

# Modern Conflict.

## What Would Happen Should the Three Great European Powers Really Clash?

### MASSACRE of a Modern War Would Be Most Fearful in World's History, Say Military Experts. German Army a Triumph of Martial Achievement—Employment of Aerial Scouts in Reconnaissance—Armies and Navies Being Rapidly Built Up by Great Powers That Talk Peace.

APPARENTLY it has all passed off again with a few gruff growls and a desultory baring of grim teeth. For more than a week the world held its breath. It looked very much like the long-predicted break might come—that the greatest of modern wars might be precipitated.

But apparently while the world has grown wiser in methods of destroying life in combat, it also has grown more reluctant about using these methods. For Germany, despite her tremendous fighting machine, gracefully gave ground and right now it looks very much as if the whole Moroccan controversy would remain the subject for suave diplomats to conjure with.

That a conflict with such powers as England, Germany and France involved would add to history chapters altogether without precedent for horror is the firm opinion of military students and authorities. For such a conflict would bring into play all the hellish ingenuity of the centuries in the craft of slaughter.

Never have such tremendous machines of destruction been in play as would be called forth by a modern European war. While talking peace glibly the great powers of Europe have been perfecting their armies and navies as never before. Perhaps the fearful proportions of these prodigious machines of destruction are the most potent factors in preventing warfare. Those who know what a modern war would mean can hardly refer to the subject without a shudder.

#### Warfare Makes Strides.

Not even the Russo-Japanese War would offer anything of a precedent of what might be expected in Europe, military authorities agree. For while Japan was fitted out with a modern army, the Russian forces were admittedly inferior in organization, leadership and tactics. Besides, warfare has made marked strides since the great "modern battle" of Mukden.

Artillery has become more effective and destructive than that used in the Manchurian campaigns has since been perfected in Europe. Then, too, another great improvement has been added to warfare—air scouts. Now it is comparatively easy to locate an enemy and shell him with high-explosive projectiles fired by artillerymen who see nothing except a few mathematical calculations forwarded from above.

Had the war which for a few days seemed to threaten Europe really materialized the greatest army and the greatest navy the world has ever known would have become engaged. It is Germany that boasts the greatest of modern armies, England's navy, on the other hand, is the marvel of all times. France, the third party to the deal, has both a great army and a great navy, but it is to be doubted if she might cope alone, even for a short time, with such a power as Germany.

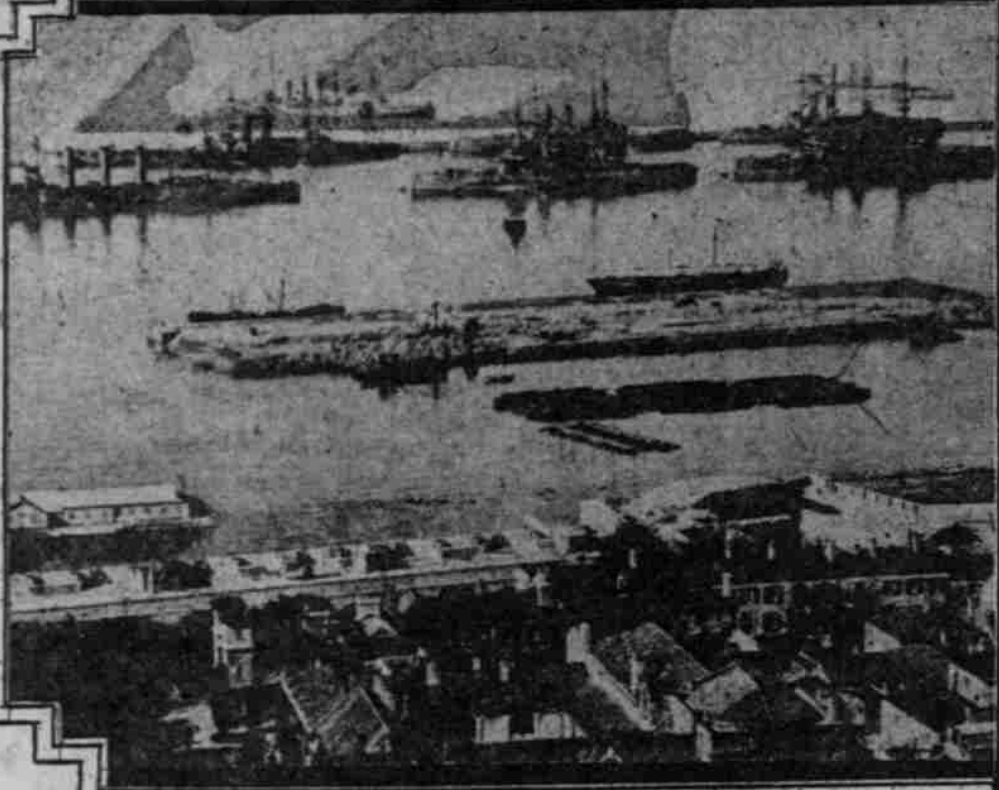
Not only is Germany's army the greatest of the time in numbers, but it is the acme of military perfection in organization, leadership, equipment, discipline, field efficiency and all the things that go to make a fighting force supremely effective.

