

TALK OF EUROPE

THE BOMBARDMENTS OF PARIS

AN official account of the London Air Raids having been given to the world, the French War Office now publishes for the first time an account of the attacks on Paris.

In 1914, there fell on Paris, exclusive of the suburbs, 45 bombs; 17 of them being thrown on one day, the 11th of October. In 1915, there were 70 bombs, 62 of which fell on the 20th of March. In 1916, 61 bombs. In 1917, only 14 bombs. But the Germans caught up in 1918.

In the last ten months of the war there fell 396 bombs of various kinds which resulted in 1211 casualties; 402 people being killed and 809 injured.

The famous cannons threw 168 shells, killing 196 people and wounding 417.

The worst day of the bombardment was the 23d of March, 1918; 21 shells falling that day in Paris.

The most disastrous affair was the raid of January 30, 1918. Eighty-nine bombs were dropped, killing 36 and wounding 192.

THE KAISER'S LAST DAYS AT SPAA

A MEMBER of the Kaiser's closest *entourage* has communicated the following to the *Politischer Tagesdienst*.

The Kaiser said on November 3, 'I am not thinking of abdicating. I require of every officer that he remain faithfully at his post. As Supreme War Lord I must stick to my post, for I see the worst Bolshevism breaking over Germany if I go away. A strong hand is necessary to preserve Germany from this disaster. Other strong men, as the circumstances of the day show, are not standing firm in this difficult time; therefore I shall remain. Moreover, I should willingly work with the new order and the new Government. Various gentlemen in it whom I have met are very sympathetic to me to work with.'

On the morning of November 9 there were long discussions. Hindenburg was one of the first to announce himself at Fraineuse, the country seat occupied by the Kaiser at Spaa. Hindenburg, after his first report to the Kaiser, had had a thorough discussion with fifty head officers of the various armies, each of whom was instructed to send five or six representatives in all haste to Main Headquarters. Each of these officers expressed his view in writing concerning the fidelity of his troops to the Kaiser, and they subsequently had a discussion all together. Hindenburg in his second report, transmitted about one o'clock to the Villa Fraineuse, gave it as the opinion of the head officers, which was fairly unanimous, that the troops could be relied on to fight against the enemy, but that they would never fight against their comrades. Meanwhile the Kaiser's abdication was constantly being urged by telephone from Berlin. It was repeatedly asked if he had not yet done it. Consequently, a precisely-worded answer was sent to Berlin after the discussion — namely, that the Kaiser abdicated as German Kaiser but not as King of Prussia. When this message was sent about two o'clock to Berlin, the telephonic answer came: 'Too late; we have already published his abdication.'

The Crown Prince arrived at Spaa about mid-day, and left again about three in the afternoon for his army. As he left the Kaiser said to him, 'Tell the soldiers it is untrue that I have abdicated as King of Prussia — I have not abdicated as King of Prussia.' Later Hindenburg arrived with General Gröner and Admiral von Hintze, and shortly afterwards Admiral von Scheer came. It was then put into the Kaiser's mouth to abdicate as King of Prussia also. When he subsequently left the audience chamber of the villa, he said to Count Dohna-Schlodien, his aide-de-camp, 'You no longer have any Supreme War Lord.' He then went up to his study.

The same evening the gentlemen of his

most intimate *entourage* urged him with insistence to go to Holland. The Kaiser was unwilling. He said: 'They want to force me to flee. I will not.' He said he would be in the Court train about dinner time. On the way to the train the Kaiser said to his aide-de-camp: 'I am so awfully ashamed; I cannot find it in my heart to do this — I cannot go away. If there be only one faithful battalion still here I shall remain at Spaa.' In the Court train one Job's tidings followed another — among others, that the Bolsheviki were in Herbesthal (about fifteen miles distant). The retreating troops of the lines of communication were also pressing on Spaa. Still the Kaiser was unwilling to leave, but he approved of a possible departure being prepared. To those around him he said: 'At other times I have always known what to do, but now I cannot save myself.' Expressing his opinion at the Kaiser's wish, one of his aides-de-camp said: 'If I had to decide for myself I should remain, for if the troops are unwilling to fight for Your Majesty we will form a protecting detachment of officers. We can occupy all posts to this end, and act as a service for your safety.'

