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FRANCE AND ENGLAND AS SEEN IN WAR TIME

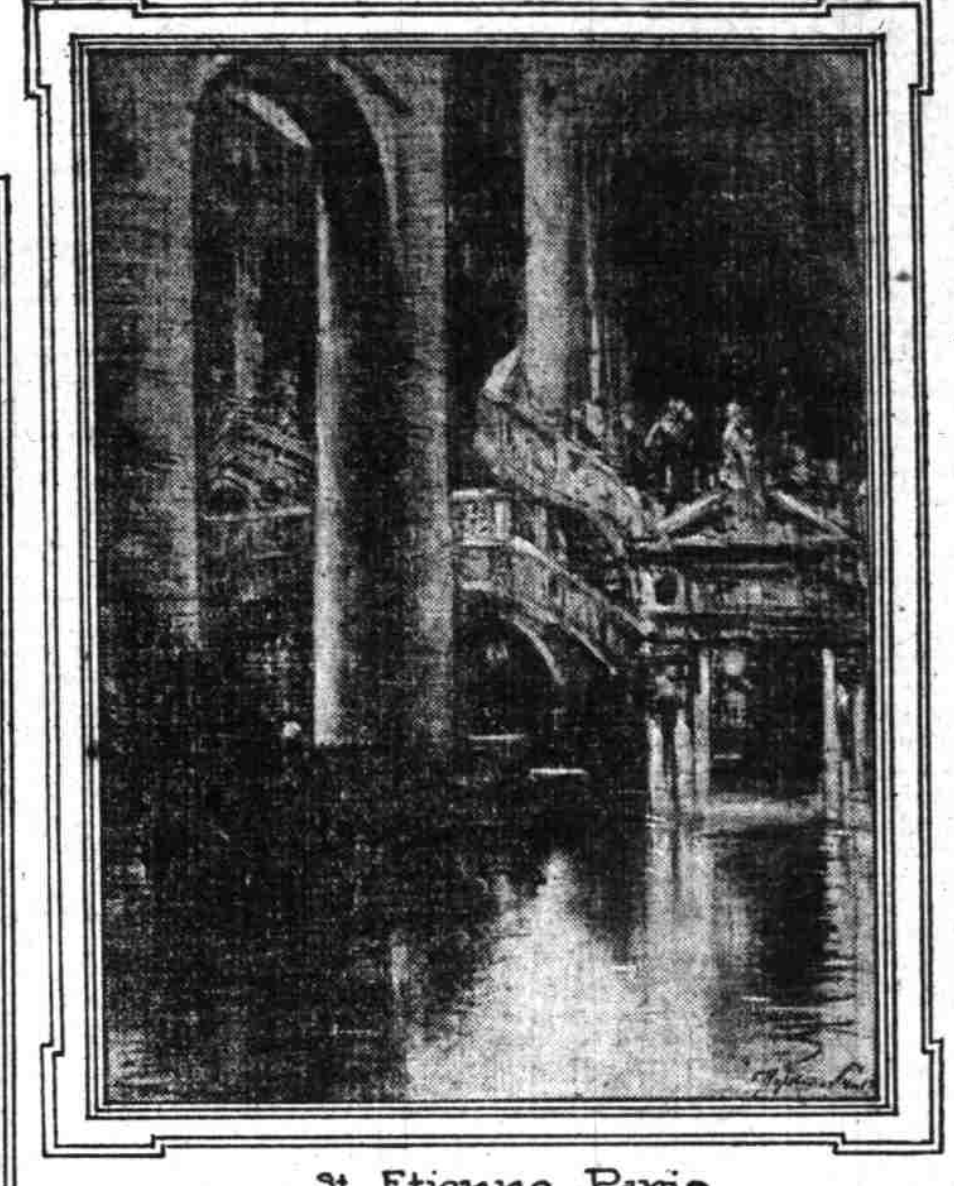
F. Hopkinson Smith Describes New Spirit of a Calm France—Talk of Lack of English Patriotism Is "Bosh."



Transept of St. Bartholomew's, London



The Royal Exchange



St. Etienne, Paris

F. HOPKINSON SMITH was in France when the war broke out, he spent September in London, and is now back in New York. He has brought home many sketches. Not sketches which suggest war in the least, but which were made with the thought of the war lurking in the background.

"Curiously enough," he said, without waiting for any opening question from the reporter—Mr. Smith often interviews himself—"curiously enough, I was on my way to Rheims to make a sketch of the Cathedral when the war broke out. I had started out to make a series of sketches of the great European cathedrals. Not etchings, but charcoal sketches.

