

REFLECTIONS ON THE CHAOS OF EUROPE

BY HAMILTON FYFE

[These reflections constitute the leading article in the initial issue of a new monthly periodical devoted to 'world-movements in a forward direction,' of which Mr. Fyfe is the editor.]

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THE proceedings of the Assembly of the League of Nations, so far as they have gone up to the time of writing, have done a great deal to impress upon the mind and imagination of the world that this world-council introduces a new and immensely valuable factor into the complicated life of mankind. Never before have representatives of so many countries met together to discuss matters of common interest, to air grievances, to concert measures that will prevent quarrels from being settled by forcible means. Never before have speakers of so many languages had the opportunity to open their minds upon the discontents and difficulties of their age, with the world's eyes upon them and the world's ear bent to hear what they have to say.

Unfortunately, that ear has not everywhere been able to catch their utterances. It is dependent upon the newspapers for the transmission of the proceedings at Geneva, and the English newspapers have done very little in this direction. The accounts of the meetings have been scanty and, for the most part, uninteresting. In the Berlin papers I read good reports of what appeared to be excellent speeches by M. Lafontaine and the Persian delegate on the general condition of Europe and the world at large. In the leading English journals I could find nothing of these. Though the Germans are supposed to have no belief in the League,

they pay a great deal more attention to it than do the English people, whose support of Mr. Wilson helped to bring it into being.

The educated German is often a serious observer and student of foreign affairs; such persons understand that the League is a very important development in human history, whether they welcome it or not. After reading a great many leading articles in the chief organs of German opinion and a number of their political pamphlets, I am forced to doubt whether the writers appreciate the change that has already come over international affairs. They still suppose that groups of powers are being formed to balance one another; they still believe that the old diplomatic alliances will be sought and bargained for, as they have been in the past. Yet, without being friendly to the League, without being convinced of its enormous power for good, they are following its acts and conferences with far closer attention than is given to them in England. That is not a discovery flattering to one's national pride.

It could not be expected that so much space should be given to a matter affecting the lives, and the deaths perhaps, of thousands of millions of people as would be cheerfully devoted to cricket, or a boxing match, or the sayings and doings of Sir Charles Chaplin, K.B.E. (which the famous movie actor will no doubt have become by the time

these lines are read). But there ought surely to be among us as much serious interest in world-affairs as would make it impossible for an event of such importance to be, in most of our newspapers, so poorly reported. Even the election of judges to form the International Court was dismissed in a few lines. Whenever a new judge is appointed in England, a little biography of him is printed, to let people know what his career has been. In few papers was it thought worth while to say, even in the briefest fashion, who the members of the International Court were. Long ago a nation was warned that it knew not the things which pertained unto its peace. That nation has been suffering for its frivolity ever since. Is there, I am sometimes inclined to wonder, a like retribution in store for us?

In any event, it is bound to be some time yet before we can escape from our troubles. Ever since the war ended there has been an unreasoning desire to spread the belief that 'now things are going to be all right.' I recollect suggesting to the editor of an illustrated paper, which came out soon after the Armistice with a cover on which the ship of Prosperity was seen sailing back among us, that he was offering too hopeful a prospect. He laughed at my belief that we were still a very long way from any return to our old conditions. 'You're a pessimist,' he said. 'We are in for such a trade-boom as the world has never seen.' I called to his mind a passage in which Bagehot described the years immediately succeeding the Great Peace after the Napoleonic Wars.

They were years, he wrote,

of sullenness and difficulty. We had maintained a successful contest for existence. We had our existence and we had no more; our victory had been great, but it had no fruits. . . . Trade was depressed; the working-class singularly disaffected. . . . The

Continental populations were poor, harassed, depressed. They could not buy our manufactures, for they had no money. The large preparations for a Continental export lay on hand; our traders were angry and displeased. . . . The lower orders in the manufacturing districts were, of necessity, in great distress. The depression of trade produced its inevitable results of closed mills and scanty employment. . . . A general insurrection, doubtless a wild dream of a few hot-brained dreamers, was fancied to have been really planned. . . . The public expenditure was beyond argument lavish. The income tax was of course heavily oppressive.

The capitalists who had created the new wealth were not socially at ease. Some of the wealthiest and most skillful became associated with the aristocracy, but it was in vain with the majority to attempt it. Between them and the possessors of hereditary wealth there was fixed a great gulf; the contrast of habits, speech, manners, was too wide.