At ten o'clock von Hintz and a representative of the Foreign Office again urged his departure, saying: 'Your Majesty, it may be too late in an hour's time.' It was desired to preserve the Kaiser from personal ill-treatment, which was feared because of the reports arriving from various towns. The Kaiser then decided on flight. The Castle of Brühl, near Cologne, had been first thought of as a place of sojourn for him, but the roads thither were no longer free. Reports also said that access to the Crown Prince's army was unsafe. The Kaiser must have reflected that the Entente had repeatedly hammered on the point that they refused to conclude peace with him, for he said: 'To facilitate peace for the nation I shall go to Holland. If I went to Germany, the supposition would be that I wanted to acquire a new party to help me make a *coup d'état*.'

It was also thought that from the moment when the Kaiser was no longer Supreme War Lord he had no longer any command. He would then be a mere private person. As the army would not

fight for the Kaiser against their comrades who were arriving, he had the feeling that the army had left him in the lurch, by which any possible reproach that he had left the army would be refuted. Moreover, the Kaiser felt himself exempted from the duty to take political decisions for the Empire, as the Government out of the plentitude of its own power had announced his abdication.

THE TATTOOED MAN

THE *Manchester Guardian* still keeps up the good fight against wild 'scare' stories which are sure to terrify the relatives of British soldiers in enemy camps. The latest 'spoo' appears to be the 'tattooed man.'

Our contributor 'Artifex' ventured to suggest last week that the story of the prisoner who had been tattooed on the cheek by the Germans, which had gained, through a section of the press, a wide currency among simple people, was not established by any credible evidence. He tells us today that he has since been deluged with letters enclosing accounts of just how the man was tattooed, and giving details of his former history and of his present occupation and domestic relations. Each of the correspondents who sent these letters was no doubt confirmed, by the cutting he sent, in his belief in the truth of the tale and of the willful blindness of 'Artifex.' Unfortunately for their authors, the stories vary so profoundly in essential facts as to make it clear to anyone who correlates them, as 'Artifex' has done, that they are born of a myth, rapidly spread and gathering variety as it goes. If that were not enough, there is yet more irrefutable evidence. The camera, it is said, cannot lie. Yet on December 9 two different newspapers published photographs of the victim. Each picture represents his whole right profile. The one shows his cheek marked with a full-length snake in black, the other decorates it with a snake's head in outline. But a tattoo is a permanent mark which years cannot alter or deface. Any jury confronted with these conflicting pictures would be forced to agree that the disfigurement was daily reapplied by the

sufferer, and that he had omitted the precaution of having the same device repeated. Now this story must have added vastly to the anxieties of many families who have prisoners in enemy hands. Early in the war the authorities did not hesitate to recommend the suppression of the many reports of chivalrous treatment of our soldiers by the Turks. That, in the light of the Turkish Government's record as a whole, may have been reasonable. But we suggest that they should be at least not less active to prevent the spread of stories about the treatment of our prisoners which are as dubious as this one.

SIX MILES HIGH

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* recently visited the Martlesham experimental aeroplane station and talked with Captain Lang, the Australian airman, about his ascent to the record height of six miles. Captain Lang and his observer, Lieutenant A. W. Blowes of Mitchell, Ontario, had not yet recovered from the effects of their climb, but the Captain was able to give an account of all that happened in the 66 minutes and 15 seconds which the flight occupied. Said Captain Lang:

'I had far more instruments to pay attention to than the observer, who showed great pluck under a terribly trying ordeal. I had to make most minute observations at every thousand feet, and these are recorded on a board which was strapped to my right leg. I had also to note down how the temperature changed, the speed at which the machine was climbing, the revolutions, the water temperature in the engine, the oil temperature, the petrol pressure, the gallons of petrol consumed per hour, and occasionally to look over the side to note our bearings.'