"I had been in London for some time. I had sketched in Westminster, in St. Bartholomew's. Everything peaceful and quiet. It seems now as if we ought to have felt—all of us, the people on the streets, I, shopkeepers, every one—the approach of this tremendous war. But we didn't, of course. No one in England had the faintest suspicion that this terrible inhuman thing was going to happen.

"I went on to France. I sketched Notre Dame, over which they exploded shells a month or so later. I did some work in the beautiful St. Etienne. I sauntered down the South Normandy and was stopping for a little color work at the Inn of William the Conqueror before going on to Rheims.

"The war broke out. There at the quiet little French inn everything suddenly changed color. It was quick, it was quiet. There was a complete change in the snap of a finger. All the chauffeurs and the porters and the waiters—men who had been there for years and with whom we who visit there summer after summer have grown familiar—suddenly stopped work, gave up their jobs, were turned into soldiers. One hardly recognized them.

"We were all stunned. I realized that I could not go on to Rheims, that I probably should not get down into Italy. I scarcely realized at first what that meant. I could not conceive, none of us could conceive," Mr. Smith exploded violently, "that any one, under any necessity whatsoever, should lay hands on the Rheims cathedral! It's too monstrous! The world will never forgive it, never!

Barbarism vs. Civilization.

"The world is divided, I tell you! It is not a double alliance and a triple entente; it is not a Germany and a Russia and a United States and an Italy and an England. That is not the division of the world just now. There are two sides, and only two sides. There is barbarism on the one hand, civilization on the other; there is brutality and there is humanity. And humanity is going to win, but the sacrifices are awful—awful!"

"How about the feeling in France, Mr. Smith?"

"I can't tell you how overwhelming, pathetic it is—the sight of these brave Frenchmen. Every one has remarked it. Once and for all the tradition that the French are an excitable, emotional people with no grip on their passions and no rein on their impulses—that fiction is dead for all time.

"I saw that whole first act of France's drama. I saw the French people stand still on that first day and take breath. Then I saw France set to work. She was unprepared but she was ready in spirit. There was no excitement, there were no demonstrations. The men climbed into their trains without any exhibitions of patriotism, without any outbursts. There were many women crying quiet-

ly, with children huddled about their skirts.

"The spirit of England is different, but there is the same lack of excitement. I chartered a motor bus when the war broke out and got to Paris, and then went back to London, where I sketched for a month, saw my friends and talked war.

"Making sketches in war time is very different, by the way, from making sketches in time of peace. It is a business full of possibilities when all manner of spy suspicions are afloat. I made up my mind to do a sketch of the Royal Exchange. Not as I should have done it a year before, mind you, nor even three months before, but now, with the thought of bomb-dropping Zeppelins in the back of my mind. It occurred to me when I was hurrying along one rainy evening in a taxi past the Stock Exchange, the Globe Insurance, the Bank of England. Everywhere cabs drawn up along the curbing, cabs slipping past, people, great moving crowds of people with their umbrellas up, moving off down Threadneedle and Victoria.

If the Germans Came.

"A lot of human life and some very beautiful architecture and a good part of the world's business, all concentrated here. And I thought to myself what might happen should the cultured Germans get as far as London, and should the defenders of the world's civilization drop a bomb down into the heart of things here. I pictured to myself what havoc could be wrought.

"And I thought, too, of places like Southwark. Ever been in Southwark? Horrible. A year before, when I was making the sketches for my Dickens book, I spent a great deal of time in the Southwark section. Now, with the prospect of Zeppelins, I thought again of Southwark. A bomb in a Southwark street! Good Lord, can you imagine the horror of it? There 50 or 60 families are packed into a single tenement, and the houses in their turn are packed one against the next along streets so narrow that the buildings seem to be nodding to each other, touching foreheads almost. Desperately poor people, children swarming every moment of the day and night up and down these dark stairways, up and down these hideously dark streets. Now drop a bomb in the midst of it all. That is what Englishmen are thinking of now.

"I didn't go over into Southwark; I

couldn't stand it. The next day I went back to the Stock Exchange to make my sketch. I've done sketches in London before—every nook and cranny of it—but this time I felt a little nervous when I got there with my umbrella and my little tools. But I managed it. I said to the bobby, I said—

"And then Mr. Smith, getting up from his chair and relapsing into the frown that always means he is going to tell a story, showed how he managed it. It is impossible to reproduce Mr. Smith's inimitable manner.

