

called the Big Five or the Council of the League of Nations.

They will have to be taught that what they do is not to be automatically approved because it would be so very inconvenient not to approve. And so the more self-righteous Mr. Wilson becomes about the Treaty, just so much the stronger is the intrinsic argument for neither taking it nor leaving it as he directs.

Coming Home to Roost

THERE is something clearly objectionable in the method that Messrs. Walsh and Dunne have employed to get to the public their confidential talk with President Wilson in Paris on June 11th. They went to see him in regard to the claims of Ireland on the Peace Conference, and their discussion with him was ostensibly a private discussion. They had no stenographer with them, nor had President Wilson a stenographer of his own. When they came away they wrote down their version of what was said, and this version they have now filed as "confidential memoranda" with the Senate committee on foreign relations. In the same confidential spirit, apparently, the Senate committee has revealed the memoranda to the newspapers, who in turn have confidentially published it.

This procedure, we say, is clearly objectionable. At the same time, what other procedure was left open to Messrs. Walsh and Dunne by the exponent of open diplomacy with whom they were dealing? Messrs. Walsh and Dunne were in Paris to seek the application to Ireland of the principles for which the Allies and the United States had struggled in the war. As a preliminary to this effort in Paris they had visited Ireland and there they had preached the principles of the Allies and Woodrow Wilson. In doing this, as Mr. Wilson observed to them, they had offended the whole British government. Having brought the wrath of the British government on their heads by preaching the Allied principles in Ireland, they found themselves unable to reach the Big Four in Paris, and they had considerable difficulty in seeing Mr. Wilson.

And on what terms were they to be allowed to see Mr. Wilson? On the terms, presumably, of a private, unofficial, confidential delegation having a private, unofficial, confidential chat about the political destiny of more than four million people? There was no other way in which the President would or perhaps even could see these American citizens regarding Ireland. When he did see them he made it a point over and over again not to treat their issue as a living issue or

an issue relevant to the principles that he had preached. He acknowledged those principles. He acknowledged that he had said that the issues of the war "must be settled by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but *definitely and once for all*, and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as safe as the interest of the strongest." He acknowledged that these unequivocal words had raised hope in the hearts of millions of people—and then he washed his hands, he refused to discuss his principles, he refused to discuss Lloyd George in relation to his principles, he refused to speak "officially," he expressed surprise that "any considerable number of people, when they read my declarations, thought that these settlements were to be made at some particular place, automatically, immediately."

The fact that these declarations had "raised hope in the hearts of millions of people" Mr. Wilson deplored, according to Frank Walsh, as "a metaphysical tragedy." He could not understand why his aspirations were not understood and interpreted as vague, pious, passive aspirations. He did not see why, when he was pledging justice to *all* peoples and nationalities, that people could think he meant anything except faraway millennial justice toward which he was assuming no real responsibility.

Mr. Walsh read Mr. Wilson these famous Wilsonian utterances:

Peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not on the rights of Governments—the rights of peoples, great and small, weak or powerful, their equal rights to freedom and security and self-government and to participation, upon fair terms, in the economic opportunities of the world.

It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand.

Yes, but the fact that people based *actual* hopes on such utterances remained for Mr. Wilson a metaphysical or psychic tragedy.

Dealing with a man so labyrinthine in verbal resource, what could Messrs. Walsh and Dunne believe or suppose? They found that, so far as Ireland was concerned, he had been pinned down nowhere. He had pledged himself in fine phrases, he released himself in smooth ones. He spoke of Messrs. Walsh and Dunne "fomenting rebellion" since they dared to give actual application to his own words. He spoke of their "offensiveness," using the current conventional British phrase. And he maintained, or is said by Mr. Walsh to have

maintained, that they had actually hampered him in certain vast and vague "unofficial" efforts to help Ireland.

When they spoke to him of principles, he became a practical man. When they spoke to him practically, he became a man of principle. And there they were.

