INTRODUCTION

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS will stand out for all time as one of the supreme figures which the Great War has called into being. His genius has been enlisted in the service of mankind, and his work, being entirely sincere and untouched by racial or national prejudice, will endure; indeed, it promises to gain strength as the years advance. When the intense passions, which have been awakened by this world struggle, have faded away, civilization will regard the war largely through these wonderful drawings.

Before the war had been in progress many weeks the cartoons in the Amsterdam Telegraph attracted attention in the capitals of Europe, many leading newspapers reproducing them. The German authorities, quick to realize their full significance, did all in their power to suppress them. Through German intrigue Raemaekers has been charged in the Dutch Courts with endangering the neutrality of Holland—and acquitted. A price has been set on his head, should he ever venture over the border.

When he crossed to England, his wife received anonymous post-cards, warning her that his ship would certainly be torpedoed in the North Sea. The Cologne Gazette, in a leading article on Holland, threatens that country: “after the War Germany will settle accounts with Holland, and for each calumny, for each cartoon of Raemaekers, she will demand payment with the interest that is due to her.” Not since Saul and the men of Israel were in the valley of Elah fighting with the Philistines has so unexpected a champion arisen. With brush and pencil this Dutch painter will do even as David did with the smooth stone out of the brook: he will destroy the braggart Goliath, who, strong in his own might, defies the forces of the living God.

When Mr. Raemaekers came to London in December, he was received by the Prime Minister, and was entertained at a complimentary luncheon by the Journalists of the British capital. Similar honour was conferred on him on his second visit. He was the guest of honour at the Savage Club; the Royal Society of Miniature Painters elected him an Honorary Member. But it has been left to France to pay the most fitting recognition to his genius and to his services in the cause of freedom and truth. The Cross of the Legion of Honour has been presented to him, and on his visit to Paris this month a special reception is to be held in his honour at La Sorbonne, which is the highest purely intellectual reward Europe can confer on any man.

The great Dutch cartoonist is now in his forty-seventh year. He was born in Holland, his father, who is dead, having been the editor of a provincial newspaper. His mother, who is still alive and exceedingly proud of her son’s fame, is a German by birth, but rejoices that she married a Dutchman. Mr. Raemaekers, who is short, fair, and of a ruddy countenance, looks at least ten years younger than his age. He took up painting and drawing when quite young and learnt his art in Holland and in Brussels. All his life he has lived in his own country, but with frequent visits to Belgium and Germany, where, through his mother, he has many relations. Thus he knows by experience the nature of the peoples whom he depicts.

For many years he was a landscape painter and a portrait painter, and made money and local reputation. Six or seven years ago he turned his attention to political work, and became a cartoonist and caricaturist on the staff of the Amsterdam Telegraph, thus opening the way to a fame which is not only world-wide but which will endure as long as the memory of the Great War lasts. His ideas come to him naturally and without effort. Suggestions do not assist him; they hinder him when he endeavours to act on them. He is an artist to his finger-tips and throws the whole force of his being into his work. Some years ago he married a Dutch lady, who is devoted to music, and they have three children, two girls and a boy (the youngest); the eldest is now twelve. Very happy in his home, Mr. Raemaekers has no ambitions outside it, except to go on with his work. A Teuton paper has declared that Raemaekers’ cartoons are worth at least two Army Corps to the Allies.

The strong religious tendency which so often distinguishes his work makes one instinctively ask to what Church does the artist belong. He replies that he belongs to none, but was brought up a Catholic, and his wife a Protestant, and the differences which in later life severed each from their early teaching caused them to meet on common ground. But the intense Christian feeling of these drawings is beyond caviar or dispute: they again and again bring home to the heart the vital truths of the Faith with irresistible force, and the artist ever expresses the Christianity, not perhaps of the theologian, but of the honest and kindly man of the world.

Praise has been bestowed upon his work by several German papers—qualified praise. The Leipzig Volkszeitung has declared that Raemaekers’ cartoons show unimpeachable art and great power of execution, but that they all lack one thing. They have no wit, no spirit. Which is true—in a sense. They do lack wit—German wit; they lack spirit—German spirit. And what German wit and German spirit may be one can comprehend by a study of Raemaekers’ cartoons.

