

FIRST WORLD WAR

Advertisements from

The Methodist Recorder,
AND
GENERAL CHRISTIAN CHRONICLE.

1917

The Articles



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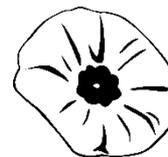
August 2, 1917 (p3)



After Three Years

WHATEVER may have been the considerations on the basis of which the Allied Conference in Paris was summoned, and whatever may have been the conclusions reached or the policies matured, the Conference has at least made clear once more the perfect unity of the Allies. That is something after three long years of anguish and fellowship in broken hopes. From one point of view this is really all that matters. Now that America has joined the forces of freedom we know what the end will be, if the Allies in Europe stand shoulder to shoulder. They *are* standing shoulder to shoulder; the Conference seals the pact anew.

August 16, 1917 (p8)



Candour

I remember attending some time ago a course of theological lectures, and hearing a brother minister say, in the course of conversation, that what appealed greatly to his mind was the extreme candour of the lecturer. He added, by way of comment, that candour was a very rare virtue indeed. It is a lovely flower, but it doesn't grow in every garden. Would not beauty and joy be multiplied if it were more widely cultivated? We have sorely missed it in recent years. Its pure whiteness, its clear shining – how our hearts have longed for these. We have become disquieted and restless in the absence of the sight. It is not outspokenness that I am pleading for, in the sense of a man blurting out everything that comes into his mind. It isn't a case of calling a spade a spade. Sometimes when a man wants to unload his mind, the best thing for him to do would be to seek an unfrequented spot in the desert. All minds are not full of rich things which people may feed upon and live. What One could say with perfect truth “The words that I speak unto you are life” – all could not affirm. What I think is needed is frankness, transparent sincerity. The candid friend may be a nuisance. But shining speech like shining countenances and shining streams, and shining morning hours, will bring comfort and cheer to the heart.

Great official reticence has characterised those in authority since the coming of the War. Oftentimes what has been said has been unhelpful and even misleading.

On the old plea that information likely to be of value to the enemy must not be given, we have been left in the dark or in the twilight. An enlightening word is of great price to a nation, as much so as a strong man. A listening people has not heard such a word often enough. The frankness which is born of assurance and confidence, has been too little apparent. Candour has been at a discount. And so we have had unrest. Suspicions and fears have flourished in the darkness. The history of the Government's dealing with the Liquor Trade is a case in point. The matter of “profiteering,” as it is called, will be found to have produced more trouble than is sometimes suspected. There has been so much insincerity, make-believe, cloudiness, that hearts have been heavy and minds dissatisfied. Candour and honesty would have saved many a situation.

It would be a grievous thing to bring a sweeping charge against the Church that she, too, is suffering because the shining quality it not so evident in her. But who can deny that candour is all too little practised? Take the case of our Church assemblies? Is there nothing comparable with the secret ways of international diplomacy? The old diplomacy had a language all its own: its aim was to score an advantage, to win a point by guile, to overmatch the other side. In its realm openness, transparent straightforwardness, and simplicity of speech were not placed amongst the highest things. Ecclesiastical jargon, the pulling of strings, the offering of ostensible rather than real causes and

explanations – these are not altogether rarities. But where in all the world should there be less wrapping-up of the truth, less obscurity, less hypocrisy, than amongst the servants of Jesus Christ? The only way in which to promote Christian Re-union, when it comes to a matter discussion and argument, is to employ great frankness of speech, brethren approaching one another with a fine candour – clear as the shining of the sun. Is it not often brought as a charge against the Church that she is not what she pretends to be; that her message is not thoroughly believed in by herself; that she resorts to evasions and reserves? Many outsiders, as they are called, are firmly convinced that the old interpretations of the truth are still in vogue, and that while preachers make use of the ancient phraseology, they do so as a matter of policy rather than from honest conviction. Hostile criticisms of the Church's position and view have been beside the mark often enough. They may have provoked amazement and even mirth. But can the Church herself be considered entirely free from blame? Has she taken pains to express her teaching clearly enough? Has she discarded shibboleths, and proclaimed the old truths in modern forms? Has her voice been in keeping with the enlightening Spirit within? Whether in the public services, or in the more private meetings for Christian fellowship, there is an insistent demand for life, reality, sincerity, candour. By these things men and Churches prosper. What more compelling example can we find than that of our Master? He was so full of freshness and frankness – so free from hesitation and gloss – that we do not wonder that His enemies were nonplussed, and that the common people have heard Him gladly.

