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IS THE PEACE TREATY JUST?

From H. S. TAYLOR, Renmark:—I am not concerned to follow Professor Phillipson through the maze of his tortuous turnings. Professor Phillipson should know that he is presenting a very partial and entirely partisan view of the Peace Treaty, and he certainly knows that among the critics of that instrument, whom he describes with such classical elegance as "hysterical and responsible persons, who are stupefied by a mixture of crass ignorance and flatulent sentimentalism," are men deservedly held in high honor in England, many of her intellectual leaders, and not a few of the distinguished soldiers who fought for a very different kind of peace. But there are many thousands in Australia who have had no opportunity of knowing better and who hold, in honest sincerity, the vulgar errors of which Professor Phillipson makes himself the champion. The legend that Germany had deliberately prepared for this war for 40 years, and that outside of Germany militarism was unknown, dies hard, but it is dying—killed by facts. In 1913-14 the Triple Entente Powers—England, France, and Russia—spent 204 million pounds on military and naval preparations, and in the same period the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria, and Italy—spent 150 millions for the same purpose. During the seven-year period, 1908-1914, the respective expenditures were:—The Entente, 1,337 millions, and the Alliance 767 millions, which doesn't look as though Germany was the only country preparing for war; and the discrepancy in Germany's favor is all the greater if it is remembered that Italy was never an integral part of the Central Alliance. "The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries of what happened before the first of August, 1914," said Mr. Lloyd George on December 23 last, "the more one realises that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly, and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it." And that, I venture to say, is the conclusion that any honest and fair-minded man must arrive at after reading the evidence now available. I have seen the case nowhere stated better than by Count Czerin, the high-minded Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs during the war, in his book, "In the World War":—"The terrible tragedy of this, the greatest misfortune of all time—and such is this war—lies in the fact that nobody responsible willed it; it arose out of a situation created first by a Serbian assassin and then by some Russian generals keen on war, while the events that ensued took the monarchs and statesmen completely by surprise. The Entente group of Powers is as much to blame as we are." Lord Haldane, who testifies to his belief in the whole-hearted desire of the German Emperor and Chancellor for the preservation of peace, writes ("Before the War")—"The ultimate and real origin of this war, the greatest humanity has ever had to endure, was a set of colossal suspicions of each other by the nations concerned." It may well be that Germany, or at any rate the German militarists, did more than any other nation to foster these calamitous suspicions. That she did is still the opinion of most people outside of Germany, but as H. G. Wells writes ("Outline of History"), if Germany continues to be most blamed by the historian of the future for bringing about the war, "She will be blamed not because she was morally and intellectually very different from her neighbors, but because she had the common disease of Imperialism in its most complete and energetic form. All the great nations before the war were in a condition of aggressive nationalism and drifting towards war; the Government of Germany did but lead the general movement. She fell into the pit first and floundered deepest. She became the dreadful example at which all her fellow-sinners could cry out." It is perfectly true that many good people believed, before the war, that Germany was preparing to destroy England. But, on the other hand, many Germans quite as firmly believed that England was heading a conspiracy for the encirclement and destruction of Germany. In an atmosphere of such suspicions war is easily generated, and any peace settlement that fails to destroy, or does not aim at destroying, the seeds of such suspicions fails in its purpose; for the purpose of a peace settlement should surely be to bring peace. It is an established fact—the evidence may be found in detail in the appendix to H. N. Brailsford's "A League of Nations"—that the war was not started by Germany, but by Russia. There were strong military parties in both Germany and Russia, but it seems beyond question that the Kaiser and the German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, earnestly desired to keep the peace. Bethmann, an honest and peace-loving man, was unfortunately a blunderer, who misread the signs and lost his head when he should have kept it; but he had arrived at an understanding with Sir Edward Grey, and peace seemed assured, when the Russian military leaders seized the moment to start the war with a general mobilisation, which was proceeded with, against the Czar's orders and unknown to him and unknown to France and England. General Sukhomlinoff, the Russian War Minister, lied to the Czar; General Janushkevitch, Chief of the Russian General Staff, lied to the German Military Attache; and Savanoff lied to the English and French Ambassadors. Russia started the war, and, by disguising the fact, dragged France and England into it; and Bethmann put his country in the wrong by formally declaring war some days after Russia had started it. Not only was mobilisation accepted generally in European military circles as an act of war, but Russia had been specifically warned by Germany that a general mobilisation, or a mobilisation against Germany would be so regarded. We have reached the stage when well-informed opinion is satisfied that Germany did not desire the war, that the Russian mobilisation precipitated it, and that the German Chancellor was justified in regarding the mobilisation as a declaration of war on Russia's part. Clearly, if we won't consider a revision of the treaty, we shall have to consider a revision of the grounds on which it is justified.

