

Third Reich and Germany, his zealous pupil spoke of Austria. Schuschnigg naturally wanted to shatter the Jewish influence and advocated 'Austria for the Austrians.' What was his programme? To bring old traditions to bear on the new problems.

Starhemberg and Fey, whose loyalty could not be trusted from one week to the next, wavered in their support of Chancellor Dollfuss, who needed Schuschnigg's backing and therefore allowed him to carry more and more weight in the cabinet. In addition to being Minister of Justice, he was also made Minister of Education, and the instruction of all the young people of Austria was put in his hands. He entered into a holy alliance with the Vatican. It was Schuschnigg's doing that the devout Cardinal Innitzer gave the silent approval of the Holy Father to everything that the Dollfuss crowd did. As a devout Catholic Aryan, Schuschnigg attended the earliest morning services in the churches of Rome while the Concordat was being worked out and thus won the complete confidence of the Vatican.

What was his purpose? Anyone who has an imperial Austrian general for his father and who attended a

Jesuit school and believes in monarchy wants to make Austria what it used to be. That is the programme of the Salzburg secret society known as *Kreuz und Adler* (Cross and Nobility), of which Schuschnigg is the anonymous supporter. This organization wants to unite Austria and Bavaria and then establish a golden crown to rule over this new East-German Reich. For the Austrian monarchists know that they are isolated and therefore seek the friendship of the German monarchists. But would any understanding with present-day Germany be possible so long as Hitler's supporters stand in the way? Secret messengers might be able to bring some information on this score. Starhemberg's Heimwehr therefore distrusts the honorable Schuschnigg. They installed one of their own supporters as Foreign Minister to spy on him and lead him by the nose, for another drive is being directed against the competition of the Nazis.

It is said that Schuschnigg is the best educated of his colleagues. In the privacy of his home he takes refuge in the intellectual sphere and is able to rise above everyday politics. He admires German genius, he loves Faust and the fist equally.

III. BECK OF POLAND

HE REGARDS Hitler's career with more sympathy than he does the strictly democratic career of a Louis Barthou. But he has chosen neither the Frenchman nor the German as his model. His real god is Pilsudski, Poland's grand old man who emerged

from nothing at all with a bold violent stroke.

Josef Beck is now forty years old. He comes from a modest family of officials, who lived in the dull province of Galicia. He was destined for export to Vienna, but, when he went

to school in Cracow, he became a fiery Polish nationalist, hoping for miracles, especially that the Hapsburgs should be thrown out of his native land. The miracle happened. The War destroyed the Dual Monarchy. The Socialist Pilsudski called upon all men who spoke the Polish language and were capable of bearing arms to form a legion with him and fight for an independent Polish state. The fight, however, was not waged against the Hapsburgs but against the Tsar. The twenty-year-old Beck took part. He was a dauntless soldier who fought bravely with his battery of field artillery, always keeping his eye on Pilsudski, to whom he felt he owed all his loyalty.

When the Polish cannon fodder was on the point of being swindled, Pilsudski announced that the nation of Poland would not permit any Prussian prince to lie in the bed where kings had slept. He withdrew his legion from the front and attacked other tasks. Beck, as an officer in the legion, was put in command of an organization that was to win over greater Ukraine as part of an independent greater Poland.

Beck helped to build the state's general staff. Everything was still in a state of confusion, and an agile man had no difficulty climbing the military ladder rapidly. As an expert at military diplomacy, Beck was put in charge of the peace negotiations in Paris, but Generalissimo Foch did not care for this young Pole. He had him watched and discovered that it would be just as well to have the leader and attaché of the Polish embassy removed from Paris. One gesture from Foch, and the Prefect of Paris discovered that this very ambitious

Polish captain was maintaining much too intimate relations with Germany. A few weeks later, in 1920, the Polish-Russian War gave Captain Beck the opportunity he had wanted. First as battery commander and then as member of the general staff, he attracted the eye of the almighty Pilsudski.

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He had accomplished his purpose and became Pilsudski's favorite. He was sent abroad to educate himself and to spy on behalf of Poland. In 1924 he was recalled from his post as military attaché. The situation in Warsaw had changed somewhat. Pilsudski was holding back, muttering threats, waiting for the moment to smash down everything that blocked his own path to complete power. Beck also ceased his demagogic fulminations because dictatorial power was not handed on a platter to the man he worshiped. The bitterness of his retirement, however, was somewhat mitigated by his promotion to the rank of colonel. Beck then became Pilsudski's shadow. He could be discovered every hour of the day in the company of the inaccessible Field Marshal, watching his every move, listening to every word. When the old man moved to seize complete power, Beck became his eyes and ears. He served as chief of staff to the General, and it was he who seized Warsaw for Pilsudski by force of arms.