In the regular establishment there are 520,000 men. And in the reserves there are 1,250,000. Then there are 1,000,000 more men available for military service, but who are not organized.

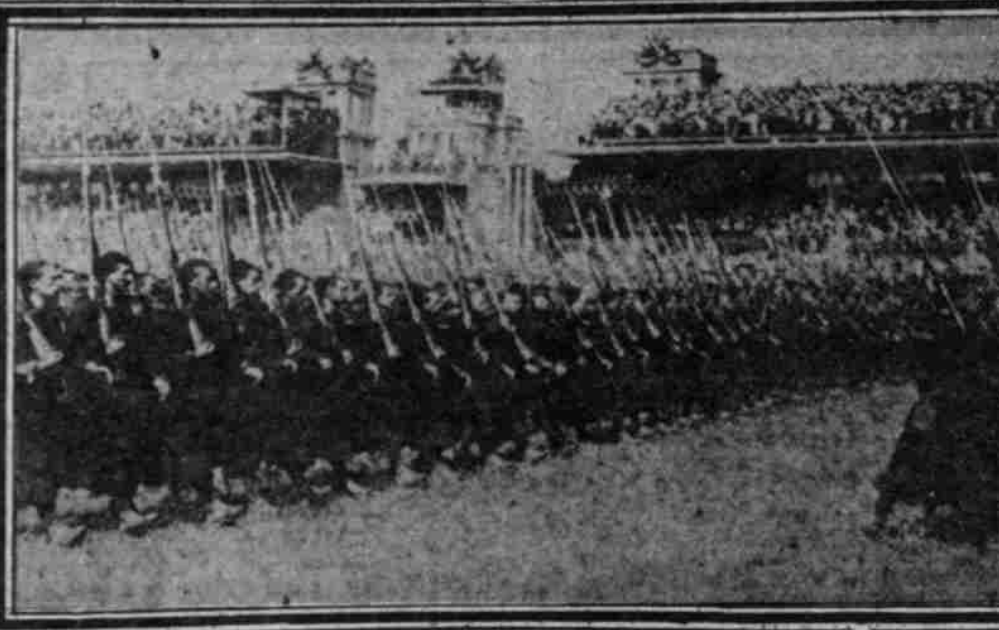
Not is that great army a mere paper force. It is terribly real in every way. Every man in the regular establishment and reserves knows his place in the great machine. The whole is perfectly officered. Every bit of equipment is ready for immediate use. Commissary and quartermaster supplies are readily available and these important departments are thoroughly organized and marked by extreme efficiency. Then the whole force is properly proportioned as to artillery, cavalry and infantry. Infantry predominates, for the effectiveness of any great force is maintained by the infantry and it is the infantry that decides great battles, although the infantry must be properly supported and backed up by the artillery and the all-important element of communication must be kept up by the cavalry. Then there are all the incidental branches of the service—pioneer corps, ambulance companies, signal troops, and last, but not least, the aerial force.

#### Use of Aerial Scouts.

Germany in 1892 established balloon battalions for use in reconnaissance. Now they have been augmented by aeroplanes. These swift craft are



PART OF THE BRITISH FLEET ASSEMBLED AT GIBRALTAR. STRAINED SITUATION BETWEEN GERMANY AND FRANCE RESULTING FROM MOROCCAN SITUATION REFLECTED IN ORDERS ISSUED TO BRITISH WARSHIPS TO BE READY FOR EMERGENCIES.