It has been well said that no man living amidst these surging seas of blood and tears has come nearer to the role of Peacemaker than Raemaekers. The Peace which he works for is not a matter of arrangement between diplomats and politicians: it is the peace which the intelligence and the soul of the Western world shall insist on in the years to be. God grant it be not long delayed, but it can only come when the enemy is entirely overthrown and the victory is overwhelming and complete.

EMPIRE HOUSE,
KINGSWAY, LONDON.
February, 1916.

FRANCIS STOPFORD,
EDITOR, LAND AND WATER.
An Appreciation from the Prime Minister

Downing Street, Whitehall, S. W.

Mr. Raemaekers' powerful work gives form and colour to the menace which the Allies are averting from the liberty, the civilization, and the humanity of the future. He shows us our enemies as they appear to the unbiased eyes of a neutral, and wherever his pictures are seen determination will be strengthened to tolerate no end of the war save the final overthrow of the Prussian military power.

Signed H. H. Asquith.

H. H. Asquith served as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from 1908 to 1916.
Christ or Odin?

You cannot well conceive a science, whether it be mathematics, or architecture, or philosophy, without its axioms, dogmas, or first principles. Without them there is no basis on which to raise the superstructure. So it is with the science of religion. Take Christianity: if it is to be taught scientifically, it must start with the most tremendous dogma, the Divinity of Christ. Either Christ was or He was not what He claimed to be. If He was not, you must shout with the Sanhedrim: “Crucify Him!” If He was, you must sing with the Church: “Come, adore Him.” One thing is certain, you cannot be indifferent to His claim or to Him; you must either hate Him and His creed, like the Prussian warring Superman, or love Him and it, like England’s Crusading Kings.

The cartoon before us is the finished picture which I can trace from its first rough sketch in the hands of Kant, through its different stages of development in the schools of Hegel, of Schopenhauer, of Strauss, till it was ready for its final touches in the hands of Nietzsche. In fancy I see it hung, on the line, in the Prussian picture-gallery under the direction of War Lords, whose boasted aim it is that the world shall be governed only by Prussian Kultur and Prussian Religion.

The fatal mistake made by the Teutonic race in the past was, we are told, the adoption of Roman culture and Roman religion. Germany once submitted to an alien God and to an alien creed. She, the mistress of the earth, the mightiest of the mighty, and the most Kultured of the Kultured, had actually once worshipped “an uncultured peasant Galilean,” and made profession of “His slave morality.”

Now they had altogether done with Christ, the Nazarene. The shout had gone forth: “We will not have this Man to rule over us.” In the future no gods but Thor and Odin shall rule the “world-dominating race.” Prussia seemed to think the world’s need to-day was the religion not of Virtue, but of Valour. “In a day now long fled was heard the cry: ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,’ but to-day there shall go forth the word: ‘Blessed are the valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne.’ In the past ye heard it said: ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit,’ but now I say to you: ‘Blessed are the great in soul, for they shall enter into Valhalla.’ Again, in the dark ages it was said to you: ‘Blessed are the peacemakers,’ but now in the blaze of day I say unto you: ‘Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve.’” For those who want more of this mad jargon on the same lines let me refer them to the late Professor Cram’s book on Germany and England.

With this cartoon before me, I am driven to fear that when the war is done there will rise up in Germany a louder and stronger cry against the Christianity of Christ than ever was attempted after the Franco-Prussian War. The “man of blood and iron,” the man with the mailed fist and the iron heel, I much apprehend, will not be satisfied with tearing down the emblem of the physical Body of Christ, but to slake his bloodthirsty spirit he will want to go on to belabour His Mystical Body no less. God avert it!

BERNARD VAUGHAN.

“I crush whatever resists me.”
BERNHARDISM

“It’s all right. If I hadn’t done it someone else might.”

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR

THE GERMAN: “I come as a friend.”
HOLLAND: “Oh, yes. I’ve heard that from my Belgian sister.”
"Unmasked"

THE "Yellow Book," it may be remembered, was the official publication of some of the details of atrocities committed by the Huns on the defenceless women and children of ravished Belgium. It told in cold and unimpassioned sentences, in plain and simple words more terrible than the most fervid outpourings of patriot or humanitarian, the tale of brutalities, of cold-blooded crimes, of murders and rape and mental and physical tortures beyond the capabilities or the imaginings of savages, possible only in their refinements of cruelty to the civilized apostles of Kultur. There are many men in the trenches of the Allies to-day who will say that the German soldier is a brave man, that he must be brave to advance to the slaughter of the massed attack, to hold to his trenches under the horrible punishment of heavy artillery fire.