In response to such tactics, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Dunne have crudely sought publicity and the public verdict. Their accuracy or at any rate their realism in reporting Mr. Wilson can scarcely fail of its effect. Many McGraths, McGuires, Meaney's, Meehans, Monahans, Morans—to take a few names from the New York World war tablet just unveiled—enlisted and fought for Wilsonian justice under the impression that it was to have tangible and workable results even for Ireland. His words implied it. They faced gas and shrapnel in another sense than the metaphysical and they expect something from the Peace Conference other than metaphysical comment. Is everyone in their position to be disappointed? They are likely to take disappointment exceedingly hard.

Wilson on Russia

WOODROW WILSON was once an historian. He was not, perhaps, distinguished for assiduous devotion to his muse, but he acknowledged obeisance to the rules she had laid down since old times. If it was ever necessary for him to employ a fact, instead of rhetoric, he was at some pains to assure himself that the fact existed. If it was necessary for him to institute a comparison between two historical phenomena, he acknowledged the obligation of illuminating his criticism with the light of attendant circumstance. He recognized himself as an imposing figure in the assemblies of his craft, but he knew that this fact did not make it safe for him to occupy positions out of which the veriest tyro could rout him, to the laughter of the whole confraternity of scholars. But all that has changed now. Woodrow Wilson is no longer the servant of history, but has become her master.

And so he stands up bravely before her and asserts that the Soviet regime in Russia is more cruel than was that of the Tsar. Does any one imagine that Woodrow Wilson ever made the least effort to ascertain the facts of either term of his comparison? Does he know how general was the use of "Stolypin's neckties" in the suppression of the liberal revolution of 1906? Has he any acquaintance with the statistics of Siberian exile, or any knowledge of the conditions under which transportation to Siberia was carried on? Has

he examined the relation between Tsaristic officialdom and such affairs as the massacre of Kishinev? No, of course not; he has been too busy. But of course he knows all about the spirit and the practice of the Soviet regime? No: he has been too busy to inform himself. He was too busy to listen to Raymond Robins, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Thacher. He has been too busy to listen to anything but carefully selected and prepared reports justifying the policy he had already adopted under British and French pressure. He dared not trust his virginal innocence of Russian conditions alone with that bold fellow the truth.

But say that Woodrow Wilson could demonstrate, by historical, not propagandistic methods, that the Soviet regime, conducting a revolution, had caused more suffering in a given time than the Tsaristic regime, conducting the civil affairs of a peaceful nation—what is the moral? Did the corrupt government of King George the Third occasion a tithe of the suffering in America that attended the Revolution? Did the government of Louis XVI revel in excesses to be compared with those of the French Revolution? Did Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides effect a painless improvement in British affairs? Was it quite without pain and slaughter that Mexico ejected "the tyrant Huerta?" Whose phrase was that, we wonder?

Revolution is a hideous, bloody business, and we can understand though we cannot sympathize with the feelings of those gentlemen who believe there ought never to be revolutions, however incrustated the tyrannies against which they are directed. Every revolution we have ever heard of has gone too far. It has yielded at times to sheer blood lust. But is that a reason for backing the counter-revolution? Suppose that the combined European potentates of 1790—whom Woodrow Wilson would no doubt call tyrants, being safely buried—had succeeded in overthrowing the French Revolution, would the roll of executions have been brief and pleasant reading? If our friends Kolchak and Denikin get into the heart of Russia, does any one doubt that heart will spout blood generously? Revolutions have always been terrible; counter-revolutions more terrible. That is history, but what is history to Woodrow Wilson?

The Soviet rule, says Woodrow Wilson, is the rule of a minority. So it is. There are, he says, only 34 men who share among them the control of the political destinies of Russia. Well, it is not so long since four men were assembled at Paris, hearing and determining on the policies of the world. How many men in America have participated in the formation of the policy of war on Russia, and a blockade more terrible than war?