A. Leathley Heap.



Getting into Trouble

SOME time ago something was said in these columns touching the future likely to develop out of the War, and the effect of the War on the men who had been in it. What will be their influence, their outlook, and their adaptabilities? A good few letters followed. One of them is particularly interesting, for the simple reason that it deals with facts, gives an instance, opens a window. Most of the other letters argued in the abstract, from prejudice to vision. The letter dealing with the concrete told a story. This is the story: - A soldier, just home from the trenches on the Western Front, was seated on the platform waiting for a train. Never mind where. It was a big city. Some "friend" of his had apparently broken the non-treating order to such effect that the soldier had become talkative, and was disposed to argue with any and every body. This brought up the military police, who were evidently willing to treat him gently, advising him merely to keep quiet and move off. His passion for talk would not allow of his complying with the request, and the policeman, not being there to argue points of procedure, and seeing the futility of appealing to the soldier any more, said sharply, "Now, old chap, if you don't keep quiet you will get into trouble." Immediately the soldier became quiet; but it was easy to see he was very evidently getting himself together, and was turning something over in his mind. After a pause, he said, slowly, as if weighing each word, "Trouble - me - get into trouble!"

Tapping his chest with his forefinger, he repeated again and again, as if to appreciate the full import of what he was saying - "Trouble - trouble - me- get - into - trouble!" Then, addressing the man who had cautioned him, he said, "Look here, old son, I've been in the trenches for nearly two years; I've stood up to my waist in water in 'em! I've fought in mud; I've slept in it; I've eaten it before now. I've been over the top more nor a dozen times; I've stuck my bayonet into I do not know how many - - Germans. I've been bombed out o' dug-outs and I've bombed the - - out o' theirs. Here, see this!" and he drew up the sleeve of his tunic, unbuttoned his shirt, and pointed to a scar some inches in length on his arm, "That's where it went in, and that's where it came out, and I didn't get a --- blighty for it, neither! And I'm to get into trouble, am I, if I am not good? Gawd! Where is it? Let's have a look at it!" The upshot of the incident was that one of the spectators struck in with a remark of his own about his experiences in the South African War. It turned out that the soldier has fought there, too, and they became brothers.

THAT story is exactly true to the facts of things to the men and the moods of the time. The story carries its own evidence. Does it not bear upon what is likely to happen in the future? "I am to get into trouble, am I, if I am not good!" Well, could any great writer improve on the phrase? He might spoil it. He could not make a better, or a more poignant. If the story is invented, it is perfectly

invented, and after the grand manner. There are hundreds and thousands of men who will ask that very question, when they come back to our regulations, to our outlooks and prejudices, to our nice arrangements for convenience and reserve, for the decorum of an age almost incredible to-day. There is something now born in them, unfamiliar to the ordinary, very surprising at time even to the men who fancy their own insight. I have thought I had some notions not absolutely astray from the facts. But the lads in the village have come home, to put me to shame. Some of them have blossomed into a rigour and independence, into a scorn and courage against the petty details of things, the conventions of thought, religion and civilisation, truly surprising. They have the old instincts for the really useful things, for the kind of old work and for the familiar ways of earning bread. But they have a fire of indignation against anything flimsy and superficial, anything pretentious and showy, particularly if it tries to forget what has happened, what they themselves know and have proved, so as by fire. They are not all of them able to fight or find words, but they are able to stand up and take what come, and deny- and deny , and still deny – the invader of their just dues and the just dues of those they loved and have yearned over, even in time of battle. I know this is so, and could mention names and places, giving the instances. They are not afraid any longer. It is useless to talk to them about fear and “getting into trouble”. They have been to the bottom of that well and lived there. I desire to insist on that, and beg those who dread what may come of it to look at the right side of this experience, this new outlook, and they will not find much to dread. Really, what the world has needed in time past is the baptism into a spirit of candour, into

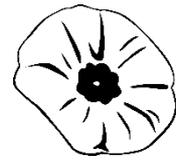
a willingness to dispense with words, to handle things and men and means openly and unashamed of any nakedness.