"Are you now?" said I.

"Well, 'ow can I tell?" said he.

"But if you're the excellent English bobby that I believe you to be," said I, "you'll see at once that I'm an honest American artist just here to do a little sketching."

"I tell you," said he. "Why don't

you just pop up and see 'is lordship the mayor?"

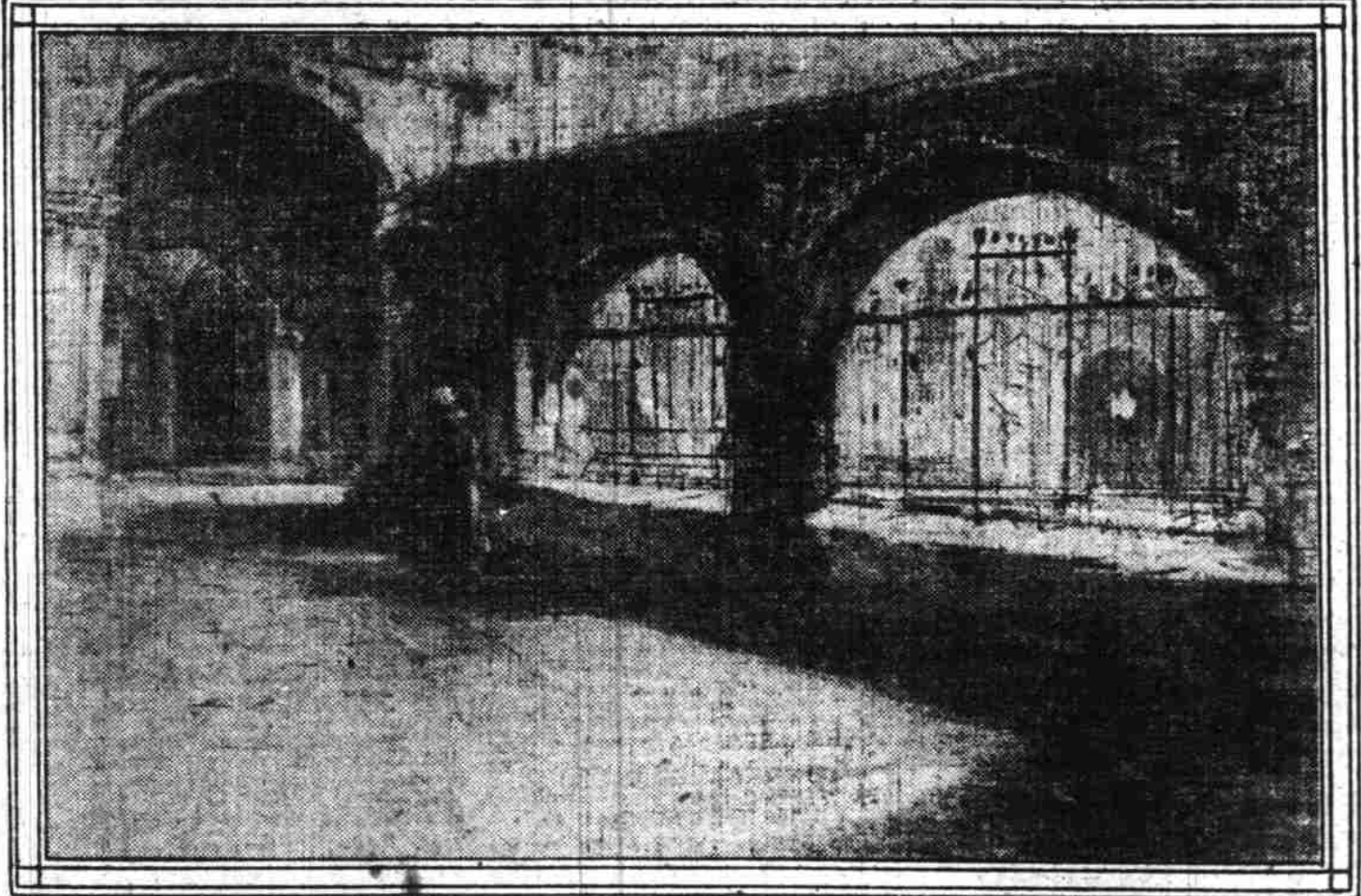
"And so I did pop up and I told the lord mayor my troubles and he waved me a hearty wave of his hand and said he'd do anything to oblige an American, and I came down again, and here was the bobby still very upright but watching my approach from the tail of his eye. And I pretended I had never seen him, but as I went past I slipped him a cigar, and when I passed back again he twinkled his eye. Suck between the buttons of his coat, there being no other place, was my fat cigar.