As a nation we are always ready to admit and to admire physical courage, and if Germany had fought a "clean fight," had "played the game," starkly and straightly, against our fighting men, we could—and our fighting men especially could, and I believe would—have helped her to her feet and shaken hands honestly with her after she was beaten. But with such a brute beast as the unmasking of the "Yellow Book" has revealed Germany to be we can never feel friendship, admiration, or respect.

The German is a "dirty fighter," and to the British soldier that alone puts him beyond the pale. He has outraged all the rules and the instincts of chivalry. His bravery in battle is the bravery of a ravening wolf, of a blood-drunk savage animal. It is only left to the Allies to treat him as such, to thrash him by brute force, and then to clip his teeth and talons and by treaty and agreement amongst themselves to keep him chained and caged beyond the possibility of another outbreak.

BOYD CABLE.
SPOILS FOR THE VICTORS

“We must despoil Belgium if only to make room for our own culture.”

THROWN TO THE SWINE

The Martyred Nurse.
"You see how I manage to keep the enemy out of my country!"

"Ain't I a lovable fellow?"
THE WIDOWS OF BELGIUM

ON CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS

Big Bertha: “What a charming view over Flushing harbour! May I build a villa here?”
Barbed Wire

S

AVE for the spiked helmets, the gruesome figures in the foreground of this cartoon might have belonged in life to any one of the warring nationalities. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that not one of the nations at war has shown so little care for its dead as Germany, whose corpses lie and rot on every front on which they are engaged.

The world cannot blame Germany for the introduction of barbed wire as an accessory of war, though it is well known that German wire surpasses any other in sheer devilish ingenuity; not that it is more effective as an entanglement, but its barbs are longer, and are set more closely together, than in the wire used by other nationalities; it is, in short, more frightful, and thus is in keeping with the rest of the accessories of the German war machine.

But this in the cartoon is normal barbed wire, with its normal burden. One may question whether the All-Highest War Lord, who in the course of his many inspections of the various fronts must have seen sights like this, is ever troubled by the thought that these, his men, lie and hang thus for his pleasure, that their ghastly fate is a part of his glorious plan. He set out to remake the world, and here is one of the many results—broken corpses in the waste.

Part of the plan, broken corpses in the waste. By the waste and the corpses that he made shall men remember the author and framer of this greatest war.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN.
“TO YOUR HEALTH, CIVILIZATION!”
FROM LIÈGE TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE
THE HARVEST IS RIPE

THE GERMAN TANGO
"From East to West and West to East I dance with thee!"
GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!
“Father says I have to do the same with France.”

SEPTEMBER, 1914, AND SEPTEMBER, 1915
1914: “Now the war begins as we like it.”
1915: “But this is not as I wished it to continue.”

(Published after the French success in Champagne.)
BETTER A LIVING DOG THAN A DEAD LION

The Driver: “You are a worthy Dutchman. He who lies there was a foolish idealist.”

“Father, is it still a long way to the Beresina?”
OCTOBER IN SERBIA

The Austro-German-Bulgarian attack on Serbia began in October, which in Holland is called the “butcher's month,” as the cattle are then killed preparatory to the winter.

SERBIA

“Now we can make an end of him.”
A STABLE PEACE

The Kaiser: “And remember, if they do not accept, I deny altogether.”

THE GERMAN LOAN

“Don’t breathe on the bubble or the whole will collapse.”
MISS CAPELL

WILLIAM: "Now you can bring me the American protest."

THE NEXT TO BE KICKED OUT—DUMBA'S MASTER
MISUNDERSTOOD

BERNHARDI: “Indeed I am the most humane fellow in the world.”

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS

“ Well, have you nearly done?”
TO THE END

War and Hunger: “Now you must accompany us to the end.”

The Kaiser: “Yes, to my end.”

THE GRAVES OF ALL HIS HOPES