My friend the editor pooh-poohed the idea of anything like this repeating itself. Yet we can see now that in every particular the consequences described by Bagehot are pressing upon the world to-day. Nor are better times yet at hand, though improvements are to be noticed; the light-hearted carelessness of politicians, entirely ignorant of the economic bases on which society rested, went too far before it was checked, to allow recovery to take place by any but slow degrees.

Most of those who are playing the parts of leaders to-day are men who would prefer to be honest, who would like to leave behind them names that would be honored as the names of those who brought back peace and sanity and comradeship after the long eclipse of those blessings. What they lack is courage. They dare not stand forth and recommend policies which might be at first unpopular. They take fright at the slightest symptom of waning confidence in their leadership. Only when

they are sure that public opinion has already reached a point ahead of them, will they step forward to catch it up. In that lies the explanation of their being almost always 'too late' in their decisions. Mr. Lloyd George has the credit of making that phrase, but he has been himself one of the most blameworthy in waiting to see how the cat would jump.

Now that at last Mr. Lloyd George has discovered the dislike and distrust that the mass of intelligent English-speaking people feel toward the policy born of French fear, it may be too late to cancel its harmful consequences. No one can travel widely in Central Europe, as I have been doing for several weeks past, without feeling anxious as to the possibility of putting together again the economic machine upon the regular working of which depends the continuance of civilization as we know it. Populations, and in particular city populations, have grown far too large to exist in anything like comfort without that machinery. If they cannot exist in something like the comfort which they have learned to expect, they will turn their ears to the desperadoes of the Extreme Right or the Extreme Left, who are ready to take advantage of their despair.

Whichever of these gangs of crazy theorists should seize on power, the result would be confusion worse confounded. All Europe would be plunged into the same bath of misery and savage militarism — for these are the results wherever either of the extreme parties conducts the government. Nothing else can be expected, for extremists are always in fear of being ejected. They know that the mass of people, though it may for a moment have been deluded by their promises, is out of sympathy with them. They know that only a small number of fanatics either understand or care a button for their cut-and-dried formulæ. They are therefore in a

state of nervous timidity, and can keep their hold on power only by means of terrorism, such as prevails in White Hungary and such as the Soviet Government in Russia has lately revived by executing a large number of people upon what seem mostly, even according to the official reasons published in the *Moscow Pravda*, to be quite inadequate grounds.

Militarism is everywhere the child of Fear. It was so in Germany under the Hohenzollerns, it was so in the Russia of the Tsars. Both dynasties were conscious that they could not continue as they were if public opinion were free; they were conscious of belonging to the Past; and, instead of wisely bringing themselves into conformity with the Present, they relied upon force for their support. That is what systems based on extreme views always have been, and always will be, forced to do, whether they base themselves upon the notion of Divine Right in dynasties, or upon book-theories as to the possibility of changing the structure of human society by violent measures and in the twinkling of an eye. With any system that is maintained by force, civilization, as we know it, is incompatible. Yet if good sense and moderation and care for the general welfare are not allowed to prevail as bases upon which the world may be rebuilt, then it is certain that extremists, either of the Monarchist or of the Communist variety, will impose their systems and support them by force and bring down civilization in ruins.

Should this happen, it will be the doing, not of the extremists themselves, but of the very men who are loudest in their denunciation both of Monarchist and Communist aims. What the rest of Europe does hangs chiefly upon what Germany does, and in Germany there is very little sympathy either with those who would go back to mon-

archy or with the Bolshevik aims. The murder of Erzberger called forth all over the land demonstrations of devotion to the Republic which surprised even those who knew the German people well and had always considered them as the people most suited by their temperament and mentality to the republican form of government. Never was a political faith expressed with more earnestness than by the half-million meeting on the great square between the Cathedral and the Palace in Berlin. It was easy to see that the men and women who took part in it were not of the kind who make a practice of going to political demonstrations. They were quiet and determined, their intention was to show that they wanted to live in peace and good order, to earn their bread and bring up healthy children, and to free their country from its burdens of disability and debt. They showed by their presence and their resolute demeanor that they believed these desires could be best attained under the Republic, and that they detested the plottings that went on against it. None who have been among the German people lately in many different parts of the land can doubt that the great mass of them share these views.