"I made my sketch of the Royal Exchange. I want Americans to see what can happen if his imperial lowness over on the continent sees fit to send his Zeppelins to England. Not being big enough nor strong enough to injure England vitally, he can take this method of injury, he can injure women

and children and maim horses, destroy business and works of art and blow up the congested districts.

"We have seen what the savior of the world's culture could do in France and Belgium; it is small wonder that all England has in the back of her head surmises as to what he might accomplish if some of his air craft crossed the channel. By which I do not mean to say that the English are apprehensive. They are not nervous. I have spent more than a month with them among my own friends, learning the general temper of the country.

"There are no demonstrations, there is no boasting, no display. London is much the same as it always was. At night London is darkened, in accordance with the order of the ninth of October, but that is about all the difference. It is so dark that you can hardly get up Piccadilly, but London



St. Bartholomew's the Great

"THIS WAR IS A GLORIOUS THING"—ELLEN TERRY

ELLEN TERRY is one of those who refuse to become a gentle tradition. She gave up the stage about seven years ago, she has published her reminiscences, but she has not, following these customary last rites, climbed upon the shelf.

Last week she arrived in New York city to complete a series of Shakespeare readings which the war interrupted in Australia. By no means is this a farewell tour, but one has the apprehensive feeling that it may be the last time that America will see Miss Ellen Terry. For this is the woman who 58 years ago was playing in "The Winter's Tale" with Charles Keane, who has seen a full half century of hard, earnest work on the stage.

Miss Terry is no longer young. She was born in 1848. But that amazing vitality which has placed her in the rank of Ibsen and Bernard has not cooled down by so much as a degree. Her fine eyes are as flashing as they ever were, her hands are as firm and strong, her wit as nimble.

In fact, it is somewhat of a task to keep up with Miss Terry. On the occasion of this interview she was sit-

ting on the edge of her couch at the hotel. She had just seen the "representatives of the press" en masse.

Some people don't mind them. Miss Terry doesn't.

"I don't mind them in the least; they're, in fact, a curious phenomenon, and I should love to talk to them if they would only ask me some questions, but, dearie me, they all crowd in and as many sit down as the hotel furnishes accommodations in one room for and that means three of them and the rest stand about and then I begin to cackle along and cackle along and they stand it just about as long as they can and they begin to wiggle and want to get away and I begin to think how terrible it is that they haven't asked me anything and yet I don't give them a chance but just go on with my cackle and getting rather nervous about it all too, and after a while when I just stop to

draw a breath, they all get up together and then they all go out like a flock of birds and I think afterward what they can write about, for they haven't asked me any questions and I haven't told them anything but nonsense."

All this in one solid sentence. One has the sneaking suspicion that Miss Terry has reduced the art of being interviewed to a safe and sane point.

"Knitting doesn't make me keep any quieter either." And she begins to untangle herself from some gray wool.

"This is fearfully complicated—this is plain and this is pure, you see—and I am continually getting snarled up in the miserable thing—now—one-two-three-four. It's not for the sake of the soldiers that I knit, I can assure you. It would have to be a terribly strong soldier who could wear anything that I knit for him, but it's

for my own good—one-two-three—it lets me down easy to my grave.

"I am afraid that here in America just now the war has made a difference in the audiences; it has melted them away—yes."

"No, it is not that Shakespeare is outworn here, in England, anywhere. There has been a tremendous decline here in America in the interest for Shakespeare; that we must all admit, but why must we feel so sad about it? It is not a thing to be regretted. It is only a sign that we are gathering strength for a fresh period of some sort—something new. This has been a glorious time to live in, these past ten, twenty years. Everything rolling up in one great conglomerate mass that is going to be set in order very presently.

"Interest in Shakespeare has declined—yes. But it is useless to look back at the old masters, at Charles

Keane, who was my master; at all the old school and feel sad that we have not their like now. Shakespeare will last always. He is like the beautiful hills of Italy and of Greece, crowned with old buildings; they are beautiful because they are old and because they endure. We shall not need to revive Shakespeare; he will revive himself.

"Oh, this war is a glorious thing! I cannot speak with horror and dread of it. There is much that is dreadful about it, I grant you, but why cannot all the gloomy pessimists take heart and see what it is going to mean for the world? One cannot be flippant about so terrible a thing, but one can be glad.