The present flight, Captain Lang said, had been contemplated for some weeks, and for that reason he and his colleague had remained strict teetotalers and had never indulged in a smoke for weeks. The machine they used was a De Havilland bombing machine, fitted with a 450 horse-power Napier engine, which took off at half past

eleven on Thursday morning in a gale of wind. Captain Lang and his colleague were specially clothed for the occasion, and the need of two pairs of silk socks, three pairs of stockings, thigh boots lined with lamb's wool, thick underclothing, three sweaters, a Sidecot Arctic suit lined with fur, a Balaclava and fur-lined cap, goggles lined with cotton wool, electrically lined gloves with gauntlets, and a muffler, is indicated by the fact that when the machine reached an altitude of 30,500 feet there were about 70 degrees of frost.

'During the first 8,000 feet,' said Captain Lang, 'the machine tossed about like a leaf, but afterwards we settled down to far more comfortable flying. Generally we climbed by taking big sweeping circles, but we were blown out of our course, and when we were six miles up we were about 25 miles out at sea off Yarmouth.

'When we reached that height the sun was shining brightly, and although it was a little hazy I could see ships far away out at sea, and occasionally glimpses of the Thames.

'I had a small glass shield on the machine for the protection of my right eye, but there was no shield for the left eye, the gun on the machine preventing one being fixed.

'At 20,000 feet I had to take off my goggles owing to the oxygen frosting on the glass. Thereupon my left eye watered and froze, and was soon as big as a plum. For the next 10,000 feet I was flying with only one eye. At 20,000 feet the cable in the revolution counter unfortunately broke, and, being unable to take the records of the revolution counter, I took the atmospheric temperatures, and it was lucky I did so, for Lieutenant Blowes had, unknown to me, collapsed at 20,000 feet through the breakage of the tube which was supplying him with oxygen from one of the two cylinders which were specially fitted for the flight. It was most fortunate I was able to continue Lieutenant Blowes's work and take the atmospheric temperatures, without which the test would have been worthless.

'At 27,000 feet we got into a very bumpy atmosphere, being so tossed about that the machine became uncontrollable. At 28,000 feet, I felt a shortage of oxygen, and I signalled as pre-arranged to Lieutenant Blowes

for more. It was then I found out he was unconscious, and had been so, as I afterwards discovered, since 20,000 feet was reached, when he fell back in an attempt to pass me a note. I managed to hang on till we reached 30,500 feet, when the petrol pressure pumps behind the engine ceased to work owing to the rarefaction of the air and the engine stopping. The temperature was then equal to about 70 degrees of frost Fahrenheit.'

Speaking of the descent, Captain Lang said the first 10,000 feet occupied 25 minutes, when he was well off Yarmouth, there being a hurricane blowing from 150 to 170 miles an hour. At 20,000 feet the observer regained consciousness.

The two airmen have suffered badly from frost on the hands and face. The younger, Lieutenant Blowes, who is only nineteen, and has been in the Air Force one and a half years, has serious injuries to his hands which are very painful. Captain Lang, who has been flying since 1915, is very keen on experimental work, and while delighted with his performance regards it as little more than part of an ordinary day's work.

HERR EBERT

YEARS ago, writes a correspondent, I met Ebert, the present head of the German Government. He is a small, dark man with thick black hair, moustache, and beard. His speech is lively, and betrays a vivid temperament, but well controlled. A South German — he was born at Heidelberg, the son of a master tailor — he has a good deal of South German adaptability and understanding, and is as unlike as possible to the stiff Prussian bureaucrat. Ebert is, of course, suspect with the bourgeoisie, but, it may be added, he is less suspect than would be possible to almost any other Social Democrat. A self-made man, he is, entirely due to his own efforts, sufficiently well educated and of very quick understanding. He has great powers of work, and once he undertakes anything puts immense energy into it. Ebert was first in the Reichstag in 1912, and it is a curious turn of fortune which in six years has brought the deputy for Elberfeld-Barmen to the head of the late German Empire.