FRENCH ZOUAVES, PASSING IN REVIEW.

fast and sure than the old dirigibles and are of the utmost value to a modern army in reconnoitering the terrain and observing the movements of the enemy. They might also be employed in sieges on great fortresses such as France has established on her border. France's army is admittedly inferior in many respects. The French regular establishment numbers 600,000 men, nicely distributed as to the essential branches. The French reserve army numbers 1,500,000 making the total war strength 2,100,000, or considerably less than the German reserve unorganized fighting force is to 1,000,000 or half that boasted by Germany. While France claims perfect organization, many loose ends have been discovered nevertheless by keen foreign observers in attendance at the French maneuvers. Now the French are the best of fighters so far as temperament is concerned. But they are not the sticklers for military perfection that the Germans are. In fact, France is reputed to have the characteristic of waiting for war to perfect the details of her army—a characteristic that is notoriously American in the extreme.

#### English Have Leaders.

Great Britain's army is inferior to that of France in numbers as well as in organization and field effectiveness. There are no French senior officers at this time who are recognized as capable of effectively handling the French armies in action. In the remote event of a joint conflict with Germany, English senior officers no doubt would occupy the supreme command of the allied forces. Lord Kitchener, doubtless, would sooner or later be designated as Field Marshal to hold active command. The Germans, on the other hand, have half a score of efficient senior officers, although it is contended that all of them rolled into one would hardly make a Von Moltke, the great silent Dane, who worked such wonders with the German armies in '71.

When it comes to a comparison of navies, it is Great Britain that immediately steps into the spotlight. Her navy overtops that of both Germany and France. Her modern battleships total 23, her ordinary battleships 23 and her first-class cruisers 23 with an endless number of torpedo-boat destroyers, submarines and cruisers of the second and third classes.

Germany's modern warships total 23, with nine old warships and 13 first-class cruisers. France boasts 13 modern battleships, 19 ordinary warships and 15



TYPE OF AIR CRAFT THAT WOULD PLAY IMPORTANT PART IN MODERN CONFLICT.

cruciforms of the first class. Should the oft-predicted conflict between France and Germany ever occur the same as in the struggle of '71, passing into French or German territory, of course, according to the outcome of the first big engagement. The first land



GERMAN ARTILLERY AT MANEUVERS.



KAISER WILHELM AT MILITARY REVIEW, TALKING WITH SOME OF HIS OFFICERS.



GERMAN ARMY ENGINEERS BUILDING A PONTOON BRIDGE.

appliance the conflict would in its final stages, resolve itself into a fight at close range when the vast extended order infantry lines worked together. Manoeuvring and higher tactics would be of the greatest importance with both sides striving for advantage of position and with her better senior officers it is the consensus of opinion among military observers that Germany would readily get the better of the argument. Those mighty machines of the navy would clash in decisive combat, no doubt, in the vicinity of Kiel. The first strategic move of a naval force operating against the German fleet would be to bottle the squadrons up in the Baltic Sea. Such a force as Great Britain might even invade the Baltic, if necessary, to look horns with the German dreadnoughts. Frequent as are the alarming quarrels among these great powers, however, there are those optimists who hope to see arbitration firmly established before any such conflict is brought about. With the more intricate relations that exist among the great nations of the world war is yearly becoming more difficult and the day may really not be so very far off when the human family will have to devote their evenings to woodcutting as the only means of getting their frayed nerves into some kind of shape again. "The Americanization of art," is by the bye a term that appears quite frequently in Herr Arbutin's book. It is already well understood in Europe, he says, and as for America itself—well, here art died before it was really born. As the average "right-minded" man prates work, so this German signs the praises of leisure, leading, indolence. He speaks of the "saving holiness of the do-nothing habit, without which art cannot exist." And he insists that only people utterly reckless of time and its value can appreciate art. Work, he goes on—work which is exalted as the gospel of the day—makes man common and vulgar and incapable of grasping those swiftly passing moods out of which have sprung beauties like the elegies of Horace and the poems of Goethe. "I believe that the human race is headed for a tremendous future," he concludes his vitriolic outpourings. "I believe in the arrival of peaceful democracies, and monstrous, harmonious labor associations that shall want the highest and attain it. "I believe that they are going to pick