Nor is there apparent among them any desire for a Communist oligarchy such as exists in Russia—Communist merely, in its composition and its methods scarcely distinguishable from bureaucratic Tsarism. Both the German Bolshevik and the Old Dynastic Gang which is continually plotting to get back, are ridiculed by the satirical papers; and even the advanced organs of the Left print denunciations of the undemocratic and unsympathetic attitude of Communist officials in Russia toward the people over whom they rule. In the *Freiheit* lately there was an amusing attack by a woman Socialist, who

had been sent to Russia on a tour of investigation with two other comrades, on the poet Max Barthel, one of her traveling companions. The other was named Minck: he did not get on well with the Soviet officials. He asked questions which seemed to them to be unnecessary, as for example: 'Why do we have plenty of butter while the people have none? How is it that the officials have good clothes, while the people can hardly cover themselves with rags?' He said openly that it was useless to look for a Communist revolution in Germany, which, the officials complained, made their task of keeping the workmen quiet more difficult. Therefore Minck was made the victim of a trick which landed him in prison, and there he stayed for three months.

To this trick his companion Max Barthel was privy. He was on excellent terms with the conductors of the party. He praised everything, and as a reward got the warmest furs! When he was told in Ekaterinburg that only fox furs were to be had, he at once asked for a consignment to be sent to Moscow, for him to take back to Germany as a present to his wife. His contempt for 'the people' came out most strongly when the train on which the investigators were traveling was boarded one bitterly cold day by crowds of fugitives, men, women and children, who were trying to get away from Cheliabinsk after demobilization of the Red Army. When they saw there was plenty of room in the coaches occupied by the visitors, they tried to get in, but were kept off by soldiers, who told them, 'Reserved for foreigners.' The writer of the article in the *Freiheit* saw many poorly clad folk riding on the engine, with the mercury far below freezing. She went to the official in charge and said to him: 'We have two well-heated coaches, with two empty compartments and empty corridors. Why not let these

poor freezing people come in with us?' To this the commissar returned a flat 'No,' and the poet said he was right; to let the refugees in would be 'anarchy.' And when his kinder-hearted companion remonstrated, he called her proposal a 'small bourgeois idea.' No wonder she said to him scathingly: 'You are evidently content to postpone the freedom and equality you talk so much about to a far-distant future.'

The painter Renoir was not far wrong when he told a friend who supported the Paris Communards in 1871: 'You don't see that, if the Commune comes out on top, your Communists will grow like the bourgeois, only far worse.' It is a truism with all who have read history to any purpose, that all who exercise power behave in much the same way, whatever label they may wear.

In Germany, therefore, neither the Monarchists nor the Communists have any great following: the mass of the people desire only that good order shall be kept and that they shall be able to go about their business without molestation. If the Monarchists are really a danger, as the Berlin government suggests, it is because French and British politicians, who profess to hate the Hohenzollerns, have made it very hard for a democratic ministry to content the German people.

Up to a month or so ago the Republic showed itself admirably tolerant of all opinions, even of those in favor of sweeping it away! It seemed to me, as I traveled through the country and found frequently portraits of the deposed Kaiser and his family displayed in public, and their names left unchanged on streets and bridges and museums, that the Germans had managed their revolution without the rancor and agitation which usually attend changes of this kind. I found also that there was a surprising liberty of opin-

ion. In Frankfurt a meeting of Anarchists one Sunday morning was announced by placard; at Munich pictures of Prince Ludwig attending a ceremony (as a private person) were sold in all the shops; in Dresden, at the Opera, the box formerly reserved for royalty has still a crown and a large A, for Albert, over it; at Kissingen the bath establishment is still called *königlich*. In Count Reventlow's paper, *Der Reichswart*, I read an advertisement of a society which proclaimed its object to be the reestablishment of monarchy, return to a federation of German states with Prussia as its head (in place of the unified Republic), and insistence upon 'the necessity of preserving those Prussian methods and qualities which made Prussia great.' At last, I thought, here is a democratic government strong and sensible enough to practise democracy. Alas, I was not able to hug that delusion for long.

The cowardly and stupid crime that took the life of Erzberger was made the excuse for a change of policy which cannot have been entirely due to that deplorable event. The Government appears to have been tolerant only because it felt itself weak. Dr. Wirth, the Chancellor, is a man of liberal professions. He began life as a schoolmaster, he has intellect as well as acuteness of mind, he has proved himself fitted for every position occupied by him since he took to politics. But in him, as in all who exercise power, the wish to dispose of opponents by summary means, instead of giving them rope and letting them hang themselves, overcomes, it would seem, the most enlightened principles.