From "BROADER VIEWS":—I do not champion the German or the Austrian cause. We, as Britons, are proud of our flag, which stands for justice. Then let the world see that we are just, even to our enemies. It is bad enough that half the world believes now that Germany was tricked by Wilson's Fourteen Points to lay down her arms, and, worse still, that the Fourteen Points were totally ignored after the armistice. We cannot allow our good name and prestige to suffer. We all know that our Empire has grave internal troubles; perhaps more and greater than ever it had before. There are also serious internal troubles looming in the near distance. We don't know into what war we may be drawn next, even against our wish. For this reason alone it is most desirable, even necessary, to have a real reconciliation with our ex-enemies. If we cannot achieve that, we may expect at a critical time the whole of Central Europe to make common cause with our future enemies—a thing that may cost us dearer than any momentary advantage we may gain now—a situation Professor Phillipson seems to overlook altogether. His statement about Germany's capacity to pay can only provoke a smile. He supposes the Ruhr coalfield to contain 200 thousand million tons. At the pre-war rate of output, 80 million tons, at 10/ a ton, it would take a few hundred years to pay off the indemnity. Shall we patiently wait for that, or make the Germans raise all the coal required in the next 20 or 30 years? If we do that, what would be the effect on the British coal mines? We would not like to see them idle. Farther on Professor Phillipson seems to gauge the German wealth by the champagne that is drunk in Berlin. His figures may be correct. I believe Berlin is at present the gayest city in the world, thanks to the enormous influx of foreigners, especially the Russian nobility. Because rich Russians celebrate their orgies in Berlin, and drink great quantities of wine, the Germans must be rich. Strange logic! After the long and destructive war we may be glad that open hostilities have ceased. We all hope for real reconciliation and to live on terms of friendship with our enemies to our mutual advantage. We want peace and friendship. Why fan the flames of hate and enmity? Such one-sided views as are expounded by Professor Phillipson, with undisguised animosity, do more harm than good, and are hardly a credit to a leader of thought, such as our professors are, or should be.

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A man who helped to make Australian history died in Adelaide on Friday morning—Mr. George Gibbes Mayo, who had lived at Hill street, North Adelaide, for many years, and had reached his seventy-seventh year. When 18 years of age, Mr. Mayo, who was then an apprentice engineer, joined the McKinley exploring expedition to the Northern Territory. He was its youngest member. On the journey the explorers underwent great privations. At one stage they were surrounded by flood waters, and so long did the way out seem to be, that they were compelled to kill their horses, and live on the flesh. The unusual diet weakened the men considerably, and made them resolve on unusual measures to escape. They made a square frame of green saplings, and covered it with hides from the horses, and the large and heavy canvas of McKinley's tent. It was at the South Alligator River that they launched their coracle, and in it they managed to reach Darwin. When they got there the hides of the boat were so rotten that the least touch made a hole in them. When Port Darwin was reached, Mr. Mayo was so ill that he had to be carried ashore. He came down to Adelaide and recovered. But one experience was not enough. He had the love of the wilds in his blood, and he joined the expedition of Mr. S. Dixon to examine the south coast of Western Australia. Some months were spent on the trip, but the party concluded that the country was too poor for pastoral purposes. What Mr. Mayo was fond of remarking, however, was that the expedition frequently found specimens of bitumen all along the coast. When Mr. Mayo returned to Adelaide, a friend relates of him that he had the grit to go to Edinburgh, where he studied under the late Lord Kelvin. He took his diploma as a civil engineer, and on his return to South Australia he entered the department of the Engineer-in-Chief. He married Miss Donaldson, an English lady, who survives him. The family consists of Dr. Helen Mayo, of the University of Queensland, Mr. Herbert Mayo, barrister of Adelaide, Miss Penelope Mayo, and Dr. J. C. Mayo. There are six grandchildren.

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A GREAT COMPOSER.

"The Life and Works of Sir Arthur Sullivan," by Frederick Bevan, Adelaide: G. Hassell & Son.

Mr. Bevan, who is well known throughout Australia as a successful teacher of singing in connection with the Adelaide Conservatorium of Music, has always had a great admiration for Sir Arthur Sullivan, many of whose works have been presented by the students under his direction. Naturally enough, as a former chorister of the Chapel Royal, Mr. Bevan has a special interest in the remarkable gifts of Sullivan, who once held a similar position. Although it is over 20 years since the great composer died, his works are probably even more popular to-day than they were in his lifetime. This was proved a few months ago, when a number of his comic operas were presented throughout Australia to most enthusiastic audiences. Adelaide shared in this musical treat, and once more appreciated the fact, learnt on their first presentation over 40 years ago, that Sullivan could write music which, although of the highest class, was irresistibly popular. There are many people in Adelaide who remember the first performance of "Pinafore" at the Theatre Royal, in May, 1880, and they can well understand the description by Mr. Bevan of the furore it created in America. "Church choirs added it to their repertoire, and thousands of sturdy Puritans, who had never been inside a theatre before went to see the performances. It is on record that 100,000 barrel organs were constructed to play nothing else, and for a season the remarkable spectacle was presented of every theatre and concert company of importance in the big cities of the United States producing the same piece." Mr. Bevan quotes one of the notices, given in all seriousness:—"Church Choir 'Pinafore' Company have prefaced their 'Pinafore' performance with the 'Gloria' from Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass' and Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus.'" Yet Mr. Bevan states that in London 'Pinafore' would have been a disastrous failure at the Opera Comique if the exuberant youth that attended the promenade concerts at Covent Garden had not caught up its breezy strains and whistled them into popularity, and so saved the good ship 'Pinafore' from foundering." It was the emotional multitude in England, therefore, and not those who pretended to superior musical knowledge who set the seal of popularity on the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Cradled in Music.