"It will be a glorious time to live when the building up after this war shall have begun. Everything will be renewed—fresh life, fresh energy, fresh initiative. Even in the face of all the suffering and anguish that goes before I cannot be sad—it is going to be a tremendous opportunity.

"How beautifully I talk—one-two-three-four—I ought to stick to knitting!"

England is Patriotic.

"These Englishmen have their teeth set. They know perfectly well that they are fighting for their existence. All this talk of the necessity of drumming up patriotism in England is bosh. England has no organized publicity bureau such as Germany, and in contrast she may have seemed quiet to the point of apathy. But don't fancy that Englishmen are apathetic. They are slow and they are sure. They are just beginning to realize that they have these fellows by the back of the necks. Before I left London I saw every day in the Temple Gardens, down by the Embankment, that steady drill of thousands of young men in straw hats, yellow shoes and business suits. I felt their spirit.

"There is a great fundamental difference between the spirit of Germany and the spirit of the allies, and the whole world has recognized it. With the allies there has been no boasting, even now when they realize that the top is reached and this war is on the down grade. There is determination, but there is no cock sureness, no goose step. There is no insolence.

"Why, in the last analysis, is the whole world against Germany? Because of her insufferable insolence. It is an insolence which has been fairly bred in the bone of every German soldier. I can give you a little concrete instance. My daughter-in-law had been serving in one of the Paris hospitals ever since the war broke out. She was finally placed on a committee which was to meet the trainloads of wounded soldiers when they first arrived.

"In one of the cars one day there was a wounded officer, a German. He spoke no French, and a young French lieutenant, very courteous, was trying to make him understand something. My daughter, too, had no suc-

cess. Finally a young German, a common soldier who was in the same car said to his German officer: 'I am an Alsatian; I can interpret for you.'

"How dare you?" And the German officer turned to him in perfect fury. "How do you, a common soldier, dare to speak to me, an officer?" And with that he struck the Alsatian full in the face with what little strength he had left.

"Now there is an example of the attitude to which the German military has been trained.

"On another occasion when a French officer, after one of the battles, came courteously to the commanding German officer of the division and said, 'Sir, you are my prisoner,' the German spat in his face. That is all very dramatic and you may say that he showed much spirit, but you could hardly call it a sporting spirit, surely not a civilized spirit.

"It is this domineering spirit that the whole world is resenting. Nothing that Germany can do through her well organized press agents can conceal that insolence which has been a continuous policy for many years. American opinion is almost unanimous in its opposition to Germany for this one reason.

"Sir Gilbert Parker recently sent me a whole bundle of papers asking me to judge England's case fairly and ask my friends in America to do the same. I wrote back and asked him: 'Why do you waste stamps sending evidence to America? America has the evidence and if there has been any anti-English feeling in America, von Bernstorff and Dernburg long since demolished it.'

"The world has never witnessed anything so far reaching as this policy of insolence. Men who in daily life are cultured and fine, whose ideals are high and noble, who have achieved names for themselves in literature, art and science—we all have many friends among them—have become unconsciously tinctured with this policy. They are intelligent men, but, by the gods, when they get on this subject of Germany's place in the sun, they become paranoiacs! This idea of their pre-eminence has become a disease with Germany. Germany is actually sick with it and the medicine that will cure her will be pretty bitter.

Bernard Shaw is Wrong.

"I see that Mr. George Bernard Shaw presumes to announce that this policy of insolence, this extreme militarism has been just as prominent in England and France. Mr. Shaw is great fun and very wise about a lot of things; moreover, he has lived in England a great deal longer than I have, but just the same he is dead wrong when he makes such a statement. I have many old friends in the army and the navy, many in politics, and some of them are of the pronounced soldier, the militarist type. Not one of them would ever dare to write such a book as Bernard Shaw has written and I don't believe there is one of them that would take any stock in a man like Nietzsche. Mr. Shaw is dead wrong here; worse than that, he is writing nonsense.

"We live from day to day hoping that the end will be the absolute annihilation of the militarist principle, this get-off-the-earth attitude.

"And what has all this," concluded Mr. Smith suddenly, "to do with art? I'm sure I don't know. No one is thinking about art now."

"But you haven't told me where your sympathies are in this war, Mr. Smith."

"Hey? I don't have any sympathies, as you see. I'm neutral as President Wilson bids me be; I don't care who licks Germany, not even if it's Japan."