If we were in his place, we should, I have no doubt, act in exactly the same way! The argument is simple and persuasive: 'Here are people preparing to overthrow the established order. If they succeed, even for a time, they will

cause vast suffering and disturbance of interests. It is surely our duty to repress them as severely as we can.' Simple and persuasive — yes, to the many who have simple and easily persuaded minds! But it leaves out one very important consideration. Repression almost always strengthens instead of weakening those against whom it is aimed. In the whole history of religious persecution the only successes on record were against the Protestants in Spain, whom the Inquisition terrified out of existence; against those of Belgium, who were forced to emigrate; and against the Albigenses, who were wiped out. In every other case it will be found I think, that the weapon of the religious persecutor has run into his own hands. Political persecution has the same record.

There is excuse, it is true, for Dr. Wirth and his colleagues in the insolence of the Reactionaries. Ludendorff has been active, making speeches and reviewing processions and getting cheered by noodles, in spite of the contempt he drew upon himself at the time of the Revolution by his flight to Sweden under a Swedish name. There has been much talk of a repetition of the Kapp rising, which is said in Berlin, by the way, to have been largely due to the folly of a member of the British military mission in Berlin, who secretly encouraged the Kappists to believe they would get British support. The discontent due to the disastrous fall in the value of the mark, and to the rise in prices which goes with it, has been fanned by the Monarchists, and it has been persistently suggested that a republican government would never be able to get the Treaty of Versailles revised.

Tempting it is, no doubt, to strike at such enemies, to suppress their newspapers, to forbid their meetings. The temptation proved too strong for Dr. Wirth.

It is worth while to pause for a moment, to consider why this is the first principle of democracy. Is it not because the people's rule postulates a system which shall be willingly accepted by all, with the proviso that anyone, so long as he confines himself to argument, is at liberty to try and persuade his fellows to adopt some other system? Under a monarchy claiming divine right, or regarding a kingdom and its population as a landlord regards his estate and its inhabitants, it is unreasonable to look for freedom of opinion. No oligarchy of bureaucrats can be expected to allow all men to speak their minds; for the bureaucrat believes himself to be the superior and the natural master of those over whom he rules. But, for politicians who profess to rule in the name of the people, any repression of criticism, or even of argument in favor of some other system, is inconsistent and a denial of the faith they affect to hold.

Such lack of the quality which makes a leader is to be noticed in almost every country; it is one of the main causes of the continuing disquietude and distress throughout Europe. Take the disturbances in the Burgenland, the territory which Hungary was bound under the signature of her representatives to hand over to Austria. The government of Admiral Horthy in Budapest was willing enough to let the cession take place without trouble. But when a few agitators began to inflame the public mind, and when, in consequence, bands of 'patriots' resisted the coming in of the Austrian authorities, the Admiral and his colleagues weakly followed their discreditable lead. Instead of telling the nation frankly and courageously that there was no help for it and that treaty engagements must be honorably kept, they allowed themselves to be carried along in the wake of the dis-

turburs, and brought upon their heads the guilt of murder, outrage, and robbery committed by both sides.

By their weakness, too, they have lost the sympathy with which the Hungarians were generally regarded by the rest of the world. I myself feel more inclined to sympathize with this people than I did before. Nothing can be worse for a nation than a government which considers itself obliged to keep up a great show of force, and is at the same time too feeble to take the line which it believes to be honest and wise. After the agreeable scarcity of soldiers in Germany and Austria, I suffered from oppression, in Hungary, on account of the numbers of troops to be seen everywhere, not merely in the capital, but all over the country. I was assured by Hungarian friends that Admiral Horthy was popular (though one of them admitted his pliant, indecisive character); it was, however, hard to believe that so offensive a show of militarism would be needed by a ruler in enjoyment of the people's confidence. My friends assured me that it was necessary to keep the Bolsheviki in awe. I put it to them that where there was a good government there could be no danger of Bolshevism, which was, I suggested, as much a symptom of bad government as diphtheria is a symptom of bad drains. They shrugged their shoulders and seemed to feel that anything was better than what they endured during the reign of Bela Kun.

Hungary is, in spite of its dismemberment, in a vastly better position than Austria. It has lost much, which ought never to have belonged to it, but its plains are rich with grain and cattle; its currency is worth two and a half times as much as that of Austria; it can feed itself pretty comfortably; and its bread, made of pure flour, is the best to be found in any part of Central Europe. Still, the Hungarians are not

likely to remain content with the status of a purely agricultural and pastoral state; they will therefore be compelled sooner or later, to think about joining an economic league composed of the countries which were unwillingly bound up in the Austrian Empire — with Germany, it may be, included. This economic *Bund* is the most pressing need of the hour. Until the politicians of all these countries think a great deal more about material necessities and a great deal less about barren political issues, the peoples will continue to suffer. It is no use hoping that the mark and the crown and the other currencies will steady themselves, until budgets are framed so as to balance revenue against expenditure. When that happens, the necessity of printing more and more paper money every month will cease, and the exchanges will begin to recover a healthy tone.