ONE of the first things we shall need to learn will be to speak in a new tongue. That is always very difficult. I find some of my correspondence dealing with this matter are not aware of the necessity. They write with an eye on the facts as they appeared to be before the War. They have changed nothing, nor have they forgotten anything, not even a word or a definition. The angle is the dear old angle of remote contact – a shouting acquaintance. It is exactly this same easy content with terrible old words indulged by that military policeman, who had probably not been outside Great Britain. There are thousands and thousands of them. I hear of them from all Camps and all sides, old and young I know not; but men in authority, men who have to deal with the young soldiers, men who have no notion save along the old lines of the old time, appear to reign and revel in many and many a Camp. One generation after another of recruits goes through their hands and they change not. Men go out and find a great deal of fighting. They come home and after healing of their sickness or their wounds, they go back to the Camp from which they were sent upon the first venture into the abyss. After they come back twice – three times – the old hands are still there, unchanged either in temper, manner, or word. They deal with the men who have been into the abyss like children, in many cases, and ship them off or thrust them out like “rookies.” Now, I am not making charges. I am only providing an illustration. I do not know that this military policeman was of this class; but I do know that a great many religious policemen and managers and directors are yet in the class, making these very

mistakes. This policeman could think of no word but just the old, conventional word, the phrase of quiet days and few sorrows – “You will get into trouble!” Then the soldier awoke. All he knew leaped into consciousness, at that pitiful and insolent challenge. Trying to frighten him – by bogies! Nay, trying to drive him on to disappoint so much as his humour by whimpering of toffee sticks to be denied. How can I put the contrasts in the soldier’s mind as, sobering under the challenge, he awoke to the paltry word and the ghastly realities of his daily life? I do not think it can be uttered. Analogous emotions and indignations must take place in the minds of these men when they come back, if the old tongue talks with the old twang of insincerity and incompetence, concerning things that really matter. A great deal will depend on the mere words. By our words we shall be judged. By our words we must stand or fall.

October 11, 1917 (p3)

The President of Conference on Shelters during Air-Raids



The President of the Conference (the Rev. Simpson Johnson) writes: -

During the recent air raids all our Mission Halls and several of our chapels in London have afforded shelter night after night to large numbers of people, especially in East and North-East London. Many thousands of men, women and children, returning from their daily occupations, have found refuge in these buildings for some hours, while in many cases women and children have slept on our properties all night, and have been cared for by our Christian workers. Members of the Metropolitan Police Force, Special Constabulary, and troops of Scouts can bear witness to the excellent work that has been done in this way, for they themselves have assisted our ministers and trustees in maintaining order and ministering to the needs of the people.

This good work could be done in connection with the large number of chapels, halls, school, and Mission premises we have in London especially in the East, North-East, and South-East districts. In the towns and villages South of London and along the East Coast a similar service can be rendered to the people by opening such buildings, or such parts of our buildings, as are suitable as soon as the air-raid warning is given.

It is necessary, however, to remember the clear statement made by Sir Francis Lloyd to the effect that it is only in the schoolrooms and vestries that are practically underground that any real protection is likely to be given from bursting bombs or flying pieces of shell. As a rule the main hall or chapel and all rooms above the surface, however strongly built, can only offer protection against flying pieces of shell. A direct hit on a public building filled with people would have disastrous results. Therefore, while we strongly desire that where people have no sufficient protection of their own they should be able to find refuge in our chapel and school properties, we feel at the same time that our ministers and trustees must exercise all necessary precaution. In every case a placard, should be exhibited stating that friends may take refuge in these rooms, but only on their own responsibility.

Wherever we have rooms that can afford shelter it is recommended that our trustees should, when the police authorities desire it, place them at the disposal of the authorities in this time of emergency, seeking their guidance and assistance.

October 18, 1917 (p5)

A Casualty Clearing Station

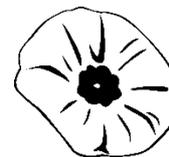


The work of a modern Casualty Clearing Station is described by the Rev. J. Duncan Percy. "Three months ago we left our comfortable quarters in another Army, and were dumped down in a potato field beyond the new battle-line. The potato field was soon cleared. To-day it is the site of hundreds of marquees, ingeniously joined together to form spacious Hospital wards, miles of trench-boards, a perfectly equipped operating theatre, electric light apparatus, dispensary, stores, cook-house, and all the appliances for dealing with sick and wounded men. A pathetic part of our 'plant' is the small, newly-formed Military Cemetery hard by, where the bodies of those who die at the C.C.S. are laid to rest. To-day the work of a C.C.S is a good deal specialised; some take in head wounds only, others deal almost exclusively with abdominal cases, or shell-shock; the one to which I am attached takes only sick, including some cases of gas-poisoning and nervous disorder. The men remain with us two or three days. They receive every possible care and attention while with us. Their letters home constantly make grateful mention of this; it must bring comfort to anxious folks at home to know that no trouble is too much, and no expense is grudged for our sick and wounded men out here. A man coming here is a single unit, and is personally unknown; yet the Doctors, when necessary, spend many hours of labour over a single case. I have often watched their solitude with pride, and gratitude.

