

1. Bismillā-hir-Rahmā-nir-Rahim.
2. Alham-du lillāhi Rabbil-'ālamīn.
3. Arrahmā-nir-Rahim,
4. Mālikī yau-mid-dīn.

We omit, however, the accents and characteristic dots of the letters.

We wish this new translation of the *Qurān* the best possible success not only at home among the English-speaking Moslems but also abroad among the unbelievers who for scholarly and historical considerations take an active interest in comparative religion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPEN COURT FROM OUR
PARIS CORRESPONDENT, M. LUCIEN ARREAT.

(*Translation.*)

PARIS, July 26, 1917.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I was very glad to hear from you (your letter of July 3 reached me on the 21st), and the more so inasmuch as I have not received your magazines for about three months. I have often thought of writing to you myself; but I did not wish to enter into the endless discussions raised by this abominable war from which our people are suffering to the point of martyrdom. In spite of the sorrows and mortifications of the times I have continued in good health, or nearly so. Though my colds become more frequent and more stubborn, still I have no other infirmity than my seventy-six years, and that is infirmity enough for me. You may have seen that I continue to do a little work for the *Revue philosophique*. Need I add that Théodule Ribot's death has affected me greatly? This war is killing men of our age just as surely as the young men. It is sad to end one's life in the midst of these horrors and in want of so many things which make life worth living, or are even most essential to one's existence.

"Why not live and let live?" the poor people say, "Isn't it hard enough to earn our bread?" But, as our La Fontaine said of a whipped dog,

"His reasoning in a master's mouth
Very fine might be;
But from him it has no weight at all—
Merely a cur is he."

[Son raisonnement pouvait être
Fort bon dans la bouche d'un maître.
Ne venant que d'un simple chien
On trouva qu'il ne valait rien.]

My reflections? They may perhaps have some value, but unfortunately they would satisfy nobody.

Although not free from errors, the politics of the Old Régime were on the whole those of prudence and patience—they have made us the nation that we are. The same is true of the politics of the Restoration and of the July government. But our unrestrained revolutions have accustomed us to a fantastic and provident line of conduct. The doctors and orators who have governed us for the past thirty years (excepting some men of merit like Alexandre Ribot) have, in the desire to escape war, practised a politics of alliances and vain talk, which instead of avoiding war runs the risk of provoking it, and now that the storm has come the native valor of our race has failed to rise and save us from an irreparable disaster.

As to the German government, it has, in my opinion, shown the most remarkable disregard of historical and psychological conditions in Europe. It ought to have profited by the example of the French Revolution—of which Napoleon was but the brilliant expression—and of the martial enterprise into which it madly rushed. The situation is quite the same to-day, only the parts of the actors are reversed, and this time it is no longer a coalition—it is a crusade.

It is of no avail. I suppose, to criticise the particular facts, the dates, the incidents, the intentions more or less strict or whose meaning has been forced. We must go straight to the deep causes, to the actual or falsely preconceived necessities of the different states. All then becomes clear, and the "official" lies are reduced to their correct valuation which is simply one of opportunity or circumstance. I do not wish to insist on this delicate point, and you understand what I mean without my in the least incriminating any individuals of whose perfect good faith I am convinced.

"It is not always the fact itself," I wrote in my *Reflexions et maximes*, "which is of importance in political affairs, but the romance that is built upon the facts, a romance whose every page is stained with blood. After some fifty years history will come etc."

What an enormous destruction of life, and how eternally to be deplored! What a vast number of dead and how inestimable their loss! It has been said that war is a return to savagry, and no other war ever produced more ruins and more victims than this one. Our nations will remain impoverished and leaderless for a long time. I keep silent about many dreadful things that some day the opportunity will come to reveal. Add to this the formation in every land of a bad rich class (as was the case in France after the Revolution) which will bring to our middle classes a flood of the impure elements with which it has been corrupted.

Peace! All the nations call upon it in their prayers, and all governments desire it because it is the first of all their needs. Unfortunately most of the statesmen are bound by imprudent promises and remain prisoners to their own statements. I wish with all my heart that the arrival of great America on the scene would put an end to this fratricidal conflict and permit it to come to a close with equity; that is, so that it will be settled with some consideration of mutual goodwill and not to satisfy haughty appetites for power and dominion. If our Europe does not succeed in finding some sort of a federative principle that will assure its correct place to each nation, it will end, I am afraid, by

experiencing the worst excesses of demagogy and will not soon see an end of its miseries.

These on the whole are the reflections which haunt my solitude. It would be easy to develop them and give them a more solid body if it were worth the trouble, but it does not seem that the best reasons in the world would stand any chance of prevailing over feelings which have been exasperated.

My housekeeper, as you know, has lost her husband who was mortally wounded in the Vosges, July, 1915. I am keeping her with her two small children (five and three and one-half years) and thus add to my share of the common burden—a burden already too heavy for my slender resources. There is no doubt but I shall be obliged to leave Paris and I lose all hope of ever seeing you again. Rest assured that whatever happens my feelings toward you and your dear family will always remain those of an old and faithful friend.

Cordially yours,

L. ARRÉAT.

NADWORNA.

Nadworna is a town in Galicia, and when the Russians invaded it they not only forced all the Jews, men women and children, to assist them in the work of attack on the Austrian lines, but set them in the place of greatest danger as a shield for the Russians themselves. The Jews were commanded to take up bags of sand and carry them into the firing lines to build up walls of protection for the Russian soldiers. They were driven into the fire by the knout and by Russian bullets, so that they were placed between two fires, and many of them died on the battlefield as if they had been soldiers themselves, compelled to help a cause which was that of the inventors of pogroms. The facts are described in a book entitled *Der Weltkrieg und das Schicksal des jüdischen Volkes, Stimme eines galizischen Juden an seine Glaubensgenossen in den neutralen Ländern, insbesondere America*, which has been written by Benjamin Segel of Lemberg, and published in Berlin by Georg Stilke. The author mainly addresses those Jews who stand up for the cause of Russia in England and France, and also those Jews who live in neutral countries, especially in the United States, and sympathize with the Allied cause. About 1500 Jewish families were used in this way in the attack at Nadworna, and Mr. Segel says that if sons of the families of Baron Rothschild and Baron Günzburg are serving as French officers or in the English army; if Zangwill and Gottheil Ruch express their confidence that the Teutonic superman will be crushed by the Cossacks; if they speak in favor of the Allied cause, and if Lord Rothschild of London boasts of having donated a thousand pounds for the poor Galician Jews, it would be no use to argue the case with them, but they should all be answered with the one word "Nadworna!" But Mr. Segel adds that we should not condemn the Russian people themselves for the atrocities committed by order of the late Russian government. Many Russians would be shocked at the treatment of the Jews at Nadworna. Tolstoy and Solowiew, Sorolenko and Kropatkin, Gorki and Tchirikow, Dostoyevski and many others would be horrified at the reports of the Russian army's misdeeds at Nadworna.