Unhappily, the politicians of the new states are spending recklessly on preparations for war instead of trying to secure peace. The Czechs have been buying guns from the French — and got 'stung' by being fobbed off with old ones, it would seem. The Hungarians are keeping up a large army because, they say, they are afraid the Croats will attack them from the south. The Czechs fear both the Hungarians and the Poles; and so on. The formation of an economic league would go far to allay all these alarms. The peoples would see where their advantage lay; they would take no interest in political intrigues and adventures; they would work, and recover the prosperity which most of them used to enjoy.

This they are not likely to recover while cut-throat competition of the most stupid kind continues unchecked. Here is an instance of what I mean. At Pressburg, which is now disguised in Czech time-tables as Bratislava, the Czechoslovak government is planning

the construction of a vast harbor in the Danube. Vienna, which is only a couple of hours or so higher up the river, has an excellent harbor already. But the Czechs want to cut out Vienna; they want to get hold of the entire Lower Danube trade, and to hinder 'the economic Germanization of Russia.' Also, they want the International Danube Commission to reside at Pressburg.

In the pursuit of these confused political and trade objects the Czechs are being supported by the French Government. It should be pointed out to them by the British Government that there can be no sense in building another harbor at enormous expense, simply to spite Austria. There is no need for it now, nor ever likely to be. Also, we ought to support Admiral Troubridge, the President of the Danube Commission, who wisely desires its residence to be either in Vienna or in Budapest. Pressburg is a provincial town, and Prague is not much better. To set them up as rivals of Vienna is laughable; to carry national animosity so far as to embark on immense and very costly schemes merely in order to damage a neighbor is mediæval in its short-sighted bitterness.

That bitterness is almost everywhere, not against peoples, but against states. Here we see, as in the obsession of governing men by politics, the result of the political virus. What really matters to all these countries is that they shall freely exchange their products and resources, that they shall 'live and let live.' When they do that, it will be immaterial what forms of government they favor. There will be little for governments composed of politicians to do. We are now beginning to see, at last, that too much importance has been attached to forms of government; that there has been far too much government everywhere; that this led us to the catastrophe of 1914; and that

we must exert ourselves to reduce the business of managing public affairs to sane proportions, if we are to live secure and free. Why should there be any objection to Bavaria's governing itself, under a monarchy, if it chooses, while the other parts of the German Reich remain republican? Why should not little kingdoms and republics and grand duchies and free cities all exist peaceably, side by side, within an economic league, which would prevent them from setting up foolish and dangerous barriers against one another's produce and manufactures?

Uniformity of political system matters not at all, as the existence of the British Empire shows — democracy masquerades as monarchy, and monarchies are really republics, and a number of independent states, with varying systems of rule, pretend to be 'subject' to a throne which has no power over them at all. Given an arrangement as to freedom of trade and intercourse, what reason can there be for imposing or trying to reach by persuasion, identity of constitutional forms?

To compel people to remain under a system they dislike and want to get away from is a folly and a crime, whether it be committed by the president of a republic or by a Hapsburg emperor. It is odd that many who defend Ireland's claim to independence and who think the war was fought for the liberation of the communities under Austrian domination, should be unable to see that, from their own point of view, Lincoln's resolve to keep the South by force within the same political system as the North was indefensible. Nor is it less comical that the people in Southern Bavaria, who now demand separation politically from the rest of Germany should denounce as 'traitors' the Socialists of Northern Bavaria who wish to cut themselves off from the South! The idea of the sacredness of

the political unit has become as burdensome a fetish as was once the insistence upon the need for religious unity. We must purge our minds of this new prejudice, as we have purged them of the old, before we can hope to make much advance.

Certainly the new countries in Balkanized Central Europe are helping to make all who visit them say that, if we really fought the war to erect small nationalities into independent states, we did a very foolish thing. They have become more militarist even than were the old states. They make all the trouble they can over passports. They behave with far more arrogance than is shown by great nations. In Hungary, for example, the railway time-tables extend only to the frontiers, as if no place outside those frontiers mattered. The railway maps end at the frontiers, also. If you want to go from Budapest to Vienna, you must search for a tiny reference to the Austrian capital, set among far-distant places with which it is just possible to make a connection.