From this moment on an unknown officer who had served at the front occupied the second most important post in the state. As head of his leader's Cabinet or as Vice Minister, he was the contact man between Pilsudski and the outer world. During

months of anxiety he was the only man permitted to enter Pilsudski's sick room, the only one who always held the confidence of that great skeptic. In 1932 he superseded the cautious, undecided, and timid Zaleski as Foreign Minister. Before that, however, he had received and carried out Pilsudski's orders as an under-secretary.

Josef Beck is the most important man in the 'Government of Colonels' that commands the Polish State today. He stands on watch in the ante-room of the demigod who sits enthroned in clouds in the Belvedere Palace of Warsaw and whose eyes flash lightning on the people, on his collaborators, on all that surrounds him. This Beck is the only man he loves, but he does not spare him on that account. The choleric Marshal swears at his Minister as he would at the stupidest recruit from Ruthenia, and the Colonel takes it. For he lives on the very air that the demigod Pilsudski breathes upon him.

When Beck became Foreign Minister, he was assigned the task of making Poland a Great Power. The country lacked the inner strength to assume that position, and therefore he had to try to win it by manœuvring and keeping as many balls in the air as possible. He made eyes at his French protector and loyally signed a non-aggression pact with his Russian neighbor. But at that point he wanted to turn the hostility between Paris and Berlin to his advantage. At Geneva he asked Paul-Boncour what France would pay for Poland's support on the disarmament question. When the Frenchman coldly shrugged his shoulders, Beck laid down a three-day ultimatum. It accomplished nothing,

and now he has turned to Hitler, who only yesterday was his sworn enemy. Even the Quai d'Orsay is gradually coming to understand who kept the German Foreign Office so accurately informed about the negotiations that were going on between friends in the office of the French Foreign Minister. A little later another small matter became known, and by this time it caused no surprise. M. Beck attacked his French ally in the presence of Mussolini and the German ambassador so bitterly that even the Duce took exception to his tone.

Favorites of the dictator dare to do anything. In Poland colonels occupy all the positions that control the country. Millions of peasants must obey. They do not love Germany and despise National Socialism. But Pilsudski has ordered friendship with Germany, and Colonel Beck is executing his command. Everything is very simple in military barracks. Politics become a soldierly affair.

Has Josef Beck really broken away from his close political and military alliance with France? Was he acting honorably early this year when he overwhelmed his visitor Barthou with politeness and accompanied him as far as the frontier to indicate his abiding friendship? Not at all. This bold officer in the Polish legion, who disarms every foe with his hospitality, is a Polish cavalier, careless and stupid. He has always been dispatched to elegant diplomatic salons when it was a question of taking someone prisoner. He tells everyone he meets whatever that individual wishes to hear, and it always takes some little time until his antagonist discovers what to expect from Colonel Beck.

Persons and Personages

NAMES THAT WILL LIVE

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

IT IS, I think, almost five years since an invitation from my friend William Mellor led to the inception of the articles that have appeared here in practically unbroken succession every Saturday.

For the present, at any rate, I think it is time that they drew to their close. But, before they end, there are certain general reflections I should like to make, which arise from the subject-matter they have covered. They have dealt, I believe, with some two hundred and fifty people, men and women alike, whose work or position has brought them prominently before the public view. They have been every type of person. Royalty like the Prince of Wales; politicians like Mr. Lloyd George; writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw; a great sportsman in Mr. J. B. Hobbs; a great teacher in Mr. R. H. Tawney. They have been Englishmen, Americans, Europeans. How many of them, fifty years from now, will figure in the history of our time as figures of creative significance?

It is a difficult question to answer. Of the British politicians about whom I have written—Labor, Liberal, Conservative—I do not think there is one, with the possible exception of Mr. Lloyd George, who will live by reason of personal achievement. I have described able men, men of high character, men of brilliant promise. But I have described none, I think, of whom it can be decisively said that the history of this country would have been notably different if he had played no part in affairs. Possibly that is not the case with Mr. Lloyd George. I think it probable that his dynamic energy made a measurable difference to success in the War; I think his special defects shaped importantly the character of the peace. But I feel confident that all the others were rather mastered by the events amid which they moved than proved the masters of them. They might, say in an average Cabinet, have been replaced by a score of other men, but the history of our country would have been essentially the same.

That is not, I think, true of two Europeans and of one American. With all his grave limitations, Stalin has made a perceptible difference to the world. Far less great than Lenin, with nothing of Trotsky's brilliance, he has achieved the immense task of consolidating a great revolution. I think it can be said of President Masaryk that he, by