You can't hear them all at once; each talks in a different key, and you focus the receiving apparatus to the one you want to hear. Listen."

The visitor put one of the receivers to his ear. For a moment there was silence as the boy focused the apparatus, then came a quick, angry ticking.

"That's the navy yard," said the boy, "amateurs seldom go as fast as that."

The ticking went on some minutes.

"What's he saying?" The boy was laughing.

"He's nagging us again. He'll never speak to any of us individually, but he jumps on the lot of us something fierce at times—trying to keep order. Gee, he's mad now! Wants us to shorten up our waves! As if he didn't roll all over the coils himself at times. I'd like to sass him back sometimes."

The boy shifted the focusing, the ticking continued, but in a slightly different key.

"That's Sayville now," continued the boy. "The German station." He shifted again. "Gee, you hear that? C. P. D. That's the British warships off the Hook. They're holding a parley, but it's all cipher—can't make them out. Ever since the war began we've heard them up and down the coast. Now you hear that slow tick-tick, like a clock; that's Washington, the observatory chronometer. At 10 it'll buzz, to give us the Eastern time."

"And you make the acquaintance of the other amateurs?"

"Yes, of course, that's the most fun. Each has a set of three letters assigned him, but we know each right by the key and the general style. The commercials, of course, will never talk to us. But sometimes I sit up late till midnight talking to distant friends, whom I've never met, but with some I've made appointments and we've come together."

"Tell about Jessie," suggested the younger boy.

"What is there to tell?" said the older boy, and his face was red, both boys laughed together rather sheepishly.

"Romance?" questioned the visitor, joining in the laugh.

"They've worked out a code," insisted the younger boy eagerly.

"What is Jessie like?" asked the visitor, his curiosity getting the better of his sense of delicacy.

"She's one of those I've met," replied the older boy, reddening.

Mixing Oil and Water

"MAYBE in these days it's the proper thing," remarked a retired business man of Brooklyn, "for men in their homes to receive calls over their telephones from their lady friends, but it wasn't so when I was working.

"I don't know how many men permit it now, but I go visiting in the offices two or three times a week, and it seems to me that the practice is quite prevalent. At least in my offices I have had my visits interrupted by telephone calls from women who apparently had the privilege to make such calls, for almost invariably the men seemed to be pleased to hear from them. Once or twice it was the other way, but that kind was discouraged.

"Yes, some of the men have wives. Oh, no, it wasn't their wives calling them.

"Mind you, I'm not objecting to the tired business men having a relaxation, but arrangements should not be made over their office telephones."