Both in Hungary and in Czechoslovakia all languages but those spoken by mere handfuls of people are ignored. Names of streets and public notices are put up only in the local dialect. Even the 'nationality' of small peoples existent before the war has been absurdly inflamed. The Belgians refuse now to admit into Belgium holders of Austrian (and presumably German) passports. The Serbs behave with ridiculous insistence upon formality and bureaucratic punctilio. Yet all this furnishes, I think, no reason for more than passing amusement and pity. It is necessary for the little peoples to go through these infantile ailments. They have never had the chance to assert themselves before. They are without experience in self-government: it is natural enough that they should overdo the 'independent' attitude. 'Put beggars on horse-

back' — the proverb, though somewhat musty, almost always proves true. In a little while the swellings will subside, good sense will prevail, foolish pretensions will go by the board. Then there will be coöperation in place of insane efforts to prevent it. Then we shall see that it is well worth while to help those who were under alien and distasteful rule to secure the right to be governed as they choose.

While this is being written, it is still uncertain whether the Irish people will be in possession of that right; but there is good hope of the victory of common sense over the short-sighted folly which denies that anything is of value which does not satisfy the most extreme demands all at once. That any doubt of this victory should exist proves the difficult temper of the Celt in politics. The English have exalted compromise into the highest of political principles; the Scotch have made it a rule to take what they could get by installments, knowing that in time their full desire would be appeased. But the Irish, like the French, who are akin to them in Celtic ancestry, profess scorn for half-measures, push logic to its furthest bound, and frequently provoke people who consider politics as a matter of give-and-take, rather than a matter of hard-and-fast theory, into calling them impractical, obstinate, impossible. It is this Celtic perversity which makes the French say that they must damage and humiliate Germany as much as possible, now they have got the chance. Happily there is strong likelihood that the Irish will not carry intransigence so far as to refuse the terms now offered. If they were to do this, they would have to carry on their fight for freedom without the generous aid that has come to them for so long from America. They would also divide their own forces into two implacably hostile groups.

BRITISH AND FRENCH DIPLOMACY: A CONTRAST

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

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THE problem of Anglo-French relations demands the attention of both the countries concerned. If these relations should become worse instead of better; if a break, or permanent estrangement, should come, the outlook for Europe and for the world in general, already none too reassuring, would necessarily become darker. No intelligent person can fail to recognize this.

Every effort should therefore be made to prevent such a mishap. But before we try to prescribe a remedy for the present difficulties, it might be well to seek an understanding of their nature. How does it happen that the Franco-British friendship, which was so intimate during the war, has now become chilled? Why has this happened? What events have led to it?

We often speak of British egoism. During frequent travels in England and prolonged sojourns there, I have had an opportunity to observe this trait: it appears to me to be not deliberative, but instinctive. It springs in the main from *insularity*. For centuries Englishmen have come to believe more and more in their superiority over others, simply because their island country allows them to lead a unique national life. They have no frontiers to defend, and the superiority of their fleet, which their dependence on foreign markets forces them to keep up in any case, protects them from invasion. They alone among European nations have been able to dispense with a standing army. For two hundred years they have had no internal revolutions, because their aristoc-

racy not only strengthened its ranks by assimilating the best elements in the country, but yielded in due season to the onslaught of reform.

Having thus experienced neither invasion, conscription, nor sudden upheaval, the English have very naturally come to consider themselves as specially selected by Providence to enjoy certain advantages which are denied to the helpless nations of the Continent. Hence their inveterate habit of making themselves at home everywhere, and generally taking the lion's share, be it in public or private dealings. An Englishman does not put himself in the other man's place. He does not go out of his way in dealing with someone who yields easily. If an opponent resists feebly, the Englishman will encroach more and more on him; he will raise his demands day by day, and finally conclude a bargain that is absurdly one-sided. If, on the other hand, the opponent shows a determination equal to his own, the Englishman will soon give way, as a rule; but above all things, he will never lose his temper. What does it profit him to lose his temper when his interests are at stake, or when figures are in the balance?

At the time of the peace negotiations, Mr. Lloyd George openly displayed these habits and traditions of his race. He is reported to have said: 'After all, it is not my business to look out for the interest of France.' The interests of England, on the other hand, he guarded most effectively. President Wilson had hardly hurled his Fourteen Points like a