The days pass quietly enough the nights – especially the moonlight nights – often bring excitement. One never quite gets to like the ominous hum of the German machine, it always seems as if it were *directly* overhead. The Chaplain finds many opportunities of usefulness. It is my privilege to work in close and friendly co-operation with a Church of England Padre. When the station is full, we divide the wards for purposes of visitation, spending hours each day with the patients, chatting about home, their War experiences, and always welcoming any opportunity for religious testimony or instruction – how often there is an easy and natural transition from the thought of home to the thought of God! We find stationery and books for those who need them. The generosity of friends at home has enabled me to establish a small Lending Library, which has become a very popular institution, both with patients and staff. We have a united Sunday Evening Service, and there are frequent opportunities of Holy Communion. We are just beginning a short daily service of evening prayer, for those who are able to attend, in the marquee set apart as a chapel. The ever-shifting population of the C.C.S is of an increasingly cosmopolitan character, and an image in miniature of the world that is now arrayed against the Central Powers of Europe. The majority of our soldiers are English but during the past few weeks I have spoken to men from Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and every part of the British

Empire, as well as to Americans, negroes from the West Indies (many of whom are Methodists), and Chinese. On several occasions we have met little groups of Chinese Christians for worship. War is a very physical business, and tends to deaden men's spiritual susceptibilities. There is no evidence of widespread awakening, but conversions do take place, and the good news of God's grace in Christ Jesus is often gladly heard by those who before the War were strangers to Christian worship."

November 8, 1917 (p3)



Russia Worn Out

WHILE the Russian Armies are following up the Germans on the Dwina Front, and finding it difficult to come into touch with serious resistance, it is not likely that will be long continued. There is no saying, however. Germany may judge it expedient to allow Russia an opportunity of lengthening her line, and embarrassing herself by difficulties of communication. That Russia will be able to do anything to help Italy is scarcely likely. The one thing that might immediately bring the German campaign against Italy to a stand would be a rapid and powerful Russian advance. That is past hoping for. Yet there are signs that Russia is putting herself together in real earnest. The organisation of the Army proceeds, and it is being conducted not on any plan furnished by Germany. The Army is to remain democratic in temper, and in some measure, in control. The Revolutionary Armies of France are much nearer the pattern than anything surviving in the armies of to-day. The peril of this is that democracies in arms move slowly, unless they are kindled by a flame in their souls illuminating a path dear and passionate to all. There is no such fire in the Russian soul to-day. But it is something to note the new unity of control. Officers faithless to the Revolution have been removed, and it is claimed to-day that the entire Russian Army is one in control and temper. Certainly the Russian Fleet seems to have prospered against the Germans. Even there, however the new German policy in Italy offers a new light.

The Germans, perhaps, made more noise than battle, more show than serious attempt. The Germans did not take too many risks with their Fleet. They have now complete control of the Gulf of Riga. Having there made their position quite secure, it may be taken for granted, if nothing goes greatly wrong with the German schemes. West and East, that when next Spring comes, and before any Conference or negotiation can be opened, Germany will make a heavy bid for Petrograd. Germany means to go into Conference with all possible pledges and powers in her hands, as "the man in possession". There is not the slightest ground to suppose, whatever the people may feel, that there is any change of mind, any kind of change of temper, as the German rulers look out upon the world. They have suffered bitterly, but they still believe themselves, in their philosophy, religion, politics, as firmly as ever. Penitence is not in their hearts, and not being thought about. A change means absolute destruction for them; they will not look at that. The letter of Sir John Simon announcing his decision to take up work with the Armies is a striking testimony from a source quite unexpected, and one to be pondered by those who dream that Germany is ready to accept the conditions – even the minimum conditions necessary to be imposed.