# IS ART DOOMED? GERMAN STUDENT AND WRITER SAYS IT MUST GIVE WAY TO UTILITARIANISM.

"BELIEVE that art is dying and of this belief I shall speak in the present work. Art is dying of democracy and utilitarianism. It is dying because the soil it needs has been built over—the soil of simplicity and superstition. I believe firmly that in 300 years we shall have no more artists and no more poets. On the other hand, we shall surely have machines, duly patented, by which may be turned out 60 plaster copies of the Apollo di Belvedere in a single minute. These are the opening words of a highly characteristic work just published by one of the galaxy of young Germans whose names have become known throughout the civilized world through their association with the Simplicity—the humorous weekly which by many is regarded as the most effective enemy so far encountered by the upholders of German bureaucracy, militarism, "junkerkdom" and reaction. The name of this work is a war-whoop in itself: "Art is Dying." It is sensational, paradoxical, iconoclastic in the utmost degree. But it is also logically reasoned and cleverly worded. It is, in a word, a document not to be blown aside with a peck-pooling breath of contempt. For it constitutes a bitter, insistent challenge to all that our own time stands for, to all the ideals of which we have been dreaming for a century or more; to our whole future, one might say, is an

artist himself, a dreamer of charming dreams, a poet and a playwright. But he is best known probably as a "causer," or feuilletonist—as a writer of those pungent and poignant pieces of satirical cleverness which have made the pages of *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend* modern refuges for the almost extinguished spirit of Aristophanes. In Germany the little book has succeeded in stirring up the finest hubbub they have heard of in a long while in that land, particularly given to discussion of vast, soul-searching abstractions. Perhaps somebody replies to Herr Arbutin by and by, that he overlooks a significant possibility—namely, that the mistakes of the moment may prove so many stepping stones to the true progress of the future. "Oh, progress," he rejoins, promptly; "always that word, progress! And just as our vaunted progress has accused of having killed individuality, sentiment, adventure, the blue flower of love does not play the leading part in a single one of Ibsen's dramas except 'Love's Comedy'—and there it appears only to be mercilessly laughed to scorn—may, love itself. Love, like art, demands passion, enthusiasm, self-surrender. Today what every man fears most of all is to seem hopelessly ridiculous in display of some kind of enthusiasm. Not even youth itself forms an exception to this rule. What modern man would dare to twang a mandolin? Wer his donna's balcony? What modern man would dare to ramp up and

down the world, like a crusader or a Don Quixote, in defense of some foolish idealistic cause? "War is one of the things that Herr Arbutin holds needful to art—and other such things are religious credulity, individual self-assertion to the verge of cruelty, social disorganization, and much more that we now regard as thoroughly undesirable. Listen to him: "Taking Away Art's Source. "Contradiction, conflict, disorder, the undignified love of the soft-hearted, deceit and robbery and ambush, stupid peasant beliefs in cobolds and glistening elves—these form the soil whence art and poetry draw their nourishment, their power. And my mind is made up; if you abolish those things, if you arrange the world with regard to nothing but comfort and complete equality, then you will abolish art, too. "The arts are so many parasites. And this does not offend anybody who knows that the earth's most wonderful flowers, the orchids, are also parasitic growths. The arts borrow their being either from the top of the princely tree, or from the decaying tip of phorescent dirt of superstition at its foot. "In the well-organized cells of an electrically illuminated merchant state art must die; and its irrational charms fall particularly to arrest themselves where all life is directed toward a rational exploitation of human labor. No, at the courts of demented popes and arrogant despots, under the political tyranny of Venetian Councils, in the criminal tumult surrounding figures

like the French Louis XV, there art has produced its finest and most delicate flowers." Labor seems almost as bad as war to this despoiler of accepted values. For labor means organization, and organization means suppression of personality, perulitarity, genius. Art is above everything else personal, and the slogan of our time is the subordinate of personality to machinery. A baneful homogeneity is spreading its blight over the world—a monotony such as our globe has never before experienced. Uniformity in sports, the daily consumption of identically served journalistic tidbits—all serve to wipe out individual peculiarities and anomalies. No Need of Great Men. And industry makes out of its slaves so many parts of a machine—breathing in unison, and oiled simultaneously by the administration of the same kind of foodstuff. The laboring hordes of slaves are not a whit different from those of Wales or Pittsburgh. And in the "garden cities" of England and two Englishmen resemble each other just as closely as do their villas built from identical patterns. The men we call great today are not really great—they only seem so because they rise a little above the general dreary level. And really great men are not wanted. "Why," cries our author, "why should we demand elephants to turn the coffee grinder this is 'it own day'?" And in a fine frenzy of derision he points out that the sacred city of Elisia