Mr. Bevan explains that his present book is reproduced substantively from the series of extension lectures given by him in connection with the University of Adelaide in 1908 and repeated in the Town Hall in the following year. Mr. Bevan is himself a writer of many successful songs, of which "The Admiral's Broom" and "The Flight of Ages" are well known, and he attained a high reputation as a concert singer in England. Those who were present in the Conservatorium Hall in 1901, when the present King received the degree of Doctor of Laws, will remember with pleasure the excellent programme of music provided by Mr. Bevan, which included a charming song written by himself. This was much admired, not only by the audience, but by the Royal guests. Mr. Bevan therefore may be deemed to speak with authority concerning the great gifts of Sullivan. His book is intensely interesting, not only because of the mastery he shows of his subject and his comprehensive treatment of it, but by reason of its attractive style and the number of characteristic anecdotes it contains. Sullivan, he says, writing with personal knowledge, "inspired in all who came in contact with him or his work a spirit of tranquil happiness and an exquisite appreciation of the joy of living." He was born into music, "cradled to the sound of the military band," of which his father was conductor. His knowledge of flute, clarionet, horn, cornet, trombone, and euphonium "was not a passing acquaintance, but a lifelong intimate friendship." He was only 12 when, in Holy Week, 1854, he was admitted as one of the children (choristers) of the Chapel Royal, and in the following year an anthem composed by him was sung by him in the Chapel. In 1856 he won the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and at the age of 15, when his voice "broke," he had written two or three anthems. The first money he earned was 10/ given him by the Dean of the Chapel Royal when his anthem was sung there.

Mr. Bevan describes Sullivan as "a merry prodigy." He tells of his success at Leipzig and of his opening triumph in London, when Charles Dickens said to him, "I don't profess to be a musical critic, but I do know that I have listened to a very remarkable work." In the company of Dickens, as a youth of 20, he first met Rossini, in Paris, and thus was, in a sense, introduced to opera. Sullivan formed a choir of policemen at St. Michael's, London, and Mr. Bevan says, "it was wonderful at his choir practices to see the way in which he kept the constables at the boiling point of enthusiasm, as well as on the brink of laughter. The organist's good spirits were infectious, and though, as Mr. Gilbert said in after years, 'taking one consideration with another, a policeman's life is not a happy one,' I am sure the able-bodied choirmen of St. Michael's were, during rehearsal, as cheerful as the birds of the air."

"The Absent-minded Beggar."

Sullivan, like all distinguished men, won his way to fame as the result of continuous hard work, and from his youth onward he gave all his heart to his profession. Mr. Bevan tells in a very fascinating manner the history of his devotion to music from the days of "The Tempest," which Sullivan wrote at Leipzig, to the appearance of his "swan song in comic opera" the year before his death. "Never," says Mr. Bevan, "did he sing more sweetly or with greater refinement of utterance than in 'The Rose of Persia,' and many excellent judges regard this as the masterpiece of the whole series of operas." Just previously he had written, "for the man in the street," the lilting music of Kipling's "Absent-minded beggar," which aroused intense patriotism during the Boer war. It was intended to be whistled in the street, and Mr. Bevan remarks that how well the song fulfilled its mission may be judged by the fact that an unkempt child in the street, on seeing the announcement of Sullivan's death on the news bill, was heard to exclaim, with bated breath, 'That's him as wrote the 'Absent-minded beggar.'"

The pathetic circumstances under which "In Memoriam" was written in 1866 are sympathetically mentioned, and Mr. Bevan declares—"By a singular coincidence the year which was remarkable for Sullivan's finest achievement in abstract music saw also the foundation laid for the wonderful series of comic operas associated with his name." That was in "Box and Cox." It was not till 1871 that Sullivan met Gilbert, and interesting stories are told of their association from the time of "Thespis" and "Trial by Jury" until the partnership ended nearly a quarter of a century later. "Pinafore," strange to say, was written by Sir Arthur against time, as, in fact, were many of his works, and during a period of prostration and acute suffering from an agonising malady.