November 15, 1917 (p3)



Russia is Worn Out

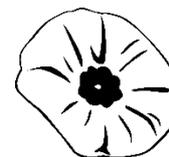
THERE are considerations of the same kind in regard of what has happened in Russia. So far as at present any one is able to judge, the very worst has happened in Russia that could have happened for Russia. Not by any means has the worst happened that could happen for the Allies. The worst that could happen for the Allies would be a strong Russian Government willing and ready to make peace with Germany, considering none save herself. Possibly the present Government may have something of that in mind, though the indications do not point in that direction. They propose a general and democratic peace to be concluded immediately. Always "immediately." The word has power with a mob. It is supposed that all the nations will agree to this, or that Germany will agree to it at once, and give convincing signs, or sufficiently convincing for the Russian dictators. It is not so clear, even if the new Russian Government stands, that Germany will do anything of the kind. Indeed it is more than questionable if Germany would care to treat with such persons as now take charge of the destinies of Russia. Germany knows her Russia rather too well to make any such mistake. Germany knows all about paper and its value, signatures and their weight. What has happened has not been entirely unexpected, though that is not much to encourage anyone. But it is good to recognise the fact, and to attempt to weigh the consequences, so far as they have developed. It was clear two forces were at work; that in many

ways they were allied to each other in temper and theory.

It was clear, too, that a good deal of the difference lay in the outlook upon Europe. Kerensky considered freedom in Europe first; Lenin considered a good many things before that. It seemed to be the one passion of the latter to keep the Army out of the hands of those who might lead the Army where Lenin did not wish to go – whether in regard of Germany, or in regard of himself and his party. The death sentence in the Army was more to Lenin than any relations with the Allies. His first "reform" was to abolish the death penalty once more. Without discipline there was nothing for anybody to fear in the Russian Army. It could be but a broken reed. It cost Kerensky much to restore that penalty. It is largely, therefore, a question of powers of discipline upon which the two differ; and the future in Russia belongs sooner or later to those who dare take and maintain powers of discipline. The people themselves are seeing this and rallying to the one standard where the possibilities lie. It has been suggested, to weariness, that British newspapers and British governing classes have not shown sympathy, at any rate, no sufficient sympathy, with the Russian Revolution, or things might have been very different. It is difficult to satisfy those who crave sympathy, whether for themselves or for a cause. On the other hand, has there not been an exaggeration of the hopes of those who have looked to the Revolution for wonders from the dead? Neither side has a monopoly of mistakes; and, in the

meantime, it matters very little what we thought, or what welcome we gave. The British reception of the Revolution has had little weight with the Revolution, and little effect upon it. Russia is making her own Revolution, with few counsellors, in her own way; and, terrible as it is, it is a struggle for freedom, and in that all good men will rejoice. There also the Allies and Russia are at one. The Army has yet to speak definitely. Unfortunately, for many reasons, the old Army of Russia has departed, as each of the old Armies of Europe – “took their wages and are dead.” The present Armies are little more than peasants under arms, with the instincts and passions of peasants. They have little love for arms, and little understanding of the needs of Government. They loathe the arms they carry, heedless of all else. But, for all that, there is a difference between and the rest; and that difference is beginning to express itself. There is some semblance of authority there, and that “semblance” must decide which way it will incline. The counter-Revolution is the work of the mere mob, of the worst and the local elements. Russia, as well as the Army, is rousing itself; and there are signs that Russia will not say the same things as have been said and done in Petrograd. Yet, for the full issue and the true interpretation of the issue when it arrives, we must needs wait with such patience as we are able to attain. Very probably the usurpation will be brief, and that it has come and passed will clear the air in Russia. Lenin may look for little mercy, and he deserves none at all.

December 10, 1917 (p3)



Russia for Peace

THE Germans have consented to enter negotiations with the existing Government in Russia. It is not at all clear what name should be given to the Government with which Germany negotiates, nor whether the Government will be able to survive the negotiations. Elections are going on in Russia, and they do not seem to be going altogether in favour of the extremists. It is something, however, that Russia and Germany are talking instead of fighting. The fact serves both Governments very well, considering the position in which they find themselves. In Russia the Government is able to go on talking of immediate peace to the peasants, to tell tall stories of its work in that direction. In Germany the Government is able to boast she has brought the greatest enemy of all, judged by pre-war standards, to sue for peace. It sounds well on both sides. It is suggestive that the Russian Government takes the same high tone on the very same subject – it has “forced” Germany, by the sheer strength of democracy. All this is very remote from the truth. Germany, at least, is under no delusions in that regard. There has yet been no approach to the real problems, so far as information is allowed to come to the general public. When Germany has to say what she proposes in regard of the Russian territories under her occupation, then her difficulties will begin. The conditions the Russians lay down are “no annexations and no indemnities.” Germany may talk about a great many things; sooner or later she will need to decide in the concrete.