which once gave to the world gods and cults and Dyonysian mysteries, today produces nothing but cement and soap-cakes and cruciforms of the second and third classes. The river Rhine, once the main German source of nature poetry and general poetical inspiration, is nowadays lined with factories from end to end—and at the Rock of Loreley there is a pier for stone lighters! Where the antique glories of Rome once held undisputed sway, there we meet today with noisy tenements. "A world without a Rhine, a world without a Rome," says Herr Arbutin, "does it not make you feel the night—the great night toward which we are inevitably tending?" Taking up the arts one by one, he sweeps aside their present expressions with a mere wave of the hand. Painting—nothing but frescoes for public school stairways, ordered and made by the yard. Sculpture—over and over again the same nude young lady, labeled yesterday "Circe," today "Youth," and tomorrow "Love's Awakening." There are still houses being built with Ionic columns in front of them, but only as a means of advertising, or for the sake of vulgar display of wealth. There are still windows of stained glass to be seen—but not so often in churches as in beer saloons, End of the Drama. And the drama, the holiest art of all—buried, exiled, forgotten, lost in the on-sweep of musical comedy, vaudeville and moving-picture, shows. Even the sacred soil of Italy is closely covered with cinematograph booths from the Alps—touching top to the sea-lined heel of its boot. And Herr Arbutin dreams a nightmare dream about the

triumphal entry of Sherlock Holmes into Balauroth as its master and the embodiment of its future destination. "How can people who have lived all day in the noise and haste of business give their nightly leisure to the delicate nuances of psychological analysis?" he demands. And he adds the assertion, which may sound a little startling here, that some of New York's most successful business men have to devote their evenings to woodcutting as the only means of getting their frayed nerves into some kind of shape again. "The Americanization of art," is by the bye a term that appears quite frequently in Herr Arbutin's book. It is already well understood in Europe, he says, and as for America itself—well, here art died before it was really born. As the average "right-minded" man prates work, so this German signs the praises of leisure, leading, indolence. He speaks of the "saving holiness of the do-nothing habit, without which art cannot exist." And he insists that only people utterly reckless of time and its value can appreciate art. Work, he goes on—work which is exalted as the gospel of the day—makes man common and vulgar and incapable of grasping those swiftly passing moods out of which have sprung beauties like the elegies of Horace and the poems of Goethe. "I believe that the human race is headed for a tremendous future," he concludes his vitriolic outpourings. "I believe in the arrival of peaceful democracies, and monstrous, harmonious labor associations that shall want the highest and attain it. "I believe that they are going to pick

the Alps from their places and use their crushed fragments to fill up the bays of the oceans, so that the new ground may be used for the rearing of more barracks. I believe that they are going to win their way to the Great Beyond, and that the last speck of vice and ill-will shall be erased from our hearts, so that henceforth everything may run with perfect ease and smoothness. "All this will come—I feel it, and I can see the human creatures spread in black density over all the five continents. But I know, too, that never a painfully sweet note will rise out of those anonymous multitudes—or if it be heard, it will never be understood. "We, who feel the magic power of art, we belong to a dying species, to a weaker species which, by the law of natural selection, is doomed to make place for the stronger—that is the coarser—and for the fitter—that is, the more vulgar. "I quake before the electrical greatness of coming generations, and I shall spurn them even out of the pinboard box in which, by the time of their coming, I shall have been nailed. "New culture. But an artless culture. The vision of nature's secrets stirs deeply, but it will never stir man to that divine insanity which we have at various times named 'the Dome of St. Mark,' or 'the Hermes of Praxiteles,' or 'Orlando Furioso.' All that is gone. It is dying between our hands, or it is already dead, and will no longer stand in the way of the laudably perfect arrangements for hygiene and comfort in the best of all coming worlds."