AMERICAN STUDENTS AT FRENCH UNIVERSITIES

Now that the prestige of German culture has been shaken, France hopes to attract American students to French Universities:

We all know how large was the number of American students who came to France to fight for the good cause. The students of the United States became Paladins of The Ideal by the thousand. But now the war is over, and the authorities have reason to believe that by February or March, 1919, the soldiers of the starry banner will be free. Why should these soldiers not make use of their presence in Europe by taking some of the courses in our universities. Before the war of 1914, they appeared to have preferred German culture; German science, in particular, attracted them. Now the scales have fallen from their eyes. They have lived with us during the struggle; they will stay with us after the victory. During the demobilization the Government of the United States authorizes the students to attend our lecture courses; they will obey with joy.

So we are going to have in the Latin Quarter in a short time, a goodly number of newcomers — sympathetic newcomers. Now rises a question — where shall we lodge them? The American student is apt to be a quiet kind of lad. He does not take to *la vie de Bohème*, to the carefree life of the café at the corner. He likes the calm and peaceful atmosphere of home. To see that he is suited, a committee has just been formed at the Sorbonne. The aim of this body is to find lodgings for American students in French University families.

This may be somewhat difficult. The French professor, unlike his English colleague, does not usually accept boarders; it irks him to open his home to newcomers. On the other hand, Parisian lodgings are cramped, and the student cannot find the comfort to which he is accustomed; he wants a bath room, a living room, social life.

The Sorbonne committee does not consider these objections insurmountable. Its members believe that many professors will

be willing to make room, and allow a stranger a seat at their family table when that stranger is an American; that is to say, almost a Frenchman. The American will be willing to go without those smaller luxuries which are in use at home. He will pay willingly, says the University circular, a sum varying from two hundred to three hundred and fifty francs a month. For a lodging with many commodities, the American student is willing to pay from three hundred and fifty to five hundred francs.

With such a sum one can struggle, not altogether victoriously but with some chance of success against the rising cost of living. But the committee, in urging French university families to receive students, counts less on the financial appeal than on the patriotic call of the affair. Nothing can quicker bring about that fusion of two peoples who already like each other without knowing each other very

well. The American student in the thick of the fray has scarcely had time to form an opinion of the French family, he imagines it as being such as French novelists picture it, and our novelists have often been severe on France. On the other hand, the French family is too accustomed to regarding the American as a mere practical man of affairs, it does not realize the idealism honored in the land of the dollar. A longer contact between the two peoples will dispel this double illusion.

The committee requests the university families attracted by these propositions to give in their names at the Sorbonne Bureau of Information. It is to be hoped that the American contingent at the Sorbonne will be constantly renewed and that the old Sorbonne, heritor of the German Universities, will behold the elite of the New World flowing to its gates, visiting its amphitheatres and drinking in its spirit.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

After Mr. Russell's trial, a report of the court proceedings was issued in pamphlet form by the No-Conscription Fellowship. This pamphlet, however, was seized by the Government, and has since become quite rare. *THE LIVING AGE*, therefore, prints from the stenographic report, complete.

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E. S. P. Haynes, whose review of *Mecania*, the Super-State, was recently printed in *THE LIVING AGE*, is a distinguished student of social questions; he is the author of *The Decline of Liberty in England*, *Religious Persecution*, *A Study in Political Psychology*, and of other treatises dealing with the nature of the state.

Robert Vaucher is a staff correspondent of the *Paris Illustration*.

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Paul Painlevé is an ex-Premier of France. Before his entrance into politics, he was a professor at the *École Polytechnique* in Paris.

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Thomas Secombe, professor of English at Sandhurst, is a well-known critic and historian of English literature. American readers may recall his manual, *The Age of Johnson*, and his essays on George Borrow.