If she engages to withdraw, she comes into conflict with her own Junkers, who would rather hold on in the East than in the West. If Germany will not talk of withdrawals, then the whole falls to the ground. There is no possibility of maintaining the illusion for very long, and when the illusion falls away Russia may surprise Germany in more ways than one. The Constitutional Assembly is on its way, and, strange as it may seem, the elections are taking place without much interference from anybody. Once the Assembly meets, we may find increasing light on the vital questions of the future both for the Allies and for the people of Russia themselves.

December 13, 1917 (p3)

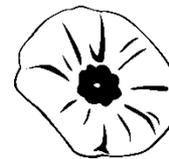


Fall of Jerusalem

JERUSALEM is in the hands of the British. To quote the Chief Rabbi, "This soul-stirring news reached us on the day that the Jews were celebrating the Maccabean festival. On this very day 2,070 years ago the Maccabees freed the Holy City from the heathen oppressor, and thereby changed the spiritual future of humanity." Four hundred years ago the Turks gained possession; now they are gone. What all this means, from the spiritual point of view, only those who are spiritual in outlook and in their interpretation of history will fully understand. But it means a new sense of peace and hope for at least two world-wide and spiritual religions. The tidings come in a day when the hopes of the Allies are clouded by a great failure – the failure of Russia – and the cloud is not what it was. The whole of Palestine has yet to be freed from the abominations of the Turk; and the good work will go on. Turkey has now lost the last of her "Holy Places." She stands on her military position only. It is clear that the great concentration the Germans were to organise for the recovery of all Turkey had lost has come to nothing. What the effect will be in Constantinople and the Balkans remains to be seen. The military position is not clear. One thing is clear – Great Britain has delivered a blow that will stir the souls of men. So far as the Eastern Front of the wide campaign is concerned, the political atmosphere is being purged, entirely to the advantage of the Allies.

When it is realised that the series operations resulting in this impressive achievement has only occupied some six weeks, the admiration for the genius and brilliance of the campaign will be profound and universal. One other thing is worthy of note, from the contrast it affords – there has been the utmost care that no harm should befall the shrines of religion, nor any of the memorials of the strange and various history of a city held in universal reverence. Jerusalem is unharmed, still beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

December 20, 1917 (p3)



Russia Civil War

THE week-end suggested the possibility of immediate developments in Russia, resulting in civil war and the probable overthrow of the Bolshevik Government. Once the attempt matures the process will not be long. From every indication the larger Russia is rousing under the Cossacks. There are able Generals at the head, and an immense tract of territory. The Government itself gives the information, and denounces, with suggestively fierce anger, the new attempt. Moreover, the steps taken to meet the attempt appear to be little better than new proclamations giving over to the peasants houses, lands, factories and every appurtenance of life, as a bribe to faithfulness. When two forces, differing so radically, meet, there is not much doubt as to the issue. The first signs of impending peril displayed by the Bolsheviks revealed themselves in ostentatious provisions for the foiling of the new Assembly now almost completed – that in the name of Freedom! Elections were to be declared void, and a perpetual series contrived in order to cripple the Assembly, and give excuses for more excuses. An armistice has been concluded to the advantage of Germany. There was a comic element in the meeting of the delegates. Each side seems to have thought the other quite mad. But the weaker and the wordier had to yield, and Germany took what she could get. How long she will be able to hold Russia to this agreement remains to be seen. It does not at all follow that a successful attack upon the Bolshevik Government must leave the Allies in any better position.

The Cadets are evidently behind the new movement, and they are no great friends to the Revolution. Recent events have probably chilled such ardour as they had. The Cossacks are like-minded, and the Generals not much different. If a new Government arrives, there is excuse enough for concluding a separate peace. The people demand it; the Democrats have attempted it. The condition of Russia is a powerful plea. A peace agreed upon by the power looming up would be a much more effective peace than anything contrived by the Bolshevik Government. Where is might lead as to the internal affairs of Russia no one can say. But, for the sake of Russia herself, it is to be hoped the present chaos may find a speedy end. It goes steadily from bad to worse, from words and emotions to pillage and murder, from treacherous peace with Germany to the preaching of furious civil war. Should the new movement succeed and the leaders take the line of faithfulness to the Allies, Russia may yet be heard of. At any rate, great service may be done retaining German troops on the Russian Front. But all that is too dim to be pronounced upon.